News Compendium

Volume 5 - 2004 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold it's future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

January

1.1 Life Lessons: Protection against Molesting

Friday, Jan 02, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Greetings my little Internet ducklings. Since the holidays have made you fat and slothful with stuffing and gallons of fermented barley, it's time once again for another edition of Life Lessons to snap you back into reality. I know I promised in the first Life Lessons back in July that I would keep this feature going in order to teach you wayward and ignorant masses about important skills in life since you were raised by Japanese gaming robots, but I've suffered a few setbacks at my writing headquarters, hindering my ability to keep up with the times. I quit my high paying job so I could pour all my attention into my comedic craft, yet my landlord was not very understanding and would not accept my fanciful riddles for rent. Thus, I moved my whole operation to a box on the corner of Michigan Avenue and Inkster Road. Things are going okay so far, but instead of spending my whole day writing, I usually end up having to defend the perimeter of my territory against the hordes of crackheads and wild dogs that are indigenous to the area. Day and night I fight with knife and tooth to earn a few hours of writing, but if I am helping out the needy denizens of the Internet, it's all worth it. Did you know wild ghetto dogs taste a lot like chicken?

Today we will be tackling the very sensitive issue of child molestation. It can be a very uncomfortable or embarrassing thing to discuss if you have been directly affected by it. Now with the church accusations and the Michael Jackson scandal in the headlines, we are forced to deal with this issue whether we want to or not. Our silence in the past has only allowed this issue to grow like Cecil Fielder at a Krispy Kreme. Some of you may have been molested when you were children, or even recently when you were passed out at a frat party, so if this article is too painful for you too read, I fully understand. We don't need your sort anyway you little teases, tempting poor souls into betraying their good nature and touching your naughty bits.

Wow, just wow.

Molesting is not such a widespread problem because our society is filled with perverts, it's because of our extremely provocative fashion industry in children's wear and the flirtatious manner in which these little soft, sensual children conduct themselves. "How do I know so much about this topic and what makes me qualified to give you a lesson?" you may ask. I've been running a support group for victims of these terrible tots, and although at first it was a court order along with 100 hours of roadside rubbish detail, I now run it in my spare time when I'm not hunting dogs for lunch. During these group sessions, we look into some of the ways we can protect ourselves from children like this, so we (the public at large), can resist the urge to nab the little bastards off the playground and molest them in our custom van with a mural of Gandalf riding a unicorn painted on the side. Let's look at some of the ways we can protect ourselves from the temptation of sassy children and help us fight this crippling affliction.

- **Dress children properly.**
  I can't stress this enough. The number one cause of child molestation is fashion. The industry these days is dressing up our children like little harlots, with their tight fitting short pants and low cut diapers. Back when I was a child, the person I looked up to was Franklin Delanore Roosevelt, but these days all the kids want to dress up like those filthy

sluts Britney Spears or Christina Aguilera. The worst is when little boys are dressed up in little sailor suits. Parents, what are you thinking? That kid is going to get fucked six ways from Sunday before he even sets foot near the swing set. Everybody knows that sailors stand for sailing and the thought of being trapped on a tiny ship on the sexy sea gets even the most prudish adults horny as Gary Heart at a convention. So please parents, put some paper bags over your naughty children or they are going to get molested.

■ **Do not let children frolic in public!**
When children are jumping to and fro around monkey bars and tire swings, this is an advertisement to the world, an invitation if you will, to be wantonly molested. I think I can speak for everyone that when I see a saucy child leaping, jumping, and skipping about in an innocent and carefree manner, I can't help myself and need to capture the child in a net to satisfy my carnal desires. I don't buy into the excuse that the children don't know what they're doing, and just having "fun". These kids know full well that they are teasing us poor souls by showing off their goods, and secretly want to be kidnapped and sodomized in a garage. It's not our problem, it's theirs, and it needs to stop.

■ **Quit the Church.**
The Catholic faith has a magical effect on grown men. Not only does it bring us closer to the word of our Lord, it also has a side effect of making us crave little boys. I don't know if it's the hymns, the pageantry, or just that alter boys look so goddamn sexy, but regardless, it's in your best interest to stop church activity if you want to protect yourself from molesting. The longer you stay in the church lifestyle, the harder it is to break the pattern of abuse and soon you will become like most Catholic priests, unstoppable boyfucking machines with unquenchable erections. The road of the heathen is much safer for you and little children everywhere.

This is the face of a victim.

Since I am a fully qualified counselor on this most serious issue, I will also be answering some letters from people around the world that seek my advice. I realize that this subject may be upsetting, or even disgusting to you, but you need to look in the mirror and learn some tolerance. These people are all around us, they are everyday people. They bag our groceries, they are our uncles, the work at the circus, and sing our pop music. Only when we realize that this is our collective problem will we be victorious. We will all overcome, together.

Dear Frolixo,
I don't know what's wrong with me. I was a just a normal young black child when my daddy beat me and touched me, and he was very strict. Now, ever since I morphed into a white woman all sorts of kids want to visit my magical fun park ranch and spend the night with me. When I tuck them in their eyes gaze longingly into mine, and even though they scream "NO NO NO" I realize that they are very attracted to me and want me to touch their wee wee. Now I may be in trouble but it was really the little manboy vixens who sent me psychic messages of seduction and pleas for alcoholic beverages so they would pass out and let me fondle their tight boy buttocks. They did it with their tiny sex crazed brains! How can I prove that in a court of law? Please help!
-Jike Mackson

Well Jike, it sounds like you've got your hands full with crazy children. Scientists still don't know what causes little children to be so geared towards sex, but it is clearly

a chemical attraction that we cannot help. It has been proven by me and my cousin Howard one weekend that children do indeed possess the ability to send psychic rays pleading for sexual molestation and tomfoolery. The only advice I can give you is shield yourself from their trickery by wearing metal helmets and if you see a child putting a spell on you, knock them out and submerge it under water before they can complete the spell. If you need me as an expert witness to testify to the nature of these "innocent" children, I'm more than glad to help.

Dear Frolixo,
I am a pediatrician and often perform routine physical examinations on young boys. Lately, I have noticed more and more of my ripe young patients wearing nothing more than their underwear when I go into the room to see them. When did this perverted trend begin to take hold and what can I do to prevent this wanton lustful debauchery from overtaking my otherwise peaceful establishment? Thank you,
-Befuddled in Baltimore

This is exactly the type of behavior I'm talking about when I say that it is the responsibility of these children to act in an acceptable manner, otherwise risking an unfortunate incident that will harm all parties involved. I hear this from medical professionals all the time; barely dressed nubile children disrupting their work environment. A close friend of mind just resigned from his post as a maternity nurse because he could not take the onslaught of babies that would come out of their mother's wombs with barely a stitch on! It's just improper, and frankly very embarrassing and arousing.

Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

Dear Frolixo,
Ever since my resurrection in the arctic circle by an atomic bomb I've had a problem. It started out normal, you know smashing around Japan and what not. Then I met a wonderful little boy named Kenny, he was a goofball, but damned if I didn't take a liking to him. I don't know, Frolixo. It's just that I keep going around smashing Japan and fighting monsters and the military and saving that rascal Kenny, but I just feel that I get nothing out of it, no ass no booty no nothing. It pisses me off. I love the kid to death but there isn't exactly any girl giant turtle to get some ass from. Maybe the radiation fucked up my head but I'm just sexually attracted to this boy. I haven't told anyone yet, so I take it out by flying over to Europe and smashing shit and humping the Eiffel Tower. FUCK THAT LIFESTYLE. So I guess the point of this letter is to get some advice to bed lovable Kenny. I mean I treat him right and everything but this relationship is going nowhere. He had a pet turtle and I'm sure that he's let him bed him, what's so different about me? I'm a turtle too! The only thing different is that I can fly with my jets and I eat fire and stuff. What the fuck Kenny?
Please help me bed Kenny,
-Gamera

It sounds like you are in quite a pickle Gamera! Before you are set on bedding this

> Kenny boy, ask yourself some important questions. Is Kenny just playing games with your heart, and will trample all over it with his size 5 shoes? If you do end up shacking up, with Japan still hold you as a hero in their hearts, or will you be an outcast like Barugon? Will the act of love render Kenny to pieces, leaving you to cry over his tattered remnants? These are all very tough questions that I can't answer for you. You have a lot of soul searching to do ahead of you. If you do decide that you want to go through with this and "bed" Kenny, I recommend showering him with candy and colorful toys. Kids love that shit. When I was wooing a potential boy love, I gave him all kinds of wonderful things until he fully trusted me. Then I betrayed his trust and blinded him for life when my molten seed shot him directly in his bawling face, but that's beside the point. Do what you heart tells you is right.

My hero, Franklin Delanore Roosevelt once said, "The only thing I trust less than the Japs are grubby little children." He was right for the very same year the Japanese sneak attacked Pearl Harbor and his little nephew Vernon seduced the president into touching him in the Oval Office. A year later, Roosevelt died of grief from the incidents and Hitler won the war, plunging the world into a second darkness until the British Special Ops sent some hobbits deep into the heart of Germany to drop the ring of power into Mount Doom. We were lucky in the past, but what will the future hold for us? We must be aware of the dangers all around us, contained in the alluring form of the child. To protect ourselves we need to learn, share, and care. Either that or we can all get a castration at a very thrifty group price. Until next time, take care my Internet friends!

Special thanks to forum members ParAone, I EAT BABIES, and BukkakeParty who helped me with researching this case since they are all convicted child molesters and horrible monsters.

State Og

Howdy folks, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell here to butter you up for another State Og update. We're kicking off the new year by bringing much-needed rock music to warzones, sending space probes into the uncharted depths of Europe, and sharing the multiple-choice test that every State Og agent must pass before being hired:

> ***2. Your partner has suffered a potentially fatal papercut while filling out his daily paperwork. In turn, you:***
>
> *A. administer mouth-to-mouth*
> *B. make funeral arrangements*
> *C. vow to burn every book you come across in order to avenge him*
> *D. administer ass-to-ass*

Want to learn which of these answers is the right one? Read State Og! We didn't actually provide the answers, but hopefully you clicked that link before you could read this.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

1.2 A Look Back on Cinema 2003

Friday, Jan 02, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Since no good movies were released in 2003, this article will be accompanied by images from the Japanese TV show "OH! Mikey".

Having just quit smoking for the New Year, I am filled with a simmering rage that threatens to boil over at the least provocation. The only thing competing with my repressed craving to bathe my lungs in the tingling delights of nicotine is the desire to crack open skulls and bathe my soft skin in the red work of a hard day. Instead of going on a murderous rampage I have decided to channel my withdrawal induced vitriol towards something a little bit more productive.

MSNBC recently announced what they considered to be their ten favorite films of 2003. I can hardly even think of a movie I liked in the past twenty years, so needless to say I was more than a little disappointed with their anemic list. Let's take a stroll down recent memory lane and I can debunk the films that MSNBC erroneously declared to be good.

"American Splendor" - MSNBC reviewer John Hartl referred to "American Splendor" as "the year's most original film" and praised its unique blend of documentary footage with actors. The chances of me seeing this movie are about the same as the chances that I will abruptly learn how to teleport myself at will and use this newfound power to deliver donor organs to people awaiting transplantation. The title of the film alone is enough to make me want to picket outside of theaters showing it with signs I stole from the hippies I beat up at an anti-war protest. No blood for "American Splendor"!

"Capturing the Friedmans" - Way to go MSNBC, you picked another documentary for the list; it must have been a real stellar year at the movies! According to the article this movie asks the question "Was dad just a normal man with a habit of recording his family's progress through home movies, or was he a pederast who used his sons as accomplices in numerous crimes against children?" I'm no pederast, but the idea that this movie made MSNBC's best of 2003 list makes me want to commit numerous crimes against children. I went into this movie expecting another hilarious holocaust documentary, instead I got a bunch of non-zyklon related home movies that imply pedophilia. The only question I was asking was "What Would Hitler Do?" In fact I made a bracelet with "WWHD?" on it so that whenever I had a dilemma I could just contemplate what Hitler would do if he were in my position. You'd be pretty surprised how often Hitler would "eat more cake and then masturbate".

"Ah, I'm bored!"

"Cold Mountain" - The main characters in this civil war drama are foreigners playing southerners. I know the Deep South is a shit hole worthy of nothing but contempt and possibly napalm, but even Johnny Reb deserves to be portrayed by an actor who can whistle Dixie. Like most of the films on MSNBC's list there is no way I'm going to see this movie so I have to wonder if Jude Law used a British accent like he did when he was playing a Russian in the hideous "Enemy at the Gates".

"Elephant" - Gus Van Sant is a dumb fucker who makes awful movies and you can rest assured that this Columbine-like film is no exception. If you need any more assurance keep in mind that it won two prestigious awards at Cannes, which is basically a rubber stamp from the French declaring

it to be full of awful slapstick comedy, actors having real on-screen sex, and a solid anti-American message. Don't misconstrue my point though; I'd watch a movie called "American Flag Bukkake" as long as Gus Van Sant didn't direct it.

PICKLES

"Lilya 4-ever" - I'm guessing that the script for this movie is nothing but an edited IRC log with some stage direction added by a channel op. I hate movies almost as much as I hate IRC so you can bet this is a winning combination in the "piss off Zack" school of film. MSNBC says the movie has something to do with a teenage girl being sold into prostitution. While teenage prostitution is right up my alley, I have a sinking suspicion that this film is not an impassioned plea to legalize it in the United States.

"Lord of the Rings: Return of the King" - The only thing worse than Tolkien's books are the trilogy of ponderous and dull movies based on them. How Peter Jackson managed to get the financing to shoot all three movies back to back is a mystery not even science can solve. About the only good thing I can think to say about the movies is that at least Jackson had the sense to cut a lot of shitty characters like Tom Bombadil out that would have otherwise added agonizing minutes to each movie's already ghastly 50 hour running time.

"Lost in Translation" - Come on, it's not really that hard to translate "sucks" from Japanese to English. Initially I thought this movie looked pretty good, but then a bunch of people on the SA forums started raving about it and whenever that happens it's a pretty safe bet that the movie will suck.

"A Mighty Wind" - Dear Christopher Guest, stop trying to remake "Spinal Tap" and, if you absolutely have to, at least start hiring some new fucking people. You've got basically the same goddamn cast in every one of your movies and believe me, adding Parker Posey to the mix a couple movies back did nothing to improve the situation. It's worth noting that I did actually see this movie as opposed to almost everything else on MSNBC's terrible list. Fred Willard's multi-faceted and deep portrayal of a failed sitcom star almost brings some gravity to the film, but in the end even the incomparable Willard can't salvage things.

"Mystic River" - Following on the heels of such festering abortions of cinema as "Blood Work" and the geriatric "Space Cowboys", Clint Eastwood brings us a movie starring Sean Penn that's about as entertaining as math story problems. "Mystic River" is a dizzyingly dull "American drama" about murder and family, two things that she be mentioned only in passing in films. In my opinion the best movies ever made have been about either alien attacks on earth or lots of pratfalls. If Clint Eastwood could dress Sean Penn up in an ET costume and push him off a bridge then we could talk about including his shitty little movie on a "best of" list.

"This is fun"

"Spellbound" - What happened MSNBC? Was cramming the shitty bird documentary and the shitty spelling bee documentary onto the same list going to make you feel too guilty? If you have to dredge up shit like this for your top ten list maybe you should consider not even making one for the year.

Not everything is bad news at the movies. The sequel to "The Fast and the Furious" somehow managed to outdo the original and we can look forward to the stunning "Torque" in early 2004 to help us forget about the nightmare that was 2003.

You must be this tall to read Photoshop Phriday

Poof! That was the sound of me, Livestock, appearing out of nowhere. I'm pretty excited because it just so happens the first Photoshop Phriday of 2004 is also the 100th eidtion. Or 101st if you count the "Rejected Muppet Movies" Phriday that had to be removed when Jim Henson's lawyers threatened to have our families murdered. Or 99th if you don't count that one or the "Ask the Goons" Phriday that we also had to kind of sort of remove due to legal threats. Such controversy! We just want to have fun.

This week the delightful goons of our Awful Forums have conquered the world of amusement parks, making this Phriday extra thrilling. We've got roller coasters of death, water slides of misery, bumper cars of terror, and all the amusement park madness you can handle!

Get in line now, because everyone will want to ride Photoshop Phriday.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

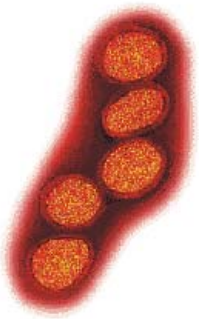
1.3 One Flu Over the Cuckoo's Nest

Saturday, Jan 03, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

The holiday season is great, isn't it? At the end of every year, people just want to spend time together, and they'll go to any lengths to do it. Whether its an office party or flying across an ocean, people will do what it takes to be with their friends, families, and loved ones for the holidays. It's a magical time of togetherness, which is naturally followed by a somewhat less magical time of rampant disease. What would you expect to happen when people cluster together in large groups, huddled close to one another to fend off the cold? And what better way to help disease spread than by picking up your sick kids and carting them halfway across the country so they can hug and kiss a few dozen relatives? Then, after carting in all these new and exotic germs from all your new and exotic friends and relatives, you tax your body even further by staying up late partying on New Year's Eve. It's no wonder that the new year is always accompanied by illness. Let's face it, cold and flu season is here. I am confident in this statement, because I just had the flu, I have a cold, and it's a season. I was sick all through my finals this semester, which was an absolute joy while simultaneously trying to write a paper on Graham Greene and attempting to hold back the raging torrent of mucous threatening to blast out of my nose and destroy my keyboard like the Ent's seige on Isengard. You know you're in bad shape when even your writing starts to sound stuffed up.

> *Gweene establishes Pyle as de webwasebtative Amewican, den jub as quickwy makes id ebiden dah he does nah fib da Amewican steweotybe held by fawehnahs, boh Bwitih an Bietnamee awike.*

Luckily, I still managed to pull of an A- in that class because my teacher liked me. Well, he didn't like me so much as he hated everyone else and graded ona curve. Anyway as a veteran of both diseases, - cold and flu - I have taken it upon myself to educate you about these potentially life-threatening illnesses, and what you can do to avoid them. Well, not "them," exactly, but the flu. Definitely the flu.



The flu virus as it really is - some Rolaids in Jell-o.

The flu, shortened from the French *la flupe*, comes in many different viral strains. The most common of these, the flu terrier, is short-haired, obedient, and an excellent pet for families with small children. It is also potentially deadly. As many as twelve people die each year from the flu in the United States alone! That's more than rhino attacks and nasal herpes *combined*. In fact, a student at Worcester State College died this year from the flu. This was a tragic loss, and the student will be missed and, of course, openly mocked for years to come. I mean, dying from the flu? That's just not a respectable way to go, unless your age is still calculated in months. Being trampled by a herd of rabid moose while attempting to save the President's baby - *that's* a respectable way to go! I know that's how I plan on snuffing it. But dying from the flu just doesn't sound impressive, since basically everyone gets the flu at least once in their lives, and the vast, overwhelming, utterly massive majority recover from it just fine. It would be one thing to die from the flu if it left all of its survivors horribly crippled or something. If you had to have surgery or undergo radiation treatment that made your hair fall out and your sperm burn up like tiny meteors entering Earth's atmosphere, then maybe dying from the flu would be acceptable. But no, you get a fever, you feel like ass, you miss a week of work, and then it's over and it's like you never had it. It's not as bad as dying from a cold, in which case your family, your friends, and basically anyone else that you've ever been seen interacting with in public would have to kill themselves to avoid being associated with you, but it's still no way to die. So while people may be inclined to say, "Wow, your son died from the flu? That's awful," what they really

mean is, "Wow, your son died from the flu? He must have been a big sissy. It was probably the combined fault of your bad, sissy parenting and your filthy sissy genes. Perhaps you shouldn't have been allowed to mate in the first place." To save you and your family that embarrassment, here are some steps you can take to avoid the flu this year.

Avoid inoculation

This man is getting his flu shot, hopefully followed closely by a shot to stop his chins from merging completely with his shoulders.

Some places won't give flu shots this late in the season anyway, but if you can find some hospital that is still willing to inoculate you, resist the temptation. Immunizations are supposedly dead cells from the disease that are injected into your bloodstream so your white blood cells can gain the disease cell corpses' powers, like Mega Man. But a virus is technically not a living organism. If it's not alive, how can it be considered dead? Is it any wonder that a lot of people actually feel sick for a few days after getting the flu shot? I mean, where's the big mystery in this one? I picked up a pamphlet on the flu shot this year which actually included the sentence, "Flulike symptoms may occur." Now tell me, in what way is having flulike symptoms different from having the flu? I'm fairly certain the only reason diseases are a problem is because of their symptoms. If I didn't have any symptoms, I'd never know I was sick. Hell, viruses could replicate all the livelong day inside the run-down motel that is my body as long as they didn't produce any symptoms. Hell, I'd provide HBO and hourly hates. Honestly, why would there even be medical science if diseases didn't manifest any symptoms?

> **Doctor:** "Well, Mr. Thompson, your annual checkup shows that you're in great shape. However, I just got your blood test back, and I'm afraid you have a very dangerous form of syphilis."
> **Patient:** "Oh no! What makes it so dangerous!"
> **Doctor:** "It creates no sores, no rash, no fever, no headache, no hair loss, no swelling of the glands, no joint pain, no organ decay, and no brain damage."
> **Patient:** "But it's going to kill me?"
> **Doctor:** "Unless a cure is found within the next seventy-five to eighty years, yes."
> **Patient:** "So it doesn't do anything and actually increases my life expectancy by a couple years. What exactly is so dangerous about it?"
> **Doctor:** "It's unbelievably contagious. You see, while it does not create any sores, the disease can be transmitted through normal sexual contact and does not require broken skin to transmit to another person. Mr. Thompson, for the good of those you love, you must not engage in any sexual act ever again!"
> **Patient:** "Otherwise I might give them a disease with absolutely no symptoms whatsoever."
> **Doctor:** "Exactly!"
> **Patient:** "I'm not paying for this visit."

I'm sorry, but having the symptoms equals having the disease. End of story.

Wash your hands

Cleanliness is next to godliness, and no god of mine gets the damn flu! One of the easiest ways to pick up germs laying around is by touching something that a sick person has already touched. You should be sure to wash your hands vigorously with antibacterial soap and warm water after coming in contact with anything that someone else might have touched, such as doorknobs, faucets, toilet seats

and handles, showerheads, remote controls, the keyboard and mouse of your computer, microwave buttons, lightswitches, stair railings, subway poles, silverware, dishes, dough products, drawers, keys, writing utensils, soap, the button on "walk" signs, elevator buttons, water fountains, snack machines, telephones, clothes in department stores, arcade games, rental videos, steering wheels, sports equipment, park benches, pizza boxes, trees, spare change, pets, infants, or large patches of air. Due to the abundance of objects which may carry germs, you will want to construct a portable sink that you can strap to your midsection so you can wash your hands the necessary fix to six thousand times a day. Better yet, chop off your hands at the wrist, thus preventing the possibility of touching them to something infected. You will be able to chop off one of your hands easily with a kitchen knife or chainsaw, but the other one might prove difficult using a standard blade. Consult a physician for the best way to remove both hands without the use of some expensive equipment.

- **Breathe cleanly**

I can't believe this picture exists. Still, I think we can all agree that this is the greatest thing ever.

Even more dangerous than the objects we handle is the air we breathe. The germs expelled during a cough can linger in the air within the cough radius for over four hours. The residue from a sneeze can last over six. Wear a watch. Whenever you see someone cough or sneeze, be sure to keep a good distance between you and the possibly infected area for an appropriate length of time. Unfortunately, you can't be everywhere at once, and you can't see everything. It would be impossible to monitor every cough or sneeze that might occur in your path. You'll need to take defensive measures to purify the air you breathe. I'm not talking about one of those flimsy face masks, either. I know those are all the rage now because the media showed us so many pictures of Chinese people wearing those masks during the SARS breakout. Well let me clue you in on something, my friend. Those masks didn't stop SARS. Jesus did. And don't go relying on him to save your ass from the flu - he only helps those who helps themselves. The best way to control the purity of the oxygen you breathe is to provide your own. Invest in a scuba tank and mask. Or, if that is out of your price range, simply fill a plastic bag with uninfected air from home and breathe out of it as you go on your travels. Sure, people might look at you funny, stare, point, and kick you out of their stores, restaurants, and homes, but you can feel content knowing that they're just a bunch of disease-ridden cadavers-to-be, and you should feel free to remind them of this.

- **Eat healthy**

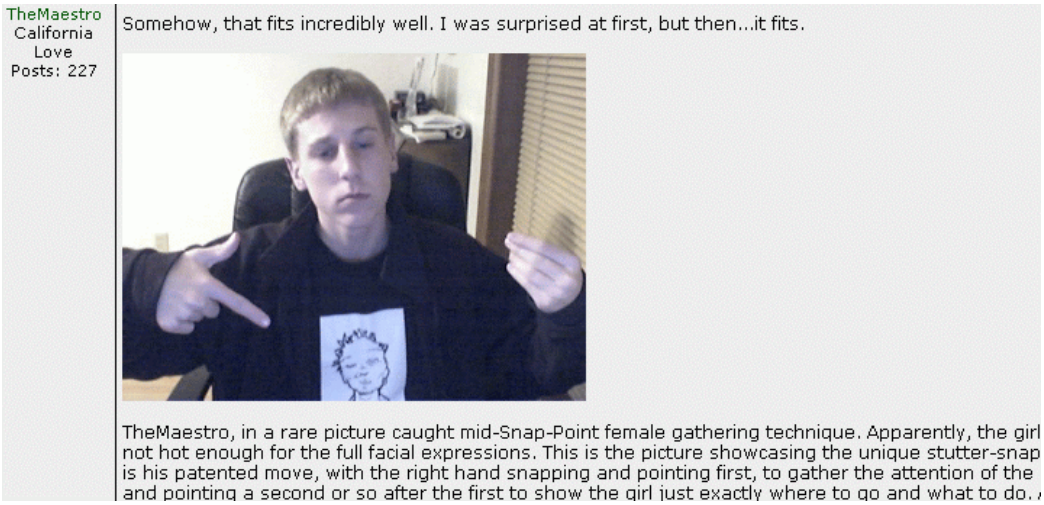
A good diet is the key to a strong immune system. And you want a strong immune system. When your immune system is working at full capacity, it will fight off infections before you even know anything is wrong. That's much better than your body's response to infections when your immune system isn't doing its job, which consist of coughing, hacking, vomiting, sweating, and creating enough mucous to float an ocean liner. Doctors like to say that these things are our body's way of getting rid of an invader. If that's true, then our bodies are fucking retarded. You do not make yourself feel better by forcing a load of acidic bile over the delicate membranes of your upper digestive tract. So keep your immune system running smoothly by eating right. Be sure to eat the heart, lungs, and livers, and other blood-rich organs and muscles of your enemies so that you can gain their strength. Make sure your enemies don't already have the flu when you kill them, though! They'd just love to trick you like that, those wily rascals!

Now, there's no way to guarantee that you'll make it through the next couple months disease-free, but if you don't take every possible precaution and wind up getting sick, you'll be kicking yourself. That is, assuming you have the strength left in your germ-bloated body to kick yourself. Even if you manage, your foot will probably break off at the ankle from the effort. And won't that suck? As

for me, I'm going to worry about getting back to full health and finally shaking the clouds from my head. Who knows? I might even try writing an article that's actually funny! You know, for a change.

Weekend Web

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Punt Kicker Jones" Gutierrez here with images of forum posts so funky, it'll make you say, "Damn that's funky." Remember to send me an angry email if you're featured this week so we can all laugh at you on the SA Forums in FYAD.


TheMaestro
California
Love
Posts: 227
Somehow, that fits incredibly well. I was surprised at first, but then...it fits.
TheMaestro, in a rare picture caught mid-Snap-Point female gathering technique. Apparently, the girl
not hot enough for the full facial expressions. This is the picture showcasing the unique stutter-snap
is his patented move, with the right hand snapping and pointing first, to gather the attention of the
and pointing a second or so after the first to show the girl just exactly where to go and what to do.

This week we've got a planet of forums, insane fans who worship imaginary film characters, and a trio of fools living in their own South African anime paradise. Click damn you.

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

1.4 The World Hates Pizza

Sunday, Jan 04, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

No comment.

What I am about to say is so controversial, so racist and disgusting, that I fully expect to receive thousands of hate mails as well as a written threat from the JDL. Jews cannot make pizza. G-d bless them, they try pretty hard, and they do make things that look like pizza, but what they make is not pizza. I'm not a bigot, I'm sure there are some very talented Jewish pizza chefs out there, but kosher frozen pizza is a thing not meant for human consumption. I recently made the mistake of buying two kosher frozen pizzas at the grocery store. I noticed a pizza with unusual toppings like eggplant and yellow peppers - both things that I feel can work on a good pizza - and so I picked up two without carefully examining the packages. What I mean to say is I looked intently at the picture of the pizza on the box and put it in the grocery basket, somehow missing the giant menorah and Hebrew writing all over the box.

I was already experiencing the hunger premonition of a delicious pizza a few days later when I removed the box from my freezer. To my horror I noticed that this was not normal pizza - it was some sort of bizarre Yiddish pizza meant to be eaten by the exotic Jews of the east. I was daring and hungry, two things that should never go together, so ignoring my anti-Semitic brain I sided with my equal opportunity appetite and inserted the pizza into my oven per the strange baking instructions. The pizza had to be cooked at about 5000 degrees for something like half a day so I patiently sat down and stared at the windowless oven door for the next five hours.

When I at last pulled the pizza from the roasting kiln of the oven I was greeted with something less pizza and more cracker covered with oatmeal. The cheese seemed to not be cheese, the sauce tasted like watered down ketchup, and the huge pieces of vegetable promised on the pizza box were actually finely chopped and flavorless lumps. I have had almost uncooked pizzas from Dominos that tasted better than this, and I have had bottled water with more flavor. A bite of pizza tasted almost exactly like unflavored shredded wheat, only blander; it was a culinary holocaust and my final solution was to throw most of it away. The piece I did choke down did not so much defeat my hunger as it toyed with it mockingly and then vacated my stomach on a fast track to my bladder.

Living in Chicago this was nothing short of a travesty. I have scraped better frozen pizza off the inside of a cadaver's intestine and that only cost whatever I paid for the taxi to the warehouse. While it is fun and relaxing to blame the Jews for everything, I have difficulty believing that they're really public enemy number one when it comes to pizza abortions. With that in mind I turned to the greatest source of information in history, a font of knowledge that puts the Library of Alexandria to shame; the Something Awful Forums. I asked the tasteless and poorly fed goons around the world to clue me in as to what passes for a delicious pizza pie in whatever part of this black earth they inhabit.

- **England** I am told by knowledge Britons on the forums that pizza in the UK is roughly the same as pizza in the United States, including the many of the same pizza chains we have here. Personally, I find this a bit difficult to believe, considering the entirety of England is a gastrointestinal nightmare world. In fact it is so horrifying there that even naming a city in England can afflict you with a variety of obscure medieval diseases ranging from Skull Dropsy to Boot Noodles. These are savage and primitive people who put organ meats in pie crust. I expect their pizza to consist of no less than

In the UK even the banal Dominos has kicked things up a notch with a BAM! of grossness.

ten pounds of tripe contained in a bowler hat made out of pie crust and topped with a dollop of creamed hog's blood. Forum goon Sergeant Rock provided a more accurate list of ingredients including "animal lung, baby scalp and strawberry jam".

- **Ireland**

An American goon by the name of Antiorganic who has visited Ireland described Irish pizza for me:

> *"It wasn't entirely inedible, but you know those tastes-like-cardboard ghetto pizzas in your grocer's freezer section that are about an eighth of an inch thick and made with cheese stolen from the back of your elementary school's freezer? It was pretty much like that."*

Irish goon Zakalwe assured me that Irish pizza was the same as American pizza, but then seemed honestly confused when people insisted that corn was not a normal pizza topping.

- **Armenia**

Apparently there are a number of Armenian goons on our forums and they are all big fans of Lahmajoon, a weird lamb meat pizza that the unpronounceable yippeekiyaym assured me was delicious. From his description the recipe goes a little something like this:

> Make several really bad crusts
> Take lamb meat and some vegetables and insert them in a blender
> Spread meat paste on the crust and stack the crusts on top of each other
> Put them in a fridge
> Serve cold or hot

Hello, yippeekiyams or whatever your name is, that's not fucking pizza. That's some sort of bizarre tower of meat sludge, just because it's shaped vaguely like a pizza does not make it a pizza.

- **New Zealand**

I wonder if the cast of the Lord of the Rings dined on a New Zealand pizza delicacy that I am told is called a "Bombay". This delicious ring to rule your appetite consists of tandoori chicken, cashews, yogurt, banana, mango chutney, red onion, and "a little greenery". Forum goon Moses insists it's "to die for". I insist he needs to seek professional help, because this pizza sounds like a forklift accident in a grocery store chain's central warehouse. I know when I order pizza I'm all about putting nuts and yogurt on it, and the first thing that tops any ingredient list should always be chutney! Just wait, in a few months Pizza Hut will be releasing their Chutney Lovers pizza with yogurt dipping sauce.

- **Denmark**

Europeans are second only to Asians when it comes to making hideous pizza and Denmark is a prime example of why. In Denmark they take what is probably a passable facsimile of delicious American pizza and then cover it with iceberg lettuce, tomatoes, and cucumber slices. Just in case you don't have a problem with someone spilling a salad on your pizza they have gone a step further and coated it with remoulade. I actually had to look remoulade up in the dictionary. When I did I was not disappointed by the magnitude of culinary violence unleashed upon the taste buds of the Danes. Remoulade is a "piquant cold sauce made with mayonnaise, chopped pickles, capers, anchovies, and herbs", or to be more concise; a regurgitation aid.

- **Sweden**

Swedish goon Von Pluring took us on a virtual pizzeria tour of Sweden by describing the variety of abominations served up fresh daily to unsuspecting gorgeous blond women. Before going into the gory details he assured us that normal pizza is widely available, but watch your step in the minefield of disaster that awaits you in Sweden. A kebab pizza didn't sound that gross, but a pizza consisting of bananas and curry and another loaded with beef and béarnaise sauce was capable of churning my stomach by just conjuring the imagery.

- **Saudi Arabia**

OOOOoooooh! This is an actual photo of a Pizza Hut in SAUDI ARABIA!

Gatts recounted, in grisly detail, his childhood experiences at "Pizza Sheikh", a knockoff of Pizza Hut in Saudi Arabia that is a crypt of unspeakable terrors. I will allow him to express the magnitude of this terror in his own words.

> *My foreign pizza experience comes at the bloodied and wrathful hand of the Pizza Sheikh. If I were to define a logo for the restaurant, it would be Mario dressed in Saudi garb. Now, you see, living in Saudi Arabia as a youth I did not desire pizza. Not only was I a picky eater but it just didn't seem to appeal to me. Pizza Sheikh came into the life of my school, and mine, a short period before the first Pizza Hut restaurant in the area was made.*
>
> My parents frustrated themselves as to why I wouldn't eat pizza like a good little normal boy and instead just resorted to ordering their apple pie for school lunches. Segway, think the pie like McDonalds only the goldeny slightly thick and crusty crust completely encases, no slits, the scalding hot goodness inside. Best pie ever, seriously. Anyway, it became my mother's mission to take me to a Pizza Shiekh, sit down, both force and watch me eat. My father joined to enforce.
>
> Let me describe you a slice of pizza of which you, hopefully, will never have to endure. Sloppy doughy crust and bread, probably uncooked all the way. So much of cheese that was not so much cheese but slime. Not greasy, oh no, but slime that slid off the soft dough crust like some overtly milk Play-Doh

> that consumed all. The grease puddles were reserved for the most likely "beef" that was labeled "pepperoni." And the sauce was some deep red...nay brownish substance the likes of which I cannot recall. But the clincher was the stench. My God, the stench of the place and the foulness of the pizza; I took one bite and it was enough. My mother, disappointed, decided to eat and finish the food. It was not pleasant watching my parents eat this...food.
>
> We left in silence and days later they admitted their fault for not believing me and trying to force that on me.

The deep wounds in the Mid-East are obviously a two way street.

- **Australia**

According to Raged the country of Australia, despite all of its American influence, has somehow managed to devise possibly the most revolting list of toppings imaginable. He claims they use hot dogs in place of sausages, but worse still they consider things like Vegemite, eggs, and sour cream as valid toppings for a pizza. I wouldn't put Vegemite on a garbage can, let alone something I'm going to be inserting into my mouth, but I guess if they love the stuff there then more power to them.

- **Brazil**

A photo of Brazilian pizza has here been replaced with a much tastier Brazilian export.

Multiple Brazilian goons offered up the tasty insider's look at pizza in Brazil. Forum goon Me Clumsy who was critical of most of Brazil's pizza also insisted that American pizza is "a fucking joke" in comparison to the taste sensation riding the flavor waves in Sao Paulo. Fellow Brazilian Solvalou provided a bit more of an objective look at the hellish creations of our friends to the South, so I'll let you judge for yourself based on the following sample pizzas:

> **Brazilian Banana Pizza**
> Pizza dough
> Condensed milk
> Banana
> Cottage Cheese
> Cinnamon
> Sugar
>
> **Dried Meat Pizza**
> Pizza dough
> Tomato Sauce
> Mozzarella cheese
> Beef Jerky, shredded

Olives
Seasoning
Endive Pizza
Pizza dough
Tomato sauce
Mozzarella sauce
Endives (and lots of it!)
Parmesan cheese
Bacon
Olives
Seasoning

I think the facts speak for themselves, but as a Chicagoan I would like to advise Me Clumsy to consult his ass the next time he wants to talk out of it about Brazil having superior pizza. Who is the fucking joke now Mr. Brazilian Banana Pizza?!

- **Thailand**

Thailand is a good preparation for the harrowing shock of the pizzas available in Japan. Like Japan, Thailand is a country with a cuisine that uses a lot of seafood. Pizzas including seafood are not particularly popular here in the United States, but they aren't entirely alien. DJ Sizzle described a pizza in Thailand containing "prawns, hot sauce, fried eggs and peppers" as well as a stuff-crust pizza full of some type of sausage that smelled far too bad to be edible. I won't hazard a guess as to what was in the sausage (human children) so I'll just have to pretend it was something delicious but slightly odd smelling.

- **Japan**

Now doesn't that look delicious?!

If you're eating anything right now I suggest you put it down and maybe stop reading this article long enough for your food to get past the stomach portion of its digestive trip. Okay, ready? Japan is without a doubt the hive of unappetizing pizza choices. It is the yin to America's delicious pizza yang, the kryptonite to our deep dish Superman, and maybe even the salt to our delectable hand-tossed garden slug. If you haven't learned it already by reading Something Awful; Japan is the root of all things evil in this world.

Forum goon Laopooh provided us with a bizarre and slightly disconcerting menu from a Japanese pizza franchise that actually looks to be from Denmark. The photographs of the Japanese pizzas available are a bit hard to see, but do manage to hint at how truly awful they are. For even more insight we turned to FairGame, who lived in Japan for an extended period as part of an exchange program. Among the stories he brought back to the United States with him was the tale of his trip to a Japanese Pizza Hut. It's a bit of a long one, but trust me when I say it's worth the read.

> *My host mother was sick and couldn't cook. I offered to cook, and asked my 10 year old host sister what she wanted for dinner.*

"Pizza," (or more accurately pi-za) she replied.

I figured I could probably handle making such a simple order, even in the really small kitchen in my homestay. But my host mom wasn't so sure.

"Adam, have you ever heard of Pizza Hut?" she asked.

I, having been on a more-or-less steady diet of Japanese food (which isn't nearly as good as the bastardized version you get in the States), was elated. I readily accepted, and my sister and I took the bus to the train station right by the Pizza Hut.

Mmmmmmmmmmmm!

We get our one menu (you don't get menus for everyone over there) and I don't see any pizzas listed that look like they're any good. So when the waitress comes over, I order a small pepperoni pizza.

Waitress gives me a blank look.

I figure maybe I screwed my Japanese up, so I reiterate: "I'd like to get a small pepperoni pizza."

Waitress shakes her head and tells me that's not on the menu. My little sister shrieks in her awful little voice, "Adamu! It's not on the menyuuuuuuu!"

"Well, yes," I say, "but it's not very difficult to make one, you see. Just take a cheese pizza, and then add pepperoni. Only."

Waitress: "I'm sorry; I've never done that before."

I decide I'll take a different approach. "OK, I want to order this Meat Lover's Pizza in a small. Only I want no bacon and no ham on it."

Waitress: "Uh, hold on a minute."

At this point, she goes and talks to her co-worker, another girl maybe 20 years old, and they both are pouring over the menu while pointing at me. She comes back a few minutes later.

"I'm sorry, neither one of us has ever made a pepperoni pizza before. I don't think we have the technology."

I really don't feel like fighting it too much more, so I order a small supreme pizza. I know it's not going to be enough, but the pizzas are so damned expensive and I don't want to spend too much of my mom's money. I know that my sister will get a medium (she wants to bring back to her mom) and that I can probably have a piece of whatever she orders.

So she orders. A tuna, mayonnaise, and corn pizza. This WAS, against all odds, on the menu. A few minutes later, the pizzas come out, I eat mine in like 2 seconds, and my sister offers me a piece of the flat foulness set in front of her.

My hunger gets the better part of my common sense, so I try a piece.

> Dear god. Tuna, mayonnaise, corn, mozzarella, and tomato sauce HAVE NO PLACE ON A PIZZA SIMULTANEOUSLY. It was all I could do not to throw up. We took the remaining 3 pieces back to the homestay.
>
> My homestay mom takes one look at it and says, "This is tuna, mayonnaise, and corn pizza! Adam, you eat it!"
>
> I content myself to have some of the pineapple in the fridge and pretend that I'm full so that I don't have to deal with it. I go to sleep soon thereafter.
>
> Now, when you have leftover pizza, and a refrigerator, the correct way for the two to interact is to put the pizza in the fridge. Especially when said pizza has seafood and mayo on it.
>
> However, the correct way, according to my host family, was to set it on the dinner table all night so that I can wake up and look at the sign that says "Adam's breakfast" on it. It soon found a resting place in the trashcan of the train station as I went to school.

Mayonnaise and corn seemed to be two of the prime offenders among bad pizza globally and Japan managed to cram both onto the same pie along with mayonnaise AND tomato sauce. It sounds vile but I can almost understand the twisted logic behind the mayo, corn, and tuna, but the inclusion of tomato sauce is the pizza chemistry equivalent of adding dynamite to a burning oil drum. You can find out even more about just how bad Japanese pizza is at "The Web's First Japanese Pizza Page", from whom I lifted the disgusting picture above.

Together I think we've learned here that pizza around the world is not something that can be addressed lightly. When I posed my question a number of people slandered the likes of Pizza Hut and Dominos here in America, which I consider ignorant but understandable. Everyone knows that American pizza is at its most generic and generally worst when it comes from franchises like Pizza Hut and Dominos that care more about the timeliness of delivery than the quality of the food. Here in Chicago we have a number of wonderful regional chains that are at least a magnitude of ten or twenty times better than what Pizza Hut churns out. I would venture a guess that New York has a similar situation, offering its take on New York Style pizza that is probably better from a roach infested hole in Brooklyn bought by the day-old slice than the most expensive gourmet pizza in Japan.

Italy also came up a few times in our discussion and I was a bit surprised by the bitterness with which Italian pizza was compared to American pizza. I have got to say that I have had traditional Italian pizza made by off-the-boat Italians and, while certainly good, I don't think it holds a candle to the best the USA has to offer. Out of respect for pizza's heritage I did not include Italy on the list of offenders, although I'm nearly certain some horrible octopus and squid pizza is lurking in a restaurant in Sicily.

Lastly, special shout-outs to the monsters perpetrating supposedly gourmet pizza on America's West Coast. You California Pizza Kitchen fucks wouldn't know good pizza if it lubed your prolapsed rectum with marinara and gave you a prison handshake. The next time you want to talk shit to NYC I'm letting you know that Chicago has got its back. That's right, I enjoy New York style pizza from time to time, but I never find myself craving some new age crystal Ben & Jerry Patchouli-smelling tofu and artichoke heart disc of shit. Go back to Berkeley and take your extra-large Birkenstock and hacky-sack flavored abomination with you.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.5 Las Vegas It Ain't, Part I

Tuesday, Jan 06, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The majestic Ameristar Casino, seen here in all its -47° glory. My right hand literally froze up and chemically bonded with the camera when I took this photo, so I'm currently researching who I can sue.

Please take a moment out of your busy schedule to think about the state of Missouri. Yes, I realize this is an outrageous request and will undoubtedly interrupt your daily smut-surfing procedure, but do me a favor and simply collect all the excitingly colorful thoughts which pass through your mind when you attempt to mentally envision this wonderful wad of American heritage. If you're like me, and I know I am, the mental image of classy, high-stakes gambling never ever ever came into consideration when brainstorming impressions of Missouri. You probably thought of dirt, fat bald people wearing spandex NASCAR sweat pants, broken-down cars rotting alongside the highway for decades, and dirty fat bald people sitting inside their cars rotting alongside the highway. Note that "classy, high-stakes gambling" is nowhere to be found on this exciting list, and if it hypothetically was featured on a collection of things this state is famous for, it would be listed right below "the beautiful white sand beaches" and "the popular Missouri city of Los Angeles."

Now don't get me wrong; Missouri has plenty of financially successful casinos thanks to the semi-recent legalization of riverboat gambling along the Missouri River past the scenic downtown "go here to be murdered" area of the city. It's just that these casinos are, well, not exactly that classiest joints compared to similar established institutions in Las Vegas or Atlantic City or one of those Indian reservations full of Native Americans who spend all day smoking and leaning against walls while looking surly and glaring at anybody who passes them. Although I've been to Vegas before and had an enjoyable experience, I often refuse to enter any institution which promises me the chance to give them money in exchange for a chance to win money because I am the absolutely unluckiest human being ever born. The only thing I ever won in my entire life was when I was 12 and entered a raffle for a cutting board in a paint store, and that damn thing broke after I used it as a skateboard ramp.

So why did I decide to travel 30 minutes north to the Ameristar Casino? As you may have read, I recently contracted some type of Venusian Death Flu which obviously failed to murder me but still had the exciting side effect of causing complete deafness in my right ear. I spent a solid week expelling copious amounts of sticky green goo from every orifice of my body, and now I'm desperately attempting to regain the ability to hear critical sounds such as gunshots and people shouting, "hey you!" to the right of me. If anybody out there knows why I lost half my hearing during my fight with the flu and how I can possibly trick Jesus into restoring the functionality of my right ear, please email me at lowtax@somethingawful.com, but keep in mind that I'll only be able to understand the left half of your message.

My girlfriend and I drove up to the Ameristar Casino a couple days ago to celebrate my successful failure to die while fighting off the Venusian Death Flu which not only stole the hearing from my right ear, but also stripped me of my ability to hold an erection longer than an average margarine commercial. Now any of you readers unfortunate enough to have read my previous Something Awful updates undoubtedly know of my tendency to exaggerate things for the effect of some mythological goal dubbed "comedy" which I have unfortunately never reached and will probably never reach unless I am murdered in some intensely hilarious way. So before I continue this update, allow me to present you the following actual billboard which we passed on the way to the Ameristar Casino, an advertisement which serves as an uncannily accurate representative of Missouri's booming tourism

industry:

Suicide - Homicide - Death Cleaning
Bio Cleaning Services Of America, Inc.
Toll Free 1-888-229-7975
www.biocleaningservices.com

Death cleaning. Yes, you read that correctly: **DEATH CLEANING.** What's a better way to sell your state than by placing colorful suicide billboards offering a cheap and effective way to dispose of corpses and the cumbersome mess they leave behind? Exactly who is the Bio Cleaning Services of America, Incorporated marketing these signs towards? Do they assume that millions of murderers across the United States flock to Missouri casinos after finishing up a particularly messy job, constantly wondering if there's an "easier way" to remove the copious amounts of blood and vital organs from the curtains of a Motel-6? Do they hope that thoughtful depressed people in the Kansas City area will see this phone number and helpfully phone them in advance before blowing their brains out with a 12-gauge shotgun? "Yes, hello? Is this the Bio Cleaning Services of America, Inc.? Do you still clean up suicides? I plan on scattering my various entrails around the bathroom in approximately an hour and I was hoping you guys could come by and remove my brain bits from the rug before my mother comes back, she's a real bitch and would get all pissy if she saw the mess." If you plan on committing genocide or if you're a member of a terrorist organization do you get a group discount rate? I would call that number and ask them myself but that image of the dead dude on the right with the bloody head frankly scares the Christ out of me and I fear that they could murder me and clean up the crime scene within minutes, therefore committing the perfect crime and leaving my mysterious disappearance eternally unsolved. If I suddenly drop off the radar before my next update, please point the authorities to this update and ask that old guy from "60 Minutes" to do a little investigative journalism on Bio Cleaning Services of America, Incorporated. In the meantime, feel free to visit their website, which is unfortunately very boring and appears to have been designed with a freeware program downloaded from a website decorated with numerous animated gifs of Santa Claus.

If the death cleaning sign didn't create enough of a festive upscale atmosphere traveling towards the casino, perhaps this beautiful view of the surrounding scenery will win you over:

This is the majestic Missouri River upon which all legalized gambling revolves around. If you'll look to the left of the river, you'll notice a large gathering of dead trees and tractor trailer tires abandoned at some point in the mid 1970s. If you'll look to the right, you'll see a series of hulking concrete production plants and large fields of rocks which could possibly be used to display important items like farming tools which don't function properly or large metal crates containing some sort of item or items. What's a better place than this exciting, dynamic area to construct a series of multi-million dollar casinos and tourist attractions? Some of you dopes who failed to major in Civic Engineering from the University of Southern Illinois may ignorantly believe that perhaps a casino would make more money if it were located near a major city or within walking distance of something like a mall or shopping center, as opposed to an asphalt processing plant that employs nine people who are all named some variation of "Bud." Regardless, the Missouri Department of Stupid Ideas decided that legalizing all gambling would be a bad idea, whereas permitting the development of certain casinos along a polluted, deserted river would be an outrageously great idea ranking up there with the decision to hire Greg Robinson as the Chief's defensive coordinator. The Ameristar Casino is surrounded by truck stops, large silos containing magic ice-melting highway salt, and mysterious locations like the following:

"SubTropolis" is apparently some type of underground storage place which allows you to take things you own and move them to an area located significantly below the ground. I assume this is a wonderful service for clumsy people who don't want to run the risk of accidentally walking into something they own while casually strolling around the top of the Earth. If you have ever purchased something that's always tripping you up, like a coffee table or cat, perhaps you should mail it to the kind folks at SubTropolis and pay them to store it in a location out of your way, unless of course you live below the Earth's surface. I personally believe that the word "SubTropolis" sounds like a way cool futuristic city name that's full of zombie vampire cyborgs who live in an expansive underground labyrinth and only come out at night to suck the blood of the living or maybe travel to a location that isn't jam packed full of coffee tables and cats. You'll also see a very futuristic Texaco gas station sign in the background, so rest assured that the legendary city of SubTropolis truly has everything a person could possibly ask for, unless that person is allergic to cats. Or coffee tables.

The bleak, frozen wasteland of depression surrounding the Missouri River fails to end once you enter the Ameristar Casino since somebody from the aforementioned Missouri Department of Stupid Ideas was apparently aiming for consistency when planning out the gambling situation here. Take a look at the beautiful scenic parking lot surrounding this veritable cornucopia of unbridled chance:

That appears to be a series of very festive electricity generators in the background along with those things from *Half-Life* which contained a large amount of breakable wooden crates that held highly important items like a single clip of ammunition or a bulbous blue battery. The eternal blanket of grey depression above is what's known as the grandiose Missouri skyline, famous for such ingenious weather phenomenon like "the really windy day" and "the really windy cold day which suddenly turns into the really windy cold and rainy day." Although you can't see them in the photo, there are a significant amount of vehicles in the parking lot which proudly display a large white one or two-digit number along with a crude image of a racecar below it and an American flag helpfully

reminding us to never forget. Furthermore, various truck owners have elected to adhere large stickers which boast the name of the company who manufactured either there truck or the 500-inch monster tires below it. This is helpful for people with poor eyesight who look at Ford trucks and wonder what company made that truck.

The limitless natural beauty of Missouri decorates every inch of travel linking the parking lot to the casino, and if you mistakenly breathe in too deeply you run the risk of choking to death on raw elegance. Behold, if you dare, the stunning landscape surrounding the Ameristar:

WOW! A gigantic concrete smoke stack and a bridge which has not supported commercial traffic since the day JFK was shot! This is the kind of prime real estate that this state can proudly boast about across their tourism pamphlets that sport such catchy slogans as "MISSOURI: MOTHER NATURE'S COLON INFECTION" or "MISSOURI: WE'VE GOT THE DIRT." The Missouri River truly has everything a man could ask for; lots of dead trees, stagnant polluted water, a series of subterranean storage units, a gas station which offers a fantastic deal on six-inch subs assembled by an obese man who sweats significantly more than he probably should, and a dead body removal service. Please note that nowhere in this update did I actually write about the Ameristar Casino, which I am saving for next Tuesday's article. Until then, please keep Bio Cleaning Services of America, Incorporated in mind while planning your next murder. Thank you and god bless.

I'm a little late. Sorry about that.

You remember the old song from Sesame Street, right? One of these things is not like the others; one of these things does not belong. Now that I think about it, I don't remember if there is more to that song or not. Either way, the SA Goons have decided to educate and confound you with wacky foursomes where there is always an odd man out. Which odd man really depends on how nit-picky you are, so have fun and talk about what you find with your friends.

Maybe that little Fark catchphrase will get me linked on Fark. I doubt it. Drew Curtis of Drew Curtis's production of Fark.com has forsaken me. And here I think he's a nice guy.

DAMN YOU DITECH!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.6 The Untold News Stories of 2003

Tuesday, Jan 06, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Far be it from me to criticize the media, as my journalistic integrity is slightly lower than a box of vanilla wafers with a misprint about fat content. As scandalous as a treacherous box of vanilla wafers may be, it pales in comparison to the mime makeup of deceit the media often wears while remaining silent on major stories. As a vigilant follower of world events, such as that time that guy shot a rocket at that one country, and that time that one country flew a spy plane over that other country, I keep a close eye on things. Whether they are deemed worthy enough to be immortalized in print, or whether they get swept under the rug like the clumps of a hobo prostitute's hair, I care not. It is simply my nature, much like it is my nature to sometimes affectionately refer to myself as a submarine commander, to look objectively at the world's events through a myriad of multicultural perspectives. What I'd like to do now, aside from throw up the Arby's I had for dinner, is share with you what I consider to be the top news items of 2003 ignored by the mainstream American press. I hope you find it as enlightening, eye opening, and scary as I do.

FBI Thwarts Terrorist Plot to Hijack Clown Balloon

Through government leaks largely ignored by the mainstream press, we learn of a horrific plot on the part of an al-Qaida cell to not only capture America's beloved clown balloon, a natural treasure, but to crash it into America's tallest roller coaster, the Top Thrill Dragster. Obviously this was meant to be a propagandistic attacked aimed at sending a message that Americans can never have fun again. The FBI became aware of this after a number of Saudi nationals tried to get hot air balloon pilot licenses. Subsequent raids turned up extensive photographs of the clown balloon and the roller coaster, as well as maps and bomb making equipment. Even though there is evidence suggesting this plan reaches all the way to bin Laden, the biggest threat to America that isn't American itself, the press completely glazed over this like a donut. Perhaps it was the notion that our beloved clown balloon might don a turban of terror that sent shivers down the invertebrate spine equivalent of the press.

Soar, Clown Balloon! Rise above it all!

Luxembourg Declares War on LEGOLAND

Proof that LEGOLAND aims to indoctrinate its followers at an early age.

Tiny Luxembourg, which is comparable in size to a gigantic atom as large as Rhode Island, shocked the rest of the world when it boldly declared war on the only comparable global entity - LEGOLAND. According to the CIA World Fact Book, Luxembourg has an estimated 93,994 men fit for active military service. In the midst of this astounding development in global politics, American press remained silent. Why? Because of an abhorrent hole in our intelligence network so big it compares only to Anna Nicole Smith's gaping vagina. LEGOLAND has, since it's creation, existed outside of U.S. radar. Furthermore, there is evidence LEGOLAND might have already established multiple bases throughout the world. Upon checking the CIA World Fact Book, you will notice a complete dirge of information on LEGOLAND. Forget the war declared by Europe's appendix, our country is dangerously unprepared for terrorist attacks

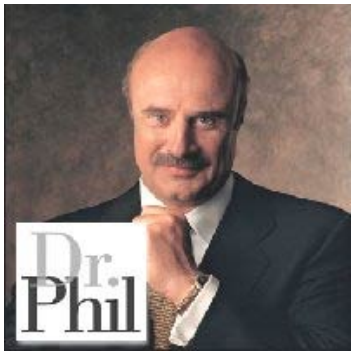
from LEGOLAND! Because of this massive gap in national security, we simply don't know what sort of threat LEGOLAND poses. For all we know it could be a rogue terrorist state, and hundreds of terrorists, including Osama bin Laden himself, might be hiding out there. While I am not privy to the internal developments of the CIA, I certainly hope they have made some effort to correct this screw up. If anything, I believe the CIA needs to begin dispatching undercover operatives to ensure that LEGOLAND is not harboring enemies of democracy. Following that, I recommend they gradually begin dispatching advisors to LEGOLAND to monitor their war with Luxembourg.

■ United Nations Sends Steve Irwin to Iraq

In a desperate attempt to buy time in hopes of stalling, if not preventing, a U.S.-led attack on Iraq, the United Nations dispatched a special envoy to hunt for weapons of mass destruction. This envoy, consisting of Steve Irwin, renowned crocodile hunter, and a camera crew, tried in vain to locate any evidence that Saddam Hussein posed an actual threat to someone other than his own people. In spite of the fact Steve Irwin was unsuccessful in locating a smoking gun, he was successful in playfully wrestling many Iraqi officials to the ground. Because the United States had already made up its mind to go to war and weapons inspections ultimately served no purpose, the media made no mention of adorable Irwin's efforts. Instead they focused on the awesome majestic wonder of Donald Rumsfeld's intense eyes, as well as titanic arm span, which seemed as though it could swallow the world up in one great big unilateral hug.

Oh my.

■ Dr. Phil Standoff Ends Tragically



The elders of the tribe call him "The Soul Stealer" and warn not to go near his cave.

Beloved inspirational terrorist Dr. Phil narrowly escaped with his life when federal agents stormed the studio where his television show is taped in a botched attempt to end a standoff that had been going for weeks. Though the cameras had long stopped filming, Dr. Phil and loyal followers held an entire studio audience captive, refusing to let them go. The intimidating Dr. Phil said he would not let a single person leave until two of his guests put their differences aside and agreed to share a "power hug." Although Dr. Phil boasted he had all the patience in the world, the ATF did not, and after 15 days of unsuccessful psychological operations that included blasting Christmas and Metallica music around the clock, they raided his studio igniting panic and disarray, inadvertently causing the deaths of 57 people. Attorney General John Ashcroft used his substantial power and reach to sweep the story under the rug, in an effort to avoid the same controversy Janet Reno suffered after the end of the Branch Davidian standoff in Waco, as well as after she posed nude for Hustler.

Why did the media really neglect to report any of these events? Is it because they lack the testicular audacity to tackle the hard issues? Or, is it something more sinister, such as a deep-rooted attempt to conceal stories too dangerous for the American public to know? Logically, it's none of those things. I made them all up. April Fool's Day has come early, hamheads! What you gonna do? Huh? What you gonna do? Ohhh, I'm real scared! You big bunch of babies.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.7 A Celebration of Wealth!

Thursday, Jan 08, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Laying Down the Law!

Brandon Bird is an amazing artist. He has done two commission paintings for Lowtax as well as one for myself. In a world in which talented artists all take their work way too seriously it's refreshing to see a man with the skill that Brandon has devote it to designing and printing a "Law & Order" themed coloring book.

He still has a few copies left, so go and order some of this man's Law & Order coloring books!

A Celebration of Affluence

Rich is IN!

Like almost every year, 2003 was a banner year for the rich. Not only did they continue to get richer, they also enjoyed a new form of exciting and refreshing celebrity. No longer were the wealthy just ridiculous communist caricatures of avarice like Uncle Scrooge or Ken Lay, they had been transformed into pure platinum stars out of the singular virtue of their wealth. The poster child of this new breed of awesome rich was definitely the incomparable Paris Hilton, who sleazed and babbled her way across the headlines. She even had her own TV show because, among no other qualities, she was rich and dumb. Some might argue attractive as well but I think she looks like a pair of nylons that has been tightly-packed with razorblades.

My point is that it's great! It's high time that the rich get the accolades that they have worked so hard to accumulate and store in unnumbered Swiss bank accounts. That is why I would like to devote this update to celebrating not just the wealthy - many of whom may have labored very hard to get where they are - but that rare breed of fabulously rich media darling like Paris Hilton; the dilettante. The idle rich. They are the current high-point of human evolution, with their Prada handbags and purebred dogs that they will discard when they stop being cute. They are above us. They are, as William Gibson would say melodramatically, "the edge".

I'm not suggesting a monochrome safari through the well-worn jungle of Paris Hilton's delightful low-light coitus or another trip down memory lane with MTV's "Rich Girls". They have enough

exposure, so I think it's high time to gather round and celebrate another batch of idle rich kids that have received much less attention. I introduce to you, the terrific three; the world's greatest unknown trio of almost incomprehensibly wealthy people.

■ Jacquie Pierce-Googan

Age: 19

Moneybags: Jacquie has a line of credit rumored to exceed five million dollars and she stands to inherit the 950+ million dollar fortune of her father, the International Magnet magnate Nathan Googan.

Excesses: Jacquie is quietly known as one of the most discerning rich girls in the world. She lives in a converted military heavy lifter helicopter that hovers above Times Square. If she wants to go out she is chauffeured in a smaller private helicopter that can actually touch down on a retractable landing pad on the larger helicopter. This smaller helicopter is made entirely from a unique semi-solid alloy called mercinum and the rippling and shimmering exterior has built in computers that launch smoke canisters onto which it projects a photograph of Jacquie.

In 2003 Jacquie had a clone of Britney Spears made from menstrual blood swabbed from a tampon one of her agents stole from Britney's hotel room at the Sands in Las Vegas. She attended an exclusive Puff Daddy party with the clone, made out with it in front of paparazzi, and then had her bodyguard shoot the clone through the face with a speargun. The bodyguard is still in trial proceedings although prosecutors have expressed doubt that they can charge him with murder.

For her birthday Jacquie went on a spending spree throughout the Midwest buying entire towns and forcing the inhabitants to paint every object and structure within her favorite color (magenta). After realizing that the painting would take weeks to complete Jacquie ordered every person shot. When her attorney told her that this wasn't possible Jacquie relented and just had a few of the mayors severely tortured and lobotomized.

Known Companions: The idle rich are well known for hobnobbing with celebrities and fellow rich folk and Jacquie is certainly no exception. She has been seen with Brad Pitt, Ben Affleck, the exhumed corpse of Vincent Price, and Jackass star Johnny Knoxville. In 2002 she was briefly engaged to a 14-ton mound of cocaine, but the marriage was annulled before it could be consummated.

■ Thurston Drysdale III

Age: 18

Moneybags: Thurston's father died when he was only a young boy and his mother, Genivieve, took over the family pharmaceutical business Tetroxypolyco. She quickly turned it into a powerhouse thanks in no small part to their weight loss drug Palpinax and Thurston is in line to inherit over 400 million dollars. He currently has a monthly allowance of around 50,000 dollars.

Excesses: Thurston is not known for extremes of excess, but he has earned a reputation as an ardent advocate for the rights of the idle rich. He runs a web site called "America Was Built On Money" and has written a number of self-published manifestos about a "revolution of affluence" that he assures his tiny readership will soon sweep America by storm. Thurston's talking points include the following:

- The federal government should not be able to tax any money from Thurston Drysdale III, because all tax is theft at the barrel of a gun.
- The poor should not receive any government aid because it will only encourage them to remain poor. They should go out and get a job and pull themselves up by their bootstraps.
- The homeless are worth less than the sum of their parts. Insert them into a machine and reduce them to their base components for sale on the open market.
- This country is going bad because of Mexican immigrants. They should all be stopped at the border by lines of claymore mines, with the exception of the 950 janitorial staff members being employed at Tetroxypolyco.
- Sword canes are awesome!
- Free trade should never be impeded because Tetroxypolyco can save almost $8.00 per man hour by moving Palpinax production to a sewage-filled crater in Bolivia and paying eight year olds to sort drugs with their lesion covered fingerless stumps.
- Capitalism solves every problem.
- Except sore shoulders, those are solved by Thurston Drysdale's personal masseuse.

Thurston's only real vice is his love for firearms. He owns almost 500 weapons, which he vehemently claims lower crime in the surrounding area. This is actually true because he has erected a razor wire barricade around his entire college campus and monitors all activity from a watch tower equipped with a .50 caliber machinegun and a sniper rifle.

Known Companions: Thurston Drysdale is good friends with conservative author Andrew Sullivan, who he idolizes to the point of obsession. He also has a handful of admirers on the numerous internet message boards he frequents, but in real life most people are so put off by his appearance and mannerisms that they don't have a chance to get to know the gorgeous money inside of his wallet.

Moonbeam Roseroad Honeycut

Age: 16

Moneybags: Moonbeam is the daughter of Miklov Honeycut, the founder of Honeycut Global Defense, and the genius behind the Honeycut Reaver, a 250 million dollar ALAV (Autonomous Legged Armored Vehicle) currently deployed in Iraq. Not only does she have virtually unlimited financial resources, she also has access to bleeding edge military hardware thanks to her father's company.

Excesses: Moonbeam is known for her obsessive eating binges followed by long conversations with the inside of a toilet. It's how she satisfies her sweet tooth while maintaining her girlish figure. In 2000 she used her father's credit card to buy an ice cream factory in upstate New York. She spent eight hours a day laying beneath an industrial sized extruder drinking in gallons of smooth vanilla ice cream and then turning her head and vomiting it into a floor drain. She continued with this for almost a week before the health department forced the factory to be shut down. Undeterred, Moonbeam moved her gorging operation to a nearby caramel factory where she would eat almost 3,000 caramels per day without even bothering to take the rappers off.

Moonbeam's vanity extends beyond her bulimia to frequent and extensive plastic surgery. In 2001 she had Diana Ross's breasts grafted onto her inner thighs and in 2002 she paid a Russian surgeon to insert a six year old Pakistani boy named Ramdi into her spinal column. Still not satisfied, 2003 brought three surgeries to Moonbeam's body, including a breast enlargement followed weeks later by a breast reduction, and then capped off with a unique surgery that replaced her nipples with the

penises of Chinese infants. Due to complications involved with that surgery Moonbeam has since sworn off further enhancements in favor of tailored skin suits made out of the cured hides of bald eagles.

Known Companions: Moonbeam associates exclusively with a group of friends that she has bought and trained from slave pens in Indonesia. If they ever anger her she has them made into boots or a cape.

Signs point towards 2004 being an even bigger and more exciting celebration of unbelievable wealth. Let's hope that Moonbeam, Thurston, and Jacquie at last get the recognition from the press that they deserve!

My Mars Rover had to be put down

Hello aspiring readers of Photoshop Phriday, your dreams can now be made a reality. Thanks to a generous grant of images from the SA Forums, we can once again offer you a brand new edition of Photoshop Phriday. Our theme this week explores outer space, which is currently right above you. Don't take my word for it - just look up! Here is a sampling of "It Came From Outer Space," the latest in our ongoing series of highbrow digital image manipulations:

Be sure to look at the pictures because they are free and require no down payment. This is an amazing opportunity.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.8 Warped Tour Report (for the year of your choice)

Thursday, Jan 08, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

The Warped Tour began in the mid-90s when tolerance put on a riot grrl t-shirt and started getting all up in our faces with snappy zingers about mean people and the suckiness thereof. Everything I learned about pop punk and how it's 100% more bearable live can be summed up with the following analogy: New Found Glory = autism, crowds at Warped Tour = Temple Grandin's "Hug Box" for autism therapy. When you're trapped in a giant mass of sweaty white people that could implode around you at any second, you don't even bother noticing how asstastic the music is.

Virtual William Shatner

I had brought my laptop on which I had installed Tekwar's virtual William Shatner simulation. A multitalented jack-of-all-trades, Shatner was going to serve as my guide through this mysterious land of studded belts and hair gel. The closest thing I have to an artistic talent is my ability to find drama and sadness in the act of wasting food, which means that on a scale of zero to William Shatner, I'm only qualified to write the script for an educational film about the yet-to-be-diagnosed Recurring Short-Term Empathy Transference Disorder (possible tagline: How do you break off your emotional connection with something that's already dead?)

I was dressed in the height of punk fashion: a Steve Urkel t-shirt on which I had written the words "FUCKED ME" in magic marker. For some reason this didn't seem to impress the girl standing next to me in line, so I tried making some vague comments about how I hated authority figures. "I can't believe security took away my alcohol." I said. "Fuck them for not recognizing my right to pour out a 40 for Biggie and Tupac."

"Is that a pink rubber spiked bracelet you're wearing?" the girl asked.

"It's a motivational tool. Each spike signifies one month since I quit my crippling addiction to Japanese horse racing games."

The awkward silence that followed was fairly typical of the mixture of pity and disgust I inspire in members of the opposite sex.

"It's funny," I would later tell Tekwar's virtual William Shatner simulation "I find myself truly attracted to punk rock girls, yet I often feel like it's below me to even talk to them. Do you think I have a superiority complex?"

"That's a tough question." William Shatner said. "I think first you need to ask yourself if you aren't just afraid of connecting with people."

"That's a real possibility, but at the same time, some of the fear you speak of is justified. There are some people I genuinely don't get along with. Dragonball Z fans, for example, or extroverts; people who overstimulate me with meaningless small talk and whatever other mental refuse they can spray out their vacuous word holes. Also, what if every time I meet someone it creates an alternate reality where I'm trapped inside that person's subjective perception of me? And what if scientists create a dimensional portal to that reality but something goes wrong and the whole world gets sucked into a horrible nightmare vortex?"

For some reason I thought eating and then moshing would be good idea. After 15 minutes in the mosh pit my stomach began trying to turn itself inside out, expelling food through every pore and orifice of my body in the process. And since the food at the Warped Tour is so expensive, I was losing about $10 each time I puked.

I always thought it would take years for my youthful punk-rocking ways to give way to a middle-aged need for security, but puking my guts out over a trash barrel accelerated it to about 5 minutes. I became very dissociative and kept telling William Shatner I wanted to go home. That would've been the end of my Warped Tour adventure had the Circle Jerks not come on stage.

Keith Morris, lead singer of the Circle Jerks, you rock my world. The rocking begins very slowly and gently but gradually gets more and more badass like a fat cosplayer powering up his super move. I am currently writing an epic poem dedicated to how awesome you are. The poem will be presented in Hyperstudio as I feel that the sound effects and clip art really accentuate the emotion and intensity of the piece.

It's a well known fact that adding a rap part to the middle of any punk song makes it 100% better.

"I just thought of a fun-filled way we can get to know each other better." William Shatner said. "Draw three pictures representing changes you'd like to make in yourself and I'll try and guess what they are."

"No way." I said. "The last thing I need in my life is more trite symbolism. This morning during my daily pep talk to get myself to leave the house, I caught myself referencing the fucking Matrix as a metaphor for looking beyond my negative perceptions of the outside world. It's too early to say what kind of demoralizing effect this will have on my new resolve to be my own cheerleader, but one thing's for sure; it's a new low."

Before I left, I wanted a souvenir to remember the Warped Tour by. I eventually settled on this "Skateboarding is not a Crime" t-shirt. It reminds us that this country was built on freedom. Freedom to do awesome skateboard tricks whenever and wherever we want! Those cops will think twice the next time they try to arrest me for having an attitude too outrageous for this planet.

"Hey, Virtual William Shatner, I just had an incredibly uplifting thought. Even if the future does turn out to be a technological dystopia like in your Tekwar novels, there will still be rainbows. And as long as there are rainbows, bands like Good Charlotte will always have inspiration for writing life-affirming songs about individuality."

"What if in the future we blow up the sun like in The Matrix?" William Shatner said.

"Oh, I hadn't thought of that." I said. "Shit, now I'm depressed again."

OH! Hilarity

Zack "Zack Editor" Zack here with a special feature on the insane, hilarious, and disturbing Japanese mannequin comedy show "OH! Mikey". Expect the unexpected!

When the action resumes - and by action I mean every character remaining perfectly

> motionless - it's evening inside the Fuccon family living room. Mikey wants to go to a theme park tomorrow, but he still fails to understand the basic concept that Sundays are the days for going to theme parks, Mondays are for going to school. Mikey's nurturing family explains that every day of the week you have to eat breakfast, brush your teeth, and then go to school. They basically reinforce the importance of routine, but Mikey wonders what would happen if the routine were broken. "You would get inordinately bad breath!" says Mikey's father, and cue the insane and haunting laughter once again!

Go and read this way radical special feature before the sands of the hour glass run out!

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

1.9 The Dame Wore Red

Saturday, Jan 10, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

State Og

The good old boys at State Og never mean no harm, but they been in trouble with the law since the day they was born. They're making their way the only way they know how, but that's just a little bit more than the law will allow.

> *Some people accuse us of showing little to no regard for the remains of those passed on. We murder those people slowly and feed the bodies to the pigs. However, they do raise a valid point, so maybe we shouldn't have made with the murder and swine.*

Read the newest State Og here! Straightening the curves and flattening the hills; one day the mountain might get them, but the law never will.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.10 Oh TV, What Have You Done?

Saturday, Jan 10, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

I didn't want to have to do this. I wanted to write a perfectly nice update about kittens (get it? "purr-fectly nice?" I'm a humorist!). But unfortunately, humanity has once again left the Deck Area of Complacency, climbed the Ladder of Idiocy, and taken a running leap off the Diving Board of Frivolity into the murky, muddy Pool of Pointless Litigation. Way to go. A Wisconsin man by the name of Timothy Dumouchel wants to sue his cable company for making his wife fat and his children lazy. Seriously. This happened. To people. Apparently Dumouchel cancelled his cable service four years ago, but the cable company kept providing him with channels. However, they did stop billing him. So the Dumouchel family got free cable for four years, and now Tim is suing about it. Makes sense, right?

Dang it, TV, you know I can't stay mad at you.

> *"I believe that the reason I smoke and drink every day and my wife is overweight is because we watched TV every day for the last four years," Dumouchel stated in a written complaint against the company, included in a Fond du Lac police report.*

Addiction is a serious thing. Except when it's to TV. Then it's called "being a lardass."

The details of this case are mind-boggling in their stupidity. It's almost worth simply reprinting the entire article that I linked to above, rather than trying to explain it any further here, since there's really no way I can make this situation sound any funnier than it already is. The man moved his TV into his basement when he cancelled his cable service, but his wife dragged the sucker back upstairs and plugged it in, and lo and behold, the cable was still flowing. Now, you might be wondering, if the whole family was so addicted to television, and Timothy saw this as a problem, why wouldn't he, as the man of the house, do something about it over those four years, such as send his kids outside to play, or call the cable company again, or **turn off the fucking TV**? Well, it's because Timothy Dumouchel made a promise to his wife that she could watch for as long as the cable was running. And dammit, he's a man of his word! So I guess his wife hasn't moved in four years or something, because she's put on fifty pounds. I don't know why Timothy smokes and drinks every day, though. Let me rephrase that. I *know* why Timothy smokes and drinks every day. I just don't see what it has to do with watching TV. Back in high school, I'm sure I watched TV every day for four straight years, and I don't smoke and drink every day. Sure, I might drop the occasional daily tab of acid, but at least I stay off the sauce!

The thing that really blows my mind is that Timothy Dumouchel doesn't even seem like the sort of guy a jury is going to have sympathy for. If you can make enough of a sob story out of your case, you can sure just about anybody for anything in this country. But the jury has to like you more than the greedy megacorporation you're trying to swindle... I mean, bring to justice. But in this one, the cable company really comes out looking like the good guy. They gave this family four year - **four year** - of free cable. That's the American dream, right there! They goofed, this family profited, and now they're not seeking to collect money for all of those years of entertainment. No, the cable company wants to be left alone! They made their mistake, and they're not about to raise a fuss about it. But Timothy, sweet Timothy, he couldn't leave well enough alone. Not only

is he suing for getting something that anyone in their right mind would love to have, not only is he throwing away a good thing, but he's been nothing but a bastard all along the line. After he stormed into the cable company to address them with his small claims suit, he caused such a scene by intimidating and even threatening employees that they had to call the police.

> *The report states Dumouchel gave an employee five minutes to get a supervisor to talk to him or their next contact would be "in the ocean with the sharks."*

Juries tend to have very little sympathy for drinking, smoking couch potatoes who, when they finally get off their fat asses, make other people's lives miserable. And the best part is just what Mr. Dumouchel wants out of this. He is giving the cable company a choice - a choice they never gave him, dammit! - to either pay him five thousand dollars or provide him and his family with three free computers and a lifetime of free internet access. I'll give you a moment to clean the milk off your monitors. Better? Good. Now, assuming the five thousand dollars would just go toward buying computers (or possibly a really bigass TV), does anyone else see something ironic about these demands? "My family is horribly addicted to watching television. Help us by giving us three computers and unlimited free access to the internet so that we may get outside, exercise, and become healthy and productive individuals!" I don't know what planet this makes sense on, but I hope they have nachos.

"Your honor, my client was forced to watch reruns of *The Jeffersons* for eight, even ten hours a day, and... you know what? Fuck it."

Frivolous lawsuits like this are the bane of a functioning society. It's just another case of some moron deciding that it's easier and more profitable to blame his problems on some faceless company instead of actually taking some responsibility. I mean, I simply can't believe that he could have actually called the cable company and told them that they accidentally didn't turn off his service and that they then didn't cut off his service in a freaking heartbeat. This is really just a belligerent idiot looking for free stuff. Like that McDonald's suit (shameless plug) where the parents tried to sue for their kids being fat, this is one of those fantastic lawsuits where the plaintiff actually has to admit to being a completely useless human being for the case to have any validity whatsoever.

Ah, my old nemesis. We meet again.

If you ask me, he shouldn't be suing the cable company. It may be their fault the family had cable access, but it's not their fault they watched. Besides, the company is local. It's not quite big enough to appear totally soulless and thus evil in the eyes of a jury. He should sue a bigger target - the television networks. After all, they're the ones who put such addictive programming on the air. They're the ones who had the brazen effrontery to produce shows that the Dumouchel family couldn't resist. What with their fiendish reality shows and their suspenseful game shows and their trashy talk shows and their heartwarming, yet insipid sitcoms. It's the networks, I tell you! It's not good programming, it's just addictive programming. That's a lawsuit waiting to happen. I myself know the pains of being hopelessly addicted to the schlock of cable television. My dealer went by the name of Comedy Central.

It was the winter of my freshman year in high school when my family first got cable. I was at the beginning of an serious illness that would keep me out of school for the rest of the year (see, humorist!) With my mental faculties so dulled by disease that I couldn't even read, what was I to do but browse through the endless expanse of my newfound cable ocean? And what I found was Comedy Central. Yes, Comedy Central, I've stuck by you since the days of *Make Me Laugh*. I've seen you through *Beat the Geeks*, two co-hosts of *Win Ben Stein's Money*, and that lame game show with Greg Proops. I saw you through *The Critic*, *Duckman*, and season after season of *South*

Park. I watched *Don't Forget Your Toothbrush* or whatever that show was called. I watched *Travel Sick* and *Trigger Happy TV*. I've seen every episode of *Upright Citizen's Brigade*. I watched *The Daily Show* back when Craig Kilborne was in the chair, and I laughed right along with him as the celebrity guests fumbled the Five Questions. When you made the transition to Jon Stewart, I made it right along with you, and I think we can all agree it worked out for the best. I watched multiple episodes of *Strip Mall*, although I didn't pay very close attention. I've watched more episodes of the old British *Whose Line Is It Anyway* than they even made and thanks to you I've seen the *Saturday Night Live* with Britney Spears at least a dozen times. I've been faithful to you, laughing out of obligation, and in time, I grew addicted to your programming, even when all you were showing were ripoffs of other shows you had already cancelled. And once you got me hooked, what did you give me? The Comedy Central Movie.

I don't get it, Comedy Central. Is your choice of movies your way of saying, "There's more to life than comedy?" Do you think I need a break from laughing, lest I be put in some kind of real medical danger? Because of you, I've seen "Clifford" more times than there are other people in the world who have seen "Clifford." I've seen the first five minutes of "Dutch" at least thirty times, and I've always turned it off. Because of you, I've actually seen "2001: A Space Travesty." And if I ever see "Feds" again, I will personally be forced to burn your station down. That movie was never funny. Not once. Not even a little. You've put me through multiple "Police Academy" disasters, not to mention "Transylvania 6-5000," "My Best Friend Is a Vampire," and the insufferable "Mannequin 2." You've actually shown multiple movies that are kept in the Drama section at my local video store! And when you do occasionally decide to show a genuinely funny movie, you censor it to kingdom come. Look, guys, we all saw the "shit" episode of *South Park*. We know what you can and can't get away with on your network. Don't waste my time with these hack jobs. When you showed "Dogma," there was roughly four minutes of actual unedited dialogue in the entire thing.

The internet has informed me that this graphic depicts my anti-censorship stance. I'm not sure how, exactly.

I think the worst crime of all is when you show "Blazing Saddles," which you tend to do every so often to fulfill your yearly Mel Brooks quota. It's one thing to edit out the F-bombs, but you guys take all of the sound out of the farting scene! For a minute and forty-five seconds, it's just a bunch of cowboys sitting and eating in total silence. If you know where to look, you can catch one of them lean slightly, and maybe you can guess what they're doing. That's one of the greatest fart scenes of all time, and you ruin it. Who are you protecting from farts? Do you think little kids honestly don't know what a fart is? Guess what? Kids fart too! In fact, I'm willing to bet that for every time you've shown that scene with no sound, some seven year old kid watching has actually farted during the onscreen silence. And the little bastard probably laughed about it, too! Because farts are funny! That is something that we can all agree on. Farts are a great uniter. Across all cultural barriers, at least everyone can enjoy a good stinky fart. And you take that away from us. But that's not all. You also think our children's sensitive ears shouldn't be tainted with the mention of the luscious Lily von Shtupp. Every time she's mentioned, all we hear is "Lily von Sh-." Let me clue you in on something. Anyone who needs to be protected from the word "shtupp" doesn't know what the word "shtupp" means.

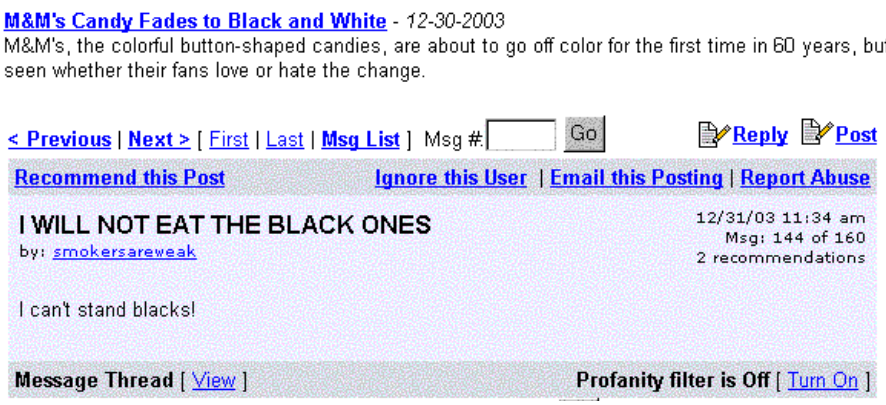
And "Blazing Saddles" is a movie that has already been hacked to bits. They say only a third of the original script made it past the censors into the theatrical release. For instance, in the classic scene between Sheriff Bart and Lily von Shtupp, when she turns out the lights and says she wants to see if what they say about black men is really true, we hear the sound of a zipper and then she cries out, "It's twoo, it's twoo" and then the scene ends. In the script, Bart is supposed to have a line there: "Baby, you're holding my arm." Now that's a tragic loss for moviegoers everywhere. As a side note, I never put much faith in that rumor about black men. Then I saw "Any Given Sunday," which is

not a particularly funny movie, but it does have this one locker room scene and there are all these white guys walking around, and I thought, "Hey, I measure up pretty nicely." Then one black guy walks by. You only see him from the waist down, so it's hard to identify him, but I could tell that it was clearly Babar, King of the Elephants. I could tell by the leisurely sway of his massive trunk. That, and the fact that I heard Henry Mancini in the background. But I've gotten off topic.

My point is, Timothy Dumouchel, don't sue your local cable provider. Leave those poor people alone. Sue a network! They're the ones who hook you in with their addictive programming, then cram a load of crap so massive that even *Entertainment Weekly* couldn't pretend to like it down your throat. Besides, no one actually works for a network. They're big, faceless corporations with tons of money. Sue them all you want! You won't be hurting any real people, just executives! The jury will be behind you. You, uh, may want to lay off the shark threats, though.

Weekend Web 10th Aniversery Special

Hello friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here to kick off our tenth aniversery special here at Weekend Web. What a journey it's been folks. After ten long years we have seen goth role-playing vampire boards, teen sex advice forums, the rise and fall of the Berlin Wall, and my thirty-two month stay in a medium security correctional facility for crimes against dumb internet people who can't take a joke. This week we have an extra long feature for you, a whole sixteen pages of dipshits, retards, and other internet anomolies. Take a gander at what awaits you!


M&M's Candy Fades to Black and White - 12-30-2003
M&M's, the colorful button-shaped candies, are about to go off color for the first time in 60 years, but it remains to be seen whether their fans love or hate the change.
< Previous | Next > [First | Last | Msg List] Msg # Go
Reply Post
Recommend this Post
Ignore this User | Email this Posting | Report Abuse
I WILL NOT EAT THE BLACK ONES
by: smokersareweak
12/31/03 11:34 am
Msg: 144 of 160
2 recommendations
I can't stand blacks!
Message Thread [View]
Profanity filter is Off [Turn On]

This week we take a look at AWP faggot campers, the hellmouth of the internet, a gaggle of dank castle parchment writing role playing freaks, and a forum whose owner actually expects you to pay ten dollars to enter. It's all here on The Weekend Web!

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

1.11 You Might Be Enjoying a Horrible Joke Email Forward If...

Sunday, Jan 11, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

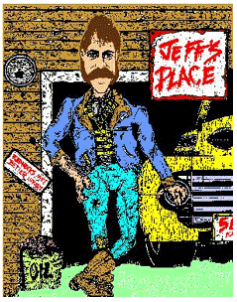
America's face of mediocrity.

Let's go ahead and make a bold statement of fact here: Jeff Foxworthy is an abomination. He's the kind of karmic mishap that comes into existence when my country makes "America's Funniest Home Videos" popular enough to merit a spin-off show. Jeff Foxworthy is punishment sent down by a wrathful god to inflict suffering on those of us who would never even consider using the term "funny bone" in relation to anything besides an arm injury.

Two hideous occurrences have prevented me from burying my memories of Jeff Foxworthy somewhere next to my recollections of the TV Show "Automan" and my mental time capsule containing the Transformers Nintendo game. The first of these things is the recent Comedy Central scheduling abortion of "Blue Collar Comedy Tour" featuring Foxworthy among others. I guess working stiffs like their comedians to be aggressively stupid and insultingly formulaic. Personally, I think Comedy Central might as well have filled a lineup for a night with this, "Crank Yankers", and a frame capture from a Margaret Cho routine accompanied by 90 minutes of shrieking.

Worse though is the persistent trend of email forwards consisting of "You Might Be a Redneck..." derivative slop in which the word "Redneck" is replaced with everything from "Anime Fan" to "Furry" to "Democrat". These hilarious lists are one of the many reasons why I fantasize about murdering Al Gore while I lay in bed at night. They are never funny, although they might briefly amuse the sort of person who gets confused while trying to microwave a Hot Pocket, yet they arrive in people's emails daily. For those of us with motor functions and reasoning skills superior to a hobbled veal calf we have the sense to immediately delete these monstrosities without reading them.

Which brings me to a sad fact; someone is not doing this. Someone out there is forwarding these emails to us. Your senile grandparents, a mouth-breathing coworker that needs to be chemically castrated, or good friend who just needs a sound beating, it doesn't matter. They continue to spread virus-like through the inbox's of the stupid.



No comment other than to say I can't believe this piece of artwork exists.

Here at Something Awful we're always anxious to hitch our chuck wagon to the most repulsive meme possible, which is why I have devised my new email forward list "You Might Be Enjoying a Horrible Joke E-mail Forward If...". This stunningly conceived and endlessly hilarious list is guaranteed to tickle your funny bone and make your sides hurt from laughing!

> **You Might Be Enjoying a Horrible Joke E-mail Forward If...**
>
> ...you have brain-afflicting chromosomal damage from eating pieces of radioactive waste you found inside of a hog's skeleton in your front yard.
>
> ...you have a psychological condition that makes you like whatever a normal person would hate.
>
> ...there is a bomb tied to your chest that will detonate if you laugh.
>
> ...you have a fetish that causes you to masturbate uncontrollably

> whenever you see ellipses.
>
> ...your favorite food is secreted by your own body.
>
> ...you are a semi-sentient swarm of microorganisms that draws sustenance from light and you are currently nesting on the surface of a computer monitor.
>
> ...flashing lights and shiny or metallic objects are, in your opinion, the greatest achievements of mankind.
>
> ...you are so fucking high right now that you are tasting this e-mail forward.
>
> ...you aren't even really reading it; you're just staring at your e-mail client and fondly reminiscing about that hobo you stabbed to death.
>
> ...you enjoy everything because it's what Jesus would do.
>
> ...you are really looking forward to the blockbuster motion picture "Torque".
>
> ...you just stopped by your cubicle to check your e-mail one last time before the police arrive and arrest you for shooting nine of your coworkers.
>
> ...you are still suffering from the confusion of shellshock following an artillery barrage that landed near your foxhole.
>
> ...you've been diagnosed with terminal cancer and you want each moment left of your life to last as excruciatingly long as possible.
>
> ...the sound of the furnace kicking on at night has you convinced that your house is haunted.
>
> ...everything is seen through rose-tinted lenses thanks to that back alley abortion your hugely pregnant girlfriend finally agreed to.
>
> ...your last name is Foxworthy and your first name is either "Jeff" or "The guy who just strangulated Jeff".
>
> ...the alternative is ritualized torture at the hands of a Uruguayan witch-doctor.
>
> ...you complain that widescreen movies have those "funny black bars" on them.
>
> ...medication-related priapism just earned you a promotion at "The Bear's Den All Male Revue".

I encourage all of our readers to forward this to every single person they know. To help keep things moving after that I have composed a little introduction that will hopefully coerce the people in your address book to continue the chain.

> This is a wish email. If you find it funny then pass it along and your wish will come true. If you don't find it funny then the wish e-mail will no longer protect you from the hardships of a hateful world. This wish email will turn its back on you if you turn your back on it, leaving you to wallow in the sea of futility and unhappiness that threatens to envelop us all. This wish email will step a boot upon your screaming face and push you down beneath the waves to drown, choke, and succumb to the ceaseless smothering

> cruelty always threatening to steal into our lungs and extinguish the dim light that each of us represents in this vast tapestry of unending black.
>
> John Conroy forwarded this e-mail to 19 people and the very next day he found 19 gold bars on his front lawn and he used these gold bars to buy a golden hat! Megan Boulder forwarded this email to 302 people and that afternoon she was supposed to board a plane but she took so long adding people to the CC field in Outlook she missed the plane and it was the plane that crashed into the World Trade Center! Golmoy O'Zenttroc did not send this email to anyone and he boarded a plane that crashed into the World Trade Center!!!!!!
>
> The choice is yours!

Don't be the guy who doesn't send this important e-mail forward to everyone in your address book and then suffers the consequences. Be a winner!

Beware the Roller Skating Turtles

Hey there folks, Taylor "Psygnosis" Bell here with an all-new rom review! Do you like stupid enemies? Do you like slow walking? Do you like cheetos? Then take a gander at Chester Cheetah - Too Cool to Fool!

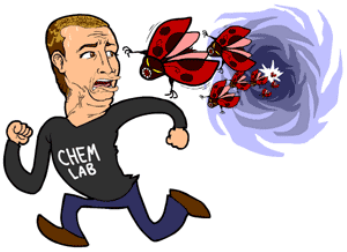
> *Even though Chester complains about being held against his will in a zoo, for some reason you start the first level out relaxing on a bench in the park. The game begins after you watch some guy named Mean Eugene running away with a motorcycle on his back. Apparently this motorcycle belonged to Chester Cheetah, since the entire game is a quest to find the motorcycle, piece by piece, and reassemble it. I thought it was pretty strange that a cheetah would use a motorcycle instead of just running everywhere, but upon starting the game I discovered that Chester Cheetah is the slowest fucking cheetah in the universe. This throws his whole advertising career into question – how do we know his allegedly fast movements in his commercials weren't done with special effects, or with prerecorded movements of a completely different cheetah? This doesn't really have anything to do with the game, I just thought it was interesting playing a sidescroller starring the Milli Vanilli of the snack food industry.*

Check that shit out!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.12 I'm Buggin' Out

Tuesday, Jan 13, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



A professional artist's representation of the living hell in my bathroom. Thank you very much Shmorky for being a professional artist.

I would like to address an important and critical issue in today's update which I feel I must write about as my patriotic duty as an American and a representative of black Jewish females everywhere. My bathtub, which previously used to be some kind of large white bowl-like thingy for submerging myself in cold water and washing the filthy sins off my skin, has transformed itself into something entirely new and disgusting much like when that unfortunate kid in Franz Kafka's "The Metamorphosis" woke up to discover he had inexplicably turned into Paris Hilton. I have lost control of my bathroom and some nefarious, non-American alien force has taken over my bathtub, using it as a trans-dimensional ladybug murdering machine to accomplish whatever sinister goals they are attempting to accomplish. Let me be the first to assure you that the real estate person never mentioned anything about a trans-dimensional ladybug murdering machine in the master bathroom and if he did then I would've demanded at least a 5% discount or a free subscription to that one magazine about red cars and naked women's tits and how you'll get naked women's tits if you buy red cars. I foolishly assumed that my new house would NOT include a trans-dimensional ladybug murdering machine and it turns out that's one of the biggest mistakes potential homeowners can make when shopping for homes, as shown in this revealing list I recently discovered when doing a Google search for "BUYING HOMES + MISTAKES + CHEAP VIAGRA":

> **The Top Five Most Common Mistakes Homeowners Make Before Buying a House:**
>
> 5) Being Craig T. Nelson and purchasing a home built on an Indian burial ground.
> 4) Being a member of Craig T. Nelson's family and refusing to warn him before purchasing a home built on an Indian burial ground.
> 3) Failing to ask your real estate agent if your house is situated next door to Craig T. Nelson's home or a home owned by somebody who resembles Craig T. Nelson in various ways, most importantly the way he bought a home on an Indian burial ground.
> 2) Being an Indian who died and got buried in an Indian burial ground and was later reincarnated as Craig T. Nelson and then forgetting about being buried in an Indian burial ground and instead agreeing to purchase a home built upon one.
> 1) Something about your credit line or APR or some shit like that.

Please note that "asking about a potential trans-dimensional ladybug murdering machine" is not listed anywhere on there, but it damn well should be and if I had my way I'd rank it somewhere in between number two and three. Perhaps even number one and two if I'm feeling particularly saucy and wearing my "King Sexy" underpants. This horrific discovery of mine came about half a year ago when I decided to turn on my bathtub for the first time because the muscles in my back were once again trying to strangle my spinal cord to death with piano wire. If you've got access to a large amount of prescription painkillers and muscle relaxers you'd like to send me, please feel free to do so. I'm not kidding; I want to abuse so many narcotics that I eventually become a prominent Republican talk show host and lose my hearing, in that exact order. As I twisted the hot / cold faucet in my bathtub (hot water refuses to come out despite what knob I turn so it doesn't really matter which one I attempt to use), I glanced up to see a single dead ladybug resting on the part of the bathtub used to place your beer on to keep from tipping over and spilling onto your groin.

"Hmm, that's odd!" I remarked to myself in either a quirky or quizzical fashion, depending if my role is being played by Hollywood's Fred Savage. "I certainly didn't expect to be greeted with the cheerful image of floating dead ladybugs when climbing naked into this pool of rising water located in the luxury of my own home!" Then my cat began making horrible guttural retching sounds and proceeded to throw up key body parts of some random animal missing key body parts necessary to stay alive, so I proceeded to forget about this particular little bathroom deviation and instead focused on shouting "goddammit, NO!!!" at my cat until he ran away to stare at the kitchen wall in utter shame for a few hours. If you find a small woodland creature who is lacking a good portion of its face, eyeballs, throat, and digestive organs, send me an email and I'll be happy to scrape the cat puke into an envelope so you can glue it all together and form a new and exciting animal which will obey and protect you and eventually go insane like in "Pet Sematary," which I do not believe Craig T. Nelson starred in despite the fact that it was about Indian burial grounds. Please keep this movie in mind next time you are considering digging a hole and burying your dead pet on top of a deceased Native American who would probably object to your actions if he was able to speak or not be dead.

Cut to about a month later. I was walking through my bathroom and minding my own business like the arrogant American I am, when suddenly a dark speck out of the corner of my left eye caught my attention. Try to imagine the surprise which coursed through my veins as I turned and realized that my bathtub, a place of solace and relaxation, had turned into the grave image of pestilence and disease you see before you:

See those black dots? Those are not specks of dirt or mud or buttons or something else that you'd expect to see in a bathtub, and I'm not even sure why you'd expect to see buttons in your bathtub unless you live in Pee Wee's Playhouse or a button factory run by an angry foreign individual who flies into a whirlwind of rage whenever he suspects his whore wife is cheating on him. If you'll bother counting the dots featured in that blurry image, you'll see that there are not two dead ladybugs, nor three or even four, but there are **SIX** highly deceased corpses scattered across the lining of my bathtub, none of which I explicitly asked for in any agreement either verbal or otherwise. I don't even have the foggiest idea which governmental agency I'd contact to request ladybug corpses, but I'm sure I'd inevitably end up speaking with the perpetually perturbed obese woman who speaks English through a series of grunts and whistles that only a specialized computer designed by Stephen Hawking's powerful brain can understand.

This mysterious collection of inexplicable insect death has raised the following questions in my ever inquisitive brain, which has also determined the following highly correct and logical answers:

> **QUESTION #1:** *Where do these ladybugs come from?*
> **PROBABLY ANSWER:** Another dimension. This guess is based off the fact that there are currently no visible ladybug nests in my sink or anywhere in my bathroom, not that I know what a ladybug nest would look like if I saw one. I'm thinking it would

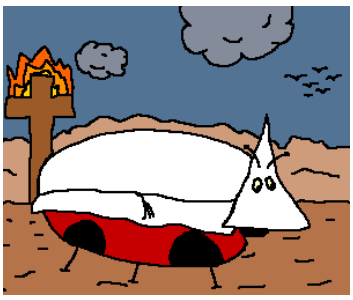
resemble those monster generating huts from *Gauntlet* that spawned a constant series of ghosts, trolls, and feisty little homosexual men who threw deadly brown tennis balls. Since I recall my real estate agent specifically stating "this house contains absolutely no monster generating huts which produce feisty little homosexual men," I think we can safely rule out that option. Thus, by process of insemination, we can conclude that these insect invaders are crossing into our dimension through some kind of breech in the space / time continuum, perhaps the same one responsible for bringing us the Buffalo Bills.

QUESTION #2: *Why are these dead ladybugs spawning in my bathtub of all places?*
PROBABLE ANSWER: I recently asked this question to world-renowned dead ladybug expert Kevin "Cakewalk" Bowen and he claimed my pipes were full of plants, but I easily dismissed this theory on the account that he works for Gamespy. Also there's no possible way that my bathtub's pipe could have any plants living in it because my ropelike pubic hairs would've choked them to death long ago. I then asked Doctor Steve "Sensurround" Engert, who received his degree in Internetology from the Online University of Email, and he explained that God was punishing me for my sins. This is obviously not the case because I know for a fact that God is punishing me for my sins by giving me such a small penis, not by showering me with dead insects. After failing to find my answer from him, I posed the question to fellow author Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons who stated the ladybug plague was "dark wizardry" caused by a series of arcane, unknowable "evil-Jesus" creatures. I have done some complex research involving a computer and the "ENTER" key, and while I haven't run across an answer which validates Zack's theory, I have stumbled upon something more sinister. Take a look at the previous photo after being enhanced with a digital imaging program capable of not only producing the color green, but the color orange as well:

By joining the ladybug corpses with a series of orange lines, a shape resembling a triangle with a coincidental orange outline emerges. Are the pieces coming together for you yet? Perhaps this last image will solve the puzzle for you and reveal the sinister nature behind the ladybug crisis:

That's correct, the Ku Klux Klan is somehow using advanced futuristic technology to transport dead ladybug carcasses into my bathtub by opening up space / time portals, as can be seen in this dramatic recreation done by famed artist Tom "moof" Davies:

Also please note that the President and UN Representative of Benin, Mathieu Kerekou, is in no way responsible for the appearance of these dead ladybugs. If you don't believe me, please consult the following photographic proof which shows beyond a shadow of a doubt that his face doesn't nearly fit in that orange triangle:



See? This is conclusive proof that the KKK is clearly behind the bathtub ladybug teleportation conspiracy, and UN representatives from Benin are powerless to stop them. How can I expect to end this curse if not even Mathieu Kerekou - THE Mathieu Kerekou - can help? If only I lived in that house across the street, the one Craig T. Nelson bought last August, then I'm sure the ladybug situation wouldn't be nearly as disturbing, mostly because it'd be competing with the corpses falling out of the walls and stuffed clowns trying to murder me under the bed. Chew on that you trans-dimensional ladybug murdering KKK assholes!

Circle gets the Square

I've been playing Star Wars Galaxies quite a bit lately, and I have to say, the game has really come along nicely. Sure, there are still problems here and there, but nothing like the problems I was having with Planetside. But that's another story. I'd just like to take a moment to thank the SA Goons that I've been playing with. I've never been part of a more organized, helpful, giving, and funny online gaming guild. My hat is off to you fine people. Please make note of the Goku and Vegeta outfits the Goons are sporting.

If you happen to see Aketo Lightdust running around in a skirt, shoot me a tell. Now onto the Goldmine.

You know back in school they'd have the posters of a kitten hanging off a branch with the caption "Hang in There" plastered on it somewhere? My school had a bunch of them all over the place. That makes me wonder, who was the sick bastard that was stranding cats out on branches for a poster photograph? We also had other posters that would tell you not to be a jerk, and a few that warned us about drugs and the like. The Goons have kinda skewered the whole "Think Positive" vibe those damn posters gave out.

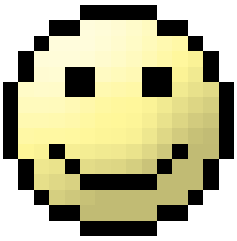
Get up, stand up, stand up for your rights!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.13 Your Eyes are Like a Sideways Colon

Tuesday, Jan 13, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

It seems like it was just yesterday that I parachuted onto the Internet thinking I was infiltrating a land of glowing wonderment, but instead I immediately fell victim to its shiatsu death grip. I was sealed in the trunk of a vehicle racing down the Information Superhighway at reckless speeds, and my girlish screams for help disappeared into the air like imploding sperm whales. But the flashlight of fortune shined upon me, and I was delivered to safety when my mobile prison crashed into a digital mailbox and exploded like a rickshaw would explode in a Jerry Bruckheimer movie involving an unnecessary rickshaw chase scene that also included a Jaguar, a tank, and an Apache helicopter piloted by Gary Busey. When it finally ended, when I finally climbed out of the wreckage, I saw a smiling face waiting for me. I can remember in vivid detail the features that demarcated this shimming face like a map of perfection: that elegantly curved smile, those two piercing eyes. It looked something like this:



Over time I would see many more faces like this. I soon learned that even though the Internet was a cold and distant apparatus designed to isolate people and destroy them systematically, it was also capable of displaying "emoticons," which put little graphic faces on the feelings of the amorphous blobs populating this new digital universe. I've talked about emoticons before in past articles, such as that one update where I spent 2,500 words discussing the importance of ending every single sentence with a smiley face, unless it was a sad sentence, in which case it should end with a frowny face. Though my binary emoticon range is limiting, it prevents too many emotions from spilling over into the online written word. We must repress all shades of gray, else it's only a matter of time before we're being strangled by a rainbow comprised not of colors, but various bands of gray. It should come as no surprise then that I'm appalled at the supernumerary emoticon options taunting me at every turn. With that said, I'd like to take you on a stroll down emoticon lane! I just hope you don't fall victim to some crazy Vietnam flashback from seeing all these tiny yellow emoticon faces staring at you. Oh, and in case you aren't familiar with emoticons, I've included some example contexts to show how they are used.

	Our old friend Mr. Smiley is of no threat to anyone. In fact, it's the best way of saying, "Hey, look at me, I'm smiling" without ever having to move a single facial muscle. It's also a fun way of ending statements in which you say something disturbing, like "I murdered a kitten today. " It just seems so right. **Example usage**: "I heard you got cancer. "

	When the trials and tribulations of this sin-cursed world get to be too much, we can't help but feel like the crushing weight of world is crushing us with no less than its crushing weight. The best way of expressing pain, sorrow, grief, and tragedy is not with a well-crafted haiku or haunting painting, but with a sideways colon and left parenthesis. Also, if you're an angst-addled lad or lass, the kind that dresses in black and listens to nothing but songs about suicide and failure, you have to use :(all the time. You have no choice. **Example usage**: "I'm the ugly duckling of this pond, the burdensome beast made solvent with the caress of the razor. :("
	Okay, here is where we start running into problems. Obviously this is supposed to be happy, but there is already a smiling face. Why do we need two smiling faces? We don't, so this is redundant. This is like the emoticon for "I'm currently getting a blowjob." While that's a facial expression people tend to enjoy making, it's unnecessary since only weirdoes are typing on the Internet while getting blowjobs. I mean really, put the keyboard away. This is no time for chatting. **Example usage:** "I can't believe how good it feels when you take out your false teeth! :-D "
	I can't say I'm happy to see our friend Mr. Smiley Face taking things to a new level. I liked you when you were smiling, but when you started winking at me, as if to mentally undress me or perform some obscene act on me, you crossed an invisible line. How am I supposed to feel? Every time I see this emoticon I figure somebody is going to try to stick a finger some place I'm not expecting. I'm glad emoticons don't have bodies, because I'd hate to see what else is "winking" at me. **Example usage**: "Close your eyes. Me and my speculum have a special treat for you! ;) "

	This emoticon causes me intense terror, since it is essentially the vile face of a transvestite with a cigarette burn just above the lipstick-caked lips. The cigarette burn is obviously the result of a trick that turned sour, like when those crazy hot-dogging Arab stuntman tried to fly their planes between the Twin Towers and missed. Every time I see this emoticon used I get a chill that races around the death-defying loops and curves of my scoliotic spine. If ever there was an emoticon that deserved to be strangled and buried in an unpopular national park, this is most definitely the one. **Example usage**: " is the worst emoticon ever!"
	You have to wonder what the purpose of this emoticon is. In real conversations, it's considered immature to stick your tongue out. Now if this emoticon is intended to mean something along the lines of, oh, say maybe, "I'm going to lick you," then that's another matter. It's perfectly acceptable to lick people in the middle of a conversation so obviously this emoticon is very important and necessary. **Example usage**: "Wow that's interesting! I'm going to lick you now! "
	This is very troubling, because like the blowjob emoticon, it represents a private matter. More troubling than that, it represents a rare occurrence. How many Internet users actively wear monocles? I can assure you that the numbers are very minor, and comparable with the number of people who die annually from laughing too hard at the jokes on "Hollywood Squares." Even then, nobody on the Internet has the class to wear a monocle. It represents a social caste far removed from the turbulent mass of trolls that, in their wretched and vile tongues, call the Internet home. This is mostly used, to my knowledge, on the SA Forums by people who are neither sauve nor sophisticated. I simply don't believe people who spend their free time arguing about whether pirates are cooler than ninjas deserve to be considered monocle caliber people. **Example usage**: "Why I never! Your unpardonable assertion that the Negro is suited for more than menial labor has led me to crap my monocle! Be gone from my vestibule at once!"

	Come on, like I'm supposed to believe somebody cool is using the Internet? It doesn't work like that, muchacho. This sly, slick, and sexy emoticon is at odds in a land of nerds, creeps, and clowns. Like Fonzy in the cast of "Happy Days," the 😎 emoticon is a winner in a sea of dead sloths. In reality 😎 is nothing more than the smiley face wearing sunglasses. Why sunglasses? To hide the black and bloodshot eyes that would give away the brutal drug and abuse-fueled lifestyle of this emoticon. **Example usage:** "I wear sunglasses at night. 😎 "
	Oh, feeling sassy are we? Cut the crap you miserable emoticon. You have nothing to roll your eyes at. You barely even have eyes, save for a few measly pixels. If there is ever a point in an online conversation where you need to express to people that you are rolling eyes, you are probably having an unncessary conversation. At this point you should shut down your computer and go back to writing threatening letters to Cat Fancy magazine. **Example usage**: "I can't believe you think Spock could win a debate with Gandalf. 🙄 Give me a fucking break, Gandalf is a white wizard and Spock is just a Vulcan Starfleet Officer. Sure he has logic, but Gandalf has magic!"
	Wait, why is there an emoticon for this? Can't you just type out "I love you" instead of dredging up a dumb symbol? The problem with this emoticon isn't so much that it exists, but that it exists at such a massive scale. For a size comparison, this heart is bigger than the standard emoticon head. Obviously this vital organ was taken from some ancient race of giants, or perhaps a large gorilla. I don't know what kind of statement that says, but I find it rather odd anybody would attempt to show affection by displaying a large, pulsating primate heart. But ultimately, if a girl murdered and dissected a gorilla on my behalf, I'd be pretty touched. **Example usage**: "I love you more than the four corners of the wrestling ring, from the turnbuckle and off the top rope hard against the mat. My love will put a submission hold on your heart, and you'll never want to leave the squared circle ever again, lest the cage of our love not forever entwine our tag team union. ❤ "

If we've learned one thing from this brief study, it's that all these emoticons (and the hundreds of awful ones I ignored) should probably be banned. Two are more than ample, and they convey all the emotions we need. In fact we don't even need those. This is the Internet, a global interchange for ideas and concepts presumably built by astronauts. A place like this should be devoid of emotions

and individual thought, home only to cold, merciless packets of non-volatile information and strict totalitarian regulation. And porn.

Ben "Grasenin" Platt Marries the Sea

Ben is apparently out marrying the sea he loves so much and is simply too busy to write a plug for his article, so he left me instructions to feed his trophies and post his new movie review. It's part one of a two part series reviewing "Dark Stories: Tales From Beyond the Grave." Take a look:

> *Ever since filmmaking fatty Peter Jackson hit it big with the "Lord of the Rings" trilogy, New Zealand has been hailed as the number one hot spot of the cinematic world. And why not? Personally, I loved the "Rings" films, and I was recently lucky enough to see Jackson's early masterpiece, "Dead Alive" on the big screen. Yes, New Zealand has the perfect locations for any sort of scene imaginable, which is why I thought it would be a nice change of pace to see seven young directors get in there and really fuck it up. Hence, "Dark Stories: Tales From Beyond the Grave."*

Please read it and send Ben your electronic love and kind wishes. He likes fruit, so send him a fruit basket, too.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.14 Cat People are Crazy and so are Cats and so are People

Thursday, Jan 15, 2004 by Tom "moof" Davies

Today I would like to begin with a brief history of a place which I like to call "England" because that is what it is called and if I called it anything else then that would miss the point entirely. England was created in 1728 by a crazy old French scientist who made dinosaurs from a dead bee but the dinosaurs broke down the fence and roamed the land for fifty years until they all eventually drowned while trying to swim to Ireland to see a Cher concert. Or something like that. As I think I have mentioned before I did not learn a lot from high school history lessons but you probably do not remember me saying that or even care that I said that because to be honest if you have got this far reading this crap you must be so high on methane or ethanol and are probably only reading this because it has awesome cat pictures that are like, crazy, man, and everyone likes cats.

Mr. Louis Wain does not to eat cats no Sir that would be quite improper.

Some people like cats more than others and that is where my wonderful story is taking me. It was in England around the year 1880 that a man named Louis Wain began to draw cats. He liked cats so much that he drew a lot of cats, and he kept drawing cats. He never stopped drawing cats and he would dream of drawing cats and one day all his cats looked at him and said "You are crazy." He had to agree, because he was indeed as crazy as a muffin with legs that can talk.

This is the cat I drew. He is called Captain McStripelsby and is quite the gentleman!

What is interesting is that as he turned crazy, his cat drawings changed from normal looking, sane cats (similar to the one on the left but obviously not as good) to crazy insane psychedelic cat-plant things. It is this discovery that has led me to develop my very own psychological test which can be used to assess the sanity of any person. If you do not mind I would like to use you, my readers today, as guinea pigs for my system because let's face it there are a lot of crazy people in the world and a lot of them are on the Internet and so it is very likely that you are fruit-loopy insane. All I ask of you, dear friends, is to draw a cat. It can be any cat - an angry cat, a happy cat, a fat cat, a small cat, a man cat, or a pretty lady cat. It just has to be a cat. When you are done we will compare what you have drawn to Louis Wain pictures painted at various stages of his schizophrenia. This will allow us to judge just how crazy you really are.

Please draw your cat now.

Okay good work. Take a look at your cat drawing and if you would like you can name it something like "Professor Meow" or "Frogbert" but that would be a stupid name. You may also print it out if you would like and put it on your fridge or frame it, honestly it is up to you. Please look at your cat and compare it with those listed below, all painted by Mr. Louis Wain. When you find the one that looks the most similar to yours, you may exclaim "Ah-ha!" and read the description. I think you will be surprised! If you did not draw a cat then frankly I am disappointed and I would like to bid you good day but I cannot because this is the Internet and I do not own the Internet, Nintendo does.

The Normal Cat

Would you care for some.... tea... yes... delicious tea....

Okay so maybe this cat is not totally one-hundred percent normal, but it looks like a cat and smells like a cat and as far as Wain's paintings go this is pretty much the closest you can get to a normal cat. If your cat looks anything like this one then it may be possible that you are a normal, healthy individual. Although this is a possibility, I must stress that I am by no means a licensed doctor and so it is entirely likely that I am wrong and that you are a crazy batty freak. Here are a few other clues to look for that may suggest you are not insane:

- You have strong personal relationships which are are not based around fear.
- You have strong personal relationships in which the other person is not a plant or a rock.
- There is actual evidence to suggest that your perception of reality is actual reality.
- The house that you currently live in is not occupied by hundreds of beehives or geese.

The Slightly Paranoid Cat

Hello cat how are you today oh I am sorry to hear that.

If your cat looks more like this one on the left, you may have something to worry about. He looks kind of normal but you can tell there is something wrong, something not quite right, and you are probably the same way. Sure, you may only be a little loopy now but it will not be long until you are a complete psychopath, and trust me I should know. If you are not certain that this is the category you fit in, please check answer the questions below. If you reply with "yes" to two or more of them then you are a fruitcake and do not try and deny it.

- Do you sing to old ladies on busses?
- Do you consider the words "friend" and "moon" to be synonymous?
- Is your house either a box or a dumpster?
- Is everything made out of apples?
- Did you vote for Arnold Schwarzenegger?

The Crazy Cat

I think this cat may be be electrocuted or on fire or possibly there was an electrical fire?

Okay this is when it starts to get scary. If the picture you drew looks anything like Mr. Crazy Wain's here on the left then I am afraid you are crazier than a nun full of mice. Frankly if I was in your position I would seek immediate help from either a doctor or an exorcist or if you are a manatee then find a vet, pronto. If you are in a state of denial and refuse to believe me despite my obvious credentials then please consult the list below for other symptoms.

- You like to walk around cities naked shouting at skyscrapers.
- You have a strong feeling that someone is watching you and that it is actually yourself that is watching you because you are also a beautiful eagle.
- You frequently attend baseball games just to imagine that the spectators are all bees and you are

their queen bee.

- You mention bees or beehives too many times when you write for a humor website.

The Batshit Insane Cat

Kitty????

I really really hope that you did not draw anything like the picture on the left. Are you sure you were trying to draw a cat, and not a flame-beast? Are you sure you know what a cat looks like (it does not look like a flame-beast). If you really did try and draw a cat and this is what you looked like then I am sorry but you should not be using a computer at all. If you have escaped from some kind of mental institution then please stay the hell away from me I do not care where you go but not near here I am begging you. Go to Mexico or somewhere. Please ask yourselves the questions below and have a good think at the answers and maybe think about your life and what it means to you before making any decisions.

- Are there sirens outside?
- Is this even your house?
- Oh God, why?

I hope this has helped. As I mentioned earlier, I am no doctor and I cannot be held responsible for anything that happens as a result of your amazing voyage of self-discovery. I hope you have been able to see yourselves in a new light, albeit for many of you it will be the dim haze of fluorescent state institution lighting. I myself have discovered many new things about myself, mostly that I draw a pretty awesome cat and that if I sit in front of a computer and type for long enough my keyboard starts to make a squeaky sound.

-~Tom "moof" Davies

1.15 The Internet is a Sad Sexy Place

Thursday, Jan 15, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Internet had an extremely brief period of relative innocence.

My first experience with pornography on the Internet was downloading non-pornographic photographs of supermodels, their nipples straining at the fabric of wet bathing suits, through the narrow pipe of a 9600 baud modem. It was like the sexual revolution of the 1960s minus the psychedelic drugs and having an actual partner to have sex with. My young eyes were opened quickly to a world of angry flaring assholes, people eating human excrement, and a shocking revelation about the dual meaning of the word "bear". It was by virtue of pure luck that I made it through a hellscape of hardcore pornography relatively unscathed. While most kids were busy pilfering their dad's collection of dog-eared Playboys, I had relatively ready access to an even then incalculably vast stockpile of the most repulsive porn imaginable. With a few minutes searching and downloading I could be staring at an indexed color image of a woman, seconds away from giving birth, and surrounded by mask-wearing Japanese men ejaculating onto her swollen belly.

As the years progressed the availability of pornography on the Internet went from high to nearly intrusive. Go to the wrong site and you would be greeted by animated pop-up ads featuring immense Photoshopped penises railing the soul out of some poor girl who looked twelve years old. I have received SPAM mail for everything from relatively mild interracial porn and horny housewives to fake bestiality sites, real bestiality sites, and what I can only assume are child porn sites.

Much has been said on the Internet and even by me about pornography - hell, most of the columns I write for Something Awful deal with porn in one way or another - but I'd like to diverge from that generalized rant. The availability of hardcore pornography is just one facet of the problem I would like to address with this article, and that's the formation of new sexualized subcultures that use the Internet as a jumping off point. Many of these subcultures have been touched on or more in the space of our Awful Link of the Day, and while many are quite amusing and harmless, many more are not harmless.

Today we face an epidemic, both hilarious and horrifying, of new and bizarre sexual subcultures forming virtually overnight thanks to the instant global communication of the Internet. Preexisting subcultures like pedophiles and their child porn were previously suppressed by societal constraints, legal constraints, and the general ickiness of being attracted to children that most people possess on an almost genetic level. Today child pornography and pedophilia have grown through the contacts so easily made on the Internet and supportive communities consisting entirely of pedophiles have swollen in size. We covered one such community in an Awful Link of the Day some months ago and despite our best efforts we did little to disrupt it. Worse than that, the commingling of hundreds of divergent philosophies on the Internet has allowed those who seek moral justification for things like being attracted to or even molesting children to find enablers and supporters outside of the breadth of their community.

Underage hentai porn from Japan is one of the peripheral ways that acceptance of pedophilia is creeping into Internet culture.

The spread of pedophilia and child porn on the Internet, along with the almost equally disturbing growth of support for these activities in the general Internet population, has placed me in a decidedly

uncomfortable moral position myself. I am an extremely socially liberal person. I believe that women should be able to abort their fetus the week before it's born, I believe that the government has no business making marijuana and some other drugs illegal, and most importantly I believe in the total freedom of someone to say whatever they want. At the same time I am horrified by this growing shift in the way people view pedophiles and the way pedophiles view themselves. Thanks to the Internet they gather together on forums and websites and share fantasies, discuss their attractions, and nurture one another's borderline criminal sexuality. Loathe though I am to admit it, stopping them through legislation as long as they are not harming any children seems nearly as abhorrent to me as the concept of what they are doing.

I'll get back to this idea before I finish the article, let me indulge my informal essay and continue by discussing less legally dubious and hopefully more humorous subcultures.

Since I took this gig writing for Something Awful almost three years ago I have encountered an increasing volume of perversity on the Internet as part of my job description. I've gone from randomly encountering it, to actively seeking it out for the purposes of mockery. I've found individuals and groups that have sexualized things like sneezing, farting, popping balloons, inflating latex or rubber body suits, and most frequently, I've encountered furries.

They are multiplying like balding, overweight, and sweaty men in rabbit suits.

I won't bore you with the complete history of the furry culture, but needless to say it is relatively long, convoluted, and owes the penis-sheathed lion's share of its popularity to the Internet. It has gradually transformed over the years from a slight fixation with anthropomorphic characters to a lifestyle choice that involves donning elaborate costumes and awkwardly humping in convention center hotels. The bottom line is that furries would basically be nonexistent were it not for the Internet. They would be thousands - maybe tens of thousands - of healthy and relatively well adjusted people with maybe a slight fascination with Gadget from "Rescue Rangers. In other words they would be "Mundanes" as the furries call the rest of us with hilarious derision.

Unlike child molesters, furries aren't hurting anyone or anything beyond maybe their parent's dignity, so why should we care? Because, furries are perhaps the best example of the uniting power of the Internet gone wrong. Composed almost to a person of outsiders, nerds, and the generally disenfranchised, furries went from a sort of dorky support group to a hardcore, aggressive, and somewhat abrasive sexual identifier in a matter of a few years. IRC rooms, websites, and even the presence of furries in various more normal Internet locales have attracted those who have difficulty finding their place in this world. There can be no convincing argument made that their lifestyle is genetic, necessary, or anything but forced. They have latched onto the lifestyle purely out of desperation and a need for acceptance.

Once they are a part of the furry lifestyle they devote all available energy to it almost without exception. They draw furry art, write furry stories, attend conventions of likeminded individuals, and in extreme cases don the aforementioned suits and commence humping. Some even go to the borderline psychosis extreme of acting out a "fur" identity at all times by using their furry alter ego and its fictitious behavior in an almost spiritual sense on a day to day basis. For some being a furry is roughly analogous - in terms of the impact it has on their life - to being a member of a cult, although I'm not even suggesting that I expect furries to consume poison Sunny-D en masse any time soon.

Furries are the most obvious example of a pervasive trend on the Internet for spontaneous, almost unexplainable, and definitely bizarre sexual identities to be created from scratch. From there they are enabled by the Internet to snowball out of control, picking up the debris of society that might

have otherwise found a respectable or positive way to contribute to our culture. I hate to admit it, but there are a few really fucking talented furry artists, and it saddens me to see them shit away their skills drawing anthropomorphic reptile penises because they shackled their identity to an Internet-based cultural phenomenon. I can't really struggle through reading much furry erotic fiction, but I'm sure there are some genuinely talented writers buried amidst the whale vagina insertion stories and sexualized cannibalism yarns.

LARPer sadsack or furry degenerate; you be the judge!

I've talked about how the Internet enables pedophiles, furries, and others to congregate and share ideas, but I only briefly touched on the most important aspect of this. In the endless expanse of communications the Internet is, probably the greatest and most terrible gift it offers to furries, pedophiles, and others, is the ability to shut themselves off from the mainstream. They huddle in cloisters that are virtually unassailable by the outside world and whisper encouraging things to one another that would be nearly impossible to say in real life. Free from the pressures of society to conform to a boring standard they go in the exact opposite direction, externalizing things that are roughly as far from "normal" as can be expected. Then, within their protected virtual enclaves, they declare these things to be the norm. By declaring their perversions, mores, and general imbecility to be their own status quo they have simultaneously validated their own existence and demonstrated the inferiority of outsiders.

A sense of belonging and community is disturbing and sad in the hands of furries and downright dangerous in the hands of pedophiles. Nonetheless, this is what the Internet has given to these groups, and it can be both a peril to the members and, in the case of menaces like pedophiles, a peril to the rest of us.

I apologize for being so verbose and relatively serious on this topic, but it has concerned me for quite some time and I felt the need to expound on it. I appreciate those of you who have indulged me thus far and promise I have plotted a direct course for the ultimate conclusion.

Let's return, at last, to my moral dilemma regarding government intervention. My belief in the human right to free speech trumps any bone-deep desire to see all of them - pedophiles, inflation fetishists, furries, etc. - burned by black-suited teams from the NSA carrying flamethrowers. I respect their right to say all of the stupid and horrible things they say, their right to draw children being violated by old men, and their right to compose epic ten volume sagas about a bipedal horse that can insert buildings into its foreskin.

I respect these things, demand that they be afforded their rights under the law, and then I turn to virtually everyone reading this and I say "let's fucking get them!" As long as they can hide in their IRC rooms, message boards, and websites they can shield themselves from perspective. That's where every single one of us has to come in, actively pursuing an aggressive and unwavering dialogue with each of these groups that we encounter. Don't turn your eyes from their websites, spam their guestbook with a thousand repetitions of "HORRRRRRRRRRSECOCK" displayed in 72 point red letters. Invade their message boards and tell them how detestable they are. Upload insulting illustrations to their art sites. They will draw in on themselves and ossify, while any who might be lured in to their clutches will see the horde clamoring at the gates and turn away.

This is the sort of activity we have always advocated here at Something Awful; the sort of juvenile behavior that I am honestly proud to support. I hope this piece has given you some insight as to why I think it's more than just an amusing diversion.

My Cottage Tastes Like Cheese

Greetings Photoshop Phridaykateers! Livestock here with the lowdown on the new Photoshop Phriday. This week we are kicking off a two part series exploring the myriad artworks of Thomas Kinkade, the self-proclaimed "Painter of Light." We feel he is a big douchbag, but that's just our opinion. As always, the SA Forum Goons crafted a large number of images not unlike this one:

Please do us a huge favor and read our free comedy feature!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.16 Gnome Season: The Wind of Change

Friday, Jan 16, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Hello folks! Oh boy am I ever excited about the new gnome season! It's been almost a year since my last report to you from the Sprite and Gnome Exhibition informing you of the newest editions of gnomes to adorn your lawns and protect you from warlocks. This was a banner year for gnome enthusiasts around the world to rejoice over the advancing gnome styles to reflect the changes in our culture and society. While some may say that gnomery in general is a dying art because kids these days are too busy playing video games, I truly believe that these hip styles will make new generations of fans that will spread this ancient hobby throughout the world until the people will be pacified enough for a non-violent takeover of the world's government, allowing for a despot such as myself to rule the planet with an iron, yet silky smooth fist.

It has also been about a year since I secretly hid a very special gnome in Zack "Cuddlenaps" Parsons apartment while visiting his native city of Chicago. While I planted the gnome in his happy household without his knowledge, my only intention was to grant him a windfall of good luck and riches. Must to my dismay I soon realized that instead of hiding a good luck gnome, I had inadvertently had given him a 'Lil Trickster, a nefarious fellow known for his mischievous tomfoolery. Trouble started shortly after I left when the trickster spray painted his cat green, sold all his Panzer tank models on e-bay for extremely low prices, and laid eggs in his ear canal during a nap. Poor Zack had no idea what was going on and I forgot to tell him because I'm lazy. Soon his home turned into a den of nightmares, with random fires sprouting to and fro, and his beloved fiancee getting bombarded with magic missiles. Finally he captured the little fellow and broke his spirit, using its magic to undo the havoc it caused, and in the end becoming a good gnomish servant. Even though things did turn out ok, please learn from my mistake and never hide a gnome in another person's house without their expressed consent.

It is now my suggestion to you, the Internet reader, is to remove your socks ASAP because this new winter lineup is going to knock them off your feet and out the window, possibly to be used for a bird's nest or rat cubby at a later date. As an avid gnome collector and all around goofy fag, it is my most extreme pleasure to introduce the new line of gnomes for 2004!

Bling Bling Gnome

Just wait one minizzle! The mainstream popularity of the hip hop culture recently reached its pinnacle when Snoop Doggy Dog appeared on an AOL commercial, opposite of Jerry Stiller. Not only are suburban kids looking up to role models like 50 Cent and Mystical, but the box office smash hit "Leprechaun in the Hood" has taken it to a whole new level. To cash in on this urban culture craze, a special model of gnome has been created called the Bling Bling gnome. Unlike its brethren, the Bling Bling gnome is made for the streets, not the gardens. It's adorned with dazzling diamond and gold jewelry and comes with a tight pair of sunglasses. Not only is this a big seller with the wannabe gangstas, this gnome has gotten some street cred from real playas as well. The Bling Bling gnome has been spotted all over the hood, sitting on the lawns and porches of Compton and Long beach, just chillin' and sipping on gin and juice. With this gnome riding shotgun you'll be bling blingin' 24-7 g.

Special Features: Alerts owner of incoming drive by's, electric shock theft deterrent, bulletproof.

Freedom Gnome

After the World Trade Center towers were destroyed, something happened in America that changed the way we live. Patriotism flourished across the nation, prompting everyone to buy bushels of flags by the dozen and accidentally shooting Indians after mistaking them for Arabs. With the ongoing war on terror and the occupation of Iraq, flag waving is as popular as ever. Friendly neighborhood competitions on patriotism is all the rage in suburbia, with folks trying to outdo their peers by displaying the biggest and largest quantity of flags on their houses, lawns, and cars. The Freedom Gnome is the ultimate statement in true patriotism. In fact, it is 10 times more patriotic than an ordinary flag, giving you one up on the neighbors. Display it proudly in front of your home, making terrorists think twice about the evil life they lead. Samuel Johnson once said "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel", but don't you listen to him because he was a Communist fag and hated puppies too.

Special Features: Terrorist alert (may be set off by paperboy).

Goth Gnome

This is another new model of gnome that is cashing in on a popular fad with young people. Although the goth culture has been around for over 20 years, it has made a large comeback with Hot Topic stores popping up in malls all over the nation. Wearing black clothing and eyeliner, clown white makeup, and silver crosses is a way for teens to be individuals by dressing like everybody else that wants to be an individual. The Goth gnome is perfect to place in basements with black lights and adds a somber, ambient air to coffee houses and dark clubs. When placed outside amongst the dead leaves of Fall, it looks as though it's wistfully lamenting over seasons past, or pondering the time it caught herpes from playing vampire. I do not recommend mixing this gnome with any other model as it's likely to get even more morose and might even commit suicide by breaking itself on the sidewalk. With this gnome, everyday is Halloween.

Special Features: Realistic tears, direct connection to suicide hotline, 200% more depressed.

Indoor Gnome

While most gnomes are naturally used for outdoor placements to protect gardens and groves, this new model is designed for the indoor environment. Thanks to the magic of television and the hip new fad of morbid obesity, less and less people are venturing outside into the scathing light of day. In order to accommodate this growing demographic, the indoor gnome is great company for television watching, and a cozy nap buddy. Built with special stain guard technology, the indoor gnome also serves as a drink and snack caddy. It can be placed on the coffee table or next to the couch, but the most common placement is the Laz-E Boy. Often those who purchase the indoor gnome wonder how they ever got along without it. *(Warning: The Indoor gnome may kill household pets in territorial struggles for power).*

Special Features: VCR Programming, channel memory, bottle opener.

Toaster Gnome

This new edition of gnome is very special. It is specially designed to to look exactly like a toaster appliance. In fact, if you plug this gnome into an electrical outlet, it will even brown bread just like a real toaster! Made by Black and Decker, this very unusual gnome is half off when you purchase the new Blender Gnome at most retail stores. This is truly a bargain not to be missed!. *(Warning: If the Toaster Gnome is left outside during inclimate weather, it may damage its ability to toast bread. Do not stick metal objects into the Toaster Gnome while plugged in.)*
Special Features: Toasts bread, one year warranty.

Hellberry Tactical Defense Gnome (The Widowmaker)

The US Military has just unveiled their 40 billion dollar tactical defense gnome program for deployment in the front lines of Iraq, and other hotspots around the globe. It is fully equipped with a complement of surface-to-air missiles (SAMs), 8 Sidewinders, one Hellfire missile, and a full range of anti-personal close combat weaponry. Its armour is composed of Army made LIBA material that is super lightweight and can withstand high caliber rounds at close range. The first shipment of Hellberrys went out last month and have already been placed at combat outposts around Iraq. Rumsfield calls this new gnome "a weapon that will turn the tide of this war by crushing those sand grandmas into the desert". As for homeowners and crazy militias that want to get their hands on one of these, a toned down version is now for sale to the public. It was stripped down of the missiles, but is still equipped with a .50 caliber machine gun, Napalm charges, and a nerve gas spray. The Hellberry Tactical Defense Gnome is the ultimate in home protection.
Special Features: SAM missile battery, anti-personal scatter grenades, folds into combat knife.

Wow, what a wonderful season of gnomes! I don't know about you, but I need to change my undergarments because now they're filled with hot sperm! Although I haven't bought any of these awesome new models yet, I will be attending the Gnomecon 2k4 in Las Vegas along with Weekend Web's Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez. The great thing about going on a road trip with Zachary is that he's of Mexican decent and I'm Polish. Let me tell you, it always ends up being a head-on collision course of wackiness full of culture clashing hijinks that would leave you in stitches, much like the movie Rush Hour II. Last time he was all like, "Who put a potato in my taco?" and I was all like, "I didn't do it!" It's a riot! Well, have a great weekend everybody and may Loki the god of mischief bless you all.

Cliff Yablonski has less than affable feelings towards your person.

Boy oh boy! Introducing Cliff Yablonski is like a dream come true to me. I've been a big fan of Cliff for years, even though he once called me a greasy little fag muffin when I met him at the White Castle where he then preceded to choke the Indian clerk behind the counter and slip on some onions. Today Cliff to take on four pages of you ugly ducklings!

Awesome. This is some raw street justice you don't want to miss. CLICK HERE DUMBY!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

1.17 Greasnin Goes to California, Pt. 1

Saturday, Jan 17, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

1984 - a great year for technology, a piss poor year for advertising.

Every year around this time, we pause and reflect upon the life of a man who changed the face of this country forever. And while there are still some part of the nation that do not pay proper homage to the great and important work this man did, much of the country takes a day to celebrate the incredible deeds of this amazing individual. I'm talking, of course, about me. Today is my birthday, although the people at the calendar companies accidentally put it down as being tomorrow and spelled my name wrong. Hell, my name doesn't even have a "Jr." in it! Oh well, let's not let that put a damper on the festivities. Today I hit the big 2-0, which is a lot like twenty, only bigger, and more spaced out. It's hard to believe that two whole decades have passed since I casually sauntered out of my mother's womb, wearing a dashing smoking jacket and balancing a fine cuban cigar between my fingers. My mother tells the story slightly differently, but you have to understand, she wasn't exactly focused. You see, she was giving birth at the time. But trust me, I arrived easily, suavely, and with a classy smile. It was delivering the baby grand piano I used to play along with my hit lounge act that hurt. With my arrival, 1984 looked to be a good year. And that it was! *Transformers*, or "Super God Robot Force," as it was known to the Japanese, hit the airwaves. "Children of the Corn" made us shriek. "Breakin'" made us dance. "Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo" made us stop dancing and bow down to the greatest sequel title of all time, while simultaneously wondering how a movie and its sequel could possibly come out in the same year. "Amadeus" made us appreciate Mozart all the more, while somehow appreciating Salieri even less. "Friday the 13th: the Final Chapter" taught us that the word "final" is very flexible. "The Karate Kid" made Ralph Macchio a star. It was the year when Moscow appeared on the Hudson, the Muppets took Manhattan, and a young Johnny Depp made his debut in the original "A Nightmare on Elm Street." And things probably happened other than TV and movies, too, although one can never be sure. I think there was something about Reagan getting re-elected. I don't know. I had other things on my mind, like booking shows in Vegas.

I stopped for the night at the Hotel California. They had just restocked their wine cellar. I noted the irony, then moved on to a better joke.

And now here I am, twenty years later, writing for a website. I'd say I've moved up in the world. By now you're probably wondering, "Greasnin, just how are you commemorating your birthday, and what can I do to help? Monetarily, that is." Well, that's sweet of you, but you just put your wallet and Visa platinum cards away. My birthday present came early this year, and since you seemed so doggone interested, I'm going to tell you all about it!

As soon as I walked in the front door of my home on the first day of winter break, my parents spontaneously surprised me with the best birthday gift a guy could ask for - a trip out of this frozen hellhole we call Massachusetts to spend a week with my brother out in fabulous Los Angeles! After spontaneously surprising me with that gift, we then spontaneously called my brother to tell him I was coming, then spontaneously got online and tried to find a flight out, then spontaneously called my brother again to tell him the time of the flight, then spontaneously searched for a return flight, then spontaneously called my brother again to tell him that, then spontaneously changed the day of the return flight, then spontaneously called my brother again to update him, then spontaneously changed the time of the flight, but

spontaneously decided not to call my brother to tell him, because we spontaneously decided that he'd figure it out. Also because he was flying out to the East Coast the next day to spend a week and a half with us, and we spontaneously remembered we didn't need to be making all those long distance calls.

Luckily, I was not the droid they were looking for.

I was so excited. I had only been to California once before, and that was when I was three, so I can't say I remembered it too clearly. Finally, only three days after my brother left, I packed my bags and boarded the bus that would take me to the airport. It had been a few years since I had last flown, and since 9/11, the place had changed. After initially being impressed by the fancy new do-it-yourself electronic ticket counter, I was then subjected to every possible search known to man, short of my precious bodily cavities. My bag had to be searched before I could even get it X-rayed, which didn't make much sense to me. I was stopped at the metal detector, then given the full treatment. Jacket off, shoes off, socks off, feet tickled, belt opened, fly down, boxers mocked, shirt pressed, hat stomped on - the works. The they took every article of clothing that they had me remove and shoved them all into one little bin and put that through the X-ray scanner. As if patting me down, having me strip, and running the metal detector over each article of clothing wasn't enough. I guess they had to make sure there wasn't a secret compartment built into the 2/16ths of an inch thickness of my belt where I was storing some sort of massive thermonuclear device. Luckily, it was a low traffic day at the airport, and despite all the searches and stops, I was still at my gate with in under half an hour. I had plenty of time to kill before my flight, so I took a look through some of the terminal's many shops, including the newsstand, the gourmet candy shop, the easily concealable weapons boutique, and the turban haberdasher.

There's nothing quite as magical as the LA skyline at night. Oh, except magic.

Finally, I got on my plane. I could tell the flight wouldn't be full, but a middle-aged woman ended up sitting right next to me. She stayed there for precisely forty seconds before getting up and switching seats. In that time, we never said a word to one another, but I guess I managed to offend her somehow. I was pretty sure I had showered that morning, so I figured it wasn't the stench. Silly me! It wasn't until halfway through the cross-country flight when I went to the bathroom that I realized I had forgotten to wash the magic marker swastika I used to keep people from sitting next to me on the bus off my forehead! What a buffoon! I thought about scrubbing it off right then and there, but then I thought, hey, I've got an entire row to myself on a six hour flight. Why risk it? I made a mental note to wash it off when I got to LA. Before I knew it, we were making our nighttime descent over the LA skyline. Looking out over the sea of glowing buildings, I was struck by the thought of just how much a guy could do with all of that neon. The answer, of course, is nothing. Curse those dratted noble gasses! A few minutes later, I found myself setting foot in the City of Lights.... I mean, the City of Brotherly Love... that is, the Windy City... uh, The City That Never Sleeps.... Beantown II. Yeah, that's the ticket. And as I headed down to the baggage claim, one initial impression of LA cemented itself in my mind: this city smells vaguely like onion dip.

My brother met me at the baggage claim, and we headed out to the parking lot. That was when the first sign of trouble happened. It's just my luck, too. Twelve minutes in a new state, and already there's a sign of trouble. As we got into the elevator, the door closed on me a lot quicker than a good elevator door should. Also unlike a good elevator door, it did not open when it hit me, nor

could I force it open. In fact, the door seemed to still be quite set on closing, even if it meant crushing me into powder, which, as an LA resident, it would then stick up its nose. My brother had to hit the "door open" button six or seven times before the door finally caved to peer pressure and let me slip through. We got in the car, then sat in line for forty-five minutes to get out of the parking lot, which is how I learned something about LA drivers: none of you know how to merge. I'm from Massachusetts. I should not be giving driving tips. Look, it's simple. One person goes, then another person gets to join the line. It's a slow process, I know, but it keeps things moving and it's equitable for everyone. You let somebody in front of you, then you go, then the person behind you lets someone in front of them, then they go. It's that easy. If I had a nickel for every riced-out minivan full of AZNs who would have happily done thousands of dollars of damage to their own vehicle as long as they didn't let us merge in turn, I wouldn't have enough nickels to pay for the damage, but I'd be close. Letting people merge - it's instant karma. Learn it, live it, love it. When we finally got out of the parking lot, the clear, starry skies with the massive full moon that I had seen during my descent were gone, obscured by a bizarre, thick fog. My brother assured me he had never seen anything like it. Fog in LA? What the hell? Between the elevator on the fritz and the weather systems going berserk, one thing was clear: my arrival in Los Angeles signaled the apocalypse. Dun dun dun!

Oh, and when we got to my brother's apartment, the toilet overflowed *even though there was no clog!* DUN DUN DUN!

But I'm getting ahead of myself. As we drove back to my brother's place from the airport, I gazed wide-eyed at the palm trees and other lush, verdant vegetation. At that precise moment, it was all of four degrees back in Boston. I would have been happy with a space heater, but palm trees? Absolutely mindblowing. As I looked up at those telltale fans of huge leaves, I noticed a peculiar billboard. It read something like the following: "1 out of 3 child actors gets gas at ARCO." For those of you who aren't familiar with Arco, it's the low-end gas station, like Getty, or Crazy Al's Gas in "Back Woods." This sign struck me as odd. On the one hand, it was very telling of the culture differences between Boston and LA. A similar billboard back in Boston might say something about Red Sox fans or drunken Irishmen. Here, the ad wizards at Arco were poking fun at the glitzy Hollywood culture by advertising that child stars get their gas at Arco. But what struck me as odd was the "1 out of 3" proportion. Usually, advertisers like to show off their positive statistics. You see commercials that say, "Nine out of ten dentists recommend Crest!" But you usually don't see the follow-up commercial, "One out of ten dentists recommends Colgate!" Why would you want to advertise that two thirds of a demographic shops elsewhere? I would think that serving the majority of child stars would be a big draw, because then people start thinking, "Hey, if I go to Arco, maybe I'll see someone famous!" I figured that the odd statistic was probably due to the fact that a lot of child actors can't drive, and then there are the child actors who can't afford gas. But it's not child actor-specific. Apparently this is Arco's latest billboard campaign. I saw another billboard later on that said, "1 out of 3 bodybuilders gets gas at ARCO." Again, it's playing with the Hollywood stereotypes, and again, it's quoting a negative statistic. This brought me to the conclusion that people in LA are bad at math. Perhaps this is because the Asian community is too busy not letting people merge to bring up the test scores. I don't know. Whatever the case, I ended up at an Arco twice in six days, so I guess the ad campaign worked after all.

1 out of 3 black and white balloon parties are held at ARCO.

My story is just beginning, but frankly I'm tired of telling it right now. Be sure to check in next week to find out what sort of crazy adventures I got into. Next week's exciting continuation of "Greasnin Goes to California" will include appearances by Alicia Silverstone, Tony Shaloub, and from *Family*

Ties Meredith Baxter Birney, as well as numerous other attempts by the buildings of Los Angeles to kill me. See you next week! Or, as they say in California, see you next week!

It's Time For Images of Forum Posts Sunday

Hello friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here. I've come all the way from the internet to tell you about this week's exciting new Weekend Web. This week we're featuring Live Journals and what a roller coaster ride it is. Check out these wonderful journals and all the awesome things people have to say on the internet!

December 3rd, 2003
Time: 01:12 pm
bhhh

1.18 Chewbacca: A Living History

Sunday, Jan 18, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

For the past 30 years, Chewbacca has been nothing short of a recluse.

When I finally meet Chewbacca it's not what I expected at all. He had agreed to a sit down interview at a restaurant on La Grange called "Taco La Raza" and everything I knew about him made me think he would be surrounded by body guards and towing an entourage bigger than anything a rap star could muster. Instead he's wearing a slightly sweat-stained and well-worn hoodie from Old Navy, a pair of neatly pleated khaki slacks, and a baseball hat for the Florida Marlins. The Marlins aren't too big here in Chicago, so I think it's a bold move. "Maybe a month ago," he muses, "these days it makes me look like a south side native, helps me blend in."

Going against everything I had been lead to believe about the man, Chewbacca is modest, polite, and very soft spoken. The waitress brings some tortillas and a pair of horchatas in tall unmatched glasses. Chewbacca thanks her and smiles, she asks him to sign an autograph and he whispers something in her ear. After she's gone I ask him what he told her. "I just told her that they have the best damn tacos in the tri-state area. Really, fucking incredible tacos. Like Zeus just unloaded in your mouth."

We have a lot to talk about besides the tacos, and as Chewbacca crams still-hot tortilla chips into his mouth I ask him about his new book "Player and the Game". It's due out in a little over three weeks, and the buzz is already hot about it, with rumors that the reclusive star will debunk some legends surrounding him and provide the seeds for a hundred new ones.

"You know, there's this cult that surrounds anyone who has been in the industry as long as I have. I'm not bragging here, in fact I hate it, but it's the truth. The media, the fans, they take any scrap of information - true and untrue - and they just run with it. Like a game of telephone where every call is about me, about my personal life. I wanted to write the book so people could hear it from me. You know what I mean. I don't think I have anything particularly important to say, but if I'm the authority on anything it's my own life."

'Best damn tacos in the tri-state area. Really, fucking incredible tacos. Like Zeus just unloaded in your mouth.'

Chewbacca explains that the breaking point was the documentary "Long Strides" which, among other things, delved into the federal investigation into his phone psychic venture, his infamous breakup with longtime girlfriend Rose McGowan, and a rumored addiction to prescription mule tranquilizers. Chewbacca has always denied almost everything said in the film, but he offers me some insight into how he addresses it in his book.

"It's this little glimmer of truth to everything they say, and then they just run with it in any direction they think will sell the most copies of a paper or rent the most DVDs. Like the mule tranquilizer thing, those were dog tranquilizers, and I wasn't addicted to them." He sighs with mock exasperation. "My doctor prescribed them to me once for a problem I was having sleeping. The Ambien wasn't working so he said, since I share as many chromosomes with dogs as I do with people, that I should try a Great Dane's double dose of Acepromazine. Not many people know this yet, although it's in the book, but I'm over a century old and on medication for high blood pressure and my cholesterol. The Acepromazine interacted with my blood pressure pills and I had some sort

of seizure. Needless to say I never took it again; I've just been dealing with the sleeping problems holistically."

He laughs as he explains the methods he's been trying to correct his sleeping problems at the behest of his current girlfriend, French pop singer Alizée Jacotet.

"Yoga, raw foodism, meditation, I would rather you not even print anything about the high colonics."

The food arrives and I tell him I'll be sure to leave it out.

"Good, AJ said they're great but it felt like they were pulling my soul out through my lower intestine. After three times I told her 'exit only' honey. She's dealing though, she's a great gal."

I can tell that he wants to talk about her more and his infatuation seems quite genuine, but their relationship is all over the tabloids. I remind him that I don't want to rehash the sensationalism.

"Let's talk about ancient history then. I can tell you about the Kessel Run but I think that's in every Social Studies text book currently in print."

I assure him that I'm more interested in his terrestrial exploits. So he begins to tell his story, starting with his move from Minnesota to Paris in 1938.

"Things were wild back then. You couldn't pick up a paper without reading about an impending war in Europe, and here I was packing up everything I owned into two beat up suitcases and relocating to France. Not to downplay what's going on in the world now, but things were much more serious than they are now. We're talking about millions killed less than twenty years ago and the whole planet sitting on the edge of it again. Of course I was only in my forties at the time, so what did I know about the world? My foster parents [Emily and Hubert Glick] told me not to, but it was time for me to set out on my own."

Chewbacca moved to Paris with barely a dime to his name, making just enough money to survive by panhandling and publishing poems in the renowned Parisian newspaper "La Grande Sèche D'Artsy". He had several love affairs with relatively popular French and expatriate songstresses, but nothing that made an indelible impression on Chewbacca. What did leave its mark was the city itself.

"The way Paris lit up at night - in every way imaginable - was stirring to me on a level that is hard to describe without resorting to iambic pentameter. It really was the heart of the world; in the way that New York or Tokyo is today. Paris just gleamed with every kind of fire."

The honeymoon did not last long and with the outbreak of war in 1939 Chewbacca attempted to enlist in the French military.

"You know I had a lot of expertise in fighting against evil empires and I think I could have really brought something to the table. Too bad the French government was not so tolerant and accepting of me as the people of Paris were. They stamped the equivalent of '4F' on every single form I filled out saying I couldn't enlist because I didn't have opposable thumbs. Well what are these?"

He wiggles what medical professionals have since classified as "dexterous quasi-digit protrusions" to emphasize his point.

"It was awful just watching. I mean I mostly stayed in Paris because I was so broke and it was spared from the fighting but you could see the trains and trucks just filled with these poor guys going off to die uselessly. It was a horrible feeling of futility, no, impotence that filled me. Like I was wearing a Czerka slave collar."

He gets very serious as he describes the fall of France, at one point even stopping his narrative to steady his emotions. When he regains his strength he continues.

"Seeing the Germans march through Paris was probably the most heartbreaking thing I have ever experienced. There was just this endless stream of them, marching like Trade Federation droids in perfect lockstep. Hell, the only way you could tell that they were alive was when the officer's horses crapped and the formations weaved around the piles."

This famed picture of Chewbacca expressed the grief of the free world.

I ask him about the famous picture taken of him crying as he watched.

"Oh, yeah, that's such a perfect image, because I couldn't have hidden my emotions if I had tried. I just wish that they had taken a photo of a Parisian instead. I was seeing the symbolic rape of my adopted home; the French were seeing their real home being overrun."

We sit in silence poking at our food for a few minutes and each of us thinks about that terrible moment in the spring of 1940. When we resume the interview he changes the subject himself.

"The fifties were a wash for me personally, but the sixties were heady times. People were starting to get over the fact that I was an eight-foot tall merkin and I think, more than anything else, I have drugs to thank for that. Wild stuff, marijuana was like tap water and you could get an LSD high from leaning against the wrong wall in a bongo club. I hung around for a while with Thompson and he somehow convinced me that the world was ready for 'Chewbacca and the Outlaws'. I released the first Outlaws album in '63 and it was an instant success. I think it was the drugs again, because listening to that record now...I mean, only chemically impaired judgment could explain its popularity."

Chewbacca and the Outlaws released a total of three albums from 1963 to 1968, starting with "Sweet Chin Music" and following that with an eponymous second outing that turned popular success into critical recognition. Their legendary third and final album was "Starship Heart", which coupled psychedelic guitar solos with extremely experimental synth music and Chewbacca's magical contralto singing voice.

"If it weren't for the album covers people would have thought I was a woman," the burly mercenary admits. "I don't know where that voice comes from but I do know that it sells records."

In fact "Starship Heart" was so successful that Chewbacca was invited to meet with President Richard Millhouse Nixon in 1970; two years after the band had actually broken up.

'He shook my hand for the camera but I could see the realization in his eyes that the whole thing was a mistake.'

"I was still solo touring in Vegas when Ron [Nixon's press secretary Ron Ziegler] called me and told me the president wanted to give me an award and have lunch. I was floored. I mean I knew we had really smashed the charts with that last album and I had been doing a fair amount of charity work for the Red Cross, but I still would never have expected the President to want to sit down with me."

Scheduling problems and Chewbacca's less than stately manner upon arrival at the Whitehouse ensured that his meeting with Nixon was scarcely more than a handshake.

"I don't know what Nixon was thinking," Chewbacca laughs. "I was heavily involved in the peace and militant civil rights movements. I guess since you couldn't really hear that in our music Nixon

thought he could just score some points from a photo-op with a rocker. Win over the kids."

Nixon suffered in the polls for his meeting with Chewbacca.

"I got so blotto the night before that I had to keep leaning on Ron as he walked me towards the oval office. There must have been fumes coming off of my fur because Nixon got all bleary eyed and started doing that great vibrating neck thing he would do whenever he was mad. He shook my hand for the camera but I could see the realization in his eyes that the whole thing was a mistake. I tried to give him a poetic statement about the war in Vietnam - you know, something like that Mohammad Ali line - but I was so shitfaced I just babbled."

According to reporters who overheard Chewbacca's comments, what he actually said was "this is like, the right, the wrong time, for this in here", which did not prove to resonate very much with the anti-war movement.

We get the bill for lunch and I offer to pay, assuring him that Something Awful will be reimbursing me for our luxurious eight dollar lunch. Politely, Chewbacca insists on paying. I get the feeling that he is not ready to end his story; that he doesn't want to leave the tale half told. Before I can devise a way to keep him going he suggests that we walk together to "The Ring Zone", a cellular dealer on Coruscant Avenue.

Our conversation continues as we make our way along the salt-stained and seasonably cold Chicago sidewalk.

"I disappeared from the public eye as best I could not too long after that." I notice that he has an easy and very natural way of telling his story, but at the same time it seems so well told that I feel sure he's been jotting it piece by piece on note cards for his ghostwriter. "I wouldn't say that I went into hiding, but I stopped making official appearances. I broke my contract with the Sands in Vegas and almost got sued. I ended up settling for half a million dollars, which was a huge amount at that time."

"I had a mansion in Reno that was a real hotspot for the people who might, in retrospect, call themselves the intelligentsia. Free thinkers, radical liberals, communists, the sort of people that associating with might have gotten you shot in the 1950s. As time wore on though it just stopped being my scene, it got boring, and I guess in my own way I grew up a little bit. I think Thompson called it 'the death of Horatio Alger' in one of his books, and he was right in a way. So many of us had just burned up so much energy being against everything that we'd worn ourselves ragged."

I point out that drug abuse might have also contributed to his exhaustion and he chuckles.

"Yeah, probably, they were just starting to get into the really wild designer stuff by the time I swore it all off. I was running out of money for stuff like that and once you stop surrounding yourself with drugs you get to find out who your real friends are."

Chewbacca found a real friend in an unusual person; his previously estranged stepbrother Delbert Glick.

"Delbert had gone to fight in Vietnam while I was breathing Bacardi 151 in Nixon's face and getting arrested for phoning bomb threats to National Guard barracks. Most of the vets I had bumped into prior to that were either burnouts or just traumatized husks. Delbert had really come through that same ordeal stronger. He was a horse of a man with the brain of a scientist and he sort of became my moral compass."

Chewbacca and I pause to light cigarettes in the wind-sheltered corner of a US Bank building.

"I sold the mansion because I was bleeding money, fired all of my various assistants and hangers-on, and moved back to Minnesota. I just bought a simple house and focused on getting my life together. Delbert was living not five miles away in my foster parent's old house. Both of them were dead by that point and we just sort of naturally got together and started talking about the past. Delbert really encouraged me to get back into shape, I mean I was weighing in at like eight or nine hundred pounds at that point and I knew it was important for my health to get back down to around six fifty. I ran with him every morning and sometimes we would go out in the woods and just shove over trees. Okay, I would shove over trees and he would encourage me, but it was a great time."

"Delbert told me to set goals for myself and my mind sort of immediately hit on the idea of returning to space. Not go back to it and stay or anything, but I had seen the moon shot and all of that and I still had a yearning to work on spacecraft. I think it was sort of like in France in the late thirties, I realized my expertise was something special and that I could offer something no one else could. Delbert helped me realize that goal as best he could. Besides getting me into shape he helped me make contacts at NASA and study for my masters and ultimately my doctorate in astrophysics."

'I have been tinkering on starships for over ninety years at that point and they still don't trust me with an astro-spanner next to one of their damned stone-age coolant ducts.'

Most of this information is new to me, so I listen intently and without interruption as he unburdens himself.

"It was 1979 when I first applied to the space program and I was almost immediately rejected. They said that I was too tall, that some of their testing equipment wouldn't even work on me. Basically they made excuses to keep me out. At Delbert's urging I tried a different approach and contacted Roy Carter, who was at the time one of the biggest wheels in NASA's engineering team for the space program. Delbert had told me they were working on a next-generation reusable spacecraft and I thought that if I got in good with the top engineers working on the program I might make some stronger inroads."

"Roy was a good 'ol boy, the kind of guy who is always friendly but doesn't make a lot of friends, if you know what I mean. Despite some hesitation, we hit it off, and he eventually let me into his confidence on the shuttle program. I clued him in on a system we used to have on the Falcon [the famous Millenium Falcon, from an episode of Chewbacca's life that took place long ago] called a High-Yield Cascade Array. Basically it was a system designed to collect the electricity from high-energy strikes on the surface of the ship and then channel them along a burst-vented argon stream safely away. It wasn't rocket science, just simple space defense tech, but I could see that the Shuttle could use one. I agreed to draw up plans for something similar for the shuttle to use in the event of lightning strikes and other sudden electrical pulses in exchange for serious consideration for a shuttle mission."

Chewbacca coughs and tosses his cigarette away with apparent irritation.

"So I cobbled this thing together from memory and it worked. Carter took it and renamed it the Dissipation Array System and took full credit, but he held up his end of the deal and got me a golden ticket into space camp. I passed through that thing like a bowling ball on a greased slide, and I did break some of the machinery in the process. While I was there I more than doubled some of the stamina records and scored in the top percentile of graduates in nearly every single academic exam. It was two years of easy training after that and then I got to meet the crew I was going to be heading up with."

"You know this is all in the book," Chewbacca says seriously, "but it still chokes me up thinking

about it."

I point out that I never knew he went on a shuttle mission and he nods sadly.

"That's right, I was cut at the last minute. They told me that an eighth crewman was unnecessary and they wouldn't even let me near the shuttle to do a last minute inspection. I mean shit, I have been tinkering on starships for over ninety years at that point and they still don't trust me with an astro-spanner next to one of their damned stone-age coolant ducts. The crew I trained with, my crew, lifted off on January 28, 1986, aboard the space shuttle Challenger."

He gets agitated and I see a flicker of his legendary temper.

"Jesus Christ! What a horrible, horrible mess. They shoe-horned that poor teacher into a fucking death trap and...I could have done something, you know? I could see the schematics for that ship on the back of my retina with my eyes closed. If there was a problem that I could have possibly found, I damn well would have. O-ring my ass! It was no fucking O-ring that caused that, it was gross incompetence and pressure coming down the food chain to launch, launch, launch."

Chewbacca quiets himself but I can see his fists clenching and unclenching for the next few blocks that we walk. He doesn't say anything for the entire time. At last I finally interrupt the silence and ask him about his phone psychic program. This lightens the mood.

"I came up with that idea in the early nineties." He grins broadly and emits that guttural roar known to make women swoon with delight. "I was so low on cash that it wasn't so much a 'get-rich quick scheme' as it was an 'avoid debter's prison' scheme. I was up to my Forneac Oblongata in unpaid bills. Even my modest house had been repossessed out from under me and I was living out of my pickup truck and crashing on friend's couches. I was reading an issue of Hustler while on the john one night and I was thumbing through the ads for the phone sex lines. As I walked back into Delbert's living room there was an infomercial on TV and it all just sort of clicked immediately."

"I don't think I have the voice for phone sex, but I learned enough from my adventures years and years ago to know a thing or two about two-bit mysticism. I figured that mumbo jumbo like 'the force' probably wouldn't fly here on earth, so I read up on human legends. Psychics were the natural choice. They're non-religious, so I didn't have to worry about getting any hackles up at churches, and they are just believable enough that the same sort of people who can whack it to a fat woman breathing heavy into a phone could probably be easily duped into calling for a psychic's advice."

We can both see the glowing sign for "The Ring Zone" ahead of us. Chewbacca deliberately slows

his pace so that he can continue his story without hurrying it.

"I sold my truck to a farmer for about three grand and rented a shoebox of an office in the worst part of Minneapolis. I know that doesn't sound too scary, but I would rather be wading in the poisonous swamps of Kashyyyk than have to go home at three in the morning in this neighborhood. I got a desk, a telephone, and lamp. That was it. I spent every dime left on producing a simple infomercial and buying ad time on local cable outlets."

The Madame Chewbacca persona, at its height, could be seen on at least one channel at any given moment.

"I called myself Madame Chewbacca," he affects his infamous Jamaican accent. "Call up Madame Chewbacca! I guarantee you a 100% accurate psychic reading. I can see the future like it done got writ in my day planner!"

"That 100% accurate guarantee part was what cooked my goose in the end, but the times were good for over seven years. My business kept growing, the goofballs and yokels called me in droves, and I started adding employees to help out. Eventually I had the money to produce national late night spots and minute long commercials full of spinning clock graphics and zodiac signs shooting light out of them. That stuff was expensive, but I think the pretty lights really convinced a lot of the more simple folk to call in. Most of them were just glad to have anyone to talk to, and I think they just sort of bought into the psychic aspect of it because it let them believe I could really help. Maybe I did, I think we helped some people anyway."

"I ended up making almost thirty million from my Madame Chewbacca shtick, all told. Of course the champagne and caviar couldn't last forever, and in 1998 an FBI investigation opened on me followed almost immediately by this massive class action suit. I'm ambivalent about the whole thing in retrospect. I mean I realize we weren't totally 'on the level', but it's not like it was an actual scam. The people got exactly what they were paying for and there were no real hidden charges. Just because we couldn't stop a frog's heart or guess computer-generated numbers in court doesn't render every piece of advice we offered invalid."

"The jury felt differently, and awarded a judgment that amounted to just about every dime I had to my name. I appealed it and got a reduced settlement, but it didn't matter too much because the attorney fees nearly made up the difference. Madame Chewbacca was no more and I was once again nearly out of cash and seemingly out of options."

Chewbacca drifted from job to job after the Madame Chewbacca telephone psychic operation was shut down. He accepted almost any work he managed to find, at one point even working as a security guard at a nuclear power plant. Eventually he found his way to the Plumper Enthusiast, an ocean-going freight vessel flying the Panamanian flag and usually booked to carry medical waste to dumping points in Haiti, Nicaragua, and points in the Mid-East. After serving aboard the Plumper Enthusiast for some three years, Chewbacca bid the seaman's life adieu and moved to Iraq, where he soon found himself unwittingly in the midst of a war.

"I could once again hear the drums of war beating. Don't get me wrong, I'm an American through and through, and I hated Saddam, but I'm getting a little tired of being caught in the middle of an invasion."

Unbeknownst to Chewbacca his name had been added to a watch list by the CIA for suspected dealings with the Al Alal-Jalal terrorist network.

"I admitted it to the government the first chance they gave me. I knew these guys, and I knew they

were terrorists, but what am I supposed to do when I'm put in a situation where they want to know how to turn a Nissan pickup into a land speeder and if I don't tell them they're going to kill me? It's not like they offered me a six figure salary and stock options, they told me 'do this or we kill you' and I did it. When I saw they had strapped a jury-rigged thermal detonator to the back of it I knew I was in some serious hot water."

In October of 2003, the US military caught up with Chewbacca.

"I was laying low in the city of Kirkuk, you know, being cautious because I knew there were patrols looking for me. I didn't know what else to do but run from them, and I couldn't hope to find a more wretched hive of scum and villainy than Kirkuk. I went all Sand People and dug a hole about twenty feet deep, climbed down in it, covered it up, and started hibernating. It's the first time since I've been on this planet that I've done that. It still wasn't enough."

This dramatic leaked image shows Chewbacca only a minute or so after his capture.

"They came in the dead of night, probably almost a hundred Delta Force and Navy SEAL types. They threw a flashbang down the hole and believe you me that woke my ass up. The next think I know I'm being hauled out by my short hairs and thrown on the ground by some asshole with a knee that felt like a spear-tip right in the middle of my back. I could have torn the guy's arms out of their sockets, but he was an American, and I'm not about to do that."

Chewbacca was poked and prodded to verify his identity, then was handed over to the CIA for a grueling three week period of questioning. Without further evidence, and basically believing his story of imminent peril forcing him to do untoward things, the government released Chewbacca.

"I boarded the first flight I could book to Paris. I only had a small nest egg, but I figured getting back to France would get me away from the US media, the CIA, and the accusations."

Chewbacca stayed in Paris for less than two months and returned to Minnesota to spend Christmas with Delbert, who had fallen ill, and his family.

"Delbert is doing okay now, the chemo seems to be working, and he really got along well with AJ." Chewbacca beams. "I've been writing a lot lately and she, as well as Delbert, have been real inspirations to me. If 'Player and the Game' does well, Hyperion has promised me a three book deal with allowances for two of them to be fiction. I've been reading a lot of Dr. Phil and Atkins Diet books lately and I think I might fill out that third spot with a self help book. You know, something like those 'Chicken Soup' books, only with the added insight that only a Wookiee can provide."

He winks and opens the door to "The Ring Zone". A chirping customer buzzer beeps out the first few bars of the "Star Wars" theme and I can see an uncomfortable smile flicker across Chewbacca's face. I wait by the door as he approaches a sales clerk and begins discussing a slightly misshapen and possibly burned cell phone with the man. Their disagreement becomes increasingly heated and I begin to worry. Chewbacca glances at me and in a flash of almost Madame Chewbacca-like precognition I see severed limbs and sprays of blood in the near future.

Risking life and limb I intervene in the argument and calm things down to the point that a deal can be negotiated. The clerk takes the damaged phone and Chewbacca begins filling out paperwork for a new one.

"Every day is an adventure when you're me," he laughs, struggling to hold the pen.

I don't doubt him for a second.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.19 Cliff Yablonski Eats Out

Tuesday, Jan 20, 2004 by Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski

Before any of you screeching slobby muffinfuckers begin rolling up the sleeves on your official Dungeon and Dragon brand dungeon master robes and writing me pissy letters, let me tell you what your pal ol' Cliffy has been up to these past few months. Some of you assholes may claim that I'm not the most sociable guy on the planet, and if you said that to my face I'd respond by shouting something really goddamn witty like "shut your fat bloated mouth you revolting assgrub" and then hitting you in the head with a cinder block that was left in my yard by the brainless cretins who are trying to put that ugly telephone pole in my front yard.

Did I tell you about that? The city is trying to put one of those big brown turds in my front lawn so some jawless dickhumping drooldog in West Appleton City can call for pizzas to be delivered by flatbed truck to their rotting crack house every hour. I keep telling that asshole mayor of ours, Mayor Ed Burger, that if he tries to get some of his dickless city worker wonders to dig a hole and put a telephone pole in my front yard that I'll open fire on them and anybody else who tries to approach their buckshot-ridden corpses with anything but bags full of $100 bills and *Tittyfuck Monthly* magazines. I saw that ratfuck Mayor Burger trying to put the moves on some ugly sow in the Commander Taco joint on the corner of 18th Street and Patterson, so if he wants to keep on giving me trouble then I don't have any problems marching on down to his house at 2:00 AM and breaking in to tell his wife about his affair with Little Miss Chowbucket. I didn't have any difficultly smashing in their window to take their ceramic pig cookie jar last month, and I'm sure I won't have any this time either. Oh and if you're reading this Mrs. Burger, you can't make cookies worth a shit. I've tasted better leaking batteries before, so try cooking something which doesn't resemble a revolting lump of solidified parrot diarrhea next time I'm going to break into your trashy dump house.

So anyway this brings me to my topic: there isn't a single decent restaurant in this entire god-forsaken hellhole of a town. I've eaten at almost every rat infested cell in Appleton City over the past 68 years or so, and the only place to serve halfway edible food was Franky's Dinner Catapult, and that was shut down by Gary Fedgensen in the summer of 1973 after some whiny little fucktart found a piece of a burnt wheelchair in his chili.

This town is now full of throat choking terrible ass buffets that attract Appleton City mutants like cancer patients to a wig factory. I've eaten in almost everywhere here so I offered my fucking wonderful expert writing services to the Appleton City Times as a food reviewer guy, but they never replied to my letter, maybe because I intimidated them when I wrote "GIVE ME THIS JOB OR ELSE I'LL SHOVE A GODDAMN BEACH UMBRELLA INTO YOUR CRUSTY EARHOLE, YOU WORTHLESS JACKASSES." You'll note that I used the word "crusty" in that sentence, and that's what us word scientists call an "adjunctive" and is used to spice up sentences. I wouldn't expect any of you illiterate Interweb bozos to understand my smart word-talk here, so don't even pretend like you can grasp what I'm writing because I know the only exposure you get to professional writing is when you log onto www-daddyfucks a boar.com and you see the adjunctives describing what noise was made when Beef Rockwell kissed the magic orc of +37 fire wizard. So here is my review of some of the pathetic restaurants in Appleton City:

■ **Lo King's Chinese Dynasty -** Okay the first question I have here is why this place is full of Mexicans? I don't expect to walk into some Chinese joint and be greeted by thousands of smiling yellow devils or nothing, but I really don't want to be seated by Paco the Toothless Vagrant who just got off his job cutting lawns in South Appleton. Now that I think about it, I can't even remember the last time I saw a single commie Asian devil in this entire town, since everybody here seems to be rotting pasty blobs of white trash determined to one-up each other in the NASCAR clothing contest.

The last time I saw any Chinamen was back in the Korean War when I was unloading a few hundred rounds of 7.62 mm exploding armor shrapnel machinegun grenade bullets at some godless commie Japs trying to rush the boulder and dead tree my captain ordered me to protect. I told that asshole captain that he could take his orders and shove them up his gaping dough asshole because I only take orders from one person - Frank Sinatra - and Frank was back in the good ol' US of A making beautiful records. Then the captain got his head blown off by a few dozen Nazi Vietnamese soldiers who were disguised as corn stalks or some shit like that. That taught him to fuck with me, and I'm more than willing to share this educational story with any other grabass fucktwats who try to give me lip. I once flew a plane in the Korean War and I used it to bomb a suspicious looking trampoline factory.

RATING: 3 / 20.

Some birdwoman who tried to refill my drink at the Haunted Hamhouse off of Charleston Avenue. I punched her in the face until her manager came over, then I punched him in the face until his manager came over. I forget what I did then, but I think it involved me tearing the back of my pants on a nail because I found a hole in them later that night and it really pissed me off.

■ **Smashy's -** I hate places like this. Smashy's is another one of those Chilis / Applebees / TGI Friday's joints that serves Superbowl party food like chicken wings and spicy hog skulls for $25 each. They apparently also hired the same braindead interior decorator who charges millions of dollars to glue random shit he found in an abandoned junkyard to the walls. You walk into Smashy's and if you don't instantly duck, you'll knock your head off on this old canoe paddle hanging from the ceiling. Why the hell is there a canoe paddle on the ceiling? How the hell does that make me want to order more of their overpriced, reheated disgruntled cafeteria worker food? Maybe some egghead from Appleton City University did a study that proves 25 MPH speed limit signs, old cowboy hats, and dirty horseshoes make people hungry and suddenly make the idea of paying $20 for a plate of microwaved bacon fat seem good.

I guess that psychological shit doesn't work on me because every time I walk into Smashy's I want to rip the canoe paddle off the ceiling and beat a few of the greasy factory waiters to death with it while making long distance phone calls on their phone. I really like that red phone they have in the front and one of these days I'm going to take it and bring it home and install it in my basement next to the dartboard. If you dickrips who own Smashy's want to save yourselves hundreds of bucks, just give me a call and I'll head over to your hellbag corporate offices and throw all the shit I found in my toolshed on your walls. I think that green, rotting, rusted toilet seat I found buried underneath the peat moss pile in there will really help sell your deep fried bunyon tower of steaming chunky potato wads.

RATING: 2 / 20.

■ **Burger Volcano -** This is that fucking revolting place off the I-39 next to Al's Lumber yard and

the bowling alley parking lot. This place changes ownership every other Wednesday, so if you don't like whatever horrible creation is currently festering in that location, then just wait a few hours and it will go bankrupt and become some new place with new owners. It used to be the Sauce Kingdom, then it was Biggie's Burrito Barn, then it was Leapin' Lettuce, then it was House of Pork. Next week it will be burnt to the ground if nobody screws up my plans. I went into Burger Volcano last month and there was this broad with the biggest tits I ever saw working at the counter. I walked up to her and gave her my best pickup line, "how about we go around back and I stick my dick up your ass?" and she started giving me all kinds of ridiculous attitude and saying all kinds of fucking foul language that girls her age shouldn't say to elders like me. Hey you ditsy bimbo, did you ever hear of the saying "the customer is always right?" If I have to pay an extra 20 cents for a cup of water, then I damn well expect to have my little Yablonski oiled up out back while you wait for your dad to pick you up after work. And you better not have braces or else I'll knock them right off your pockmarked face.
RATING: 4 / 20.

I have no clue what this is, but if you encounter it, DON'T EAT IT.

■ **Funkytown -** I hate theme restaurants. I remember the time I went to that revolting dump called "Raymond Burrito's" which is now a hardware store that tries to rip you off by selling roofing nails for three cents more than they're worth. I ain't paying any more of my hard-earned cash for roofing nails then I got to, and there's no way in hell that I'm going to dump out an extra three cents per nail just so some filthy Persian prince sitting on a golden throne made out of liquid diamonds can have some more American cash to wipe his braided ass with. And don't try to tell me that my money doesn't go there because I saw a TV program where this guy bought a hammer from a hardware store and then in the next scene there was this guy who looked like an Arab and he was driving a really nice Lincoln Towncar, so I can put two and two together and figure out where my money goes. Don't think you can fool me, I'm smart as all shit. Anyway, Raymond Burrito's was absolutely terrible so I don't think I need to write anything else and if you disagree with me then I'm going to bust your jaw off with a clawhammer and then dump burning tires into your grave.
RATING: 3 / 20.

■ **AESHASTEHY'S CRAZY WEIRD FOOD PLACE -** I obviously forgot the name of this restaurant because it's some weird combination of Martian goofy letters and numbers and shit which makes no sense to me. They serve all kinds of space food like meat that's been stewing in White-Out for a few days and this onion thing that has tentacles and bread growing out of it's ass. I never bothered eating here because I refuse to eat in any place that I can't pronounce without having to use clicks and whistles like those crazy African guys who cram dinner plates into their throats and get AIDS. My buddy Jim Bagleaducia went there once and he said the food "tastes like a boiled bag of ass," and I trust his opinion because one time he told me that this movie was really terrible and I watched it the next day and it was in fact really terrible. I think it was that movie about the Arab with the Lincoln Towncar. If you see one of those movie posters and it's showing off some film about an Arab with a Lincoln Towncar, DON'T SEE IT because the film is really goddamn boring and you'll try to strangle yourself with your own vocal cords about 10 minutes into the movie. The only good part is when the main character walks behind this horse and for a split second there it looks like he's fucking the horse, not that this event is very uncommon in this town or anything.
RATING: 1 / 30.

There are more restaurants in this cursed dump of a city, but I'm really tired and drunk and I don't feel like writing about them because there's no fucking point since the Appleton City Times refuses to print my articles on the ground that I write too intelligently for their audience to understand. Here's a little adjunctive to describe you gutterslug pansies editing that piece of shit paper: SPERMBERRY WEASEL TITHEADS. Now where's my government check? I'm going to crawl into the hamper in the closet and maybe I'll come out the next week or so.

-∼Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski

1.20 Spastic Noir

Tuesday, Jan 20, 2004 by Mr. President (@Livestock)

Act I

The air in the Oval Office was cold and itchy, scratching at my skin like a lingering guilt. I doubt I could even begin to tell how much time had passed since I started hiding out in this circle of hell, drowning in a sea of forbidden booze, waiting for the phone call that would be my salvation. Time was meaningless here. Although the room was round like a clock, there were no big or little hands in motion. My hands were idle, paralyzed by my own impotence.

But the phone remained silent, hounding me with mute mockery. The phone was not my only torment. I looked down at my desk and saw my own hideous visage reflected back on me. Funny, I never thought I would use my own vomit as a mirror, or that the reflection would actually look worse than the vomit itself. This was the new presidential seal, and I was stamping everything with it.

Ring, damn you! Ring! Buzz in my ear just one last time.

I wanted to make the pain go away, to go back to how it was before. In the old days, whenever there was a problem, I would simply pick up that phone and call a man who could fix things. But I was never the problem, and he was never not there. Things had changed a lot in recent times. People sometimes disappear, and only then do you realize that they were a part of you, the foundation you built your life upon. Good grief, if the American people saw the man they elected President, well, they would just fall to pieces. Funny, I guess that makes me their foundation.

Of all the Oval Offices in the world, she had to walk into mine.

If not for the fact I had my first visitor in weeks, I would have drifted back to a sea of guilty dreams, carried out by the currents of alcohol. Months of pent up frustration and self-destruction all seemed to disappear when she walked through the door. If my recent troubles were a hurricane, she would be the eye of my storm. What a looker, too! She was like a connect the dots game and my eyes filled in all the right lines.

"I understand you're the man to come to when problems arise," she said as she strode into my office, taking a seat in front of my desk.

"That's my job," I said. "You came to the right place, ma'am!" I tried to be nonchalant about removing all the empty booze bottles from my desk, carefully wiping up a small pool of vomit with my dangling necktie. Lady Luck sure was a generous dame, since my new guest hardly took notice of my impressive collection of contraband. These were prohibition times, and I had done a great disserve to America by turning the Oval Office into my own private speakeasy.

"Judging from your appearance, Mr. President, it seems as though that might not be the case."

"Listen here, dollface, I carry the vote of the American people. I can handle any problem."

"Well, it seems that my husband has been having an affair," she said in a hushed, ashamed voice.

"My goodness! Adultery? Not in God's America! Not in my America!"

"Then you can help me, Mr. President?" she inquired with a voice full of subdued hope.

"Don't worry your pretty little head, madam. Now you just tell me this scumbags name."

"Manuel," she said. "Manuel Noriega."

Curses, any name but that one. Noriega - damn him - was my biggest weakness personified. I could have taken Noriega down at any time, sent in a human tackling machine that would have left him as no more than fertilizer in a field of gridiron green. Well, I could have if I had such a tackling machine available. Or if I could pull myself away from the very drink he supplied.

In a way, taking Noriega out would ensure that the supply of booze dries up, cleaning me up by default. And the crime of adultery, well, this would be the cornerstone in a case against him. No jury would ever stomach the thought of a man being unfaithful. Even if I failed, I would fail trying. There is no way I could last another term in this condition. No American would ever reelect the "Vice President." I took her case, because it was my only option.

Act II

Using my own vice as a lead, I quickly traced the flow of alcohol back to a warehouse in a rundown section of the Washington, D.C. harbor area. The owner of this piece of real estate turned out to be none other than Noriega, adulterer and infamous booze baron, the man trafficking the terrible tonic into America. Even though he tried to disguise the warehouse as a storage facility for Panamanian umbrellas, any fool could see right through. What eyes could not see, noises would smell.

My first order of business would be to get the jump on Noriega's operation. I snooped about, casing the area for suspicious activity. Noriega and his skeleton crew of thugs kept a low profile, careful not to alert any major suspicion. Adultery would be a start, but bringing him down for good would take more. I would need to collect evidence of bootlegging. In any other location, courage would have left me fleeing back to the Oval Office, but the intoxicating aroma carried me further.

I climbed up a stack of old crates arranged haphazardly behind the warehouse. This higher vantage gave me a view into the warehouse through a broken window. All the other windows had been covered up, but not this one. Inside the warehouse was a bustling maelstrom of illegal activity, of alcohol stills, booze in mass production. This was the smoking gun, and boy did it ever look good. I had to resist the overpowering urges to sneak inside and taste this liquid crime firsthand.

In the midst of all this, I barely realized the gastrointestinal state of the union address rumbling through my stomach was loud enough to get me spotted. My crate tower came crashing down, and as I hit my head against the concrete I looked up and saw a familiar face blocking out the sky. Then I saw a familiar fist block out all light and consciousness. Then I forgot everything.

When I woke up I was tied to a chair and blindfolded. The chair would have been comfortable if not for the tight ropes. Hell, forget the ropes, this chair really was comfortable. I wanted one like this for the Oval Office.

"I see you are awake, Mr. President. I must admit I was not expecting a visit from the leader of the free world!"

"Noriega?" I inquired.

"Who else would it be, Mr. President? I am afraid that your unexpected visit has put me in quite an awkward position."

"The position to untie me and prepare to be arrested!" I heartily boasted, expecting this tyrant to

conform to the will of the President of the United States of America.

"No, Mr. President, I've got you by the balls! If you ever want to see your beloved America again, you will learn to respect me as your maximum leader."

"No chance, Noriega. America doesn't need you or your booze peddling ways."

"Maybe not all of America, but it's quite clear you do. I can smell the alcohol in your breath, and your presidential attire looks a bar rag."

He was right. I have been wearing this suit for weeks, and it carries with it the chemical scars of my constant inebriation.

"Listen," said Noriega mockingly, "you have plenty of time to think about this. Should you try to escape, you will answer to my big friend here, Senor Knuckles."

I heard the cringe of rusty old hinges as the door shut behind him. Was I alone now? Who was Senor Knuckles?

Act III

At first I thought he left me alone, but I realized I was being watched. There is something about having another person close staring at you, not even a blindfold and alcohol can hide the feeling.

"Hey," I said in a confident voice, hoping to use my presidential weight. "I don't suppose you would like to be an American hero and rescue the United States President, would you?"

"American hero? HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT! I would never betray Panama!"

There is no way I could ever forget that voice, and then I suddenly realized that familiar face from before. It was #86/68! All this time I had been waiting in the White House for him to call, to tell me he was okay and that he was ready for action, and here he was working for Manuel Noriega!

"Be reasonable, #86/68! How did you get here? It's obvious you've been brainwashed or-"

"HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT SHUT UP!" said the stuttering giant in a voice that thundered like crashing zeppelins.

"No, #86/68, don't you remember? The night of the big game a few months ago? You got tackled pretty hard and you staggered off the field. We've been looking for you ever since!"

"Big game? HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HIKE! The only game I play is guarding crates! HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT CRATE!"

"You fool, you're talking like a football player. You play football, for America, home of the free and land of the brave. You like apple pie, and hard work!"

"HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT AND MANUAL," said #86/68 just mere inches from realizing his true identity.

"No, #86/68, no! Not Manuel!"

"MANUAL LABOR! HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HIKE! DEMOCRACY, TOO!"

It was a miracle! My words were enough to tackle the months of brainwashing, the false façade installed by Noriega's booze regime.

"Yes, #86/68! You've done it! You remember who you are!"

"Mr. President, am I going to jail now?"

"Of course not you big ape! Now untie me! Let's teach Noriega all about democracy!"

"HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HIKE! GONNA DETOX THE LUMMOX!"

Act IV

#86/68 and myself smashed through the wall of the room we were sequestered in, making a bold statement to the underworld skeleton crew of thugs manning Noriega's alcohol haven. Noriega himself was on the scene, witnessing in terror the sight of the leader of the free world reunited with his best friend and secret weapon!

"Listen up, Noriega!" I shouted, drunk on the confidence of overcoming addiction and finding my best friend and secret weapon. "Your bootlegging days are over. Never again will your forbidden juice tempt the youth of this fine nation!"

My accomplice chimed in with a chorus of "HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HIKE!"

The fight raged wild and out of control, along the way smashing bottles of booze, stills, and the infrastructure of his underworld empire. For the first time in months, I was reeling from the best high of all: the high of victory. All the months wasted seemed like a distant memory, and I pushed them further and further into the past with each punch and kick delivered to Noriega's skeleton crew of thugs. It was only a matter of minutes before the skeleton crew of thugs was reduced to a pile of battered dust to be swept up by our legal justice system. Noriega himself was all that remained, and the fear in his eyes was more than evident.

"This is where it ends, Noriega!"

"HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT YOUR BOOZE IS ALL DRIED UP HIKE!"

"An impressive showing from you two, but how long until someone takes my place? You can't deny people alcohol forever. They crave it, just as you do, Mr. President! You can't win the war on alcohol ever!"

"Maybe not, but I can send you to jail for a long time. But before I let you off too easy, let's not forget that a crime has been committed! There's a young lady back at my office who trusted you to uphold your marriage vows, you cheating scum."

"ADULTERY? HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT GONNA MAKE YOU A LIVING SWEAT STAIN ON MY UNIFORM!"

And with that #86/68 pounded Manuel Noriega to pieces, leaving a bloody, defeated man lying in a pool of his own booze. Victory had been achieved, but questions still remained.

"Mr. President, how come you smell like booze? Did they spill it on you?"

"No, #86/68, I'm afraid I'm a failure. When you disappeared, I turned to the drink to solve my problems."

"Did it work?" asked the naive all star.

"No it didn't. I'm afraid I'm going to have to resign."

"But I failed too, Mr. President!"

"Well, this is a Christian nation, and forgiveness is Christian. I forgive you #86/68!"

"And I forgive you! HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT TOUCHDOWN! I just feel bad for his poor wife."

"Don't worry about her. I left the Oval Office in awful shape. I'm going to have to hire a maid to clean it up, and she fits the bill just perfectly."

"HUT HUT HUT HUT LET'S GO GET SOME SUNDAES!"

It was good to be back, but more importantly, it was good to have #86/68 back. It was also good to go get sundaes.

◘ First Handicapable, Then Metrosexual, Now Exertainment

Hey there folks, Taylor "Donkey Punch" Bell here with a brand new review of a horrible SNES game known as Secret of Mana! Just kidding, it's actually called Exertainment Mountain Bike Rally.

> There are eight characters to choose from, but they don't affect your bike's performance at all. Hell, they don't even look that different once the game starts - even Mystery, who could best be described as a Protoss snowman, magically turns into a normal-looking guy once his profile picture disappears and the game begins. But don't worry, he still intimidates the opposition with his arsenal of awesome quotes, which includes zingers like "Mystery rules!" and "Winning is no mystery." You can also pick different bikes that are rated in a few categories, but the only category that affects the game at all is speed. Since you aren't penalized at all for going off the road, and the game will instantly point your bike in the right direction again, you're pretty much guaranteed to win if you simply pick the bike with the best speed rating and tape down the A button.

Check out the full article or I'm a straight fuck you up with my hatchet, juggalo style.

-∼Mr. President (@Livestock)

1.21 Awful Link Spotlight Because Zack is a Drunkard

Thursday, Jan 22, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The World's Smallest Something Awful Update

butt

No Zack!

I hope you enjoyed my update for the night. If you're wondering why I'm here and not somebody funny, well, it's because of responsibility. Beloved Friday updater Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons is unable to write an article tonight because he is down south training his Mexican equivalent, the "Geist Hombre." We wish him all the best in his fine efforts to mold an insatiable Mexican mind into something slightly less than what is was before.

In the meantime you can enjoy your goddamn Photoshop Phriday and an Awful Link of the Day.

HE'S PAINTING WITH LIGHT!

As promised to you last week by me, here is Part 2 of our humble tribute to the glorious works of Thomas Kinkade. We're wrapping up the celebration by bringing you a crapload of quality images from the Something Awful Forums, and, as a special treat that tastes like battery acid, we're also bringing you a heaping helping of the worst submissions. Get ready for the fun that is part 2 of "Paintings of Light." Here's a preview:

For just a few clicks a day, you can support a starving Photoshop Phriday like this one.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.22 The Internet Claims Another Victim

Thursday, Jan 22, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I, like most of you out there, still possess vivid memories of how glorious the Internet used to be, a state of existence I have dubbed the "Classic Internet." This Classic Internet grew to popularity in the narrow time frame nestled between the years 1995 and 1998, directly after the days of BBSes and right before the devastating dot-com bubble burst. For those of you too young or drunk to remember the BBS days of lore, let me provide you with a brief overview:

1) All communication took place on remote BBSes (Bulletin Board Systems) located throughout the warehouses and bedrooms of America and, to a lesser extent, locations which weren't America due to the fact that they were very foreign. Each BBS offered different services to its users ranging from door games such as *Trade Wars* to modified door games such as *pSyK0's k00L Trade Wars* which boasted customized spaceships such as the "USS Kitt" and the ever famous "My Mom is a Fat Stupid Whore Who Won't Let Me Sleep Over at Jerry's House Because She is a Bitch Transport Ship."

2) Connecting with these remote systems required at least a 300-baud modem which would produce a lovely series of shrill shrieking noises that resembled a Casio keyboard being given a battery acid enema by that retarded homosexual floating robot from "The Black Hole." Your 12-inch CGA monitor would display helpful modem codes during this process, sequences of letters like "AT&F AT&T&FN1B1 Y0M0MMA=H0&K1LL4 S4T4N" which made you seem smart to all your non-computer nerd friends. "What the heck does all that gibberish mean?" they would routinely ask, attempting to shout over the horrendous digital screeching of the modem in the background. "Well you see here, the AT&F initializes the modem, and the AT&T&FN1B1 means... uh... to start up the data transfer protocol assembly line prompt translocator packet relay carrier that has a +6 resistance against ice attacks and the, well the rest of the stuff, means that... um... hey check out this 12-color porn image I spent 50 minutes downloading last night! It's of a naked woman kissing a garden hose! I think!"

3) ASCII art reigned supreme. Nothing could beat the refreshing feeling of connecting at 1200-baud to "Deamon302's Cyber-Den" and being greeted by a gigantic scrolling image of a tiger's face announcing the time and date and if you had any new messages from "-=()BL1V10||=-." If the sysop couldn't find the code to make a tiger's face, then they would use a large dragon leisurely reclining outside a cave.

To truly navigate through a BBS menu, one had to possess extensive knowledge of the system they were using as well as an astute memory which granted them the ability to photographically match images shown on the screen with their corresponding representations on the keyboard. For example, if the menu read "PRESS 1 FOR CHATROOM" and the user then pressed the number "4," they would more than likely not go to the chatroom, which is probably for the best since the people who used BBS chatrooms were inherently weird recluses who smelled like burning crayons or graduate students with roleplaying bumper stickers plastered across the back of their Volkswagon. Various tight-knit communities of good friends formed from BBSes around the globe, and although most of these people have since died after forging murder / suicide pacts with each other, I'm sure there are

many BBS communities full of vibrant folks who haven't murdered themselves because they are too crippled or weak to both pick up a knife and locate their arteries.

The fabled dot-com bubble bust occurred sometime around 1998 or 1999, a date which I really can't pin down to just one year because I was too busy having large foreign objects inserted up my rectum by various Internet companies at the time. My parents would routinely call me in those days, asking how I was and what company I was working for that particular day. On some occasions I would be forced to give them two different answers to the second question depending on what time of the day it was. The dot-com bust was triggered when a rich old businessman woke up one day and asked himself, "wait - why exactly is my company investing $50 million in a company that promises to deliver tube socks to Sephardic Jews in Des Moines over the Internet? How exactly will this make me any money?" The rich old businessman then phoned the CEO of www.DesMoinesJewSocks.com and asked him how they planned on generating revenue. "Well, it's on THE INTERNET!" the President shouted triumphantly. "Yes, I understand it's on the Internet," the rich old businessman replied. "But how does that ensure I will get my investment money back?" After a prolonged pause, the CEO confidently exclaimed, "THE INTERNET!!!" and hung up while his employees used the $15,000 gold plated espresso machine behind him.

Investors soon pulled out of dot-com investments quicker than a dick up Paris Hilton's ass (this joke is funny because it's a relevant, topical reference to a pop culture icon. Please don't read this joke after two years, as it will lose its freshness), and the digital cyber information eSuperhighway world began falling apart at an alarming rate. Previously bulletproof companies like www.find-a-banana.com and www.getpaidtoeat.com dissolved, their employees seeking various other positions in the lucrative unemployment industry. Internet advertising networks, a personal favorite of mine, began reneging on their deals to offer $10.00 for every 1,000 people who viewed their stupendously successful banner ads triumphantly tantalizing viewers to "click on this image of Beetle Bailey and receive a free ham."

Many doom and gloom self-proclaimed "industry analysts" declared the end of the digital era and predicted angry lynch mobs would soon begin burning down the Internet with torches and pitchforks. I'm not exactly sure how you could burn anything down with a pitchfork, but perhaps that's why I'm not an "industry analyst." Hell, I can't even remember the last time I attempted to analyze an industry. I think it might've been back in March of 2001 when I was taking a shower and got some of that really minty soap in my eyes.

Between these two distinctive time periods lays the Classic Internet, a brief series of years marked with helpful services, exciting discoveries, and an overall pleasant experience which helped form the Internet in new and positive ways. The Internet was not widely available in those days which meant there was a distinct lack of hyperactive 10-year old AOL users and 40-year old obese WebTV customers littering the online domain with poisoned "ASLs" and brain-murdering photos of themselves naked in front of stained Star Trek cardboard cutouts. As much as I hate to admit it, the Internet held an overall much brighter and vibrant community when it was more difficult to navigate.

You see, the Classic Internet generally required a fuckload of patience, intelligence, and dedication to use, as hardly anything was intuitive or aimed at the average "OC"-watching human drool machine. These steep requirements filtered out the weak, the stupid, and the lazy members of society,

most of which can currently be found residing on the Fark.com forums. The days of the Classic Internet were marked with countless *Duke Nukem* deathmatch games, endless sessions of Windows 3.11 troubleshooting, and daily Netscape Gold Navigator Extreme Eddie Bauer Edition Pro patch releases. Sure the technology in those days was generally undeveloped and chaotic with millions of plugins fighting for industry dominance, but the Wild Wild West atmosphere encompassing the Classic Internet somehow made things feel much more civilized than they are presently. Towards the end of the Classic Internet days came one site which would win the hearts and minds of countless Internet users, rising from their underdog status to become one of the most useful sites ever: Google.

Google was born out of necessity; search engines back during the Classic Internet were absolutely horrendous in every sense of the word. Some sites, such as Alta Vista, could be rigged by flooding your page header tags with a seemingly infinite series of non-topical keywords and phrases such as "aliens," "hot cocks," "wet vaginas," and "lusty naked teenage shemale pretzel vendors." Other search engines like Lycos relied on the advanced proprietary technology of "Uno Ed," which simply meant that whenever somebody went to their site and searched for a particular word, an employee at Lycos would read the word aloud and ask a nearby coworker named Ed, "you know anything about this, Ed?"

Although he was reportedly a really great guy, Ed was usually stumped and ended up suggesting hundreds of off-topic porn sites instead of appropriate results. Google stepped in and took the guesswork out of Internet searches, using some fancy new Martian technology to do the unthinkable; they actually returned relevant search results! This amazing and incredible concept boggled the minds of Internet users across the, well, Internet, and what was once a small, unknown site soon grew into a un-small, un-unknown site. Google became the darling of the Internet, an actual website that offered a functional service in a quick and efficient manner. For years and years it seemed as if Google could do no wrong, and then it happened: *Google began accepting money to display weighted search results.*

I'm not anti-capitalistic by any nature, so please don't take my ranting the wrong way. I love money and I can't wait until scientists find some way for me to engage in oral sex with 20-dollar bills so I can sufficiently show my undying appreciation to them. However, Google's decision to return falsely relevant results during searches goes against the entire nature of a search engine. When somebody looks for a particular item or keyword, they should find results ranked in the order of their popularity, not the order of how many blowjobs and bags of cash their CEOs handed over to the folks at Google headquarters. I grudgingly accepted this business practice because Google was such an excellent service and offered something so useful that I could easily overlook their desire to not go broke running their site. Unfortunately, the cash cow was just beginning to get milked at that point. Google began abandoning their dedication to relevant, functional searches, instead favoring the pursuit of quick advertising revenue cash. Their service and technology began to suffer and continues to suffer to this very day, a trend which doesn't look like it will go away:

> Privately held Google, which is expected to go public later this year, faces rising competition in its core search business from e-mail providers including Yahoo Inc. and MSN, Microsoft Corp.'s Internet unit. The Mountain View, California, company, which has recently made several e-mail related acquisitions, is working on a way to serve advertising to an e-mail at the moment it is opened, people close to the company said.

The Internet has turned into a smoking, smoldering crater of failure since the dot-com bust, a wasteland full of intrusive Flash ads, embedded sounds, browser exploits, persistent nagging reminders to register for every possible service on the planet, and email inboxes crammed to the brim with

"v1gra" and "X-ANA-X" offers from third world addresses. Google used to represent a small beautiful island floating in the sea of Internet failure and depravity, but it seems as if the online Monkey Island Curse of neglected software and intrusive advertising has infected their once glorious business as well. You don't believe me? Well check out the results which came up when I did a simple search for "bbs board" earlier in this article:

> Bbs Board Hairy Women *Bbs Board Hairy Women Enter Here. ... Click here for a VIP membership! Bbs Board Hairy Women. Gotta love those damn curls. New girls every week. ...*
>
> Lolitabeastiality lolita+++ bbs lolita bbs board forum. ... *Nude Free Teen lolitabeastiality lolita+++ bbs lolita bbs board forumlolita bbs postin lolita bikini photo lolita+ bbs board lolita bbs av lolita bbs undergroun ...*

There is not a single site on the first page which actually deals with BBSes or bulletin boards, but hey, I now know where to go when I need hairy underage girls, and you can't buy that kind of information no matter how many ads you toss up into your rancid search engine. I guess my complaint here revolves around the fact that Google always resembled the last bastion of hope for the Internet for me. No matter what a convoluted, revolting, and polluted shape the Internet ballooned into, Google stood there among the ruined and diseased failures, rock solid in its commitment to dedicated service. It's truly a sign of the times when Google's sturdy branches begin to buckle under the tremendous weight of Internet waste, and I really can't see anything good coming from their new business model. I wish Google the best of luck and pray that they find a way to strike it rich without continuing to sacrifice the quality of their service and deluge us with neverending ads in the form of fake search results. Oh how I pine for the days of Classic Internet.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.23 I'm So Enlightened, I Just Can't Hide It

Friday, Jan 23, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

Most people think humorists are worthless and loathesome individuals who write ass jokes because they can't cut it in a "real" profession. These people are, of course, right. There is an exception to this rule, however, and I am that exception. I'm like the Greek philosophers, really, only I don't wear a funny robe or have modern plumbing.

With the entire classroom staring and giggling at my naked body, I learned the true meaning of shame. It was right there, the third word in the weekly vocabulary list our teacher had just handed out.

Everyone's so impressed by the gigantic pyramids in Egypt. I don't think they'd be as impressed if they knew what I know: the Egyptians were actually trying to build very small rectangle-shaped houses.

That day at the zoo changed the way I thought of animals forever. What really seperates us from these beautiful creatures, I wondered? As it turned out nothing, aside from a reinforced steel fence and the protective suit that I made out of delicious meat and honey.

Here's a hint for the sport of basketball: tie the bottom of the net closed and you won't have to keep putting the ball back in there. You guys have been playing for how long, and you still haven't figured that out? I just came up with that in like five minutes.

Our galaxy is tens of trillions of miles across, and surrounding it are countless galaxies of comparable size. All the cosmos that we have mapped out are only a grain of sand on a neverending beach. The universe extends infinitely beyond what your brain can even begin to comprehend. So don't even worry, just throw your garbage wherever you want.

The power of hypnotic suggestion is highly underestimated. It may sound silly, but if you keep repeating a message to someone, in time they'll actually begin to believe you. Especially if the message you're repeating is "I'm incredibly annoying", and you scream it every three seconds.

State Og

State Og wasn't around last week, but you can't keep a good man down. Unfortunately, there's not a single employee at State Og that could be considered a good man. Fortunately, they made a pact with Satan and can never truly be stopped.

> *The way we see it, the trick is to shoot something at Mars and make it hit. There's a lot of tricky math involved, and quite frankly we're all botanists, so we'll just fire Bulgarians into space in random directions and hope for the best.*

Wow, I guess Bulgarians are good for something after all. Check out this week's State Og!

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.24 Greasnin Goes to California, Pt. 2

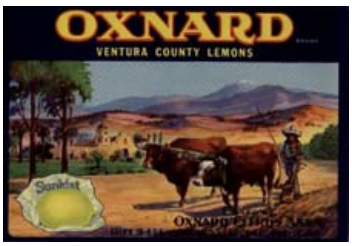
Saturday, Jan 24, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

This week we continue my two-part tribute to myself in honor of my twentieth birthday. Last week I began the story of my birthday present - a trip out to Los Angeles to stay with my brother, Greg. Some of you may think that it's incredibly egotistical of me to devote two straight weeks to writing about my birthday present. Those of you who think that are absolutely right. The rest of you really need to look up the word "egotistical." But I've got a story to tell, and what a story it is!

(ninjas).

The homey exterior hides a deadly secret

Now, when we left off, I had been nearly crushed by an elevator, broken a toilet, and changed the weather patterns of one of the most predictable meteorological systems in the country, all within the first hour of touching down in LA. Clearly, I was never meant to set foot in the City of Angels, as my presence brought about nothing but chaos and devastation. I decided to spare the city an untimely armageddon by destroying myself. I had my brother take me to Denny's. While the Denny's chain is hardly confined to the west coast, there aren't any of them in my area. In fact, I had only been to a Denny's once before in my life, and that was all of a couple weeks earlier. That experience had not been what I would call a culinary delight. I had the new mini cheeseburgers, which are advertised as six tiny, yet proportionally delicious cheeseburgers positioned attractively around a pile of onion rings. The actual thing consisted of six meat-like wafers that were obviously all cut from the same sheet of pre-perforated beef substitute, crammed between two torn chunks of compressed yeast, with a disproportionately massive helping of raw, torn onion and enough mustard to keep a New York street vendor supplied for a month, thrown haphazardly at three and a half onion rings. I managed to get them down, but almost as soon as I did, they wanted to come right out the other end. I made a mad dash for the bathroom, but the only stall in there was already overflowing with a black, frothy goop that could only be the end result of a hundred or more unhappy customers who thought they would try the mini cheeseburgers. There was no way I could relieve myself there without plopping my ass into at least six inches of poorly-digested imitation beef and mustard, so I actually had to hold it until I could drive down the road to someplace with a public restroom. Suffice it to say, I was not impressed by my first visit to Denny's.



Indeed.

Since the mini cheeseburgers failed to finish me off, I decided to try sizing up to the real thing. To my surprise, the softspoken Mexican waiter actually brought me a real burger. It wasn't half bad. Little did I know that it was only the beginning of what would end up being a tour of the myriad burgers LA has to offer. But I'm getting ahead of myself. And since I'm already there, let me just take a look behind me and see... yep, I'm one sexy piece of Jew. Anyway, we then went back to my brother's place in Woodland Hills. On the way to his apartment, we passed a street by the name of "Oxnard" and I burst out laughing. If you're wondering why, you need to shout "Oxnard" at the top of your lungs. Believe me, it will become very clear. Especially if you do it at work. It's just a ridiculous name for a street. Later on I saw a car with "Oxnard Motors" on the back. Since this was in LA, where a Corvette is considered to be a degrading, silly-looking clown car that no one in their right mind would be caught dead so much as washing, this particular car was quite nice. And even though it was a better car than I am likely to

ever own in my entire life, I still wouldn't drive it, because I just couldn't take myself seriously in a car with the word "Oxnard" on the back. And taking myself seriously is a very important matter to me. After all, I am an internet writer. See, I come from New England, where the streets and towns are named in one of two ways. Either they have weird, nearly unpronounceable Native American names like Squammasattesmattaport, Massaquattahermaphropotta Road, and Jamiroquai Circle, or they have the incredibly uncreative names given to them by the white settlers, such as the Connecticut towns of Westfield, Middlefield, Newfield, Weston, Middletown, and Newtown, and streets that all describe their relation to Main Street, such as East Main Street, Southeast Main Street, East Main Street South, Left Main Street, One Mile From Main Street, and You Can See Main Street From Here If You Squint Really Hard Avenue, which is where the rich folk live. And yet, the name "Oxnard" is really funny to me. My brother and I agreed on this point, and two Platts are never wrong. I just can't imagine what would ever possess someone to name their street Oxnard. I guess "Prairie Oyster Lane" and "Bull Ball Boulevard" were taken.

Run away! Run away! I don't care that's it's just a payphone! Run away! Run away!

On Saturday, we went into Hollywood to see the free sights. While sitting in the shade of the historic TV Guide building, we had lunch at the famous In-N-Out Burger - the very same noteworthy chain that Steve Buscemi speaks so highly of in "The Big Lebowski." I don't know why this chain hasn't made it out to the East, but it's never anything short of packed out in LA. The menu consists of maybe five items. I picked up a Double Double - the In-N-Out equivalent of a Big Mac, and chowed down. That was a darn good burger, I have to say. LA does fast food right. Or so I thought. That night I had my first, and hopefully last taste of the disturbingly nasty ground evil known as Del Taco. Now, a lot of people ride Taco Bell for being disgusting. Personally, I love Taco Bell. I'll wolf down three, four, five of their tacos in one sitting and beat myself up for not getting more. I'm not saying that I - as well as anyone in a one hundred foot radius - don't pay for it later, but it's worth it. California is full of Mexicans, and if there's one thing I can say about the Mexican people, it's that they're the most trustworthy demographic you could ever want to meet or be stabbed by. I wholly expected that a Mexican fast food chain based in California would beat the pants off of Taco Bell. And I learned something! I barely managed to force down the taco, continually telling myself that my next bite would reveal just how much better this was than Taco Bell. That revelation never became clear to me. I then started in on the cheddar quesadilla, which my cousin and her roommate asserted was a quality product. I couldn't finish it, although Lord knows I tried. I ate McDonalds at least six out of seven days of every week last summer. When I can't finish my fast food, something is very, very wrong. The tongue-wrenching unpleasantness of the quesadilla made me long for the subtle, muted crappiness of the taco. I knew then that when it came to fast food in LA, my best bet was to stick with the burgers.

As for my day in Hollywood, I got to see all of the landmarks that make it the celebrated center of the film industry that it sort of is. I saw the famous Hollywood sign, compared my hands to the handprints of Governator Arnold Schwarzenegger outside Grauman's Chinese Theater, walked along the very pavement that the red carpet would be on if it was Oscar time at the Kodak Theater, collided with dozens of people as I tried to walk down the street and read the names on the stars on the ground at the same time, and posed for photos for a group of very confused Japanese tourists who thought I was Bruce Willis. However, the most memorable sight was not a monument to filmmaking or television, but rather Hollywood High School, home of the Hollywood Sheiks. Even more impressive than the fact that a school would name its team after a bunch of fat Middle Eastern rulers who make their obscene fortunes by maintaining a stranglehold on the world's oil resources was the mural on the back of the school, which pointed out that this was, in fact, **HOLLYWOOD**

HIGH in the sort of flashy, gigantic letters that made me fully expect to see the words "**AN AARON SPELLING PRODUCTION**" just below. Although my brother assured me that this was an actual high school, I remained convinced that it absolutely had to be a set for some new teen comedy, or worse, a teen soap opera like *Boston Public*. Greg tried to prove that it was really a school by pointing out that there were even kids playing soccer on the field, but upon closer inspection, those kids turned out to be guys in their thirties - *just like on TV*. Point, Ben. Thanks for coming out.

On the next episode of Hollywood High, Travis finds out Dakota is cheating on him with Principal McMartin!

Seeing as how we were out in LA, where the mysterious fog had lifted without turning more than a handful of people inside out and it was now seventy-six and sunny, as opposed to four degrees below zero back in Boston, we made the most of the fabulous warmth by spending that night inside a hockey rink. We joined in on a huge game of broomball - game of a thousand bruised asses. For those of you who are unfamiliar with the sport of broomball, which is to say, those of you with survival instincts of any kind, let me fill you in on how it's played. It's basically like hockey, except it's less organized and the equipment is a bit different. Instead of the curve of a hockey stick, broomball sticks end in this thick, spatula-like head, and whereas hockey has a puck, broomball has a bright orange ball. This made it a lot easier to follow the action, which was good since there was enough general confusion as it was. There is no real checking, but you end up colliding with other players on the opposing team as well as your own more than enough since, unlike hockey, the players are not wearing skates. Broomball is played in sneakers. We packed at least twenty-five, if not thirty people onto the ice, all running around in sneakers and trying to smack a little orange ball with large, hard sticks. This was a record turnout for this particular game, which meets every few weeks. Apparently the large number of participants was big news, as the fact that this game would actually have **two** goalies was met with great celebration. The teams were picked like they used to be back in high school - two captains pick from the pool of available players until they get down to the last few and fight over who gets the losers. The system still works. Of course, there are no team jerseys or colors or anything of that nature to help you determine who is on what team, and the game began the moment teams were picked, so once the action began, it was pretty much trial-and-error to figure out who was playing for what side.

Two seconds after this picture was taken, every single player simultaneously fell on their asses.

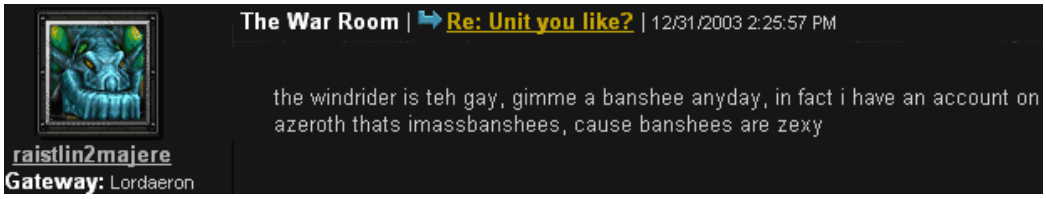
Now, as in any sport, some people are better than others, but in broomball, the best players are the ones who can fall without seriously injuring themselves. It's impossible to stay vertical in this game. If you try to run, you fall. If you try to stop, you fall. If you try to make a big slapshot, the momentum of your swing throws you off balance and you fall. If you try to pass, you fall. Even if you can manage to stay on your feet for more than a few seconds, someone else is going to end up falling, sliding, and crashing into you, so you fall. Luckily, the game is sped up by the fact that other than doing your best not to deliberately hurt anyone else, there are no rules. There are also no periods, so each game is one straight hour of slipping, sliding, crashing, tripping, and stumbling while simultaneously trying to hit, kick, punt, grab, throw, or otherwise move the ball vaguely in the direction of that one guy who you're almost positive is actually on your team and who might be able to sustain verticality long enough to get the ball close enough to the goal to take a shot before he falls on his ass. There's no way to avoid getting hurt. You can avoid the other players for the entire hour

and still come away with a few dozen bruises. And if you do manage to summon the courage to enter the fray, it's pretty much guaranteed that you're going to take a stick to the shin, or the knee, or even the oxnards. It was a fucking blast. Tired as hell, we made our way back to my brother's apartment, where we found that the doorknob to the staircase was missing. He only lives one flight up, so we usually just took the stairs, but with the doorknob missing, we simply didn't have the energy to get the door open. So we called down the elevator and wearily shambled inside, which is when the door promptly tried to crush me and refused to open. The elevators in LA had it in for me. It's like the Don Elevator sent this elevator to finish the hit that the airport elevator screwed up. I'm sure I could have opened the newspaper and found the headline "LAX Elevator Door Found In Ocean Attached To Cement Block."

I hate to leave you in suspense, especially without delivering all of the goods I promised last week, but if I finish off the entire story today, this article will go on forever and Lowtax will reach through my computer screen and rip out my eyes. And I need those. For seeing. So come on back next week for the exciting conclusion (I swear) of Greasnin Goes to California!

The Frontpage Intro: A Behind the Scenes Look

Hello friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here. Have you ever wondered what kind of work goes into this little front page blurb that serves to introduce and entice you to read the day's feature? I know I have. It's a simple process that begins in the bathroom. While sitting on the toilet I think of some stupid thing to say in this general area. I then scribble it on a piece of toilet paper and send it along with Weekend Web by way of carrier pigeon to Ben "Greasnin" Platt. Old Ben will then etch my blurb onto his granite stone that contains his already completed front page update. Greasnin sends his update and mine to Lowtax by way of USPS Priority Mail. The stone is inevitably lost and Lowtax wonders why he never got it. Greasnin blames it on Livestock who has nothing to do with the whole thing. Or does he? Greasnin and I have to send our updates a second time so Lowtax can post them on his website and make the big internet bucks. Greasnin and I each get a package of crackers for our trouble. The first granite stone shows up in Lowtax's mailbox four months later.


The War Room | Re: Unit you like? | 12/31/2003 2:25:57 PM
the windrider is teh gay, gimme a banshee anyday, in fact i have an account on azeroth thats imassbanshees, cause banshees are zexy
raistlin2majere
Gateway: Lordaeron

I hope you learned a little bit about the process that makes Something Awful possible. Next week I'll teach you how yelling at his computer helped Lowtax become the king of dot-comedy. In the mean time enjoy this week's Weekend Web.

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

1.25 Field Study: Boohbah Physiology and Behavior

Sunday, Jan 25, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This rare view provides a look inside the Boohbah den.

Thursday of last week, while I was out of town, a package arrived on my doorstep with no postage and no return address. One of my thoughtful neighbors kicked it carefully into the shared entrance of our apartment and spared it from the elements that might have been less gentle. I returned home late the next day and unpacked my high-caliber rifles and collection of well-worn martial arts weaponry. After baking a pie I got around to opening the package. Inside the plain brown box was a collection of soiled sheets of paper and photographs caked with dirt and what looked to be blood stains. Near the bottom of the box I found a digital video cassette and the driver's license of Jason "Alabaster Disaster" Horner.

You have no doubt read a number of the field reports that Jason has written for this very Internet publication covering topics as diverse as Portuguese feral housecat chasing, the splendor of the American quacking eagle, and the effects of crust-free bread on the ecosystem of Louisiana's swampland. Jason was a devoted naturalist, explorer of the unknown, and a dear friend. What I discovered thanks to the contents of the package was that Jason was also an avid crypto-zoologist. He had apparently been conducting one of his field research pieces on the trail of sighting of the elusive Boohbahs. If you're not aware, Boohbahs are a species of three-fingered sapient of unknown origins rarely seen outside of Children's Television and never documented.

What follows are the last three entries I have pieced together from the tattered and damaged remains of Jason's documentation. I hope it serves as a fitting eulogy for the man.

Day 18 - 11:23 AM - Camp Halo

Confirmed sighting! I have taken a picture of an entire pod of Boohbahs that have begun foraging near the highest of my watch-points here at Camp Halo. From what I can determine their coat coloring appears to represent a sort of strange caste system that the Boohbahs adhere to. The orange hued Boohbah seems to be the leader or alpha-male (assuming the creatures possess normal mammalian gender delineations) and behaves the most aggressively, often leading the others in hour long dances that increase in speed until the Boohbahs all fall over from exhaustion. Both pink and yellow Boohbahs appear to occupy a shared matriarchal position in the Boohbah caste system, with the pink one tending to the alpha-male and the yellow caring for the blue and purple Boohbahs.

The blue Boohbah seems to be the youngest of the group and it frequently wanders off and must be corralled into performing the coordinated dancing by either the pink or yellow Boohbah. The purple Boohbah exhibits similar - although more controlled - behavior, but also seems to be of breeding age. It frequently grows docile and even lethargic and seems particularly swollen in comparison to the other Boohbahs. It could simply be an impacted bowel, but the alpha-male pays it particular attention and grows agitated whenever the purple creature does.

As rumored the Boohbahs communicate with one another through a complex combination of hand gestures, bizarre almost flatulent noises, and by stimulating bioluminescent nodules located in rows above their eyes. Speaking of the eyes, the Boohbahs I have seen so far all possessed very obvious predatory eye positioning as well as a scale in comparison to their head that must make them extremely efficient hunters.

UPDATE!

I just saw the Boohbahs engaging in organized pack hunting behavior! It was quite a sight to behold. While dancing in a line near a stream the Boohbahs startled a dear from its hiding place in the trees. As the deer bolted from cover the orange Boohbah emitted a high-pitched squealing sound that hurt my ears quite a lot and stunned the deer completely. Inflating their buoyancy organs with an audible hiss, the pink and yellow Boohbah pushed off the ground and glided rapidly through the air. The cuff that begins just below the eyes of the Boohbahs slid away to reveal immense mouths lined with multiple rows of jagged yellow teeth. The floating Boohbahs opened these mouths and sprayed a stream of viscous multi-colored fluid onto the deer. The poor beast immediately began smoking and sizzling, leading me to believe that some sort of highly acid or alkaline substance was being secreted.

While I observed the ghastly scene of the Boohbahs feasting on the stricken deer I noticed an opportunity that I may attempt to exploit in the coming days. The purple Boohbah finished eating well before any of the others and wandered a few dozen yards away. The other Boohbahs were so raptly feeding that they did not even notice when I approached to within feet of the purple member of their pod. The creatures could weigh no more than 60 or 70lbs based on their ability to float through the air so easily. I believe that if I am present when they feed again, and depending on the location, I may be able to sedate and apprehend the purple Boohbah for lab analysis.

Day 20 - 7:34 PM - Autopsy Room

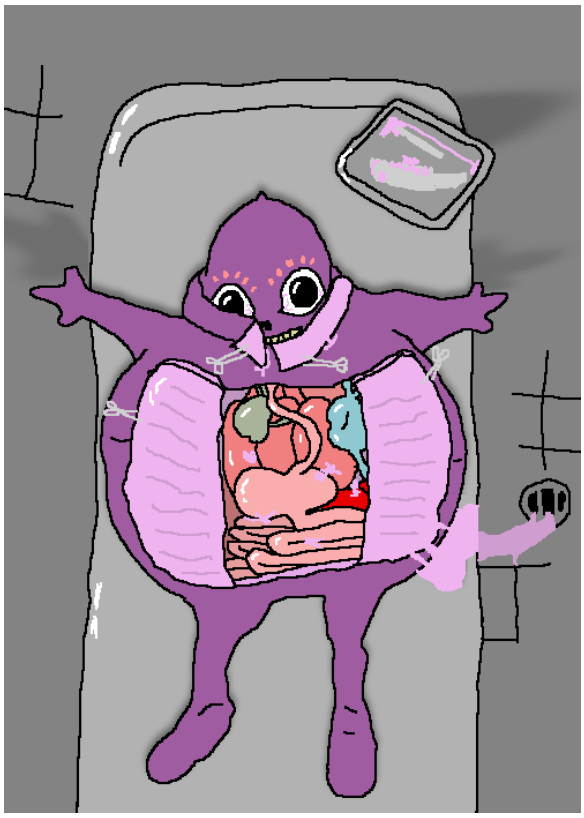
Quite an eventful day. Early this morning I caught sight of the pod of Boohbahs exiting their flying softball-sized den and searching in the woods for food. They managed to bring down and devour an entire brown bear, but that's not the exciting news. While four of the Boohbahs including the orange male were feasting I snuck in behind the seemingly exhausting purple Boohbah and managed to strike it with a dart laced with a powerful sedative. The Boohbah collapsed immediately and I was able to carry it away without being noticed by the rest of the pod.

It was my intention to examine the Boohbah and tag it for tracking purposes but apparently my dart actually penetrated its soft almost pudding-like skin and cause fatal damage. The Boohbah expired while I was carrying it to the base camp. Consequently I was given the opportunity to conduct a thorough autopsy on one of the creatures. I can only hope the death of one of their number will not prove overly harmful to the rest of the Boohbahs.

BEGIN AUTOPSY RESULTS

Subject height was 5 feet and 3 inches and subject weight was 47 pounds and 4 ounces. The epidermis of the subject was covered in a thick layer of very fine purple hairs, giving it an almost velour feel. The epidermis itself was gelatinous and of a paler shade of purple than the hair. The subject possessed two arms with a hand on each that consisted of two identical digits roughly the same size as a human index finger and a central major digit approximately as large as corncob. Location dissection evidenced no bone or joint structure beyond a slight hardening in the epidermis. Beneath the tissue there was a dense bundle of muscle, leading me to believe that these finger-like appendages actually more closely resemble tentacles or some form of proboscis.

Torso dissection began with a central incision running from the defensive fold on the neck to just above the location of genitals, were there actually any genitals there. I was forced to use a bone saw and rib spreader to cut through and expand parallel rows of hollow fibrous tubes somewhat like ribs. These bone-like structures were embedded within the thickened tissue of the epidermis in the chest and back area.



Chest cavity filled with a thick purple fluid similar in color to the moist tissue membrane lining the chest cavity. It seemed to serve the same purpose as blood although in a very simple almost insect-like fashion. Fluid was drained and purged (samples taken) by hand pump and examination of organ layers began. Subject has particularly large stomach and no interconnected kidney, liver, or other analogous organs. There was a large intestine although it was of a length of no more than 11 feet extended. Digestive juices were dangerously acidic and were purged (samples taken) with glassware cyclotron.

The dominant organ cluster in the Boohbah's body was a series of five extremely large lung-like organs that I believe to be the creature's air-bladders. It is these organs that allow it to float through the air.

[AUTOPSY CONTINUES FOR 19 PAGES]

The subject has been jarred and preserved for future study. I will be returning with it when my field work has been completed.

Tomorrow I plan to return to the pod to ensure that no serious damage has been done.

Day 24 - 2:06 AM - Location Unknown

I've been on the run for four days straight and I don't even know if I'm alive or dead anymore. When I returned to the site of the Boohbah den on day 21 I found five Boohbahs waiting for me including a full-sized purple creature to replace the one that I inadvertently killed. They attacked without warning, rupturing my eardrums with their hideous wailing and trying to spray their searing venom on me. I managed to avoid them and fell into a ravine where I broke my arm and dislocated my ankle. That did not immediately pursue me into the ravine but by the time I staggered out I could hear

The Boohbahs advance in eerie lowlight in this undated photo from Jason's collection.

them hunting for me.

Since that moment I have been harried and hounded without pause. Sometimes I will fool myself into think that I have escaped them, but then they are right on top of me again, with their hideous wheezing gas bladders and twinkling bioluminescent nodules. They are nightmares given form and I know that I will soon meet my end.

Oh, God, I can hear them again! If someone finds this journal, tell Martha I love her.

The journal ends there. I can only hope that wherever Jason is now that it's a better place than the cruel world that would see him torn apart by a pack of floating furry babies that spit acid. If they multiply unchecked, God help us all.

Jet Li For You and Me

Howdy folks, Taylor "fundamental mental derangement (as schizophrenia) characterized by defective or lost contact with reality" Bell here with a review of the hot upcoming PS2 title that's taking the world by storm! No, I'm not talking about Fantavision 2, I'm talking about Jet Li: Rise to Honor.

Before the game itself gets under way, a brief tutorial comes up and cheerfully demonstrates the ins and outs of a godawful control setup that puts Ehrgeiz's godawful control setup to shame. If you thought Kabuki Warriors was a pathetic fighting game for only having one attack button, you ain't seen nothing yet. Rise to Honor features a whopping ***ZERO*** *attack buttons! That's right, you don't press buttons to attack at all! You simply push the right analog stick in the direction you want to attack, and Jet Li will decide whether he wants to do a punch, a backwards girly slap or a strange little twisting ballerina kick. The horrible control scheme, which consists of a "move" joystick and an "attack" joystick with an occasional tap of the shoulder buttons, leads me to picture the head developer stammering "Well, uh, it worked for Smash TV" before screaming "FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, INSERT MORE RANDOM WEAPONS!" and then choking to death on his own drool.*

Check out the full article, as it contains numerous movie clips of my awesome Jet Li adventures, thanks to some guy named Brendan who was generous enough to buy a lot of A/V equipment, a flimsy window and an easily thwarted home security system! What a guy!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

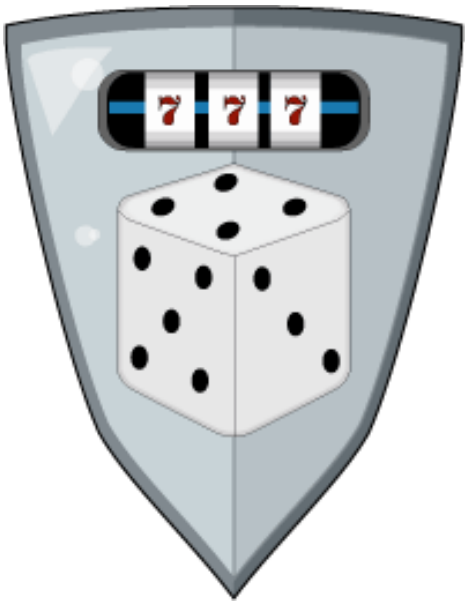
1.26 Spamming Is My Heritage 4 bsntrudntby

Tuesday, Jan 27, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

A year or so ago I subjected you fine readers to one of my more barbaric ego gratification exercises. I made myself a crest, one that was as majestic as it was awesome. Well, after the success of that article, I got a job designing crests for wealthy aristocratic pedophiles in various Eastern European countries I had no idea even existed, let alone had wealth. I also got molested. I had heard of a coating of arms before, but I had no idea it was going to be so sticky and degrading. That's all beside the point, though, so we need not mention it any further. In the end, I cleaned up pretty big in Eastern Europe. But then after exchange rates were factored in, I managed to spend all my fantastic new money on one lousy ticket home, as well as a pack of chewing gum.

While my profits overseas were lackluster, the gum was pretty good. Sadly, though, America does not run on gum. In order to salvage what was left of my finances, I turned to the one monkey making venue we all know and love: e-mail spam. So far it's worked nicely. I know that when I send each and every one of you a dozen e-mails letting you know just how miniscule your penis is in the greater scheme of things, a part of you dies and remains dead until you begin taking my spam seriously. It's worked out great. I make enough money to pay for vanity items such as food and water, and you get unsolicited bulk e-mail delivered right to your home. The one thing that my new career as a seller of everything from magic penis pills to discount replacement ink cartridges is lacking is prestige. My job as a spammer carries with it a stigma, which is not to be confused with stigmata, a similar ailment I suffer from. Seeing as how my brain is quite capable of putting two and two together, I devised that I could add a sense of respectability to my new profession if I designed a Spammer's Crest. Since I have to write an article as part of Internet community service, you get to see me do my work.

Phase 1: Shield the crest!



Just as a fat person would not be complete without a heart condition, a crest would not be complete without a shield. Shields may seem archaic in this modern age of handguns

and ball lightning, but they are a tradition that we should strive to preserve. Once they guarded our ancestors from the murderous Hun, now we guard them from obscurity. In most crests the shield is usually emblazoned with symbols commonly associated with the family it represents. Since I am designing a crest for the art of spamming, I believe it is crucial to take advantage of this prime marketing space. The shield of the spammer promotes Internet gambling, which is a perfectly legitimate way folks like you can earn thousands, or potentially lose all of your e-welfare check. I think it's safe to say I'm off to a good start.

Phase 2: Populating the crest

At this point I wanted to give my crest a small but respectable population. I chose two classic standbys: the knight and the griffin. As you may note, my griffin is sporting a graduation cap and gown. Obviously, he's celebrating his newly earned college degree awarded from a famous accredited school that charged him only a few mouse clicks. While you bust your ass spending years working on some meaningless degree in microeconomics or astrophysics, this smart griffin saved himself a barrel of hassle and got his degree through an Internet site advertised in none other than spam e-mail! Some of you may note that my griffin lacks a set of legs, and to you I say: "get a fucking life, you fantasy-obsessed loser!" With his brand new degree, our griffin friend is also able to take advantage of rock bottom mortgage rates that are so low he just might trip over them if he doesn't pay attention! He won't need wings to stay above his finances, not when he commands knowledge like a spaceship speeding through the universe at twice the speed of sound!

On the other side you will note a brave knight, obviously fresh from ravaging a fair and beautiful maiden. You may also note his throbbing erection, which is likely to dismount any opponent in a joust. Thanks in part to a penis enlargement program he ordered through spam, our brave knight was able to provide his fair maiden with screaming orgasms that echoed throughout the chambers of the castle. He certainly didn't have any trouble getting his lance up, thanks to those Viagra pills he's popping all the time. Of course after a hard day of hot sex with nubile princesses and maidens, he takes a heavy dosage of Xanax, Valium, and Vicodin to relax his mind and body for a good night of sleep where he dreams of pleasing an endless conveyor belt of the sexy women rumored to live in his area. Save the chivalry for the squires, Sir Knight!

But wait! What's this? Our brave knight also carries a scroll from you to you! Be sure to open that attachment, because it obviously contains an important message from yourself.

Phase 3: Increasing the population

Even though the crest already hosts a full house with the courageous triumvirate of shield, horny knight, and educated griffin, there is still room for more. I decided to add a lovely Nigerian flag to honor our brave Nigerian friends who entrust millions of dollars to regular citizens like you and me in hopes of carving out a better life elsewhere. Nigerian businessmen, your trust will not go without reward! May the Valkyries carry you to your most sacred Valhalla!

And while those Valkyries ride, you can recreate the horrors of Vietnam in your backyard with your own radio-controlled toy helicopter! Dive low into Charlie's territory as you imagine this adorable chopper tearing the VC to pieces! Advertised heavily in spam, RC helicopters are all the rage these days and I'd be a fool not to include one in my crest.

Phase 4: Banners, mottos, and more!

Spam is inarguably abrasive and in your face, like the mosquito equivalent of Anna Nicole Smith. But what does spam really say? Is it pure gibberish, or something deeply profound? The answer is somewhere in the middle, of course. Some would argue that it's a nonstop sales pitch from shady advertisers too cowardly to show their face or even their real names, but the truth is much different. Spamming is an honorable profession, and all spammers live by the credo that everyone should have the right to unsubscribe from future mailings. As such, that powerful statement occupies the very top of this crest. Normally I don't think words appearing on banners would get hyphenated around creases, but then sometimes you have to break an egg to make an omelet. *Sometimes.* I also felt it was important to capture some of the vernacular of our trade, and so the lower banner features popular spam phrases such as "v.iagra" and "work from home" and

> some random letters that serve a nefarious purpose I am forbidden by sacred handshake to reveal. Rest assured that every conspiracy theory you've heard about the sinister meanings behind the writing and symbols on the US dollar bill pales in comparison to the unspeakable evil containerized in these ominous random letters. Like the knowledge that God is really a giant galactic tapeworm, this is something you're better off not knowing.
>
> With all my elements in place, I decided to finish this thing off with a lovely arrangement of leaves. Hot damn, the crest is now complete! She sure is a beauty, ain't she? Now us spammers can take pride in our great and noble career.

I hope you enjoyed this fine endeavor, and I hope you enjoy your spam as well. I know that I truly appreciate all 200+ pieces of junkmail I receive each day. You really have to enjoy the product you distribute to make it in this profession, and I don't think there is a spammer alive who doesn't appreciate getting spammed by his fellow spammer. The next time you get an ad for something you don't want or need, take a few minutes to look it over. It might just be something that could fit into your house! And if it is, then there is no reason not to buy it.

First We Gotta Shoot the Mini-Movies

Hey everyone, this is Ben "XxKillajuggaloxX" Platt here with part two of my review of the horror anthology known as "Dark Stories: Tales from Beyond the Grave." I know you've all been holding your breath over the last two weeks to see what the last three short films were like, and now you finally can! Plus, hey, I'll bet that breath thing has got to be some kind of world record.

> *Of all of the shorts in "Dark Stories: Tales from Beyond the Grave," "Sure to Rise" is by far the most useless. With almost no dialogue, only the loose workings of a plot, and*

> *occasional bursts of annoying or just plain bad music, this ten minute dry heave has no redeeming value other than to make the other shorts look better by comparison.*

I wrote it. Now you read it. Then, our transaction will be complete.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.27 I Wanna Be an Internet Tough Guy

Tuesday, Jan 27, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Internet Tough Guy.

Monday, January 26th 2004: a day that I shall forever remember with infamy. When I woke up that chilly Winter morning, I had assumed it would be just another ordinary, average day full of cleaning up dog urine and getting fat off Flavo-Fives. I turned on my computer, which is what I usually do when I want my computer to turn on, and within a minute my entire world turned upside down. I'm not talking about a good type of turning upside down like in "The Fresh Prince of Bel Aire," I mean a bad kind of upside-down like when you're stuck on a roller coaster loop sitting next to a morbidly obese man who sweats onion dip through his manhole-sized skin pores. The moment my computer booted up my copy of Windows XP Eddie Bauer Limited Edition, I received the following distressing message which hit me across the face with the power of megaton bomb. Uh, a megaton bomb which somebody used to hit me across the face, because I was like, uh, in a warehouse and the bomb was on some chains and swinging around and they swung it into me because I owed them a lot of money. And they were gangsters, gangsters who wore black leather jackets and drove Japanese motorcycles with neon flames painted on them.

sYk0_jUggAl0_372: hey r u that lowtax fag who wrote that article on da ICP????
ME: Yes, I am that fag.
sYk0_jUggAl0_372: im gonna fukin kill u fag
ME: Oh no!

Internet Tough Guys.

Let me tell you what ladies and gentlemen: I was shocked. Mortified. Horrified. Overwhelmed. Stupefied. Gorked. Okay well not necessarily "gorked," but Thesaurus.com falsely claimed that "gork" is a synonym for "shocked," and you can clearly tell it was lying so I would look like a fool on my own webpage. After receiving that digital death threat, I began weeping like an injured schoolgirl and shouting, "911, please, send over some officers right this instant! I fear my very life may be at risk by some Internet ruffians and ne'erdowells!" Then I added, "never forget" and said the Pledge of Allegiance because every time I see the numbers "911" I think of the tragic day when Dale Earnhardt crashed the Challenger space shuttle into the Twin Peak Towers. Unfortunately the police station is a good 12 miles away from my house so they did not hear my whiny demands of justice, forcing me to take matters into my own hands. I briefly considered shriveling up and huddling in the corner of my closet, trembling at the thought of my nefarious cyberspace tormentors, but then I remembered that a monster might be hiding in there so I ruled that option out. I fought back the tears and various other liquids flowing out of my orifices, determined to not let the raw terror overcome me like that one Halloween when I was nine years old and went to the haunted house downtown run by the UMKC college students and when I walked in they showed me photos of my mother naked. I would not succumb to my fear! I was in control of my own destiny! My strength overpowered the

impending sense of paralyzing fear, providing me with the precious energy needed to march over to my computer, sit down proudly at the keyboard, and then yank out the power cord while shrieking like a ferret in a vat of acid.

You see, this sense of immortal dread came from an Internet Tough Guy, one of the more burly and macho miscreants cruising around the digital highways and byways like a greased pig sliding up Paris Hilton's sloppy vagina (this joke is funny because it's a relevant, topical reference to a pop culture icon. Please don't read this joke after two years, as it will lose its freshness). I'm sure you have encountered these buffed up musclemen during your time on the Internet, usually in whatever weird Yahoo chatrooms you hang out in while waiting for your filthy dickgirl anime to download.

> **YOU:** Hey there, who here loves Buffy the Vampire Slayer as much as I do?!?
> **bunnychick473662:** oh i do!!!!! **YOU:** hey want to make out?
> **bunnychick473662:** u r so hot babey **-={tWiStEd-rEaPer}=-:** IM GONNA KILL U FAGGET!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
> **bunnychick473662:** oh twister repaer, u have won over my heart **YOU:** Oh no!

Not only can people be scared offline by Internet Tough Guys, but as you can see in this colorful example they can steal away your heart and innermost dreams. Bunnychick473662 and -={tWiStEd-rEaPer}=- went on to have a whirlwind affair full of unbridled love, romance, and passion until 8:30 PM rolled around and bunnychick473662 was forced to go offline by her father who continually insisted she "had to wake up early tomorrow because the trip to grandma's house takes three goddamn hours." At that point -={tWiStEd-rEaPer}=- broke a Ruffles chip in half with pure rage (and his hand too), then proceeded to play *Madden 2004* on his Xbox with pure rage (and his hand too). The question here is if you, a peaceful, law-abiding Internet citizen of Cyberspace and the Information Superhighway with email.com dot net, will allow yourself to be terrorized by these roving demolition crews tearing up everything in their path like digital locusts. I for one am sick and tired of rolling over and exposing my bright pink underbelly every time another Internet Tough Guy rolls into my private conversations and begins furiously misspelling various monosyllabic words with the seething hatred of 1,000 Jerry Springer guests. This is why I, Rich "Vegetables" Kyanka, have spent the past three months brainstorming and researching how to be an Internet Tough Guy so I would never become a victim again. I hope you treasure this information as much as I do, because if you don't then that's grounds for a lawsuit.

Internet Tough Guy.

■ STEP ONE: CHANGE YOUR NAME TO SOMETHING INTIMIDATING.

Many people don't put enough thought and effort into choosing an online handle before they take a fatal step into the blackened abyss of the Internet. Some people are so ignorant that they choose something as ridiculous as their own name! Hey there "JakeBuckner," I'm sure you're a real badass in real life, but online you're nothing but another fag in a long line of fags who are trying to win the faggy "Queen Fag" award in the "Fag of the Year" contest. Pick a name that follows these simple rules:

1) The name must imply violence *(ie "kill," "stab," "murder," "fornicate," "formica," "form feed okay")*
2) The name must reference a popular rap group which appeals to many people who lack the necessary brain activity required to successfully operate a box of tissues *(ie "Insane Clown Posse," "Insane Clown Posse," "Insane Clown Posse")*

3) The name must end with either a series of colorful ASCII symbols or numbers *(ie "3726," "*****," "8======D ")*

If you still cannot determine the appropriateness of your online handle, please consult the following handy set of examples:

BAD NAME:	**GOOD NAME:**
Billy Likes Balloons	[[[COMMANDA_MURDA]]]
Pikachufan_3923	000-sHaGGy_da_RaPer-000
Martha	====={bl00df34st-wyKKedj3sterXXXXxxXXXXxXXxXXXXXxxx}====
I Love Internet!!!	+_++I love arsoN++_+
=^_^= nice kitty! =^ v ^=	FUCKFACE

■ STEP TWO: LEARN THE LINGO.

Internet Tough Guy.

Internet Tough Guys speak in a cryptic, aloof language that many of us cannot understand due to the fact that we're not all 10-year old hyperactive suburban children with ADD and a HP Pavilion running Windows ME. However, I have paid a team of leading researchers and scientists to share with me a collection of important data they gleamed from the Internet over the course of the past five years. Part of that data informed me that I incorrectly used the word "gleamed" instead of "gleaned," therefore making me look like an uneducated imbecile. Well you know what you egghead assholes? Maybe I'm not as smart as you and perhaps I don't get paid as well as you and I guess yes I've been arrested for indecent exposure to a Pepsi vending machine, but that doesn't mean that you don't make the same typos as me do. Here's a brief list of some of the more popular phrases and words these folks use. Try to use them as much as possible if you want to quickly become the "top dog" of the "Internet" while using quotation marks "incorrectly."

POPULAR PEOPLE: Me, I, Myself.
POPULAR PLACES: The mall, an ICP concert, the CD store, inside an Xbox.
POPULAR THINGS: Homicide, fucking shit up, rapping, drinking, punching, spitting.
POPULAR ENEMIES: Fags, faggots, faggos, homos, asses, shit, Lowtax.

Mix and match these words to create a wonderfully exciting life for yourself, as shown here:

SOME WUSS WHO'S NOT AS COOL AS YOU: Hello everybody this is my first time on the Internet, how are you?
YOU: i'm gonna stab your shit in the fuck u homo
SOME WUSS WHO'S NOT AS COOL AS YOU: Dear sir, are you referring to me perchance?
YOU: ur ded fag
SOME WUSS WHO'S NOT AS COOL AS YOU: Oh no!

When in doubt, call somebody a "fag" or insult their masculinity. If you feel you have used the word "fag" and its many exciting variations too much and it has simply lost its emotional impact, start

threatening to murder or beat up your victim. It doesn't matter if you live thousands of miles away from them, if your parents have grounded you, or you lack the strength to hoist your moist bulbous ass out of your authentic Captain Picard replica commander's chair, as the Internet was invented to allow people like you and me to make countless empty threats! Way back when Dr. Ed Internet was working on inventing the very first Internet, he had to constantly take time off to repeatedly call "A. Anderson" in the phone book and shout into the telephone, "I'M GONNA KILL YOU FAG AND FUCK YOUR FILTHY WHORE WIFE WITH A ROTTING DRUM STICK AND MURDER HER WITH THE NOSE CONE FROM A NASA SPACE SHUTTLE!" He created the Internet with this useful service in mind, the ability to anonymously threaten strangers who live hundreds of miles away and have absolutely no clue who you are or why you are so passionate about taking their life.

Chatroom of Internet Tough Guys.

STEP THREE: BEGIN YOUR REIGN OF TERROR!

What's the point in possessing all this glorious knowledge if you're afraid to use it? Now that you're crammed full of knowledge tighter all the turkey in Jerry Lewis's head, it's time you moved out into the wilderness and spread your message like a really horny bee who flies all around France just fucking the hell out of their pansy communist flowers. Hop onto public forums, chatrooms, and IRC channels full of people who are ready and waiting for you to spread your message regarding their heterosexuality (and lack thereof) while sprucing up any conversation with outright threats of tantalizing physical violence mixed with savory curse words, creating a delicious Internet stew! Now get on out there and spread the good word of fags, violence, and the Insane Clown Posse you Internet Tough Guy you!

Red Bull gave me wings and I flew into the ceiling fan

Artists are known as a depressing, saddened bunch of sods. They have to be tortured to produce such meaningful and inspiring works, right? WRONG! The forum goons have taken the laughing gas to the morbid world of art, and come up with some really wonderful things. It made me so happy; I didn't have to have anesthetic while my dentist worked on my teeth this morning!

I'm a liar!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

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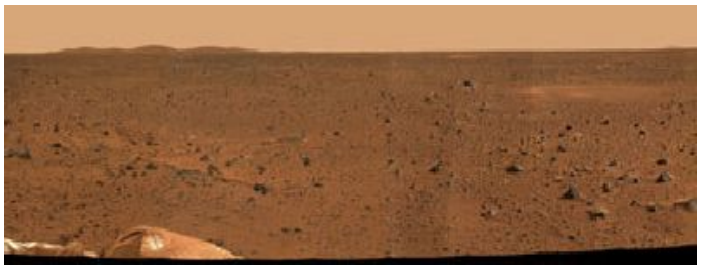
1.28 There are Robots on Mars

Wednesday, Jan 28, 2004 by Tom "moof" Davies

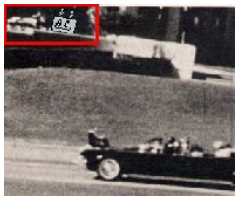
There is nothing in the world quite as exciting as NASA Television, except maybe a hog wearing sunglasses. I have never seen a hog wearing sunglasses and I expect such a beast does not even exist but in my dreams it is so beautiful, and I will never let go of my dreams even if a dream-monster comes to my house at night and tries to steal them while I am sleeping. I am not afraid of you, monsters! Luckily no dream-monster can steal NASA TV from me because NASA TV is real and I have seen it with my own eyes. I watched with great enthusiasm as the Opportunity Mars rover fell onto the Martian surface and bounced around a bit before going to sleep in a crater. Of course I could not actually see this because Mars is really really far away, but it did not matter because the events were relayed live on television by the bearded men and women of mission control.

It is these brave souls who risk their lives every day by sending lumps of metal into space to drive around on alien planets and look at dirt and rocks, and expect nothing in return other than a hug and maybe a sandwich. However while watching them dance and yell "whoop" in a slightly embarrassed manner after landing their mutant golf cart on Mars, I stumbled across a secret so dastardly and vile it should not be allowed on the Internet at all. But the people must know The Truth About Mars™.

Let us start by examining the fate of the Spirit rover, which apparently suffered a "a very serious anomaly" according to the mission manager Pete Theisinger. He continued to say that they were unable to determine the exact cause of the problem. Sure, "Peter", if that is even your real name. Are you certain you are not trying to CONCEAL THE TERRIBLE TRUTH ABOUT THE FATE OF THE SPIRIT ROVER? I think you are, and I will prove it with these exclusive images obtained in secret at night (a grappling hook was involved). This image was taken by the rover approximately five minutes before it was unwittingly silenced by government agents who I imagine were wearing dark suits and had names like "Mr. Smith" and "Mr. Smith Jr.":

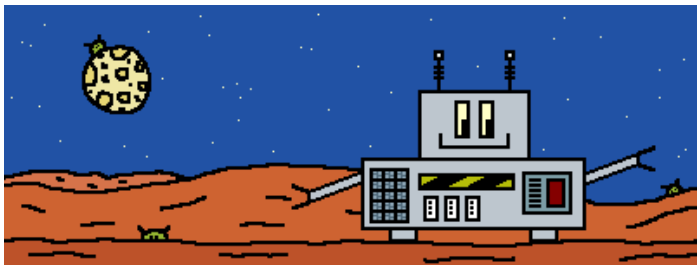


Yes it looks unremarkable doesn't it. Just a lot of rocks and some dirt. What happened next though is far from unremarkable. The next image was taken just a few minutes after the one above and is the subject of a huge government cover-up the likes of which has never been seen before in the entire history of the world and that includes the age of dinosaurs. I must warn you that this image will shock and frighten you and if you are old or weak please do not look at it. I am not responsible for any sleep you may lose by looking at this photograph taken by NASA's Spirit rover, which shows the horrendous truth in great detail:



What is that behind the grassy knoll? Just a shadow, or something more.... sinister.... ?

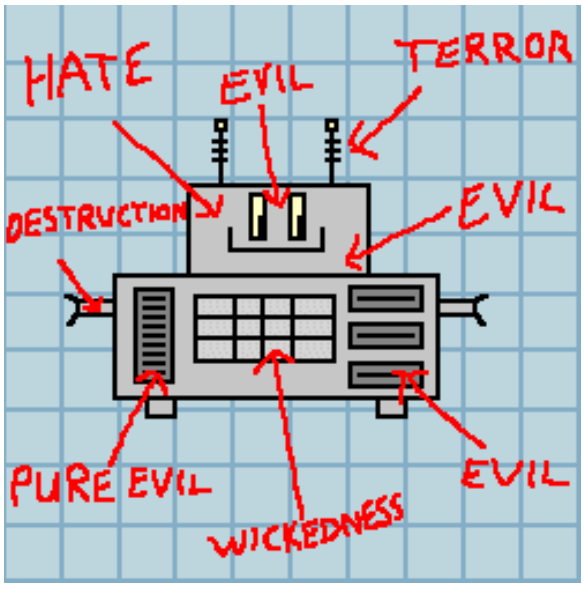
Your eyes do not deceive you. There are robots on Mars, and they are obviously cruel and evil. Upon uncovering this great conspiracy many questions entered my brain. Why are there robots on Mars? Where did they come from? What do they want? Why are they so full of hatred and villany? I had



to investigate and truely I had no idea just how deep the whole mess went. It goes very deep, let me tell you that. This small selection of my findings should illustrate the huge impact robots have had on history, and to be honest I expect at least a Nobel Prize for this.

- Jesus was a robot.
- Robots shot John Lennon.
- A robot told President Bush to invade Iraq (and he did because the robot was wearing a cowboy hat).
- Robots invaded Poland in 1939.
- Earthquakes and hurricanes are caused by robots.
- A robot invented AIDS.
- The Manhattan Project was a robot's idea.
- Robots crashed near Roswell, New Mexico in 1947.
- Dick Cheney is not a robot but sometimes he pretends he is.

Robots have been meddling with human affairs for decades and maybe even centuries. But the question is, *why?* Why do robots feel the need to spread pain and suffering everywhere they go? In order to answer this question I had to examine the anatomy of a robot. My findings both shocked and saddened me:



There is absolutely no good in robots at all. It is their mission to destroy mankind and they will stop at nothing to do it. All because they are unable to love. Robots can never love, it is a fact

documented by Sir Isaac Newton himself and is known as Newton's Law of Robots. Robots can never know what it is to feel anything other than hatred and scorn for another being, and they are bitter, very bitter. Robot, your electronic heart will never skip a beat at the cold metallic touch of a lady robot. It can never happen, unless the lady robot kills you and then your heart will skip a lot of beats. That is actually quite likely because robots hate each other.

I do not think it will be long until the robots will take over. Right now I expect they are amassing a great invasion force on Mars. Only God can help us now, although he is probably a robot too. Or perhaps they already have control and we just do not know it. Perhaps you are a robot. Perhaps I am a robot. I know I am not a robot though, because robots cannot love and I sure love NASA TV (and hogs with sunglasses).

-~Tom "moof" Davies

1.29 Criterion Collection: Our Time Continuum is Being Compromised!

Thursday, Jan 29, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is being presented in 16:9 anamorphic widescreen format as was originally intended by the author. The article has been digitally remastered to preserve the utmost quality. This article was originally presented in pan and scan format.

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TRACK 2:2 ENGLISH

Another satisfied owner of the Timeraper.

Hi, I'm Zack Parsons, the author of this article. We're just getting to the part where I have the first picture and an introductory paragraph or two that ties the subject into a broader topic. We call this technique "writing" and it helps you to forget that in the end all of our articles are just humorous lists with some reused captions beneath pictures that are only vaguely related to the article. Speaking of pictures, all of the pictures in this particular update were culled from this weird Department of Energy subsite I stumbled upon like four or five years ago. It was some radiation experiment conducted on children and all of the pictures were extremely disturbing. I think the experiments they did were probably inhumane because they kept them secret until the Freedom of Information Act forced their hand, then they buried them on their website. The one right here with the nurse is particularly bizarre. It looks like she's pushing a gurney with meat arranged on it in the vague shape of a person. Hopefully it was just meat and not the result of an experiment. Delicious meat experiments.

> Time travel, once a thing reserved for killer robots, time cops, and faggy British Z-grade sci-fi, has become a terrifying reality thanks to TiVo's recent patent of mind-bending "time warping technology." Other companies were in a race with TiVo to develop and patent this technology, securing their future with the ability to travel into the past and eliminate the competition. Ostensibly used to "pause" live television broadcasts, the TiVo device represents a serious threat to the stability of our fragile space time continuum; they are playing God with a technology they do not fully understand! This and future products based on the "TiVo time distortion engine" will undoubtedly cause a rip

> in the fabric of reality, spilling forth the untold horrors of beyond onto our unsuspecting planet.

Oh yeah, I remember this article now, it was back when TiVo was just starting to get some buzz. You know TiVo seems like a pretty neat idea but I have to admit here, I still have not met anyone in person who owns one and I don't think I've even seen them hooked up at a store. I just imagine this big black box that sits on top of the TV and is full of secrets and magic, which I guess is sort of the point of this article. Yet another rambling essay from me that does nothing but showcase my inability to understand the workings of the world around me.

> Arlogeist GmbH, always quick to steal someone else's idea and make it even more dangerous and scary, has recently acquired the technical schematics for the TiVo box. We've been busy adding features to it over the past weeks in an effort to bring you, the valued customer, more control over your viewing options and the course of history. Here and now, unveiled for the first time, is the The Arlogeist Timeraper!

Fun fact time! The company name "Arlogeist" was coined by Lowtax and I just slapped a "GmbH" on the end there because I think that's a hilariously German way of saying "Inc." The "Arlo" portion of "Arlogeist" comes from the now rarely seen nickname "R-Lo" I gave to Lowtax for a while. It was unbelievably fucking retarded and infuriated him whenever I used it in an article, which of course prompted me to use it even more. Eventually he stopped caring or feigned apathy and like a small child I stopped using it because it stopped making him mad.

- **The Timeraper**

That's great right there. This was back before I really had any set pattern on how I use bullet points so I just sort of stuck them everywhere they could possibly go; sort of like how I use commas and semicolons, to this, day. Yes, this massive one item list needed a bullet point, especially a black-outlined blue bullet point so as to confuse readers and make them think I had switched topics completely.

I'd like to pretend that I've come a long way since then.

> **Cost:** $550,000,000 (US)

HAHAHAHA GET IT?! It's a product for watching TV and it costs half a billion dollars! Man I wish I could still come up with comedy THAT CUTTING EDGE. At least I have the "type in caps" shtick still in my bag of tricks.

> **Power Usage:** Roughly equivalent to a city of 50,000 people

Second verse, same as the first!

> **Size:** Will fit in the local high school's small gym.

If I hadn't written this myself it would be this point where I would pretend not to know the person responsible and surreptitiously leave the room.

> **General Description:** The Timeraper will take you on a wild ride through entertainment like you have never experienced before! Imagine watching the "Honeymooners,"

> only with Ralph Kramden played by John Goodman and his wife Alice played by a Tyrannosaurus! You can do it with the mere push of a button. Envision comedy hit "Wings," only Joe Hackett is a basketball player from the Ukraine and his brother is a retarded gay pornstar! Just flip a lever and this can be reality! Have you ever daydreamed about a Stanley Cup game in which midgets play against Nazi stormtroopers? With the simple changing of the noble gas flood-tubes, your daydream can become a living nightmare.

Everything was "gay" or "retarded" back then. Since those wild times of 2001 I think all of the authors here have really matured to using terms like "homosexual" and "fucking retarded". On the other hand, that Stanley Cup game with the Nazis and the midgets would be must see TV. I know it would take something like that to convince me to sit through an entire televised hockey game.

> **Notable Features:**
>
> - Live Broadcast Editing - Timeraper doesn't just pause the live broadcast like TiVo, it allows for on the fly editing of it! Did your favorite NBA all star just miss a crucial free throw? With a few gear adjustments, you may alter the time continuum so that a lazy maintenance man leaves a fan blowing at the exact spot needed to push that shot into the net.

Speaking of sitting through an entire sporting event, absolutely nothing short of the threat of death could get me to sit through a basketball game. It's not a racial thing. It's just that black people wearing shorts scare me.

> - Easy Assassination/Assassination Avoidance - Want someone killed on your TV screen? Want to keep someone from getting killed? Slip the security guards at the press conference sleeping drugs or make the sniper forget to load his gun. The power is yours!

Keep in mind that this article was written before 9-11 and all of the awful government programs it has spawned. Even reprinting this part for the Criterion Edition of the article puts me in serious danger of getting added to some sort of Orwellian watch list. I'd make a joke about how much I hate John Ashcroft here but R-Lo warned me that three more mentions of his name in articles and he's going to smash all my fingers with a claw hammer.

> - Sitcom Hilarity Adjuster - Prime time sitcoms have become so formulaic that you know the punch line to every joke before the title sequence is even finished playing. Make those predictable one-liners a thing of the past... literally! Just when you think Chandler from "Friends" is about to deliver a sarcastic quip about not wanting to have sex with a gorgeous woman, slide the adjuster up and watch the wackiness begin. His mouth may fill with live grasshoppers, the set may be suddenly submerged in the ocean, or nuclear war may reduce the entire cast to shadows on concrete, who knows! That's the exciting and unpredictable nature of the Hilarity Adjuster.

Welcome to the best joke of the article. Unbelievably, it's downhill from there.

> - Retroactive Game Show Winner - When you watch those maroons on Jeopardy, do you think you know all the answers they don't? Now you can with the Timeraper's

> Retroactive Game Show Winner feature! Just restructure the Quantum Spheres and before you know it you'll be on that game show you're watching, winning acclaim and fabulous prizes. NOTE: Our scientists also tell us that you'll invariably win a horrible case of lung cancer as well.

Speaking of jokes, where's the joke on this bulleted item? It's so fucking unfunny that I just paused from reading this article, noticed a tumor on my arm, and burst out laughing at the comparative mirth contained within its malignant core. I can only imagine how immuno-suppressingly hilarious the chemo is going to be. Oops, I accidentally co-opted my own flooringly witty cancer-riffing.

> - Keep People From Being Born - At the push of a button, a cybernetic killing machine can be sent into the past to execute the parent of an enemy before that person can even be born. Unlike the time machine used in "The Terminator", the Timeraper does not allow human freedom fighters to go back in time and stop your robot servant.

This one isn't even worth mocking. It's about as funny as flipping through a scrapbook full of pictures of dead pets. I suppose I deserve credit for tying. There is the ominous and vague outline of a joke in there looking like the dark shape of a shark moving beneath your canoe.

> - Archeologist Confuser - This recently upgraded feature will send random objects back in time and bury them at famous archeological dig sites. Imagine the look on the faces of those smug bastards when they open that mummy's sarcophagus and find it filled with canned beans and issues of Newsweek!

If you came looking for a strong finish to this article, sorry to disappoint folks. This gag is what we in the business like to call the "seed". Alright, I'm not in any definable business unless writing erotic fan fiction for "War of the Worlds: The Resurrection" has recently been declared a trade skill, but I'll call it the "seed". It's the sort of very slightly clever idea that strikes me and inspires me into writing an article. The problem is that nine times out of ten my inability to maintain focus causes me to go off in a completely different direction. Then, upon remembering this starting point, I lamely tack it on to the end of an article that is already way too ruined by my rambling ass to be pulled out of the fire by a joke "The Simpsons" could tell in two seconds with a lot more comedy.

At least this time out the "seed" was the annoying format that you have endured up to this point, leaving me little choice in sticking to my guns.

> - Once again, I think Arlogeist has beaten the tar out of the competition with our evolutionary take on a high-tech product. The damage our Timeraper has caused to the normally linear flow of reality has created an added incentive for purchasing a Timeraper; buy one now and you will not have to live the same day over and over again like everyone else. Good luck with avoiding that trap, TiVo owners!

Not to make excuses for myself, but my background in humor before joining the SA staff was almost totally limited to news parodies. Adjusting to the format of Something Awful takes time, and some day I will eventually learn how to fit in.

Fresh from the Photoshop

Livestock here, interrupting the thrilling Zack on Zack action. In stereotypical fashion, I bring you another fine edition of Photoshop Phriday. This week the name of the game is "movie posters." Not

very exciting sounding is it? While it is a rather Spartan theme, it's always good for a laugh. This week is no exception, as the Something Awful Forum Goons whipped up a mighty bushel load of fine images not unlike this fine image:

Please have the common courtesy to look at this new Phriday, and perhaps even touch the images you like.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.30 Space is a Waste

Friday, Jan 30, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

HAPPYBADGER WELCOMES YOU TO THE INTERNET!!!

Mankind has always searched to find clues to our existence by exploring the unknown vistas just on the horizon. This is wrong and stupid. Sure, it was only natural for great explorers like Columbus and Captain Kangaroo to sail uncharted waters in the search of unspoiled islands and nab a boatload of sexy, exotic native women, but the recent exploration of space has been just a big waste of time and money. I'm sure in the 60's when the only form of TV entertainment was Hee-Haw, the moon landings were pretty exciting, but the only thing NASA has successfully done since then was to turn a teacher into an expensive firework, scarring children everywhere for life. Even the slightly retarded and huggable Tom "Moof" Davies has uncovered that robots are diabolic and not to be trusted. (SA was forced to hire him because of Affirmative Action, but we love him anyway.) Now with the recent launch of a billion dollar Battlebot on Mars that will probably get snagged on a Martian rock or smashed by a random hammer, we should really start asking ourselves, "Is it worth it?"

The correct answer is, "No, you fag!" We have squandered countless funds sending defunct robots and telescopes into space when we could be spending all that cash on important things back here on earth. Our inner city schools lack funding, our social medical programs is a sham, and I really need a new car pretty soon. Why can't we spend the money on stuff that is actually useful instead of looking at dumb Mars rocks? I spent all afternoon sitting in the tub (almost fully naked) while drinking some Papst Blue Ribbon, and coming up with some great ideas about what we can do with all the space cash. I'll give you guys a sneak peek at these groundbreaking ideas before I send them off to my state representive with a five dollar bill attached. It's going to be out of this world! Please murder me for using that last sentence.

■ Personal Pan Pizzas for War Veterans

Many people forget about the great sacrifice America's war veterans have made over the years, fighting wars halfway around the world in order to keep our country free from tyranny. That's why I think it's much more important to award these men and women of valor with a personal pan pizza instead of blowing our entire budget on space robots. What better way to show that we remember their sacfrices than with a delicious palm-sized pizza topped with pepperoni? Every single veteran should be awarded with one, except for the Vietnam vets because they were weed-smoking slackers that just shot babies instead of winning the war. In order to receive the said pizza, the Vets would just have to finish five book reports and hand them in to the proper authorities for inspection.

■ Cleaning up the Streets

It's hard to support the expensive space program when you walk outside your door and see filthy streets and sidewalks all around you. We should be using that money to clean up the dirty streets, and make them pleasing to the eye once again. The biggest problem is the filthy and crazy bums that sing drunken tales from the sea and place their box houses right in the sidewalk, blocking the pedestrian traffic of upstanding citizens. The government should create a special sort of street sweeper equipped with razor sharp blades that would drive through the city, sweeping the random derelicts into its thrashing maw where the bums would be horribly shredded into bloody ribbons

and sold to Jimmy Dean for tasty hot sausage parts. This plan would work for the city, as well as sausage enthusiasts everywhere.

An early model. This one suffered a major heart attack from eating ham.

Robocop

Detroit needs a hero. A hero that is half man, half robot. A hero that will not take bribes or sleep in his patrol car covered in Munchkin crumbs until noon like most Detroit police officers. We now have the technology, and with the right amount of funds we can make this dream possible. The "Build a Real Robocop Foundation" was started by yours truly in my uncle's garage five years ago. The first experiments were horrible failures, but I thought it was because the bodies weren't fresh enough. Once my uncle "volunteered" after getting hit on the head with a wrench, I almost had a working model. Unfortunately, I still had issues with power supply and I had to settle for solar power panels on his head and back. This proved to be his downfall while he was fighting some crime and a storm cloud passed over, enabling young gang members to spraypaint him and drag him around the city tied to their bikes. I feel that if the space money was given to my foundation, this will really work and the fantasy of Robocop will become a reality.

More Milk Mustache Ads

The newest report of "Board of Milk Poll Results and Dairy Waffen SS" have just come out and the facts show cause for concern. Thanks to this beef scare, milk drinking is down a whopping 25%. I think that drastic measures need to be taken to return the populace's trust, like spending millions of dollars hiring Hollywood's hottest talent to don milk mustaches once again. The public loves stars and is really dumb, so when they see Vin Diesel wearing a milk mustache on a billboard, their brain goes, "Oh boy! If Vin Diesel from 'The Fast and the Furious' drinks milk then I will be cool and drink milk, too!" I think this would be money well spent and they could probably should get Christina Aguilera and Britney Spears to do it because the milk mustaches will look like cum mustaches. It's funny because they're sluts.

Watch out where the huskies go, and don't you eat that yellow snow!

Bring Back Snoopy Snow Cones

Do you know what I'm talking about? Those Snoopy Snow Cone machines from the 80's that were fucking awesome! You could make tasty little flavored snow cones and be the coolest kid on the block. This was the greatest invention since penicillin and instead of building more rocketships, the government should mass produce these and give them to every child in America. Hell, make one for all the adults, too. I think if this plan was adopted, we would see many of this nation's problems disappear. *(Editor's note: I guess they are still making these things, but when I tried to order one it said they were out of stock! This is unacceptable and the problem remains.)*

Great Wall on Mexican Border

I am not a racist man. In fact, I am fast friends with both Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez as well as Josh "Livestock" Boruff (I think he's Icelandic). The thing that concerns me about the American/Mexican border is the fact that millions of illegal immigrants stream over unchecked every year. Hordes of these people that can't speak English and produce dozens of babies are putting a huge drain on taxpayers' money. That's why we should invest in building a great wall on the border, rivaling the famous wall that was built in China centuries ago. Running from coast to coast, this wall should be at least 200 feet high and covered in sticky flypaper to catch any immigrant trying to scale over. The multitude of skeletons of Mexicans caught in the fly paper would serve as a warning for others, as well as the ghosts of the slain that would keep the wall thoroughly haunted. Who knows, if this idea actually gets adopted, they might even take my "let's mustard gas Canada" idea seriously.

- **Give Sports Players more Money**

Clearly this is a problem that needs to be addressed. The season long holdouts of star players, whole leagues conducting walkouts, and the communist institution of salary caps is destroying our great nation's sports. The evidence shows that these men who are extremely talented in hitting and throwing assorted balls are grossly underpaid. The government needs to step in and reroute NASA's bloated coffers to help these ailing sports players. Did you know that Shaquille O'Neal would only make 26 million dollars this year and only 206 million over his entire contract? How can such a talent be neglected? Don't they care that he improved his free throw percentage from 40% to 50%, and that he can rap and act, too? The fat cat owners are not living up to their end of the bargain, and it's time to give these professional athletes more money. I think a billion dollars each and a free jet is fair thing to do.

- **Give Steve Perry One Million Dollars**

If anybody in the country deserves to given a million dollars it is Steve Perry of the totally rockin' band, Journey. He is truly one of the greatest entertainers of our generation and could really use the cash right now.

- **Furry Roundup**

If my state representative takes these ideas seriously and the NASA budget gets rerouted, I think a large portion of the money should go towards the systematic persecution of the furries at large. An extension to the newly founded Department of Homeland Security would identify and record the sexual terrorists to be entered into the database for future collection. Undercover agents would infiltrate online furry hangouts, rooting out the leaders of this movement and disintegrating the factions from the inside. Conventions would be raided with tear gas and animal tasers, breaking up any formal meeting of these types. Once the database is complete with the said sexual deviants, a final solution would be enacted, purging God's America from this most dangerous menace. We have the will and the means, all we need is the funds. Let's do this thing.

If you happen to be one of the five people on the Internet that read my fantastic ideas, I hope you are on my side on this space issue. If you are not, then let me know and I will try to persuade you further - with a knuckle sandwich! Well no, I'm not a violent person and don't have the gas money to drive across the country to just to punch someone for disagreeing with my point of view, but I might send you some penis enlargement spam or something. So remember kids, spending money on space is a waste, spending money on wine is fine. Holy shit, that totally rhymed and I didn't even mean to do that.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

1.31 Greasnin Goes to California, Pt. 3

Saturday, Jan 31, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Welcome back once again for the overwhelmingly exciting conclusion of my journey to the Forgotten Realm of California, a story that was never actually meant to go beyond one article in length. If you missed the first two pulse-pounding, heart-wrenching, mule-stomping installments and feel an undeniable urge to bring yourself up to speed, you can find them here and here. Or you can just read this one and take my word for it that they were both hilarious and full of amazing adventures that make everything you've ever done in your entire life look about as exciting as a couple of old men playing Tiddlywinks. Also, I saved the world... uh... twice. When we left off last time, my brother Greg and I had just defeated a rampaging horde of rabid ninjas and decided to relax by joining in on a game of the irrationally designed game of broomball. Then we stopped a plot to assassinate the President of Tunisia. Finally, we returned to my brother's apartment, where I was attacked by an elevator *again*.

Many a boy became a man over this face in the Eighties.

The next day, sore as a baboon's ass after the rarely witnessed baboon ritual of the Month of Much Spanking, my brother and I made it out toward the Santa Monica area to meet up with my aunt and uncle. We all met at the Farmer's Market, which is a weekly event where the best and the brightest of the California produce world come to hock their juicy wares. A notoriously good spot for finding celebrities out and about, it attracts a huge crowd. Let me tell you, we don't get fruits and vegetables like these back in New England. Everything there is freshly picked and freakishly huge. There were apples the size of coconuts, coconuts the size of bowling balls, and bowling balls that were sadly out of place in this particular market. I came across one vendor selling freaky gourds that were longer than my arm. The four of us grabbed lunch at a nearby deli. While standing in line, my aunt pointed out that a woman just a few feet ahead of us in line was not just another hungry pastrami fan - it was Meredith Baxter, formerly Meredith Baxter Birney, also known as Elyse Keaton, the mother on *Family Ties*! My first celebrity sighting! I thought about asking her for an autograph, but I felt bad about pestering her while she was just enjoying herself out and about with some friends. Also, who would you show Meredith Baxter Birney's autograph to? She just doesn't have the draw she used to. On the plus side, she looks like she's in great shape, despite her bad haircut.

The four of us went down to the beach and rented bikes. It was the nicest day the area had seen in a while, and everyone and their personal trainer was down by the water. While riding, I passed by a huge amount of gorgeous women rollerblading and soaking up the sun, as well as an irritating amount of women who seem to be gripped by a peculiar and disturbing trend. It seems to have become a fashion statement to carry a chihuahua around in one's purse like a tube of lipstick. I never saw a single woman actually walking her chihuahua, they were all just carrying them in their Prada handbags. These are the most miserable-looking dogs I have ever seen. With only their head poking out so that they can watch the real dogs whose owners are taking them for a walk on the nicest day of the season, they can only meekly paw at the interior of their hot pink or baby blue prisons with legs weakened by lack of use and pray for a seagull to land on their bags and peck their brains out. I blame the "Legally Blonde" series for this trend. True, that series

And they'd just sit there all day, strumming away for spare change. It's sort of romantic in that bohemian, poor, smelly sort of way.

took (hopefully not "takes") its cues from existing fashion trends, but hell, I'd blame the "Legally Blonde" series for cancer if I could.

We biked down to Venice Beach. If the Farmer's Market is the epicenter of the produce trade, certainly Venice Beach is the epicenter of the industry of people with only marginally marketable talents. Caricaturists, sculptors, painters, musicians, hemp-braiders, henna tattoo artists, clothing weavers, political protestors, and all manners of street performers are crammed in side by side along the sand, desperately making use of every inch of space they can grab without actually having to beat the dirty hippie next to them to death with their own acoustic guitar. I noticed a large crowd of people gathered around one particular street performer, which is why we stopped in the first place. Considering all of the various performers along the beach, I was incredibly curious to see what sort of show was going on that could attract so many people. When I finally got close enough to hear, I was a bit confused. After watching for ten minutes, the best I could figure is that this guy's entire act consisted of asking the crowd to cheer so more people would come and watch. I guess it worked, but I wasn't exactly lunging for my wallet. We went back to my aunt and uncle's house, where my brother and I went around back to pick some lemons off of their lemon tree. I would have walked right by if my brother hadn't stopped me. These weren't lemons. These were misshapen grapefruits. I wouldn't have ever imagined that lemons this massive occurred naturally. They were each easily twice the size of the largest lemon I had ever seen back east, and a lot of them weren't even ready to be picked yet. It was an awe-inspiring sight, which just goes to show how easy I am to impress. That night my uncle made a dinner of - you guessed it - home-cooked burgers. I have to say, they were pretty damn good. Ancient Platt recipe. Don't even try to duplicate it. You can't.

Aw yeah.

The next day's main attraction was a trip to the king of LA hamburger stands - Fatburger. The great thing about a place like Fatburger is that their name sucks so much, that you can be sure that their food is outstanding. And indeed, my fatburger with cheese and more toppings than I can remember was fantastic. My hat would be off to Fatburger, except now that I'm back in Connecticut, if I take off my hat, my ears will crystallize and break off and I'll have to scotch tape my sunglasses to my head if I ever want to look cool again. But Fatburger, believe me when I say that the love is there.

My brother and I didn't have much of a plan for my last day in LA. We decided that it might be fun to head out to Bel Air and try to see some of the filthy rich people's houses, or at least find a cab with a license plate that says "Fresh" and dice in the mirror. As it turns out, you can't actually see the houses in Bel Air. Bel Air is so exclusive that if a poor person so much as looked at one of their houses, the property value would plummet and the entire area would just become another crummy Newport. All you can see are gigantic hedges and the occasional peak of a rooftop. For all I know, there's nothing but rooftops and a few support beams behind those hedges, but the illusion of wealth is so complete that America's wealthiest citizens would still pay tens of millions of dollars to live there in some shabby lean-to, just as long as poor people never knew. The only poor people who are allowed to get anywhere near a real Bel Air home are the hundreds of Mexican groundskeeping crews. It seemed like there was a pickup truck with a different logo and a crew of Mexicans trimming the hedges along every single driveway we passed. That's got to be depressing, tending to acres upon acres of property belonging to some of the richest people in the world and knowing that you can slave away every day for the rest of you life and you'll never be able to afford a fraction of that excess. Well, that's what they get for Del Taco.

Fed up with the secrecy of the mega-wealthy elite, we drove to Beverly Hills, home of the merely ultra-wealthy. After gawking at the ludicrous mansions along the wide streets, we headed toward Rodeo Drive. At least, that was the idea. We never quite found Rodeo Drive. My brother mentioned

that he actually had no idea where we were, then thirty seconds later announced that he knew exactly where we were, and soon, so did I - we were back smack dab in the middle of Hollywood.

After a surefire winner like "Miss Match," she'll be back to the middle in no time!

As long as we were there, we parked and paid a visit to Ripley's Believe It Or Not. As it turns out, the answer is Believe It. There, I saved you some time. As we walked along the streets of Hollywood afterwards, we encountered a film crew shooting a scene for an upcoming movie called "Miss Match" with a lot of extras just walking down the Walk of Fame. By looking for the people in a comical amount of makeup, we were able to tell which were the actual actors and which were just the wannabe actors who surely all rushed home that night to put "small, yet crucial role in 'Miss Match'" on their resumes. We watched them shoot the same four seconds of film a few times over and soon picked out the star - Alicia Silverstone. That's right, Batgirl herself came within six feet of yours truly. It was a big moment for me. When my brother and I turned to walk away, we immediately encountered a guy handing out tickets to a TV show being shot that night. As it turned out, it was for *Jimmy Kimmel Live*, and it was going to be shot in just a few hours. Happy to get convenient tickets to a show we had actually heard of, we gladly accepted. To pass the time, we had dinner at The Grille on Hollywood, a restaurant right above the Kodak Theater. It was probably the most expensive meal I've ever eaten. While looking over the overpriced menu, I contemplated ending my LA journey with a sixteen dollar cheeseburger, but instead went for the twenty-four dollar steak. It came with a side of broccoli. When I say "a side of broccoli," understand that I mean that when the waiter brought out our dinners, I couldn't even see my steak behind the freaking gargantuan heads of broccoli there. There were two of them, and each of them dwarfed my fist by a good amount. I finished one of them off just to say that I had, but there is absolutely no way that any human being has ever eaten an entire side of broccoli at The Grille on Hollywood. I refuse to believe otherwise.

For the record, she's even hotter in person. She almost made eye contact with me once. That means she wants to have sex with me.

When the time came, Greg and I headed across the street to the El Capitan theater where the show was being taped. We stood outside in line for close to an hour and eventually got to talking to two incredibly hot girls standing next to us. It turned out they were visiting the United States from Australia and were going home the next day. They had been all over the US and Canada in the past month. We asked them what they had done in LA. They told us how they had wandered around Beverly Hills and then explored Rodeo Drive. We slyly failed to mention how we were unable to find Rodeo Drive. We also failed to mention how are names were not really Eduardo and Jake (I was Eduardo). We're a couple of smooth operators, my brother and I. Once we got into the actual studio and took our seats, a young man sat next to us. He looked familiar to me, and I apparently did to him as well. After a moment, we figured it out. It was my childhood friend Lance, who I had not seen in a couple years, since well before he moved out to LA and I shaved my head. He mentioned that he had been to one other taping of *Jimmy Kimmel Live* when Dane Cook was cohosting, and that he had snagged three free tickets to see Dane Cook at a comedy club for that very night. So, after the show, which featured guest cohost Enrique Iglesias, E! Network hottie Brook Burns, *Monk* star Tony Shaloub, and the Man Show Boy, who is now known by his real name, something or other, the three of us went down the street to see Dane Cook. Sadly, he was a no-show. Although the comedians who were there were all terrific, Cook was nowhere to be found. Lance asked around afterwards and found out that when Dane Cook was on *Jimmy Kimmel Live*, he slapped Jimmy Kimmel. As revenge, on his last night as cohost, Jimmy Kimmel brought out a stripper who slapped Dane Cook right back... and ruptured his eardrum. So don't expect to

be seeing Dane Cook performing too much for a little while.

The next morning I flew back into the bone-chilling, teeth-chattering, flesh-solidifying cold of Boston. I had a great time on my trip to LA. So am I going to follow in my brother's footsteps and move out west after college? Only time will tell. One thing is for sure, though. If I do return, I am never setting foot in another fucking elevator.

(P.S., Go Pats.)

A Behind the Scenes Look: Weekend Web

Hello friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here, much to the dismay on those who bet that I wouldn't last this long. Last week I told you all about what it takes to put up a front page update. I got a lot of emails telling me not to do that again. Well too bad because this week I'm going to reveal just what goes into a Weekend Web update.

It all starts with an FYAD thread. For those that don't know FYAD is a subforum of the Something Awful Forums where we go to discuss science and philosophy. After a few replies consisting of, "fuck u faggot", "asl!!!", and "ne girls press 69" some poorly dithered gifs start to trickle in. I then go capture some of my own images. To do this I utilize the "print screen" key. What this does is print out an exact replica of the screen on the printer. I then cut out the actual forum post and throw away the rest of the paper. The next step is to scan all the forum posts back into the computer using a scanner I found at a garage sale that's missing the lid part. After that I resize all of the images so that they are blurry as fuck and hard to read. This is what gives Weekend Web it's distinct style. Once the images are in place I pull a bunch of half baked comments out of my ass and post the feature for all of the world to see.

release

Reply to: anon-22743703@craigslist.org
Date: 2004-01-19, 6:20PM PST

I would like to force my cock into things

dc-rc

I hope you've learned a little bit about all the hard work that goes into each Weekend Web update. OBLIGATORY SUPER BOWL SUNDAY REFERENCE. Enjoy!

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Chapter 2

February

2.1 The V is O

Sunday, Feb 01, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Voting is a time for the nation to come together and decide exciting things!

In around 24 hours voters from seven states will begin casting their primary ballots to decide who the Democratic Presidential Nominee will be for 2004. Voters in Arizona, Delaware, Missouri, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, and South Carolina will cram their bloated carcasses into voting booths and pick from a list of names both vaguely familiar and not familiar at all. Something Awful's cub reporter Tom "moof" Davies has already covered the various candidates in detail, but I will provide a quick recap of the now narrowed field of candidates.

- **John Kerry** - A junior Senator, war hero, and droopy faced bore. His electrifying monotone has energized his campaign since the New Hampshire primary. Probably a corrupt Washington fat cat, he's the front runner and polling strong in simulated elections thanks to his impressive "I'm not President Bush" platform. In other news I just beat out "getting stabbed in the neck" as America's favorite ice cream flavor with my highly popular "I won't stab you in the neck" platform.

- **Howard Dean** - A doctor, a former governor, and he almost definitely wants to break your fucking face with a haymaker. He's the candidate for people who are really mad at President Bush and aren't afraid to say it. Secretly, most people are mad at President Bush but are more afraid of Dean coming to their house and executing a vertical suplex on their children.

- **John Edwards** - Television psychic who can speak to dead people. His show was recently cancelled and he decided to affect a southern accent and run for president. Referred to as the "Breck Girl" by screeching conservative radio hosts. May have something to do with the Senate, I don't know for certain.

- **Wesley Clark** - Retired general and war hero, his bulging eyes and insincere speeches give him all of the charisma of a mantis about to strike. Clark's intelligent prose and casual demeanor as a TV commentator translated into a presidential campaign about as sharp as a barrel full of marbles. While he's gaffing his way to the lowest corner in the room and tracing the curves of cars you can set your watch to his plummeting poll numbers.

I'm sure Lieberman has something to say about not eating the cat!

- **Joseph Lieberman** - Pro-censorship, pro-war, pro-Patriot Act, pro-anything-the-Republicans-might-be-for, Lieberman belongs in the pages of "The Elders of Zion", not on the Democratic presidential campaign trail. His frequent and terrible jokes have managed to win over the support of a powerful voting block that consists entirely of people who laugh until they cry at Hallmark cards. His other winning traits include looking exactly like the dad from Alf and having unstoppable Joementum.

- **Al Sharpton** - Civil rights activist and legal opportunist, Al Sharpton is basically a slightly more charismatic and much wittier Jesse Jackson. Much like Jackson he's running for president so he can gain support for African-American issues in the democratic party. After over three years of total conservative government domination that's a little bit like reserving space in steerage right after the Titanic hits the iceberg.

■ **Dennis Kucinich** - Dennis Kucinich is a humble and well-spoken intellectual who appeals to the sensibilities, issues, and hopes of truly liberal America. That means he has about as much chance in the primary as a burlap sack full of organ meat thrown into a crocodile pit. If he somehow got the nomination of the Democratic Party I would expect Kucinich to draw an impressive 2-3% of the voting public.

In much the same way that my cat stares at the TV when it hears meowing I have been closely following this primary process. I am extremely excited about the primary votes that will be taking place on Tuesday as the drunkards, rapists, and cowards in the seven previously mentioned states will likely get to pick who the Democratic nominee will be. For the first time since the March Madness pool was banned at the hog lubricating factory their opinions will actually mean something. No, I'm not bitter because Illinois basically has no role in determining the nominee, not at all.

To help readers understand this important phase of the primary I have conducted detailed polling of the seven states to accurately predict a winner. This survey helped me get a feel for what issues the voters in a given state were concerned about, who they favored as a candidate, and who they absolutely hated.

■ **Arizona**

Clark's comments about Mercury are just one of many unfortunate statements the candidate has made to hurt his polling numbers.

Important Issues: The most pressing issue for 76% of registered democrats in Arizona is the recent feud the state has had with the planet Mercury. Voters are particularly upset over comments from Mercury's Supreme Leader Hank as relayed by Arizona's Governor Janet Napolitano including his most recent allegations that "everyone in Tucson is a fag". Arizona legislators have long demanded action against Mercury but have found a congress and senate unwilling to release the Arizona National Guard from its duties and allow it to mount a space-borne invasion of Mercury.

Other voters in Arizona are concerned with the quality of the air in the state, particularly in the region surrounding the constantly burning Lake Effluent. The lake has been combusting without pause for the past three years and is visible from the International Space Station as an eerie green glow near Yuma. It is also widely believed that the lake's intoxicating and potentially fatal vapor clouds are responsible for the state's recent rash of unexplained teen pregnancies that result in perfectly spherical fetuses. It is suspected that chemical dumping from the Sunny Groves Farms High Density Polymer Acres facility near Lake Effluent may be responsible for the rash of so-called "ball babies".

Who They Favor: Voters in Arizona have voiced strong support in preliminary polls for Democratic presidential candidate Howard Dean, who has promised to disarm some 48 Titan II ICBMs located in Arizona and release the booster portion to the National Guard there for use as space transports.

Who They Hate: Retired General Wesley Clark has fallen sharply in Arizona polls since he announced early last week that Mercury's surface temperature precludes any possible life. In a gaffe that was replayed incessantly, Clark was confronted by several dozen Bomb Mercury Now advocates and replied "are you people all crazy?! The surface temperature of Mercury is 350 degrees Celsius during the day and the planet has no atmosphere!" Since then a number of papers and prominent Arizonians have suggested links between Mercury's Supreme Leader Hank and General Clark and a joint study released by the Cato Institute and the Heritage Foundation indicated that it is almost twice as hot on Venus and life has flourished there.

Predicted Winner: John Kerry

Delaware

Important Issues: Citizens of Delaware have long believed that their state is quite possibly the most frequently forgotten state in the union and would like to do something to change this. Since 1987 a growing movement within Delaware has advocated changing the state's name from "Delaware" to "Aadelaware" so that it appears first in alphabetical lists of US states. Even worse, of the mere 8% of the population that can remember that Delaware actually exists, only 14% know that the state's capital is Dover. To rectify this problem the state's capital will be relocated to the tiny timber hamlet of Fucking Awesome in the north east corner of Aadelaware.
Who They Favor: While the major candidates have all campaigned hard in Delaware on the issue of changing the state's name, only local candidate Hubert Knox has also advocated relocating the state government to Fucking Awesome.
Who They Hate: The five or six hundred people who live in Delaware and are not white-power luddites living in wooden dugouts in a forest are deeply concerned with Dennis Kucinich's "shifty rat eyes".
Predicted Winner: John Kerry

Missouri

Important Issues: Since the collapse of the river-going steamboat industry in the late 19th century hundreds of thousands of Missourians have been forced out of work. The steamboat industry's collapse brought with it the failure of dozens of ancillary businesses like the calliope industry and model steamboat manufacturing interests. Shiftless and subsisting on welfare, the hordes of out of work steamboat captains, river-going brass bands, and other displaced workers have lobbied for generations to bring steamboats back into vogue on the rivers of the United States. The most important issue facing Missourians today is federal subsidies for steamboat construction, operation, and marketing.

Kerry has campaigned hard to win the Re-Animator vote.

Who They Favor: Senator John Kerry won over voters in Missouri four days ago when he gave a stump speech in St. Louis that compared his experiences in Vietnam to the failure of the steamboat industry. "As I pulled Max Cleland from the muck, his limbs blown off and spurting blood, I wondered if he would ever again have the chance to hear that steam calliope he loved so much. I swore on that day to make sure he did, but we came home to a nation torn apart by civil unrest and conflict, a nation without steamboats. This administration has turned its back on working-class steamboat families and handed the rivers over to special interests and corporations like Halliburton. I promise to take America back to the grandeur of the floating palaces of the 1860s, only without the slavery and with even bigger steamboats. You all know that the steamboats have been working for America, it's time to make America work for the steamboats!"
Who They Hate: Senator John Edwards has mentioned that he gets seasick and refused to even board an immobilized steamboat casino. While attending a rally in Lee's Summit, onlookers hurled tomatoes at him that had been carved into very rough approximations of steamboats.
Predicted Winner: John Kerry

New Mexico

Important Issues: In 1971 an eight foot high polished black monolith appeared overnight in the

Land of Enchantment and soon thereafter began emitting a constant low-frequency tone. Audible throughout the entire state of New Mexico the tone has unified politics by creating an atmosphere of cooperation and brotherhood. Every man, woman, and child in New Mexico has spent every waking hour building a vast 50 mile wide metal docking array in the desert. They have also stockpiled thousands of tons of precious metals and gems in a warehouse complex adjacent to the docking array. The purposes of this array are totally unknown to outsiders, but even a brief visit to New Mexico can make people fall in love with the idea of such intense camaraderie. Unwary truckers, tourists, and passengers and crew on aircraft flying over New Mexico have disappeared only to turn up days later working tirelessly on the array.
Who They Favor: So far all of the candidates except for the Reverend Al Sharpton have visited New Mexico and declared "the tone is correct, the tone is all". When polled all respondents had "highly favorable" reactions to all candidates other than Al Sharpton, who polled as "neutral".
Who They Hate: There is no hate inside the tone.
Predicted Winner: John Kerry

■ North Dakota

Dean's special relationship with dragons has not won him many fans in North Dakota.

Important Issues: North Dakota hates South Dakota and wants permission to annex South Dakota using armed militia and expel all South Dakotans from their land to an island in the Pacific that will be renamed Far West Dakota. Also a prime issue among North Dakotans is that their school system currently ranks 57th in the nation behind the Northern Mariana Islands. Education has become so bad in North Dakota that graduating high school seniors can count, on average, to four and can spell seven words (including the indefinite article "a" and their own name) although they don't know that and assume they can spell four words. In 2002 North Dakota's Governor John Hoeven wrote an appeal to President George W. Bush to increase federal grants for education to the state. The letter read: "John want coin police". President George W. Bush misinterpreted Hoeven's heartfelt plea and budgeted 9.6 billion dollars for national missile defense in 2003.
Who They Favor: North Dakota is head over heels for Al Sharpton. Having never seen a black man in person before and unable to operate a television set or computer because of the poor educational standards in the state, the populace believes Sharpton to be a wizard. Many intend to vote for Sharpton in the hopes that he can cast a powerful spell to ward off the "metal dragons" that have been marauding across the "stone rivers" of North Dakota.
Who They Hate: Howard Dean has a crude bounty out on him in North Dakota following an incident Thursday when he accidentally referred to an audience as "South Dakotans". When Dean fled from the angry mob in his bus he managed to horrify them by "riding inside the dragons" and has since been referred to as Dragonsinger.
Predicted Winner: John Kerry

■ Oklahoma

Important Issues: Oklahoma has a population density of two people per square mile. This dispersion of population is such a problem that often families of three or four people live in sprawling factory-like houses that cover several square miles. For decades Oklahoma has been requesting a reduction in its borders so that it can actually form at least one significant urban area. While some would point to Oklahoma City as an urban area, Oklahoma City is actually the name given to Bernard Schubert's family ranch where he and eight other family members live. Long believed to

be part of a right-wing anti-government attack, the bombing of Oklahoma City was actually part of a long-standing feud between the Schuberts and the McVeighs.
Who They Favor: Polling in Oklahoma is notoriously unreliable, but early results indicate that the Schubert family will be voting for Wesley Clark and the McVeigh family for "whoever hates Clark the most".
Who They Hate: When asked which candidate they hated the most, the Schubert family asked "who did those McVeigh bastards reckon they liked?" and then insisted "whoever it was, that's who we hate". The McVeigh family was much more definite and stated "we ain't giving up until Clark, Schubert, and all of them O'Barly girls is run out of town". When asked to clarify, the McVeigh patriarch referred to the "town" of Oklahoma and accused the O'Barly girls of stealing his best milk cow.
Predicted Winner: John Kerry

South Carolina

Important Issues: Almost one quarter of South Carolina's population is African American and nearly three-quarters of South Carolina's population wants to kill African Americans. In a poll conducted by Zogby, 23% of South Carolina's population supported giving African Americans the right to vote and own property, 56% supported shipping them either back to Africa or to Far West Dakota, and 9% were strongly in favor of mandatory sterilization programs. The remaining 12% were unable to respond because they were working in the cotton field and didn't want to waste their two minute water break talking to Zogby pollsters. Other than the deportation or racial extermination of blacks in South Carolina, the main issue facing the state is whether or not to adopt a state flag feature a picture of country singer Toby Keith and replacing the state song with Keith's "Courtesy Of The Red, White And Blue (The Angry American)".
Who They Favor: The majority of registered Democrats we spoke to in South Carolina intend to write in George W. Bush as their preferred candidate with a slightly smaller minority supporting Toby Keith. Among the Democratic frontrunners Edwards has a small foothold among Democratic voters while Al Sharpton has made major inroads with African Americans in South Carolina. Despite strong support from South Carolina's blacks, Sharpton is not expected to perform well in the final tally thanks to ruthless poll taxes.
Who They Hate: South Carolinian "state's rights activists" somehow affixed a 10-foot tall free-standing burning cross to the front window of Al Sharpton's bus. Lieberman is not well liked in South Carolina either and found a number of his rallies attended by uniformed members of the National Socialist party.
Predicted Winner: John Kerry

If my predictions are wrong I solemnly promise to retire from the political analysis arena until such a time as I once again run dry of ideas and feel forced to comment on politics. Unlike every politician since ever I intend to keep my promises!

Dr. Thorpe's Awards Extravaganza

Dr. David Thorpe returns this week from an extended "vacation," and he's as eager as ever to thrust his vitriol on an unsuspecting public. This being his first column of 2004, Dr. Thorpe will be giving out awards to the worst music of the year: Something Awful is proud to present the first annual World's Greatest Dad Awards! Don't ask.

Imagine "Everybody Hurts" as collectively written and performed by a seventh grade remedial English class. I don't know who or what convinced Good Charlotte that they were capable of plumbing the emotional depths required to effectively discuss suicide, since even they must know what affected, talentless, inarticulate retardates they are. It's lucky for them that their judgment so severely lapsed, because the results of their colossal failure have won them not only the Crappiest Alternative Band award, but also the Most Unintentionally Hilarious Song of All Time award.

We invite you to walk down the red carpet and enter Dr. Thorpe's auditorium of malice for a gala awards spectacular that you'll never forget. Also, he takes so cheap shots and Insane Clown Posse; that should be good enough for most people.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.2 God Bless You John Romero; Internet Dreams Can Come True

Tuesday, Feb 03, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

John Romero with two of his three teenage kids. **NOT SHOWN:** his teenage wife.

I'll be the first to admit that I've grown a bit skeptical of the Internet. Years and years of nonstop exposure to endless misspelled spam mail, misspelled computer viruses, and misspelled homepages dedicated to misspelled erotic Psyduck fan fiction has left me an empty husk of a human being, a walking corpse stuffed full of wasted lies and regret. Oh, and some of that nonfat Jell-O pudding too, because I honestly can't get enough of that shit. The Internet amazed and enthralled me when I first logged on over a decade ago, and its ever-increasing bounty of digital entertainment continued to hold my interest for years. Unfortunately, I've become jaded and desensitized in recent years due to the sharp decline in quality of the online entertainment that can be derived from our beloved information superhighway. Fortunately today's article is not another nonstop whiny bitchfest listing the myriad of ways I feel the Internet has personally failed me and is somehow responsible for murdering my pets. No, today is a happy day full of hope and renewed joy for all of us because it proves the Internet still holds the potential for love, happiness, and unbridled passion because famous game designer and hair model John Romero married his Internet high school sweetheart, Raluca Alexandra Plesca!

> I just got back from Romania yesterday; back from seeing my woman, Rhaluka. WE ARE NOW MARRIED!!! We didn't expect to have a big ceremony or anything, just her parents and sister and a couple friends. Well, her parents made sure there were several people there and it turned out to be just great - lots of flowers and warm wishes for us. We even got rice thrown on our way out of the marriage hall and into the car.
>
> I have a DVD video of everything and lots of pictures. We're VERY HAPPY and the next step is to get Rhaluka her VISA so she can finally move here to San Diego. I hope it doesn't take long! So there it is: introducing Mrs. Rhaluka Alexandra Romero!

I would like to extend a hearty "congratulations" to Mr. and the new Mrs. Romero on their exciting first step into the wonderful world of holy matrimony! I predict a long series of days or possibly weeks of unbridled love before you, a procession of hours where each ten minutes seems even better than the last, and will undoubtedly NOT turn out like Mr. Romero's previous three failed marriages which produced three failed children. This partnership of theirs is based on mutual love, understanding, and a deep sense of commitment which those other marriages lacked. If some of you folks out there are not familiar with Mr. John Romero and his legacy of contributions to the gaming world, let me give you a brief overview of his amazing accomplishments:

Mr. and Mrs. Romero share a tender moment on the playground where her parents allowed her to have their honeymoon.

- **1982:** Worked on the legendary "Alien Attack" and "Trashman II" games. I'm fairly sure neither of these games were ever released.

- **1984:** Worked on the legendary "Krazy Kobra" and "Bongo's Bash" games. I'm pretty sure neither of these games were ever released.

- **1986:** Worked on the legendary "Zippi Zombi" and "Operation: Obliteration" games. I'm somewhat confident neither of these games were ever released.
- **1989:** Worked on the legendary "Zappa Roids" and "Magic Boxes" games. I'm reasonably positive neither of these games were ever released.
- **1993:** Had some involvement with working on "DOOM," a game which was described as "the *Trashman II* of the 1990s" by a famous publication whose name I cannot recall offhand.
- **1994:** Worked on "DOOM II," mostly as "the guy who stood around in the background and shouted suggestions that were ignored by the people who actually worked on the game."
- **1995:** Worked on "The Ultimate DOOM," "Master DOOM," "Final DOOM," Ultimate Final Mega Master DOOM," "This is the Last DOOM For Sure, We Swear," "Mother May I Sleep With DOOM," and "Ultimate Final Mega DOOM II: The Quickening."
- **1996:** Grew a lot of hair while watching his coworkers program "Quake." Used IRC frequently and quipped hilarious jokes about boobs while standing next to the water cooler.
- **2000:** Singlehandedly responsible for the title which revolutionized the PC gaming experience, "Daikatana," much like how the colon cleansing industry was revolutionized by the invented of "the long stick with a pink sponge glued to its end."
- **2001:** Still basking in the glow and continued success of "Daikatana," Romero released "Hyperspace Delivery Boy!" which sold over one copy and was rumored to have once been spotted at a legitimate software store in a Portland mall.
- **2002:** Directed the DVD release of "R.S.V.P.," a gripping movie revolving around a wild Hollywood party which is so wild and so Hollywood that one of the guests dies from "a popular erotic stimulus." You may purchase this fine movie wherever films about death via popular erotic stimuli are sold.
- **2004:** Married a Romanian teenager he met on the Internet, a girl undoubtedly won over by his gaming prowess and magical talent to make the financial results of entire companies disappear.

Additionally, here's a very wonderful quote I found about his stunning achievement "Daikatana" in *Time's* "Cyber Elite" article trumpeting his triumphs:

> **1998 POWER PLAY** ION's December release, Daikatana, has the video-gaming world waiting in the sort of anticipation they usually reserve for new Metallica CDs. In it, your hero, Hiro Miyamoto, uses a magic samurai sword to travel through time while vanquishing his enemies. Expect every kid worth his carpel tunnel syndrome to be clamoring for it come Christmas.

Oh *Time Magazine*, it's like you opened up a gateway to the future!

The accomplishment John Romero is most famous for took place during the time he ran a little Texas company he founded known as "Ion Storm." He was able to accomplish the impossible with this company, assuming "the impossible" means "wasting $40 million over a period of four years while

releasing only two games, one of which revolved around hanging out with time-traveling minorities who hit robotic frogs with sticks." Now when I previously referred to Mrs. Romero as John's "high school sweetheart," I meant it literally, as this lucky young lass is a scant 18-years old. Yes, that's correct, Mr. Romero, a 37-year old game designer, chose to marry a 18-year old Romanian over the Internet, thus proving that true love knows no age barriers or taste limits.

John Romero's new brother-in-law checks the time; he doesn't want to be late for "Bananas In Pajamas!"

Now some of you more negative Nellie naysayers might find some fault in a 37-year old game designer (who has three kids, one a 15-year old son, and was previously dating a *Playboy* model) marrying an 18-year old Romanian girl (who first began flirting with Mr. Romero online when she was 15). To you worthless crumb-bums I say, "a pox upon thee!" You obviously have no concept of true, pure love and the obstacles it can overcome like the car from Bump N' Jump which could leap over small bodies of water and large boulders which would unfortunately fall from pickup trucks for no readily apparent reason. So if you've got a potty mouth and are just waiting to write something mean-spirited and nasty about their whirlwind romance, let me remind you that you do not grasp their complex relationship and do not understand unbridled love and cannot comprehend all the delicate intricacies of marrying a Romanian girl in high school who is half your age. Let me list just a FEW of the many, many benefits that Mr. and Mrs. Romero will be able to take advantage of in their relationship:

1) Mr. Romero will be able to easily help out Mrs. Romero when she encounters a really difficult math problem during her high school finals.

2) If Mrs. Romero attends school here in the great US of A, Mr. Romero will be able to attend her parent-teacher conferences in case her Romanian parents are unable to make the long trip.

3) Mr. Romero's 15-year old son can go to the same high school and college as his new mother, thus creating an unbreakable mother / son relationship. They could share notes and gossip about "that ugly Becky Leeman girl."

4) Nothing is more romantic than taking your wife out to a bar and celebrating her 21st birthday with her first taste of liquor! I know that three years is a long time to wait for this momentous occasion, but their love will make the 36 months seem like a scant 36 hours!

5) When somebody asks Mr. Romero about how he first met his wife, he can fondly describe the story of how he was on IRC visiting the "#TeenPokemonClub," when suddenly "-={TRU_LUV_69}=-" messaged him with the most romantic series of ASCII characters ever.

6) If Mr. Romero ever catches somebody ogling his wife, he can shout, "she's only 18 you goddamn pervert!" really loudly.

7) Mrs. Romero won't go through menopause until roughly 30 years after Mr. Romero has died of old age, thereby saving him the time and effort of pretending that he gives a shit about her hot flashes.

8) When Mr. Romero visits Mrs. Romero's family for the holidays, he'll be able to relate to their humorous anecdotes and references of the 1970s.

9) If Mrs. Romero ever gets sassy or gives Mr. Romero any backtalk, he'll be able to send Mrs. Romero to her room and ground her for the weekend. If things get really heated, he can take away her TV and car privileges.

> 10) If Mrs. Romero gives birth to a girl, then Mr. Romero could divorce his wife and marry her when she hits 15. I guess he could still do the same if she gave birth to a boy, but that would just be **weird**.

As you can tell, this is truly a love that will last throughout the ages like a rock-hard rock that is so hard that you can't break it with a hammer or you know, whatever you'd use to break a rock assuming you want to break a rock. If you would like any further proof of this claim then look no further than Mr. Romero's romantic thread where his wife responds with one of the most deep and meaningful replies possible:

> *I love you so much, John! (' ')<3*

You'll note that this simple, one-sentence reply is just oozing with love like a gelatinous cube that has just digested Cupid. She begins her fantastic reply into Loveland with a big grinning blue smiley face, Internet-lingo for "I am smiling and have one row of gigantic teeth because I am a freakish mutant from Romania who has found love in the form of a flabby hairball the age of my parents." She proceeds to express her devotion to Mr. Romero by stating, "I love you so much, John!" and follows it up with "(' ')" and "<3." Now I know what the "<3" stands for, it's supposed to be an Internet heart which has tipped over on its side and now resembles a large ass protruding from a snowcone. However, I have absolutely no idea what "(' ')" is supposed to stand for. Is it Kirby with a fake moustache? Is it some secret Romanian Internet-speak that stands for "I am wasting my precious, fleeting youth by marrying a doughy, long-haired freak who has wasted more money than I'll ever see in 400 of my impoverished Romanian lifetimes?" These are secrets we may never know, as we lack the intimate bond of Internet love which has linked these two beautiful creatures together.

There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that this partnership is one that will last, unlike Mr. Romero's previous three which were founded on a bedrock of lies and deception and three children. If some of Mr. Romero's kids were blessed with a heightened intelligence, perhaps some day they'll be able to share the same classes with their mother and continue to strengthen the bond of family. This, my friends, is all thanks to the miracles of the Internet! Thank you very much, Internet!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.3 The Scarred Faces of Mr. Potato Head

Tuesday, Feb 03, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Life is tough when you're a small potato in a big world.

They called him Mr. Potato Head, because his head looked like a potato. But beyond the superficial nomenclature, he *was* a potato. His limbs, his facial features, his clothing, it was all just one big fat lie smothered in butter, sour cream, and even chives. Mr. Potato Head could be any person he wanted to be. He could blend in anywhere, from the United States to El Salvador to Cambodia. What was his secret? All it took was ripping his flesh off and slapping on a new smile. He barely had an identity of his own, but to his enemies, he was legendary. To them he was known as death by starch, the haunting specter of the end budding into their lives and taking everything away in one bright flash.

What transforms a potato into a monster? What tears the fear of death and the fear to inflict death away from an otherwise sane and rational vegetable? Join me as we take a look back at Mr. Potato Head, and the shattered life he lead.

The Early Years

Mr. Potato Head started out as simply Potato Head. Although America is and was a land of opportunity, there will always be some who fall through the cracks of opportunity's gracious fingers, and land in the lap of despair. Potato Head was one such individual. In his youth he lived on the mean streets of Idaho, getting bullied or bullying others, doing whatever he had to do in order to survive. He never knew his roots. There were no parents or family waiting to raise him. He simply woke up one day in a patch of dirt with a chip on his shoulder and a world to blame. He never cut it at any of the shelters that would take him in. He never cut it in the schools, either. The streets were the only place that wouldn't kick him out.

Like most children of the streets, Potato Head became gifted at surviving on his own – a skill that would serve him well in later endeavors. He was quiet and reserved, but never afraid to stand up for himself or even break the rules. His rule breaking, and the stints behind bars that followed, were ultimately what paved the way for Potato Head's most prominent successes, though his successes were also his biggest tragedies. After his third time in jail, the only places that would have him were prison or the army. He thought about continuing on his current path, but he knew where that would lead: death row. Would they boil him? Would they grill him? Or would he die in a shoot out, and be carried off wrapped in an aluminum foil body bag. Potato Head realized he really only had one choice. He joined the army, and forever sealed his fate.

The Army Years

At first Potato Head was horrified by his new job. His initial assignment had him peeling potatoes. It was this job that gave him thick skin, and a gut that could stomach anything. If he could peel the flesh off of his brothers and leave them raw and naked, ready to be eaten, what other horrible deeds could he accomplish? How deep did his tolerance run? He carried out his potato skinning duties with brutal efficiency, holding his breath under the rising tide of starch. Was he a mess hall Hitler? Was he running a potato gulag? It didn't matter. He had a job to do, and he was keeping out of real trouble, even if it meant betraying his people. Even still, he didn't survive potato duty unscathed. Sometimes he would save the skins, fixating on the potato it belonged to, wondering what kind of life he had destroyed. Was this all that made a man, he wondered? Just a blemished peel that somehow encapsulated an identity?

Things were looking bright for Mr. Potato Head.

His triumph skinning potatoes attracted the attention of superiors, who saw Potato Head as being a prime candidate for advancement. He did his job, asked no questions, and never caused the slightest bit of trouble. The brass began grooming him for promotion. He was a real go-getter, the kind of man you could really sink your teeth into. He proved this time and time again in subsequent assignments and missions. Before long he was highly decorated, garnished in an assortment of cheeses.

By the time he reached the rank of major, the army had had enough of his strange private life. No one cared for his at times bizarre asexual habits, and didn't want that sort of image associated with the army. Potato Head had to start a family. Thusly, Mr. Potato Head was born. As was his wife, Mrs. Potato Head, and three adorable spuds. With a solid career in the military and a family, Mr. Potato Head seemingly had everything a vegetable could want. Still, every night when he closed his eyes, he saw those poor potatoes crying out as he tore their flesh – their identities – off and piled them up. Worse, he would sometimes have that dream where he was flying, and people were riding in his scrotum.

The Lost Years

Mr. Potato Head's life fell to pieces in the summer of 1965 when he returned home to find his family murdered. His poor wife, Mrs. Potato Head, had been cut to pieces and badly burnt in cooking oil. And his children, those poor souls, they were shown no mercy. His sweet potato of a daughter had first fallen into a diabetic coma, and was then locked in a freezer. His two young sons, both budding athletes, were mashed to a fine paste. Things had never been worse for Mr. Potato Head, who sobbed for the first time in his adult life. He spent one long night alone with his dead family, holding a gun to his forehead and staring at the death that surrounded him.

Then everything fell to pieces. Mr. Potato Head's dreams were shattered.

The months following the death of his family were considerably stressful for Mr. Potato Head, who reacted by constantly adjusting his appearance. He would grow a moustache or a beard, then immediately shave it. He would put on glasses, fix his hair a certain way, then another way, then he would take off the glasses. He would wear a hat one day, be bald the next, and as ragged as a caveman a week later. With his family gone, he could scarcely remember who he was. He had suddenly become a man with no identity. Someone had peeled off his skin and as much as he tried to restore it to its previous state, he could never get it right.

C'mon baby, take a chance with us.

Before he fell completely into oblivion, Mr. Potato Head was given one last opportunity. The CIA offered him employment doing all sorts of dirty work. There would be no criticism of his lifestyle, no demands of him personally. It was all business. He would work alone, isolated, and report only when the job was done. Furthermore, he would need to utilize disguise and deception. It was likely that the last two requirements interested him most. His obsession with identity and appearance was the only thing left driving him. To the CIA he was merely the right kind of worker. He had nothing left to lose.

Before long he was working in Vietnam, Cambodia, and elsewhere.

He wore many faces, became many people, and killed many more. His brain was scrambled, a mess of hash browns, but some twisted force kept him moving. Mr. Potato Head was literate, and was known to keep a journal. Looking at some of his entries gives a deeper insight into his psychological trauma.

> *From Mr. Potato Head's Journal, December 30th, 1968*
>
> I watched a sickly little arm snake out from under my skin and search for dirt. I cut it off. I could have made a new me, but I killed it instead. That's what I'm going to do to these... people... here in the jungle. I'm going to cut them off so that they can never be reborn as something greater.
>
> They call me a murderer. What have I done to them that I haven't done to myself?

His employment with the CIA continued up until 1980. During his duty he accumulated a body count in the hundreds, from lowly peasants to high-ranking officials the world over. Some would call him a patriot, others a murderer. Mr. Potato Head himself would probably agree with the latter accusation. Inside his brain was a burning hell, an endless oven that baked his soul alive, constantly prodding at him as he tried desperately to shield himself from the flames. Sometimes he wondered if he was completely hollow, if there was anything inside him of substance, of if it was just another web of masks and lies. Was he really full of starch, or was he just a big monster? The questions never stopped tormenting him, and perhaps that's why he did what he did in the end.

It's only a dream, Mr. Potato Head. It's only a dream.

In his last days on Earth, Mr. Potato Head gave instructions to a Salvadorian government official to have Archbishop Oscar Romero assassinated. He then made one last update to his journal, revealing the horrible truth to himself and to his handlers.

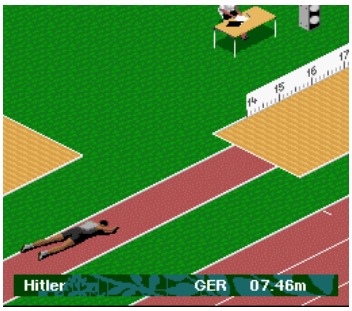
> *From Mr. Potato Head's Journal, March 24th, 1980*
>
> I killed them! Oh God! I really did it. I put on fake skin, I became someone I killed, then I took out revenge. I killed the family of the man that murdered me. I killed my family!
>
> Oh god help me... what have I done?

Mr. Potato Head then took his own life. He body was decorated with cheese and broccoli. Even after death, he served his country one last time for one last mission. He was remembered as being delicious.

A B A B A B A B A B A B A B

Howdy folks, Taylor "Psygnosis" Bell here to administer a liberal dose of button-mashing excitement! Olympic Summer Games 96 got here eight years ago and I'm just now getting around to writing about it.

> *Almost a year ago I reviewed a rom called Winter Games, an in-depth look at the detrimental effects winter sports can have on the video game industry. But since we at SA are committed to the kind of Fair and Balanced journalism that will get us sued, I have obtained an ultra-rare copy of this game to demonstrate that games based on summer sports can be just as shitty. Instead of being a collection of minigames, this is essentially*



> *one minigame repeated over and over with minor graphical differences – sometimes you stab the ground with a pole, sometimes you stab the ground with a javelin and sometimes, if you're particularly bad at hitting the up arrow, you fall and stab the ground with your face.*

Check out the full article before I smack your bitch up.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.4 Dogpile: The New Class

Thursday, Feb 05, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

FORUM STRESS TEST!

We just installed two new dual Xeon Dell servers with four gigs of RAM, thus bringing the total number of forum servers to five. If you could do me a favor and check out the forums for a bit, thus increasing the load on the server and doing me a favor by helping stress test it, I would be forever in your debt.

Dogpile: The New Class

Polly and Speedy at the age of five weeks. Please note that they resemble furry slugs.

In my last thrilling Dogpile update, I introduced my two newest pets to the world, a couple of spunky Golden Retrievers named "Speedy" and "Polly," who took the place of my dearly departed homosexual watersport-loving dog "Jake" after he died of some mysterious alien spore disease that I personally blame on the Mars probes. I mistakenly referred to "Polly" as "Fatty" in that update, mostly because she was fat at the time, but she has grown lengthwise and filled out nicely since that dark period of her life. You see, all creatures are born with 500% of their body's total mass located in their foreheads. Childbirth is such a painful procedure due to this reason; nothing hurts more than squeezing some bloated kid out of your constricted love tunnel and realizing that you just gave birth to a moist, bulbous, ugly shrieking skull with a couple flailing arms attached to the sides. This is why I refuse to ever personally give birth to anything that won't come out of my ass and isn't the direct result of consuming vast amounts of Mexican food.

My two cats, "Cat" and "Stupid," have adapted well to the puppies if you consider their failure to run into the street and willingly get run over by a car to indicate a positive response. Cat stays upstairs in his secret sanctuary, an area of the house where the dogs are not permitted to travel because I refuse to give them the necessary passport and paperwork. This palace of protection is usually located in the deep, dark recesses of my closet, so far back that I believe its technically located in the Atlantic Ocean. He'll emerge from the shadows once every full moon so he can eat cat food, drink water, and use his evil hypnotic eyes to gaze into my soul for hours on end. One time he started staring at me and I suddenly began feeling sleepy. The next thing I knew, it was over three hours later and I found myself covered with human blood, laying in a drainage ditch off Chipman Road. Oddly enough, I have never seen Cat as happy as he appeared to be that night, and also nobody has ever discovered what happened to the fat grey enemy cat who lived across the street, the one who was always strutting around like he owned the neighborhood.

Stupid has developed an intimate bond with Polly and Speedy, a bond forged from them repeatedly attempting to swallow his head in their drooling, cavernous mouths. He'll occasionally trot on downstairs to the Floor of the Damned and greet the puppies by walking within a 20-mile radius of them. This is enough to activate their patented puppy "slobber radars," causing the dynamic duo to sprint in Stupid's general direction at a speed much greater than Mach 4. Once he is within visual contact, the dogs will pull their handbrakes and attempt to come to a screeching halt, but since the floor downstairs is varnished wood, they'll skid a good 40 yards before coming to a complete

stop, usually at the expense of sliding head-first into the front door. Then they turn around and greet Stupid by extending the universally accepted sign of friendship, the attempt to swallow his head. Stupid, who is stupid, naturally never expects this shocking event to occur because despite the fact that it happens five times a day to him, he still harbors a deep intense hope that the dogs will one day decide to stop swallowing his head and instead welcome him with an assorted bouquet of beautiful flowers and candies. Then they will whisk him off to a romantic vacation in Hawaii or Cancun, whichever offers better airline fares at the time. Unfortunately this day has not yet arrived, so Stupid is given nothing but a dripping wet skull and an aromatic blend of exotic smells which strangely reek of whatever dead animal parts the dogs were previously gnawing on in the back yard.

Speedy and Polly have participated in a number of exciting puppy secret missions during their five months of existence here. While I have only found indeterminate, unrecognizable scraps from most of their previous accomplishments, I am aware of a few operations they recently completed, and I would like to share them with you in the hopes that you'll write me angry emails full of very naughty words, all of which revolve around the central theme that you don't give a horse's ass about my dogs and you sincerely hope I contract a fatal disease from a marauding homosexual rapist who is probably my father.

Polly and Speedy at the age of five months (Speedy is on the left). If you squint really hard, you can see Speedy's doggie penis below him, you sicko.

OPERATION ANAL BLAST

I decided to cover Operation Anal Blast first because out of all the wonderful activities Polly and Speedy have participated in, this was definitely my least favorite. In fact, I can remember a wide array of painful sports-related injuries I have suffered which I would consider more pleasant than Operation Anal Blast. It was a normal, average day in the Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka household; I was upstairs sending AIM messages to QT-Gurl69HunnieBarbie, the cats were squatting under my bed plotting my demise, and the puppies were in the kitchen attempting to locate any errant food atoms which they may have mistakenly overlooked during dinner three weeks before. Suddenly my nose detected something foul, causing my brow to furrow despite the fact that I have absolutely no idea how to furrow anything, much less my brow. I twisted my head to either side, attempting to immediately locate and identify the horrible stench. There was nothing in my office causing the disturbance, so I plodded into the main hallway and looked around. I couldn't find anything there either, but my olfactory sense indicated that I was successfully approaching the apex of this abominable aroma, like a twisted Easter Egg hunt where all the eggs have been replaced with rapidly decomposing goose carcasses stuffed with industrial waste. I was not prepared for what I discovered upon walking into the living room, and this is coming from somebody who has seen their fair share of dead hookers in their lifetime.

There, squatting in the carpeted "forbidden zone" of my living room, was Polly the Lovable and Cute Golden Retriever. Directly below and in front of her was Brown Stain, the Disgusting and Vomit-Inducing Congealed Mass of Diarrhea. I'm assuming that Polly was responsible for this colorful addition to my carpet since she was the only creature in there, and her eyes seemed to hold some deep sense of pride for her bowel projecting accomplishment. Even Speedy, a dog who once ate an entire chair leg, refused to step into the living room now that it was occupied by Assblaster the Unfriendly Ghost. Now

this horrible stain wasn't like any other stain in the history of the universe; it possessed some magical staying power which granted it the ability to travel through time and infect both the past and future with its atrocious odor. No matter how many highly toxic cleaning substances I dumped on the stain and regardless of the countless hours I spent massaging chemicals into its discolored body, the brown beast refused to leave my happy home. After roughly a day of steam cleaning and applying odor-removant spraying applications, the brown tint began to fade but the stench adamantly refused to depart. I eventually gave up and called a priest to come over and exorcise the demonic spirits. His corpse can still be found in the front hall where I refuse to move it on the grounds that I am lazy.

Stupid and Cat are not amused.

PROJECT LAWNCHAIR

My mother purchased a very fancy lawnchair for me roughly two years ago. It had a dark green metal base and a fairly comfortable cushioned body which would've made it an absolutely wonderful piece of relaxing outdoor furniture if it wasn't for the fact that no human being could actually sit on it. There was something odd with the design so when you put your ass on it, the bottom folded up and the top folded down, transforming you into the meat inside a lawnchair taco. I'm fairly sure my mother never attempted to relax in the chair because if she did then she would've never held the lawnchair with such high regards. She would personally check on the chair every time she visited my house or apartment, as if it was her long lost grandson who I cruelly imprisoned on the deck as some unjust punishment for murdering my wife.

When I moved from my apartment to a house, I placed this lawnchair out on my porch, the same porch that the dogs would flock into whenever they got done staring at the grass in my backyard. Little did I know that each time they headed into the porch they were completing various mini-goals in Project Lawnchair, all leading up to the end result I witnessed upon walking in there one day last week. The entire chair had been completely dismantled, the foam stuffing littering the floor like pieces of Dale Earnhardt's car in the Daytona 500. I'm fairly confident that one of them managed to forge crude tools and used them to successfully dismantle the metal frame because I can think of no other explanation as to how they took it totally apart. The chair is currently sitting on my back porch, covered with ice and dirt, serving as a deadly notice to any burglars that if they date attempt to break into my house, the ever diligent Speedy and Polly will immediately lunge at him and savagely attack any nearby lawnchairs they may have brought in with them.

There are a few other exciting and action-packed missions the puppies have embarked upon, but since people write in to complain that my updates are too long and constantly terrible, I shall save them for another day. I'm sure everybody will be patiently waiting for and anticipating this glorious

event much like how Stupid continually hopes and prays for the chance that he'll walk downstairs and won't immediately have his head swallowed by two dopey-eyed puppies who took a break from eating their own vomit to begin eating his skull. Oh the joys of pet ownership!

The Mounting Horrors of Porn

Zack "Elevator Action" Parsons here with a brand new Horrors of Porn for the award-winning "Woman Announcer Insult Relay! III".

If zero times any number didn't equal zero I would say that this part lasts about a thousand times longer than it should. After the vaginal and rectal temperatures have been taken, the greasy editor begins laying waste to the unshaven morass of the intern's vagina. Japanese women, please take some hints from much of Louisiana and Florida; they drained the fucking swamps for a reason. Sweaty, sticky, and tangled clumps of black pubic hair are so inviting you might as well leave a trail of skeletons leading to your vagina. This scene ends with yet another "blast and drool", a tradition dating back to 9th century Japanese rice-paper and calligraphy porn.

Go. Read. Conquer.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.5 Third Annual Advanced Creation Sciences Seminar Newsletter

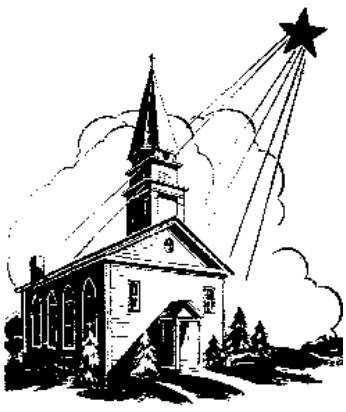
Thursday, Feb 05, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hey y'all, hope you're having a good day and the Lord is smiling upon you. This is Trevor, our usual Newsletter gal Henrietta has fallen ill with a pox and is busy at the prayerfirmary receiving all of the healing light she needs to get well. I will be taking over her responsibilities while the Lord battles her so-called "metastasizing bone cancer" and we all pray she will be back in a jiffy to fill you in on anything I miss.

This is a very exciting Newsletter as the schedule and guests for the Third Annual Advanced Creation Sciences Seminar have been announced! Signups are still open; we've got about 230 seats available and 60 rooms in the Boise Day's Inn. You may have to bunk up with someone but we have requested cots so that no one is tempted by sin while sharing a bed. For more information contact Tammy at 1-800-567-3463 or 1-800-LORDGOD, she will fix you up with accommodations and a full itinerary in a jiffy. Remember the Seminar is completely free including lodgings, but we strongly recommend a $200.00 dollar donation to Scienta Ministries, Inc for a videocassette of all of our guest speakers. If you don't donate then you might get some dirty looks and miss out on the donuts. Ha, little Christian joke, donuts are of course filled with sin and will not be served at the seminar.

First off I would like to welcome keynote speaker "Doctor" Ewalt Jacobs to our Sunday Morning Technology Sermon where he will be talking about his most recent book Christian Cellular Biology. He will also be holding an open question and answer session about his recently published paper on human cloning called "The Lord's Photocopier". Following "Dr." Jacobs' sermon and Q&A session there will be a sex-segregated Christian mixer at the Waffle House adjacent to the Day's Inn. Free coffee, milk, and water will be available and waffles will be served.

The next morning classes will begin and I am pleased to bring you the most recent list of classes so that you can begin filling out your signup sheets. If you don't have a signup sheet you can have one sent to you by Tammy if you call the numbers I mentioned earlier.



Beginner Level Screaming Self-Righteously About Creationism - Reverend R.H. Hume is proud to offer an introductory level class on promoting the spread of Scientific Creationism throughout the populace and particularly at schools. The good Reverend's course will educate attendees in techniques like "sending angry letters to the school board about evolution just being a 'theory' whereas creationism has proof in THE BIBLE" and "Picketing geology classes that claim tectonic activity on earth more than 6,000 years ago". You will be provided with a number of printed pamphlets about the science of Creationism that you can leave in restrooms, gas stations, and inconspicuously stacked in biology classrooms.

Advanced Level Screaming Self-Righteously About Creationism - Sometimes the sheep that believe in evolution will make the mistake of attempting to engage scientific Creationists in intel-

lectual debate about the subject of Creationism. For times like these Reverend Michelle Hume can provide you with a number of pointers for successfully winning such debates. These techniques include pointing out that Darwin believed in the Biblical FACTS behind the world's creation and pointing at your eye knowingly and then launching into an invective filled diatribe about intelligent design. Also included are important facts that will help you counter the arguments of evolution believers. Did you know that the Piltdown man was a fraud put forth by evolution zealots to profane our Lord?! You can learn this and much more in Reverend Michelle Hume's advanced level course.

The Myth of the Primate Connection - Scientific Creationism scholar Lloyd Llewellyn will prove beyond any shadow of a doubt that there is no possible evolutionary link between primates and mankind. Mister Llewellyn will demonstrate the physiological and brainological differences between man and ape by bringing a live silverback gorilla into the classroom. The inoffensively witty Mr. Llewellyn has named the gorilla "Darwin" as a hilarious jab at the supposed creator of evolution. He will ask a member from the audience to assist him. He will then ask the gorilla to identify a number of objects by name and repeat the same series of tests for the volunteer. You will be amazed at the disparity between the answers! This class is particularly useful for those of you who are having a crisis of faith after watching sin-cursed children's educational television that might have referenced EVILution. Note: Due to Federal Wildlife License issues "Darwin" will not be appearing. Instead Mr. Llewellyn will be bringing in his border collie "John Wayne".

Why Secular Scientific Dating Methods are Wrong - Every Christian knows by now that the world is only 6,000 years old, but the scientificians continue to push their "million year" agenda on us. To support this they have devised a number of relatively complex parlor tricks meant to fool the public into believing that they have located objects like rocks and bones older than 6,000 years. "Doctor" Anthony Goodchilde will open your eyes to the reality of methods like Carbon-14 and radiography that rely on lies and half-truths to date the age of remains and objects well beyond the earth's creation as stated in the Bible. "Dr." Goodchilde's findings will be presented and he will hold an open discussion portion for examining the correlations between sin and the heretical lies of scientific dating methods.

Man's Peaceful Brothers: The Dinosaurs - God created the earth and all life on it in seven days, including the dinosaurs that are unfortunately now all but extinct. Learn from Houston area renowned Christian Paleontologist Debra Irving about how the tribes of Israel rode on the backs of brontosauruses and patrolled the skies on pterodactyls. Find out how "Goliath" might have actually been a type of predatory dinosaur used in battle. Discover how God gave mankind various types of dinosaurs to serve as beasts of burden and even livestock. Where did the dinosaurs go? Learn why Noah was unable to carry them on his ark and also how the world-covering flood diluted salt levels in the oceans and killed off all aquatic dinosaurs but very few fish!

Formation of Oceans and Continental Mass During the Sumerian Civilization - Little is known about the ancient Sumerians since they were not mentioned in the Bible, but it is believed that Sumerians were a hardy pagan culture. God created the earth, but it took several hundreds years for the oceans and continents to take the shape they are in today. Of course this was guided by God's Will and not the theory of plate tectonics and Reverend R.H. Hume will explain how the rapidly shifting landscapes of ancient Sumeria ultimately lead to the downfall of their people. Additional time allowing, Reverend Hume will discuss Native American and Eskimo people's relation to Adam and Eve and how the Germanic race may in fact be descendents of the Canaanites.

We have a number of other courses available and I will be providing details on those as they become available. In the meantime, here are the names of the other classes you will be able to sign up for

at the seminar.

- Healing Homosexuality: Guiding the Confused into the Light
- Fantastic Voyage of Noah and His Ark
- Are UFOs Angels? The Bible and "Aliens"
- Christian Snake Bite Treatment Techniques
- Buddhist Levitation or "The Wind of False Idols"
- Baptists Are From Mars, Methodists Are From Venus
- Kid Gloves: Converting Islamic Fundamentalists
- Prayer as a Treatment for Chemical Depression
- Parent's Corner: My Child Likes Rock and Roll Music
- Parent's Corner: The Matrix Movies and False Religion
- Parent's Corner: Bed-wetting and Demonic Possession
- Is Your Baking Holy Enough?
- Wiccans, Atheists, and Other Satanic Cults
- Foot Massage: Dangerous Gateway to Sin

I look forward to seeing all of y'all at the seminar and be sure to keep Tammy in your prayers. The doctor says her cancer is inoperable but chemotherapy offers a 50% chance of recovery. Tammy told that doctor she KNOWS that prayer works with a 100% joy of the Lord.

God bless y'all!

Zack Parsons
Assistant Newsletter Administrator
++++++----------++++++
"My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins" - Kings 12:10

Hell in the Grocery Store

Hello to you, various readers, it is I, Livestock! Be sure to take 5-10 minutes out of your daily activities to click a link not unlike this one, taking you to the legendary Photoshop Phriday for this very Friday. The theme is rumored to be "Recalled Foods II" and is fabled to be abundant in pictures somewhat similar to this one:

Pretend this hyperlink is a duck and pet it ever so gently

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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2.6 It's A Glock-Glock Life

Friday, Feb 06, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

Guns play an important role in everyday social interaction.

The United States' wild west was quite possibly the finest era that human civilization has ever produced. This period's glory can be attributed to one sole factor: an overabundance of firearms. Guns were all over the damn place back then, even Texas! The country was much better than it is now (except New Jersey, that's pretty much always been a shithole), and its gradual decline over the years is a direct result of our decision to use guns less and less in everyday life. I say it's time for us to examine the many ways that guns made the wild west a utopia, and to understand how they can help us to regain our former glory.

Unlike today, men were truly men in the untamed west, and arguments were routinely settled with deadly gunfights. When ammunition was low, arguments were instead settled with a coin toss. But it was a really dangerous coin toss, since coins were uneven and jagged, and tetanus shots probably hadn't been invented yet. These arguments weeded out the weak, the unarmed, and the overly argumentative, and as a result made the United States a stronger country.

Guns also introduced us to the concept of convenient shopping. Going to the store for supplies had previously been a real headache, what with all the walking and picking things up. Once firearms were commonplace, however, people quickly realized how much easier their lives could become. Suddenly it was possible to walk into a store, stand comfortably in one spot while you pointed your gun at the item you wanted, pull the trigger, then say "I want one of those. Only not broken." A large chain of Gunpowder Depot stores went out of business, but aside from that there weren't too many problems. Customers were happy, and storeowners nervously pretended to be happy as well. It was around this time that terrified clerks everywhere coined the now-commonplace phrase, "the customer is always right".

The very way in which we obtained food was even revolutionized by firearms. The old method of throwing rocks at animals was never very successful, especially when the rocks were over seven feet high and the animal in question was a bird several hundred feet in the air. When guns came along, we were suddenly provided with a glorious shower of blood and meat. There were no pussy animal rights groups to pester hunters, so cowboys were able to provide for their families by shooting dinosaurs. It was truly a magical time. Or rather, it *was* a magical time until the cowboys ran out of dinosaurs and were forced to shoot and eat wizards. That may surprise you, but it *really* surprised the wizards. When the wizards were all gone, the cowboys had no choice but to settle on farms so that they could grow vegetables, and then shoot these vegetables. With nothing to show for all their hard work but a smoldering field full of lead, the last of these brave souls died of starvation soon thereafter.

Although the gunslingers' time came to a tragic end, their legacy will live on forever through the exciting tales of their adventures. Here are just a few of my favorite cowboys, and a unique perspective on how guns changed their lives for the better.

Crazy Bill

Due to a permanent and embarassing rash that he had to rub at all times, Bill always had a tough time fitting in with his peers. This explains why he took his father's pistols and ran off to live in the forest while his classmates were in college pursuing careers in the fields of tumbleweed technology and panhandling. Bill never did find a forest in the deserts of his home state of Nevada, but he did find something far more incredible. Upon reaching the apex of a sand dune one day, Bill was brought face to face with a grizzly bear (who happened to be looking for a forest as well). The two struggled fiercely, but the confrontation was brought to a halt when the bear wrestled one of Bill's guns away from him and shot him in the leg. Bill came to realize that he had more in common with this bear than he ever had with a human, and the two became partners. Under the tutelege of Bill, the bear learned how to reload a gun, and perfected it's quick-draw technique. After the training ended, they went on a crime spree through fourteen states, leaving a trail of robbed banks and beehives in their wake. The two were eventually hung for breaking into author Walt Whitman's cabin and shooting him dead, which he chronicled in his final book entitled "YEEAARGH!"

Kid "The Kid" McKiddy

Though small in stature, Kid was destined to become one of the most deadly and feared gunslingers of the old west. Upon getting a beautiful hand-crafted rifle on his fourth birthday, he hefted the weapon in his hands and immediately knew that his true calling in life was to be a bounty hunter. Over the course of his illustrious career, he killed over three hundred fugitives with his trusty rifle. While that figure is very impressive, it's hard to imagine how many men he could have killed if he actually used bullets. Kid "The Kid" McKiddy died at the age of eight after contracting cooties from an Indian girl that snuck up behind him and kissed his cheek. There are some things that even guns and modern medicine can't mend, and The Kid learned the hard way that cooties is one of these things.

Kevin "Doc" Orkian

Like most doctors of his time, Doc wasn't actually a qualified doctor, but someone who simply enjoyed sawing other people's appendages off. It was a satisfying job, full of surprises, whiskey, and really scary looking tools. Doc was living the good life right in the heart of the San Francisco gold rush, with a neverending stream of treasure-seeking patients who had stepped in bear traps, hacked into their own abdomens with pickaxes, or got real bad papercuts. You know the kind, the ones that go right under your fingernail. But one day Doc came into work and was shocked to find himself without a single patient. The gold rush had ended, and now he was simply a doctor in a normal, less accident-prone town. The answer to Doc's dilemma came to him immediately, and he ran down the street to purchase a long-range rifle. Every morning after that fateful day, Doc would set up a spot just outside of town and snipe someone at random, then rush back to his office to operate on his newfound patient. His career had been saved, all thanks to our friend the firearm. Of course, the town's residents quickly figured out what Doc was up to, but they humored him and didn't say anything.

Now that you see how guns are capable of doing wonderful things, maybe society will begin to embrace them as wholeheartedly as it used to, and all of our lives will be one step closer to perfect. I understand that there are varying opinions on guns and that we may all have our differences, but I'm sure there is one thing we can all agree on: writing an entire update about guns in the wild west

was not a very good idea.

State Og

The guys at State Og have done it again! Unfortunately, they've surrounded my house and will kill me to death if I explain what "it" is. Instead, I'll just give you a snippet from the latest State Og:

> *To our shock and amazement, we found that some of our products were the cause of some of this dissent. For instance, the State Og Automated Testicle Thief was described using terms like "dreaded" and "pointless" rather than "peppy" and "whimsical". Our Og Cream was found to contain more hydrochloric acid than most people expect from a skin cream. We've had the things said about our Bowl O' Feces sealed away for eternity.*

Check out this week's update! You'll love it, and I'm probably not just saying that out of a fear for my own life.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.7 Fetishes of the Future

Saturday, Feb 07, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Greasnin Goes to California, Pt. 4

I'm just kidding. Seriously, that story is done. My days whoring it out are over. I swear I'll never mention it again.

Fetishes of the Future

Mr. Fetish, meet Mr. Sledgehammer.

Something Awful has been around almost as long as the internet itself. In that time, we've taken a look at a wide array of sexual fetishes ranging from the unnerving to the truly horrifying to the baffling. We've met people who pop a proverbial, which is to say, literal stiffy over fat women, giant women, Lord of the Rings characters having gay sex, dead people, unconscious people, sick people, retarded people, kids, old people, midgets, robots, plants, animals, furries, plushies, fat furries, furries with fifty-foot penises, furries who eat each other, furries with multiple heads, people swelling up like balloons, statues, paralyzed people, paraplegics, amputees, Ubangi lip discs, scat, people wetting themselves, cannibals, being eaten by cannibals, little plastic army figure porn, Lego porn, women whose cars break down, anime characters having gay or incestuous sex, comic strip characters having gay or incestuous sex, and much, much more. Hell, if you scroll down to today's Awful Link, you can read about a site for people who find enormous noses sexy. Some of these fetishes were publicly acknowledged before the invention of the internet. Others are so bizarre that I can only imagine they would have never taken shape if not for the internet's amazing ability to give complete freaks and societal rejects a sense of community.

No rational person could possibly predict that a fetish about, say, women trying to get their cars started would ever emerge, let alone develop enough of a following to necessitate the production and sale of movies on VHS *and* DVD. Nor could anyone predict that there would actually be people - as in more than one person - who actually fantasize about being killed and eaten by a cannibal, but lo and behold, it's the latest rage in Germany. That's right, Germany! Not Japan! I know, I can hardly believe it, either! I don't know what we did to these two countries when we spanked them so heartily in World War II, but their cultures have gotten severely messed up. The point is, no one can actually hope to understand the depths of human fucked-upedness enough to predict the next deeply disturbing fetish to take Yahoo Groups, and then the internet at large by storm without being pretty severely fucked up themselves. But that's just what I'm going to try to do. Ladies and gentlemen, I present for your enjoyment my guesses as to the dark and deviant nature of a few of the fetishes we will soon see floating around the internet. Before we begin, allow me to make one note: this article is intended only for (mildly) comedic purposes. Nevertheless, I fully expect that at least a couple of these fetishes will actually emerge sometime in the near future, if they aren't fetishes already.

Like this, only on your penis.

Flamies

The heat of passion and the friction of two bodies intertwined just isn't hot enough for the flamies. These enthusiastic, but unquestionably stupid individuals just can't get excited about sex unless things are hot, hot, hot. That's why they obsess over the act of sex between two or more people who are actively on fire. The flamies find nothing more erotic than the combined stench of sweat, sex, and burning flesh and hair. Whether it's a lit match tossed into the pubic hair or a liberal dousing of gasoline all over the body, the flamies need that fire to fuel the fire in their loins. You know, the one that isn't scabies. Due to the nature of the fetish, flamie sex is usually very short in duration, and is more often than not a one-time indulgence, since even in the instances where the participants survive, their genitals are typically charred beyond recognition.

The flamies have spawned an offshoot called "combusties," who fantasize about having their partner spontaneously combust, or about spontaneously combusting themselves, during the sex act. Due to the rare and unpredictable occurrence of actual spontaneous human combustion, this branch of the fetish is less commonly practiced, although websites that cater to it do offer a variety of poor quality videos featuring lame special effects that attempt to represent this odd and thoroughly moronic fantasy. Naturally, the fetish is also accompanied by plenty of bad art and erotic slash fiction featuring Goku spontaneously combusting while attempting to go Super Saiyan while having gay sex with Vegeta.

Note: The flamies should not be confused with "flamers" who are defined as regular readers of Fark.com.

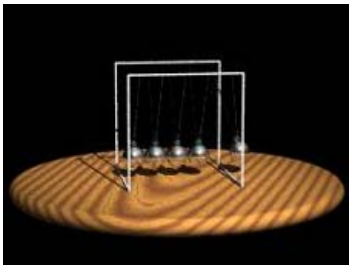
Crawlies

Like this, only on your penis.

When one daring young man published a short story on his Geocities site about a boy who trips while out jogging one hot summer's day and lands with his crotch on top of a bustling anthill, he inadvertently gave an entire hidden subculture the courage to make themselves known. This group quickly dubbed themselves "crawlies" and banded together around the common fetish of having thousands upon thousands of tiny biting, stinging insects swarm all over and inside their genitalia. One of the more vocal of the new wave fetishes, many practitioners make appearances on *Maury Povich, Jenny Jones,* and *Jerry Springer*. With the male fetishists making such comments as "You don't know how good it feels to have a hundred thousand tiny little feet massaging your cock," and the females sharing stories of finding the crunchy corpses of dead wasps inside their vaginas, talk show audiences everywhere are thrown into chaotic hooting, hollering, chair-throwing, and vomiting. This fetish is singlehandedly responsible for the emergence of seven previously unheard of sexually transmitted diseases, and school sexual education programs begin to include the lesson, "When you insert a fire ant into your urethra, you're inserting every urethra that fire ant has ever been in." Naturally, the fetish is also accompanied by plenty of bad art and erotic slash fiction featuring Goku dumping a jar of spiders onto his scrotum while having gay sex with Trunks.

Note: I couldn't find a good place to insert it into the above paragraph, but I want you all to know that I came up with the joke "this gives new meaning to the word 'cockroach,'" which is really fucking funny.

Pendies



Like this, only hurting your penis.

The complicated, difficult, and largely painful act known as pendulum sex has a small but dedicated cabal of followers. The concept is simple: two people attach themselves to long tethers fastened to a pole suspended some fifty-plus feet off the ground. They then climb up ladders spaced out a good distance from each other. Both people leap off at the same time and swing toward each other, attempting penetration upon impact. The catch, beyond the geometric precision needed in orchestrating such a perfectly executed collision, is that from the heights and distances that most practitioners attempt this feat, they have to get it right on the first swing, because the initial impact is going to break several bones in both participants. To that end, the male attempting penetration actually has to work himself up the the point of orgasm by hand before leaping, then maintain the erection while swinging through the air until he can sink his stiffy deep into his fast-moving partner and deposit his seed. Of course, should the male miss his mark by even a little, he will end up either crushing his erection into a pulp against the other person's body, or,in the case of particularly strong erections, stabbing a hole in his partner. Come to think of it, that's not that simple at all, really. In addition to a high mortality rate, this fetish is naturally also accompanied by plenty of bad art and erotic slash fiction featuring Goku swinging like a pendulum while attempting to have gay sex with Krillin.

Freakies

These abnormal and clearly disturbed individuals have an unquenchable obsession with calm, relaxed, straightforward missionary sex between a man and a woman. They don't believe in having sex in exotic locations, with body parts not normally thought of as sexual, or using any sort of tools or outside objects. Naturally, they are considered to be freaks of the highest caliber and universally reviled and shunned by practitioners of every other fetish. Freakies are forced to keep their hidden desires private, lest they face overwhelming amounts of extreme ridicule and discrimination. Fearing for their safety, they scarcely create webpages about their sick fetish at all, instead hiding their sex lives behind a veil of leading actual lives. This fetish is also accompanied by plenty of bad art, but poor Goku must wank alone.

These are just a few of the revolting sexual practices that will emerge in the future. Just remember, if you found anything in any of the preceding paragraphs to be the least bit arousing, then you're part of the problem. Perhaps you should consider creating a badly designed and largely incoherent website about it. Be sure to give Goku something to do.

Look At Me Ma! I Done Birthed Me 'Ah Baby!

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Poke Her Jeans" Gutierrez here. When I was young I dreamed of having a family. Every day I would think of how wonderful it would be to have dinners with my loved ones, argue with my wife on how to best discipline the children, and teach my boy how to play ball. After today's Weekend Web my dreams have been shattered.

What makes today's feature so much worse than others is that these people are supposed to be raising the future of this world. I'll bet you a hundred bucks that these kids end up on a Weekend Web update twenty years from now asking for help on how to best pee on a pregnancy test stick. Oh boy! I can't wait to be a parent! I hope you enjoy today's feature. Thank you for making Something Awful your source for images of forum posts from other internet forums.

Author: TexLori **Jan 21, 2004**, 3:11 PM (PST)

Hi all,

I was wondering if fisting was an okay practice in the second trimester? I am 21 weeks.

Lori

[Add a post] **[Quote this post]**

Author: 2badcats **Jan 21, 2004**, 3:31 PM (PST)

what?

[Add a post] **[Quote this post]**

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

2.8 The Passion of L. Ron Hubbard

Sunday, Feb 08, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A controversial film is coming soon to a mailbox near you in the form of a straight-to-video promotional giveaway by the Church of Scientology. The movie was originally slated for a theatrical release but the Church was unable to find a theater willing to carry it. The film is entitled "The Passion of L. Ron Hubbard" and many consider it a film designed almost as anti-psychologist propaganda while others see it as tacit endorsement of attempts to overthrow the United States government. The movie is - according to the Church of Scientology anyway - a historical account of the rise to power of the Church's prophet and semi-successful science fiction author L. Ron Hubbard. It details how he came to possess the fabled Tablet of the Clear and ultimately how psychologists conspired with the late FBI director J. Edgar Hoover to bring about Hubbard's demise.

The storyline and execution of the movie has angered psychologists who were already at odds with the Church of Scientology and has even spread to a number of other health professionals who think that the film may promote hate crime against their peers. Normally I would not involve myself in such tangled disputes, but yesterday I received a preview copy of "The Passion of L. Ron Hubbard" in the mail. Having watched the film in its entirety (no small task, it's over three hours not including the "Making Of" on the DVD extras) I feel compelled to now report on it in as much detail as time and space allows.

Synopsis

Hubbard preaches to his people. Click the image for a larger version.

The film begins with the mythical birth of L. Ron Hubbard. According to Scientologists their great leader was brought into this world in 1911 in Tilden, Nebraska. Under the shelter of little more than a tin and clapboard shack, his angelic mother Ledora May Hubbard squeezes out the founder of Scientology onto dusty floorboards. His father, a junior officer in the Navy, picks the boy up and hands holds him aloft so that the sunlight breaking through the dust storm outside frames little Ron Hubbard's head in a nimbus of light. Then the door bangs open and a mysterious and slightly ominous Native American man walks in.

He points a gnarled finger at wee baby Hubbard and intones words in the ancient language of the Black Foot Indians. As if struck by the hand of God, Ledora begins translating what the Black Foot Medicine Man is saying. The Medicine Man is named "Old Tom" and he explains that an eagle told him to search out the boy at his moment of birth and tell him of his destiny. A war looms on the horizon, bringing strange otherworldly forces that only a man of incredible spiritual and intellectual fortitude could hope to save mankind from. Old Tom tells the Hubbards that it is young L. Ron's destiny to be this leader and to wield his staggering genius against these alien minds that would scheme to destroy us all. Then there is this really awesome CGI sequence where the Indian turns to dust and floats out the window, carried off by the storm.

Twenty years later, Ron is a young and handsome man with a flowing mane of red hair and a clench-toothed snake's voice that would inspire any Thetan to hide its children in fear. Ron walks among the people, clad in a robe that enhances his impressive physique, and offers blessings to those who kneel at his feet. The reason for this transformation into a spiritual leader is quickly discovered when a withered old man with a gangrenous leg collapses at Hubbard's feet. Hubbard helps the man up, and then lays his hands upon the man's chest and allows his eyes to roll back into his head. This really cool lightning appears around his face like the stuff you see in the Termiantor movies when the Terminator appears from the future. Hubbard starts yelling and then you see this ghost

thing come out of the guy and fly into the air. It has this weird face that looks like a skull with a wet paper bag on it and it's speaking in this screechy gibberish voice.

After things calm down we see that the old man's leg has healed and Hubbard says "that was your body Thetan, the evil spirit that inhabits us all, but it had grown powerful within you and was destroying your leg." Then Hubbard explained how every person had the power to cast out their body's Thetan by unlocking their mind's inner potential. Then Hubbard passed a hat around and it was quickly filled with coins. Not until the coins reached the top of the hat did Hubbard begin to explain the process of removing the body's Thetan. Then there was this really cool montage out in this rocky desert area that looked a lot like Costa Mesa, California where L. Ron Hubbard teaches the people all of these focusing techniques and then all at once they throw their body Thetans out and L. Ron Hubbard declares them "clear". From what I gathered being "clear" is like being "safe" in baseball only magical.

Hoover listens to the chanting of the psychiatrists. Click the image for a larger version.

Hubbard doesn't have it easy though, after training his squad of zen-like-only-much-gayer sidekicks he finds himself running afoul of the powerful psychologist and psychiatrist movement. Looking like an army of Sigmund Freuds in their dark suits and glasses, the psychiatrist lobby for J. Edgar Hoover to "get rid of Hubbard", as one of the psychiatrists named Harold Crankenshrink puts it. Hoover initially turns a deaf ear on the psychiatrists and Hubbard is free to go through the streets and share the truth of the Thetans with the people.

Meanwhile, in Harold Crankenshrink's castle we see that the leader of the psychiatrists is communing with an otherworldly spirit of some sort. The glowing green mist hovers above his head and announces that it is "Xenu" and its Thetan invasion must not be stopped. It implores Crankenshrink to not only continue to spread "[his] perverse quackery through the unsuspecting populace" but also to give a box of flawless diamond gems to Hoover as a bribe for his assistance. Crankenshrink takes the hoard of gems and heads immediately to the FBI Tower Perilous, where Hoover and his gold-armored G-men are suiting up to sell drugs in Harlem again.

Crankenshrink and Xenu are working as a team to destroy Hubbard. Click the image for a larger version.

Hoover initially dismisses Crankenshrink, but when he sees the box of gems his eyes light up and he agrees to arrest L. Ron Hubbard for overturning a cart of "Chicken Soup For the Soul" books. While the G-men prepare to raid Hubbard's SEA ORG facility we see Hubbard standing on a cliff side accompanied by several of his inept followers.

He holds in his hands a stone tablet on which he claims are the five great weaknesses of Xenu and the Thetans which man can use to defeat them once and for all. He holds the tablet above his head and recites "the first method for the unraveling of Xenu's plot is-" but he is interrupted by Hoover's men who fire a net-gun at him. Hubbard's followers begin to fight back, but Hubbard implores them that "we shall get them under Fair Game, we will fight with tooth and nail using our greatest allies in the legal profession".

Hubbard is whisked away to a holding cell in the FBI Tower where Hoover intends to interrogate him and then perhaps leave him to stew for a few months. Unbeknownst to Hoover, Crankenshrink has gathered hundreds of psychologists outside the FBI tower and then all begin chanting and clamoring for Hubbard to be imprisoned inside a volcano. "Let his fate be like Xenu!" one crazed psychiatrist is heard yelling. Hoover, reluctant to go along with such a cruel form of "justice", relents and agrees to imprison Hubbard

inside a volcano. He then symbolically and literally washes his hands from his perch atop the FBI Tower.

Hubbard is marched through the streets with a "brain shackle" around his skull to keep him from using his mind's potential to escape. Initially the psychiatrists hurl insults at Hubbard, but then Scientologists and well-wishers begin laying a carpet of clams for him to walk on. At last Hubbard is brought to the top of a volcano and he says a few words to his followers before he is lowered, shackled and secured to a plate, into the fiery depths of the volcano. The movie's final shot is of Hubbard staring stoically ahead and lava flowing and erupting all around him.

Hubbard preaches to his people. Click the image for a larger version.

Before the credits, in bold white letters, it says "HE WILL RISE" on the screen for several seconds

I'm no expert on Scientology, but I understand that they have some serious problems with psychologists and psychiatrists. Unfortunately, this movie portrays them as almost demonic and allied with evil supernatural forces that the Scientologists are sworn to do battle with. What the movie neglects to mention are all the people who were robbed blind, duped, and even killed by the Scientologists during the years before and after L. Ron Hubbard died. And yes, L. Ron Hubbard died, he was not placed in a volcano like they would have you believe.

On the other hand, the only people who will watch this movie are Scientologists and members of the media, so I don't really predict it will influence anyone into beating up or killing psychiatrists who wasn't already planning on doing it before they saw the movie. Besides, the current head of the Church of Scientology said it was great and told every church member to buy as many copies as they could to make its sales look good. That's sort of like the Pope saying "The Passion of Christ" was "mmmmmmddddfffffffff" and then drooling on himself like that kooky Pope loves to do these days.

Extra special thanks go to SA Goon Shmorky, who did the illustrations for this update on very short notice and has unwittingly provided me with a nice "L. Ron Hubbard in shackles" desktop wallpaper. In addition, Something Awful offers these images and this article to Operation Clambake for the express purposes of doing anything they can to shine the light on just how hilariously evil the Church of Scientology is. I'm sure they can never have too many cartoons of L. Ron Hubbard laying around to help them in their fight.

Press Up to Jump and Die

Hey folks, Taylor "Use Your Skill" Bell here with a brand new rom review! It is, in fact, the first rom I've ever hated enough to give a perfect -50 score.

> *Master Chu and the Drunkard Hu is essentially a second-rate knockoff of Kenseiden, an excellent Sega Master System game that would have become a classic if the Master System had been bought by more than four people. It follows the quest of some sober dumbass named Chu and some drunk dumbass named Hu as they live out their dumbass lives in an ugly side-scrolling world full of invisible platforms and flying dentures. This game is so fucked up that I spent the first half-hour of my playtime trying to figure out whether or not I'd gotten a buggy rom, but it looks like the rom is fine and the glitches are there because the programmers coded the game by standing in a circle and taking turns hitting the keyboard with a chair.*

I don't know how they made a game with a drunken fat guy not fun, but somehow they pulled it off.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.9 Hello Kitty, It's Time to Die!

Tuesday, Feb 10, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Goodbye. No really. Goodbye.

We all know that Japan is quite possibly the most deranged place on the face of the universe, what with its pioneering of strange and bizarre fetishes and gung-ho attitude towards penetrating women's vaginas with tentacles. That's just accepted fact, and though it might be considered a handicap by some, we all know that it's what makes Japan so special. To think that one of the most powerful and advanced countries in the world could be so insane is a breath of fresh air and inspiration to all those other poor and insane countries out there. Of course I don't want to generalize Japan as being a place of nothing but creative depravity and cut short its other accomplishments. Japan is a mecca for advanced technology that pushes the boundaries right off of a cliff. Where else in the world are you going to find a handhold instant messenger that also analyzes your stool sample, tells you when to clean your ears, beams an electric shock to your pet cat's prostate, and is powered by a special adapter that attaches to your nipples? Probably not anywhere in Ecuador, that's for sure.

The real monster coming out of Japan doesn't have any tentacles or rape schoolgirls, isn't obnoxious bug-eyed anime, surprisingly isn't Final Fantasy, and definitely isn't a high-tech hair comb that changes colors based on bowel movements. It's the cutesy scourge of Hello Kitty and that dreadful Sanrio yakuza. For the luckily uninformed, Sanrio gave this description of itself on their corporate website:

What the hell is this?

> *Sanrio was founded in 1960 by Mr. Shintaro Tsuji. Mr. Tsuji created a line of character merchandise designed around gift-giving occasions. Forty years later, Mr. Tsuji is the Chairman of Sanrio Company, Ltd., based in Tokyo and with distribution throughout Japan and Southeast Asia, the Americas and Europe. Sanrio, Inc., is the wholly owned subsidiary of Sanrio Co., Ltd., and is headquartered in South San Francisco, CA. Sanrio Inc. distributes products throughout North, Central and South America. Sanrio began in the western hemisphere in 1976 with a boutique store in the Eastridge Mall in San Jose, CA. In the Americas today, over 4,000 locations proudly display Sanrio character merchandise. This number includes two hundred Sanrio boutique stores, the ultimate destinations for the Sanrio magic. Over forty of these stores are owned and operated by Sanrio. The rest are independently owned by operators who share our "small gift, big smile" philosophy*

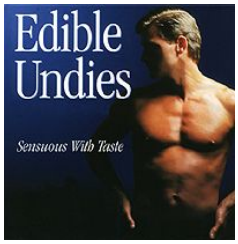
Ignoring the obvious drug lingo ("the Sanrio magic"), you get the general idea. It's a multinational corporation that sells overpriced cutesy crap to millions of customers who may or may not be criminally insane. I'm not sure whether it's an ancient Egyptian curse or some sort of bizarre personality trait I suffer from, but virtually every female person I've ever known has had a raging hard-on for Sanrio merchandise. This vexes me, because first and foremost, I am a being of logic. While scarcely anything I say on this site can be categorized as "logical," I am careful to utilize logic in my daily life in a hopeless attempt to not to destroy the world I live in or myself. I never smoke or do drugs, rarely drink, and I always release the children I catch so as not to deplete the population. I credit this to following the example of Spock, a wise elf from Stephen King's "Lord of the Rings" quadrilogy. I'm also frugal, but not in the gay "arguing over the price of bananas"

way. This logic, combined with my frugalness, is what makes me loath Sanrio's cabal of cute little mutants. Just like how the terrorists somehow hate freedom and happiness, I hate Hello Kitty and want to fly planes into Sanrio stores. Obviously I won't actually do that, because I'm terrified of flying and most of my attempts at hijacking things, such as playground slides and monkey bars, have led to me getting pelted with rocks or having sand thrown in my eyes.

Senrio makes its vast riches by essentially painting random objects hideous colors and sticking character designs on them. For example, they might take a regular, boring old kidney dialysis machine, paint it hot pink, stamp a Hello Kitty character on it, and sell it for 400% more than it would normally cost. This type of price gouging is a common practice for the Sanrio cartel, as highlighted in table 100.12-ALPHA-FOXTROT-BRAVO-ZERO-NINER.

TABLE 100.12-ALPHA-FOXTROT-BRAVO-ZERO-NINER

IGNORE THIS - TEST	Sample Price of Normal Item:	Price of Normal Item Painted Pink and Covered with Sanrio Characters:
#2 Pencil	$0.69/dozen	$0.50
Flashlight	$1.99	$99.99
Edible Underwear	$2.99	$4,69.99
Microwave Oven	$69.99	$5349.99
Artificial Flex-Spine for Medical Patient Education	$149.99	$10,459.99
Briefcase Nuke	$25 million	$500 trillion



I included this picture to disrupt the overwhelming cuteness. Also, my underwear is butterscotch flavored.

As if the ridiculous highway robbery taking place inside every retailer of Sanrio merchandise wasn't bad enough, it's even worse when you see what the fuss is over. Yes, even I'll admit that Hello Kitty is cute, but that doesn't mean I want everything I own, let alone anything I own, branded with that damn cat's soulless visage. Hello Kitty herself looks like some sort of brain-dead zombie with empty black eyes that draw you in like a cave filled with poisonous blob creatures and the possibility of finding a treasure chest with a blob poison antidote. If I had to guess how she became a zombie, I'd wager that she died from health complications relating to chronic bulimia, and was reanimated from residual radiation still lingering from the atomic bombs. That's just an educated guess and could very well be wrong, but I doubt it. The other Sanrio posse members are equally uninspired and vapid. Once Mr. Shintaro Tsuji came up with one character design, he only needed to swap a few colors and shapes around to get the rest. While the end result in a consistent lineup not unlike a conveyor belt full of delicious baby chickens, it's nothing that really deserves millions and millions of dollars or a following even more fanatical than some of the very respectable doomsday cults out there. Heck, even our own Tom "Moof" Davies comes up with far more interesting and cute animals and from what I understand he can barely afford to take care of his precious pet cactus, let alone pay off that poor cactus's vast student loans.

Now it's true that Sanrio merchandising isn't any different than, oh, say *Star Wars* mass merchandising, which is pretty disgusting. Lucas has stamped Darth Vader on just about everything from bath wash to Popsicle making kits in a desperate attempt to draw in more money so he can make his movies look like seizure-inducing cartoons. But people buy this stuff up, and it scares me. I can understand some merchandising, but when you have to have an entire store just to sell unnecessary

HOLY CRAP A BLACK CAT! THIS IS THE MOST CREATIVE IDEA SINCE MOONBREAD!

items you've put logos on, then by God, you've gone too far and you need to be institutionalized. I find it especially troublesome that the scourge of Hello Kitty seems to bypass any age limitations, and seems to have a stranglehold on people who should be old enough to know they are being swindled by mass-produced cutesy crap. Maybe that's all part of the sinister Sanrio agenda: to create a mass of machines that function only to serve the whims of their masters, just like Robocop was designed to do. Let's hope that they follow Robocop's lead and break free of their enslavers, helping to build a better tomorrow in the process.

◘ Oviemay Eviewray

Hey everybody, this is Ben "Greek Nerd" Platt here. Today, I decided not to do a movie review, but instead wrote a long thesis on the declining state of modern dance today. Then Lowtax broke my knees with a piece of firewood and told me he wouldn't let me get medical attention until I did a movie review after all. So now I stand before you a broken and miserable man, having just watched a reviewed a piece of utter tripe called "Frogs."

> *The tarantulas don't actually attack Michael, though. Instead they sort of throw clumps of moss at him. I don't know what happens, exactly. The camera keeps cutting back and forth between Michael and one of several tarantulas, and every time it goes back to Michael, he's got more clumps of moss on him. Somehow this kills him. You know, just like in real life. Then entire sheets of webbing start draping over his moss-covered corpse. Now, I don't claim to be an arachnid expert, but if any tarantula actually made this much webbing this quickly, then a group of tarantulas this large could have a square mile of forest covered in web in half an hour. You know, just like in real life.*

What other surprises does "Frogs" have in store? You'll just have to read the review to find out!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.10 I Now Pronounce You Husband and Husband!

Tuesday, Feb 10, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Up until now, only these people could get married. Well not these two people in particular, I mean a man and woman.

Americans across America and many countries which are not currently America but are scheduled to be converted within the next decade are abuzz with the news of legalized gay marriages! Everywhere you go it's "gay marriage this" and "gay marriage that" and "what the fuck are you talking about, 'gay marriage this' and 'gay marriage that' don't make any sense and you're just holding up the drive through line sir." You can't travel anywhere these days without hearing the latest breaking news updates about the continuing struggle to modify the sacred process of joining a man and women into something which either includes two men or two women but certainly not a combination of either. Why just today I was using the Internet when suddenly an article about gay marriage magically appeared on my screen after I clicked a link on CNN with the words "gay marriage" in it! This proves how the incredible phenomenon of homosexual relations has truly invaded every aspect of our lifestyle, particularly our lifestyle of clicking on links with the words "gay marriage" in them.

- **THE GOOD NEWS:** Gay marriage is kind of legal in Massachusetts.

  Massachusetts court rules ban on gay marriage unconstitutional - *The Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court has cleared the way for lesbian and gay couples in the state to marry, ruling Tuesday that government attorneys "failed to identify any constitutionally adequate reason" to deny them the right. In a 4-3 ruling, the court gave the Massachusetts state Legislature six months to rewrite the state's marriage laws for the benefit of gay couples.*

- **THE BAD NEWS:** Gay marriage is highly illegal in Ohio.

  Ohio governor signs bill making state 38th to ban gay marriage - *Ohio Gov. Bob Taft approved one of the country's most-far reaching gay-marriage bans on Friday, saying its adoption was urgent because the nation's first legally sanctioned same-sex weddings could take place as early as this spring in Massachusetts. The bill, which Taft signed in private, also prohibits state employees from getting marital benefits for their unmarried partners, whether homosexual or heterosexual.*

- **THE EVEN WORSE NEWS:** Japanese people are picking their noses, pulling out pubic hairs, smelling their socks, and peeing in the bathtub at an alarming rate.

  Putrid pluckers, underwater eruptions the pick of horrid habits - *Plucking nose hairs and farting in the bath can be nasty little habits, but Spa! (1/29) discovers that nearly everybody's got some torrid trait when they think nobody else is looking. Canvassing 100 men and women, the men's weekly discovered that among the many daily habits were 31 percent of gals who picked out their pubic hairs while on the toilet or in the bath, and 11 percent of guys used baby talk when speaking with a lover.*

These people couldn't get married in most states, if not for their homosexuality, then for the fact that they're wearing baby clothing for Christ's sake.

At first glance you may mistakenly believe the United States government is sending homosexuals a mixed message. How does it make sense to have something legal in one area of the country and illegal in another area? How can people be expected to memorize which states they are married in, particularly when they are taking a cross-country jet trip and their marriage keeps getting annulled and reinstated every time they cross over a different state line? Additionally, why is "using baby talk" lumped by the Japanese into the same category as pissing in the bathtub and yanking out pubic hairs during work hours? I'll be the first to admit that I see absolutely nothing wrong with urinating in the shower just as long as nobody else has to use it and you haven't drunkenly mistaken your girlfriend's face as the shower. However, once you begin to analyze the states' decisions here, you'll begin to realize that they have created and enforced these rules for a very good, logical reason, although I'm not sure what that reason may be. It might have something to do with exchanging blood for oil.

Despite what the cranky old coots in Ohio may claim, there are plenty of advantages to legalizing gay marriage. I can name a whole bunch offhand and I'm neither gay nor married nor from Massachusetts!

ADVANTAGES TO LEGALIZING GAY MARRIAGE:

1) Homosexuals will finally be able to participate in the sacred, holy American tradition that heterosexual couples have enjoyed for the past two hundred years, the process of getting divorced.
2) The diamond industry will see a huge surge in sales of Legolas-themed earrings.
3) I won't have to read about the quest to legalize gay marriage in the news every fucking day and repeatedly have to see photos of really ugly lesbians who resemble David Carradine.

Of course there are certain disadvantages to legalizing gay marriage, ones which Fred Phelps and that one guy who yells a lot by the downtown Dairy Queen will be more than willing to share with you if you approach within a 50-mile radius of them:

DISADVANTAGES OF LEGALIZING GAY MARRIAGE:

1) According to many religious people, God does not approve of two homosexuals marrying each other. These people also believe that God honestly wants them to own a lot of firearms, have gigantic hair, and vote for George W. "H" Bush Jr. III.
2) The legalization of gay marriage leads to a very slippery slope. Once the United States Court approves it, what's to stop people from legalizing marriages between a pet cat and a pet dog? Or a pirate and a ghost? Or a Scientologist and a human being?
3) I saw a movie where two people were married and one of them killed the other one, so this might be unfair for homosexuals who don't want to be murdered, which I assume is a good majority of them.

While many anti-gay marriage advocates point to the Bible as a reference for condemning their unholy matrimony, scholars have recently unearthed the following groundbreaking facts:

1) In the Garden of Eden, God actually DID say "Adam and Steve," not "Adam and Eve." Everybody who has been saying "Adam and Eve" has been misquoting the original

text, probably because the original page that story was written on had this totally huge coffee stain on it and you couldn't read most of the words there even if you squinted your eyes really tightly and shouted each word out loudly as you read them.
2) When Steve ate the forbidden Apple or the snake, I can't quite remember which one, it caused Adam to become pregnant with a set of manbabies who were both gay. One of these manbabies grew up to be Jesus Christ (the Son of the Lord), and the other to be Barabbus (a 50-foot tall ape-man with cybernetic implants allowing him the ability to launch a deadly barrage of missiles from his kneecaps). When a crowd of outraged citizens were given the choice to free either Jesus or Barabbus, they chose Barabbus because he threatened to blow up half the world with his nuclear flamethrower.

I have no idea what these people are and if they could get married. I think they are space creatures, and I currently know of many laws prohibiting space creatures from getting hitched in the great ol' US of A.

So now the problem is that while one state approves of homosexual marriage, most others do not, raising some interesting questions. If a gay couple in Massachusetts gets married and moves to Ohio, will they be arrested by the Ohio Marriage Police who will drag them off to the homosexual jail and annul their marriage at gunpoint? How does the US Government forcibly cause two people to become un-married? Do they have to perform a reverse marriage and get a Satanic priest to declare them "not married at all" while people run up and steal rice from the ground around them? Also why the hell would anybody, much less homosexuals, want to move to Ohio? I drove through that state once and the most exciting part of my journey was when I got pulled over by a state trooper who was so goddamn fat that it looked like he dined on a steady supply of deflated tires and human children.

More liberal conservatives have suggested a compromise for gays, an agreement which recognizes a civil union between two homosexuals that is exactly like marriage except it's not marriage, and since it's between two people of the same gender, could actually be considered the direct opposite of marriage. This would not only allow a homosexual couple to get a free piece of paper which reads "THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION HEREBY ACKNOWLEDGES THESE TWO GAY FOLKS TO BE FAKE MARRIED Y'ALL, YEE-HAW," but it also... well, actually I guess that's it.

When my mom brought up the topic of gay marriage during dinner last week, she commented that "the only reason homosexuals want to be married is so they can get insurance benefits," and this makes sense to me because that's the only reason my parents got married 90 years ago. However, even if homosexuals are given the right to marry each other, they will still not be able to enjoy any of the 1,049 benefits and protections given to married people by the federal government, such as the permission to park in those grocery store parking lots spaces designed for pregnant mothers and the right to subject anybody who visits your house to a nonstop barrage of photos showing off each and every painfully banal aspect of your new kid.

It is legal to have babies, but just make sure they don't turn out like this.

As you can plainly see here, the issue is highly deep and complex like a Rubix cube that somebody threw into the cube from the movie "Cube," and there may not be a simple, easy way to resolve it without being forced to read the entire "Tek Wars" series of novels. And while our governmental

officials are sitting around on their flabby white asses, talking about sport scores with each other and drinking deep fried pork protein shakes, they refuse to answer even the most basic question regarding homosexual marriages: say a man and a woman get married in Massachusetts. They are living a happy and joyous life full of trips to the grocery store, 9-5 work hours at the local oil change / fried chicken buffet joint, and weekend Pay-Per-View movies featuring Vin Diesel and a supporting cast of 1,000,000 explosions. Suddenly this marriage falls apart one day when the husband realizes he's always been a woman trapped in a man's body and he gets a sex change. If this happens, will the couple have to obtain a bonus marriage certificate, one specifically written up for homosexuals? Let's assume this happens and the couple is once again living in bliss. Then, one summer's night, the natural female stumbles upon a shocking revelation; she's always been a man trapped inside a woman's body! She goes to get a sex change and becomes a man. Now our loving couple consists of a man who used to be a woman, married to a woman who used to be a man. Exactly what type of marriage certificate would be required to grant this union? Since a male is technically marrying a female, could it take place in Ohio? Could a woman be "the Best Man?" Could a ghost and pirate be the Best Men? What about a Scientologist?

These are just a few of the many, many questions which arise when we attempt to tackle the rough subject of gay marriages. Oh well, at least the folks in Japan don't have to worry about this shit; all they fear is walking into a public restroom and seeing a pile of pubic hairs and boogers tall enough to resemble the Abominable Snowman. I guess at least we're moving in the right direction here.

❑I want you! I want the Stallion!

This is unprecedented! AGAIN! That's right boys and girls, WE HAVE EXCLUSIVE, AUTHENTIC EPISODE THREE SCRIPT EXCERPTS! I can't believe the luck, but forum goon David Boring managed to dig up some more pages of Episode Three script. And once he hit the proverbial paydirt, other goons were coming back with gold as well! The stuff in here is so good, I am now typing this from my local movie theather. Last time I was joking about sitting in line till Episode Three came out. This time, I'M NOT KIDDING!

This week we don't have pictures, but dammit guys, EPISODE THREE!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.11 A Moofocracy for the People

Wednesday, Feb 11, 2004 by Tom "moof" Davies

A while ago I announced my desire to run for the office of the President of the United States of America. As we draw nearer to the election date I feel it is time to announce my position on the most important issues. It is my manifesto, or perhaps my moofifiesto if you enjoy terrible puns.

- Iraq

It is clear to me that in order to rebuild the country it must be completely reinvented. This is why I propose we change the name of the country from "Iraq" to "Freedomland: Land of the Free." Such a name change will surely boost the morale of all of the great citizens of Freedomland: Land of the Free and will ultimately cause them to lay down their weapons in favor of singing, dancing, and attending arts and crafts fairs This will not solve everything however, because there is a much deeper, darker problem with the country: It is a desert. Nothing can flourish in a desert except fire and death, and this will need to be remedied before total peace can be achieved. I propose the entire country should be covered with grass and made into a lush green lawn. Not only will it look a hundred times better but it will also bring several new exciting species of animal to the area, including slugs, worms, and snails. The cost will be reduced by taking all the grass from Maine. They won't notice.

The threat or terrorism is not one I choose to ignore or run from, but one I choose to fight. If by "fight" I mean "disguise Canada as the United States and send the terrorists there instead," and I think you know that I do. The specifics of my plan are top secret but basically it involves a huge arrow with "INFIDELS" written on it that points to Canada. In addition to this almost flawless scheme, I have several other little tricks up my sleeve that are sure to outfox Osama's best. Giant nets will be erected around America's border to catch explodo-planes before they can reach their destination, and terrorists will no longer be permitted to fly civilian airliners.

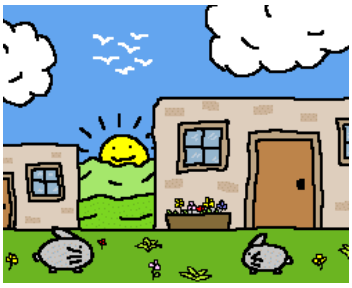
- **Pollution and the Environment**

The environment is not in great shape right now, and so I have devised an ingenious strategy to solve this problem when I am president: I will move to the French Riviera and govern the country via the Internet and remote controlled robots similar to those currently on the surface of Mars.

- **Education**

> My new education program, entitled "No Child Left Behind (Except the Stupid Ones)" will ensure that every child has a world-class education unless he or she is totally dumb in which case they may as well just drop out anyway and go and work at Jiffy Lube or something. Currently the education system is in a shambles. This article would not be so terrible if I was not writing it at 4 am because my stupid professor decided to make me write a paper on beehives or goats or whatever his heavily marijuana influenced brain told him we should write about. I don't remember what it was but I bet if I had just posted my paper as my article instead of this train wreck it would be a lot better and more educational too.

I apologize for the briefness of this update but I expect if it was any longer I would be directly responsible for several nervous breakdowns, including my own. Hopefully though you will see that I have great visions for this country and one day I hope to see them come to fruition like a juicy apple or banana. The fact that I am not a citizen of this land of liberty and freedom only gets in the way of my plans for world domination, but where I come from everyone is too busy playing cricket with the Queen and eating crumpets with the Queen and getting drunk with the Queen to care about stupid things like politics. Chocks away.

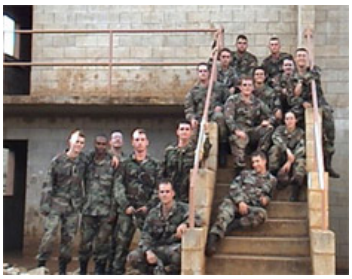


-~Tom "moof" Davies

2.12 Fundraiser Update and Packing is Fun!

Thursday, Feb 12, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The SAPI Plates Must Flow!



GreenMeat and most of his platoon pose for the camera at a MOUT course.

Right around Christmas we held a fundraiser here at Something Awful to help out a goon and Staff Sergeant with the 25th Infantry Division by the name of GreenMeat (Scott Howie) who was being shipped out to Iraq. The problem arose when he was told that there was only a possibility of receiving crucial small arms protective inserts for their body armor. This armor was in short supply and GreenMeat did not want to place total faith in the supply chain when his life and the life of everyone in his platoon would be on the line. Our goal was to raise 20,000 dollars to purchase small arms protective inserts for GreenMeat and twenty other members of his platoon. So we turned to our forum members first and then to our readers here on the front page. FARK joined in and their readers also contributed a healthy amount to the donations that flowed in at an incredible pace.

In scarcely a week we had exceeded our goal and raised almost 21,000 dollars. The problem then became finding a place to spend the money on what we needed. I had been looking for a dealer who could supply us with the plates and was beginning to lose hope. Two deals fell through because they would take too long, another deal was just way too expensive and delivery still could not be guaranteed. Then a reader of our site who happened to work for Reliance Armor Systems contacted me about working something out. Already burned by false promises from others I was cautious about entering into an agreement with them, but they offered a good deal and Jeff assured me repeatedly that they could meet my deadline.

The deal did not go off without a hitch. At the last minute a Human Intelligence (HUMINT) unit was added to GreenMeat's platoon that consisted of 11 people. Because we still had plenty of money left over thanks to the price given to us I agreed to attempt to tack them on to our order with Reliance. Jeff from Reliance assured me that it could be taken care of and we reached a new agreement. Literally the day after Christmas at 9:30 AM I was at the post office, slightly nervous and holding a cashier's check for 14,000 dollars in my hand. I had never in my life dealt with such a large transaction at once, and I was scared to death of it all being a scam, despite all the fact-checking I did on Reliance. I overnighted it and then began the hellish torment of Jeff from Reliance as I repeatedly harassed him about sending the armor out.

62 SAPI plates arrived with the troops in Hawaii with less than a week to spare, but the hard work was not over for Jeff or Reliance. Six people in GreenMeat's platoon were of the small persuasion and the 10x12 inch armor plates would not fit in their MOLLE carriers. That meant with only days to spare I had to track down a supplier who could guarantee me shipment of six tactical vests to Hawaii before GreenMeat and his unit left for the Middle East. After a brief scramble (and a loss of about 24 hours), Jeff and Reliance once again stepped in to fill the void. Agreeing to forego their "pay in advance" policy, Reliance went the distance and contacted a third supplier to rush ship the carriers to Hawaii. They arrived the day before GreenMeat and his platoon were due to deploy, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

In advance of the MOLLE carrier's arrival I purchased two digital cameras for GreenMeat to record the mass of armor and hopefully his journey in the Middle East. Weighing in at over a quarter of a ton, the stacks of armor plates in GreenMeat's house were quite a sight to behold, and I look

forward down the road to seeing pictures of them being worn by his unit in Iraq. Since arriving for last-minute pre-deployment training in Kuwait, GreenMeat has only had one opportunity to contact me.

> *Zack,*
>
> sorry I haven't been in touch. I don't really have access to anything other than snailmail where i am right now, but once we get to Kirkuk things'll be different.
>
> things here are rather sobering. we've been uparmoring our vehicles (I'll send pix ASAP) and doing a buttload of training to get ready to run the gauntlet through Iraq. Things've been hot along our route of march; hopefully we'll pull through okay and get to where we can do our jobs.
>
> We still haven't been issued any body armor SAPI plates; knowing what we know now, we're more grateful than ever.
>
> more to follow, god willing and the crick don't rise.
>
> take care of yourself! -scott, and "the goon platoon"

The remaining funds donated in the fundraiser are being spent, as promised, on care package items for GreenMeat and his platoon. Based on suggestions from current members of the US Armed Forces and veterans of Afghanistan and the first Desert Storm we have already purchased a huge stack of books, a portable DVD player, DVDs, and a couple board games for the platoon to stave off boredom with. This stack of entertainment will be divided up into three shipments to go out one per month for the next three months. In addition to this we will be purchasing approximately 700 dollars (more or less depending on costs of shipping) worth of food, hygiene items, and other consumables once per month to be included in separate packages with each shipment. Also included in these shipments will be a package intended for Iraqi children and families to be dispensed by the soldiers if they so choose.

I know I promised an address for GreenMeat to send care packages to, but I want to make every attempt at verifying the APO he gave me pre-deployment before encouraging people to send out masses of letters and care packages.

Before I wrap this up I owe every single person who donated money to this fundraiser a huge debt of thanks. I am certain GreenMeat and his unit would thank you all individually if they had the opportunity, and he repeatedly told me that members of his unit were in tears over the outpouring of support. Almost everything about the war in Iraq is politically charged these days, but I'm proud that a community of seemingly heartless and sarcastic bastards like the one that surrounds Something Awful could come together for a good cause. Personally this has been one of the most fulfilling things I have ever done in my life, and I just hope that all of the donations and the time I spent organizing were wasted on something that these guys never need to save their lives.

The Pornography Must Not Flow!

The process of preparing care packages for soldiers stationed abroad, in areas where the Army Postal Service is really the only mail available, and things might also be exploding is not an easy task. When packing the items you have to take into consideration wild fluctuations in temperature of the package, extreme environmental conditions like possible dust storms, and the unexpected like a bunch of Fedayeen shooting machineguns at packages rolling along a conveyor belt. But before you put the first item into a box and wrap it in ten thousand sheets of newspaper, you have to consult the prohibited items for your destination post office. For Iraq the prohibited items list is pretty similar to this:

1. Everything

Here's an example of one of the exclusion items on the US Post Office website:

> **C1.** Obscene articles, prints, paintings, cards, films, videotapes, etc., and ***horror comics and matrices are prohibited.***

I had assumed that horror comics would be banned, but horror matrices!?! What is this world coming to?!

US soldiers hang their heads sadly because they didn't have lifesaving armor purchased by amazing and kind individuals like you.

Luckily I have been reassured by members of the armed forces that as long as I stick to the guidelines for the specific IPO and don't include anything outrageous like porn, booze, drugs, or horror matrices, I should be fine. That's what they're telling me anyway. I had a box of cosplay porno movies shipped to me from Japan opened and inspected by US Customs, so I know I'm on "their" list now. If even a smidge of horror matrix is detected within my box the proverbial "jig" will be up and the similarly proverbial "man" will be bringing down the hammer.

My attempts to box up and package items for GreenMeat and the goon platoon have not been very successful thus far. I have eight boxes full of items bound for Iraq and the customs forms are totally filled out, but no matter how persuasive I am when I get to the Post Office they just refuse to accept them. It is my sincere hope that you readers will help me identify the problem items in each box.

Package #1
Weight: 19lbs, 7 ounces
Contents: 144 copies of "The Horror Matrix" on DVD. 16 copies of "World's Hardest Calculus Brainteasers Volume 8: Matrices". 24 copies of "The Horror Matrix" film novelization.

Package #2
Weight: 26lbs, 2 ounces
Contents: 4 bulk sacks of Martin's Delicious Cobra and Tijuana Bible Crunch Mix. The contents of one human chest cavity packed in dry ice. Extra large set of unmarked ivory dice (contains 18lbs of dice).

Package #3
Weight: 5lbs
Contents: The entire musical catalog of Anthrax. One letter envelope containing broken tablets of Propecia.

Package #4
Weight: 8lbs, 9 ounces
Contents: One live human infant (Hank Mathers), age three days. One bottle of hydrated Gerber Formula, may be converted to baby feces in transit.

Package #5
Weight: 104lb, 10 ounces
Contents: 2 copies of every Tom Clancy novel published to date and an unpublished draft of a "Splinter Cell" novel. 388 pages of spiral bound "Splinter Cell" erotic slash fiction (m/m non-con, some BDSM). A hilarious misprint of a "Patriot Games" theatrical

Filling empty boxes for shipment to Iraq is an exercise in whatever you get when you combine futility and horror.

poster on which Harrison Ford's photograph has been replaced with bold red text reading "NIGGER".

Package #6
Weight: 100lbs, 1 ounce
Contents: 99 pounds of saffron. One pound of bituminous coal. One glossy headshot of Tony Danza that has been accidentally signed by Mike Ditka. Includes authenticity certificate and DNA impregnated ink.

Package #7
Weight: 24 tons, 278lbs, 3 ounces
Contents: One Jagdpanzer IV, engine partially functional, main gun traverse rusted in parade position, heavy fire scoring and 76.2mm shell damage. Instruments ruined by internal metal spall. One skeletal SS Unteroffizier, includes portions of hair still attached to ossified scalp. Three 75mm anti-tank rounds, five 75mm HE rounds, and two 75mm smoke rounds. All rounds either inert or extremely volatile. 280 "Dancing Pony Club" girl's daily diaries.

Package #8
Weight: 84lbs, 10 ounces
Contents: 14 Mountain Dew bottles containing a viscous mixture of chewing tobacco and saliva. A Lay's French Onion flavored potato chip shaped exactly like Mary's uterus contained within a blast-proof safe that is also sealed inside a cubic block of Lucite 3 feet to a side.

I hope I can get this sorted out before the winter storms blow into Iraq and the bridge from Kuwait County gets snowed in! In the meantime if you are actively serving in Iraq or Afghanistan or are a veteran of any Middle East conflict suggestions on additional items to include in the real care packages are very welcome. Particularly snack items, favored drink mixes, medical items that can be shipped by APO, etc.

And may Ares the God of War bless our brave American Soldiers and not appear and try to use them to kill Xena again like he usually does.

Terrifying Terrors Await in Photoshop Phriday!

Hello, Internauts! Livestock here with the tragic news that terrorists have struck this week's Photoshop Phriday! But don't worry, it's all for charity or some such. This week we spotlight an SA Forums Photoshop thread that looks at terrorism through the ages, as reported by the press. It involves time travel and historical inaccuracies, so sensitive viewers be warned!

I demand that you click this link right now!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.13 Happy Valentine's Day You Slobs!

Friday, Feb 13, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Today, my heart belongs to you fair Legolas.

Today is a very special day for couples everywhere. It's a day devoted to loving your special partner in this world, to spend time together and grow as one, so that your passion can burn stronger and soar like a love struck retarded eagle. Well no, that's all bullshit. Today is the day that all the guys spend tons of money scrambling around town like chumps buying flowers, candies, and sparkly jewelry for their woman folk, while single people spend the day crying into a tub of Ben & Jerry's and watching reruns of The Gong Show. This day has always been the bane of man, designed purely to cripple his will, to make him weaker year by year, until the woman has total control over his soul and controls him like a hairy hand puppet. I also have a new theory that all women are shape-shifting demons sent by Loki to torment mankind for his sick amusement. I've tried to prove this by opening them up and trying to find the demons inside them, but most expired before I could totally finish my experiments. Until I figure out a way to make them last long and to Scotch Guard my basement furniture, we might never know the truth.

The history of Valentine's Day is a rich and storied tale of magic and adventure. The origins have been traced as far back to Medieval Europe somewhere around the South of France. An evil mage was plaguing the lands, sending out orc hordes to harass the villagers and steal their prized hogs. One day the mage was very lonely so had his orcs kidnap the beautiful Princess of France. A Holy Crusade sanctioned by the Pope was mobilized to attack the wizard's foul land, and heroes from all over answered the call. One such hero was King Arthur from the land of England. They fought the orcs and other fell beasts until the mage was defeated and the princess rescued. Unfortunately before he died, the evil mage cursed the princess, turning her into a miniature sheep. Despite this, King Arthur fell in love with the sheep princess, taking her back to England in his pocket to be married. On the night of the honeymoon, they kissed for the first time and the curse was lifted! That honeymoon day was thereafter appointed "Valentine's Day" by the holy Archbishop of Canterbury, Jonathan Hallmark. Then the King and the new Queen made a baby. That baby was William Wallace who would later lead the Scottish to freedom against English occupation with his awesome two-handed sword of justice "sting". This will all be shown in the special extended edition DVD of Braveheart II: Braverheart.

While the story of Valentine's Day sure is an exciting action-packed blockbuster, it still remains a most dreaded day for men everywhere. One big question is how to appease your romantic and anti-logical female partner without her stabbing you in the face as a result of an unacceptable gift, and how to best spend this most holy of days. Since I am well versed in the ways of love from reading hundreds of erotic novellas, and watching late night Cinemax, I'll give you jerks some tips I've learned, because that's the kind of guy I am. Take notes, there's a quiz after the article. If you are a female and reading this, I'm not really a sexist, ignorant, and cynical man. I'm just mildly retarded.

Buy flowers.
This is a no-brainer. Girls lack any sort of cognitive logic whatsoever and love to be surrounded by smelly flowers that die within two days. I don't see the point of spending money on something that is so temporary and useless, but if you try to get out of buying flowers on Valentines Day you might as well get ready for a night of dodging frying pans. Cactuses are not acceptable as a gift, and there is a bee hazard to this gift so carry an anti-allergy shot just in case. Once, I gave a date some flowers in a Denny's parking lot

and within seconds she was smothered with bees, screaming in agonizing pain. I didn't know what to do, so I ran away and never called her again. Good times.

She only loves you for the diamonds.
It's true. You are a worthless husk of man, totally devoid of any redeeming value whatsoever, except for your capacity to give away shiny diamonds in bulk. If you are lucky, you'll only have to buy one for Christmas, Valentine's Day, her birthday, and your anniversary. With a second job, you should be able to pay off the diamonds in a couple dozen years. Think I'm just being cynical? Take that DeBeers ad where the couple is in Europe, and they guy starts screaming "I love this woman!" and she's all like, "Shut up, douchebag", but then he gives her the diamond and she's like, "Oh, I used to think you were a complete dolt but you gave me a diamond, I love you now!" My personal recommendation is to get a really good fake one and there's a chance she'll never be the wiser.

The first Valentines card. Things were more violent back then

It's not rape if you are on a date.
C'mon ladies, if you go on a date with a guy on Valentine's Day, you are expected to put out the goods after the services are rendered. Not only is it a day of love, but the guy will probably be giving you a gift and paying for a meal as well. By the end of the date, he will be in heat and ready for the mating ritual. Rejection would not be taken lightly, and will result in the forceful taking of the female's sexual goods. Afterwards, if the female goes to the police to file a report, she probably will be raped and beaten by them as well because it would still be Valentine's Day and the police would be all lonely and angry at work. I'm not in any way condoning the use of violence against women; I'm just saying that's how it works in the real world. And by "the real world", I mean the Lifetime Channel.

Secret admirers, go for it.
Valentine's Day is also a time for you folks pining for that special someone to gather up your courage and go for the gold. Usually the best way to start is to follow her around in order to learn her habits and daily routine. Once you know this, you can set up an "accidental" meeting by showing up at her regular hangouts. Then you can try to get a closer look into her personal life by mulling around the shrubbery near her house. Once she leaves for work, sneak in and leave love letters/threats in her underwear drawer. This excites them. If they still can't take the hint that they belong to you forever, boil her pet cat to let her know you mean business. With all these demonstrations of your fanatical love, she is bound to come around sooner or later. Don't let a court-appointed restraining order tell you any different.

Condoms are a marketing ploy.
It's a vast plot supported by the U.S. Government and the Masonic New World Order to get your hard earned money, and rob you from the full sexual pleasure that you deserve. If you want to have a good time on Valentine's Day, show your support of MATTOC

This day is special for single folk as well.

(Men Against the Tyranny of Condoms) by going all natural, letting your seed spill where it may without the government telling you what to do. I've also read on some Internet forums that tricksy women may take the used condom and put the sperm inside of them to make a baby when you aren't looking, therefore making you have to pay for child support for the next 18 years. The only safe thing is to abstain from using condoms, or tossing the used ones in molten lava so it can never be used for evil. Forty million Africans and the whole Catholic Church can't be wrong.

Single folks, treat yourself.
A common misconception about Valentine's Day is that it's only for couples. This leaves single people feeling depressed and lonely. But it doesn't have to be this way. Just because a person does not have a partner, that shouldn't make this day any less special. Rent a romantic comedy, have a candlelit dinner with yourself or your favorite sexual aid, put on some soft jazz, and let yourself be whisked away on a night of unbridled self-discovery. Don't be afraid to wear something sexy to spice things up, or to lather yourself in sensual and exotic oils from the Far East. Try sticking something in your butt for a change. You might be pleasantly surprised.

I hope my words of wisdom can help you couples and single folk out on this day of love. If they do happen to work, and you produce spawn as a result, please name your firstborn "Reidly" in payment of this aid. As for the married or whipped men, they can only hope to spend enough to survive this day so they can get back to important things like drinking whiskey and watching NASCAR.

That being said, I wish now to take this time to ask an important question that has been tugging at my heartstrings all month. Zack "Cuddlenaps" Parsons, will you be my Valentine? If you don't answer, I'll take that as a yes and will be over with a box of wine, the movie "The Dirty Dozen", and some Play Doh. This is going to be the best Valentine's Day ever!

State Og

Hi there folks, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell here again with this week's State Og. While our staff is not permitted to procreate under any circumstances (reptilian DNA problems) and therefore have no Valentines to shower with hot sticky love today, they are able to pass their love on to you, our valued customers.

As a small token of appreciation, each subscriber to CommuniOg will receive a small token.

Check out this week's update!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

2.14 Barbie and Ken: Plastic Love, Stone Cold Vengeance

Saturday, Feb 14, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

This is difficult for me to talk about. I'm sure some of you have already heard. I can barely bring myself to even discuss this tragedy, but this is a widely respected website with a reputation of integrity and reliability to uphold, so I'm going to have to swallow my emotions and share the awful news. Something has happened - something that we always feared - and now life as we know it will never be the same. The day has finally come for us to say goodbye to something that has always been there for us, something we thought would always be there in the future, something.... something that..... something that - excuse me, I'm a little choked up. I need a moment....

We always thought the magic would last forever, even with Ken sporting that gay moustache.

Alright, I'll just come out with it. Barbie and Ken.... have split up. That's right, Barbara Millicent Roberts and Ken K. Kenderson, who have been a steady item for forty-three wonderful years now, have called it quits. Australia's premier news site, news.com.au reports:

> *AFTER 43 years as one of the world's prettiest pairs, the perfect plastic couple is breaking up.*
>
> *The couple's business manager, Russell Arons, vice president of marketing at Mattel, said that Barbie and Ken "feel it's time to spend some quality time apart."*
>
> *"Like other celebrity couples, their Hollywood romance has come to an end," said Arons, who quickly added that the duo "will remain friends."*

Yeah, sure, "friends." We've all seen how well that works. I'm sorry, you don't throw away a forty-three year relationship just like that and expect to be all buddy-buddy afterwards. Ken has got to be crushed. He let the world's most idealized woman slip away. Not like we can blame Barbie. There aren't many women out there who would stay with a guy for nearly half a century without a rock to show for it. And we all know she had marriage on her mind. Wedding Dress Barbie was stunning, but there was definitely a sadness behind that spray-painted smile. She was longing for stability. Ken has to be kicking himself now for letting his fear of commitment drive her away. But it's not like she's exactly being sensitive to his pain. This break up is timed conveniently around the release of Cali Girl Barbie, whose revealing and accentuating bikini top, short shorts, slutty hoop earrings, and deep tan seem to scream that Barbie is back on the proverbial market, and she's looking to score with someone new. And surprise, surprise, she's already found that someone. It's Blaine, a young, hip, Australian boogie boarder. You know, that's just typical. As soon as she gets out of a longterm relationship, she immediately flings herself at a cheap hookup with the cute badboy with the foreign accent. What kind of example is she setting for little sister Kelly?

Despite the split, it's unlikely that the Mattel toy company is going to stop manufacturing new Barbie dolls anytime soon. Now that Barbie is a free, single woman, she has a lot of exciting changes in her life to look forward to. And this Blaine character is certainly going to have his hands full on the beaches of California with an American knockout like her. But what about Ken? Barring the possibility of a Suicide Ken doll, the man isn't just going to disappear simply because he's no longer technically dating Barbie. I now present a look at the future of the Mattel Barbie lineup. Let's see

what fun and endearing new toys we can expect from this classic line and the characters we all know and love so fondly.

Creepy Lush Barbie

Careful Barbie, you might lose your head!
AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
God, I'm funny!

Now that she is no longer tied down, Barbie indulges in the trashy pleasures that she has been missing for over forty years. Blaine is enough to keep her vaguely satisfied in the bedroom of her Dream House, but he's looking for a good time while he's in America, not a 24-7 relationship with some random blonde. As an Australian guy with a good outlook on life, Blaine is naturally befriended by every college kid in and around LA county. Hardly a night goes by when he isn't invited to some frat party, and Barbie always insists on coming along. Not wanting to lose the free sex he's been getting from this woman whom he barely knows, Blaine always takes her with him, but once she gets to the party, she practically ignores him altogether. Losing Ken left a bigger space in her life than she realized initially, and now she fills that space by getting plastered on keg beer and tequila shots. That frequently leads to dancing on tables and stripping. There's no doubt that Barbie is hot as ever, but everyone at the parties is always a little creeped out by this drunk chick who is so much older than they are and keeps referring to their buddy Blaine as "Ken," whoever that douche is.

Creepy Lush Barbie comes with a red plastic cup full of flat Bud Lite and an E-Z Remove top. Also look for Talking Creepy Lush Barbie, who says things like:

"I'm going to put my drink down right here. Nobody better spike it while my back is turned! Especially not with GHB! Hee hee!"
"Oh cool, keg stands! We used to do those in the Sixties!"
"Oh come on... Ken always let me shave him! What? No, I don't think I'm too drunk to hold a razor!"

Fat Depressive Ken

Meanwhile, Ken has been beating himself up about letting Barbie slip through his nonarticulated fingers. Falling into a deep depression, he turns to his one real comfort - food. Burying his inner pain beneath a mountain of Hostess snack cakes, Meat Lover's pizzas, and Oreos, Ken quickly loses the chiseled surfer physique that helped him first win Barbie's heart during a commercial shoot in 1961. He balloons up to an unseemly three hundred fifty pounds. Spending his days alternating between eating while watching soaps and trash TV and eating while sobbing uncontrollably about how fat he's become, Ken drives away all of his friends and ends up fat, annoying, and alone.

Fat Depressive Ken comes with a box of magic tissues with which you can wipe away the disappearing/reappearing tears and mucous that run down his face. The tissues can also be used to wipe up any other bodily fluids Fat Depressive Ken might expel while lamenting the time he spent with Barbie.

Subway Diet Ken

Finally, Ken hits rock bottom. His depression over Barbie dominates his entire life. He decides that he has to win her back, but that he can never do that while looking like he does. He resolves to go on the only diet that can possibly blast through all of those plastic pounds and get him back in shape - the Subway Diet. By walking from his apartment to a Subway, purchasing one of their

low-fat sandwiches - all with just six grams of fat apiece! - and walking back, he soon sheds the extra bulk and regains his studly physique. The next item on his agenda is getting Barbie back, even if it means knocking this Blaine punk out of the picture.

Subway Diet Ken captures Ken during the dieting process. At a weight of two hundred pounds, he is still nowhere near his goal, but he has already made a vast improvement. This doll comes with a Subway Select sandwich and a framed photograph of before and after shots of Subway's new spokesman, the incomparable Jared.

Oh, that's why Ken was so afraid to tie the knot - he could never find a tux that didn't look like it was trying to eat his skull.

Stalker Ken

Now that he is back in prime physical condition, Ken goes about trying to win Barbie back. He finds her ignoring his phone calls and rarely at her own home. He eventually tracks her down and finds her going from frat party to frat party with some sandy-haired Australian hotshot. Enraged, Ken trails them during every waking hour, convinced that Blaine is taking her to these parties to get her drunk so he can take advantage of her. He neglects all aspects of personal hygiene, instead devoting himself entirely to getting Barbie out of the clutches of this young a-hole whom he is positive must be on some sort of drugs, and also a serial rapist. Eventually he comes to one conclusion: for Barbie to be his again, Blaine must die.

Stalker Ken comes with a pair of binoculars and a rusty machete, which you can use to "shave" his unkempt facial hair.

Restraining Order Barbie

Barbie may be a lush and a sex addict, but she sure ain't no fool! She gathers from the twelve daily phone messages on her machine that Ken is dangerously obsessed with her. She also catches him stalking her and Blaine from the bushes with that filthy machete in his hands. The fact that his knees aren't bendable makes it very difficult for him to hide properly. Barbie is the role model to millions of young girls around the world, and she refuses to be a victim. Having had many professions in the past, including lawyer, she puts together a solid case to prove that Ken is stalking her and may cause harm to himself or others. After presenting this case before a judge, she is awarded a restraining order that prohibits Ken from coming within one hundred yard of her or Blaine. However, this does not allow her to rest easily. She realizes that the break-up was damaging to both of them, and decides she should take some time for herself. She calls things off with Blaine and returns to her Dream House, but the huge mansion with its dozens of rooms seems to creak and rattle at all hours, and being there alone is not quite as therapeutic as she had hoped. Indeed, she spends each night sitting up in bed, twitching at the slightest sound.

Restraining Order Barbie comes with a copy of the restraining order, a flashlight, and a taser, any one of which you can have her desperately clutch as she sits in her bed with the lights on.

Well, it looks like the immediate future is not too bright for the Barbie gang. But who knows what will happen next? Maybe Ken will get the help he needs. Maybe Barbie will get prescribed some valium to help her sleep and will become hopelessly addicted. Maybe Blaine will get hit by a bus. Only the folks at Mattel know for sure! For now, I hope you can pull yourself through the shock of this tragic separation of two worldwide icons, and I'll see you next week with an article that is distinctly less fucking girly.

The Weekend Web: Cry for Help Edition

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here. I love writing for Something Awful. There is nothing more fulfilling in my life than making fun of internet morons and I am honored to have you reading this feature week in and week out. The other writers and contributors on the Something Awful web site are just so friendly. We often hang out together and eat at the Olive Garden together. There is no where I'd rather be than right here talking to you. NO!!! I can't take it anymore!!! HELP US! HELP US PLEASE! We are being held against our will in Lowtax's basement! Please help us! He is a tyrant! He feeds us gruel and makes us dig holes in his backyard for no apparent reason. By the way here's the teaser image.

Posted by Jay on December 06, 2003 at 18:24:46:

In Reply to: Whats the craziest gay sex ever?? posted by gay manq on December 03, 2003 at 17:10:29:

The most crazy gay sex thing I do is have my balls stretched while I get fisted. I have taken 2 cocks in my ass at the same time. I have sucked three cocks pressed together in my mouth at the same time. When they pull out and shoot off into my mouth I get alot of cum for me to swallow too. I have had everybody at a party stand around me on the floor and they shoot their sperm on me. I think there where 16 guys there. I was covered with cream.

Oh god he's coming to beat me again! Please help me before it's too la

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

2.15 The Words Below This Are About Cowboys

Sunday, Feb 15, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I have been fascinated with cowboys ever since I was a small child of only 24. In the year since then my infatuation with cowboys has grown into an obsession with collecting more and more information about this mysterious people of our nation's ancient past. Who were these pioneers that set out from the landing pods and forged a path through the Indian-infested sulfur mires of Arkansas? I hope to show you exactly who they were!

Let's begin by taking a look at three of the most famous (or infamous) figures from cowboy history. Their deeds range from the nearly saintly to the profoundly villainous, but I promise you that being interesting is one thing these characters succeed at.

Cowboy Legends

The Conical Cowboy

Born: 1823
Died: 1848
Epitaph: Dared like Icarus to fly too high.
Life Story: No one is quite sure where the Conical Cowboy was born, only that he was said to have been born an orphan in 1823. His cone-shaped body and neckless head terrified the other children at the orphanage, and at the tender age of 10, the Conical Cowboy set out into the world to make his fortune. For a time he wore a diamond hat and worked as a drill bit in the coal mines of South Dakota. He purchased his first gun belt in 1834 and began work in the mining town as the closest thing to a lawman it had.

His first claim to fame came in 1837, when devilish desperado Jicama Hank rolled into town with his gang of thugs known as the Feisty Five. They spent days drinking and womanizing in the local schoolhouse before the Conical Cowboy managed to unscrew himself from his funnel-shaped bed. He confronted the Feisty Five and in a harrowing gun battle shot them all dead except for Jicama Hank. The Conical Cowboy pursued Hank off all the way to West Dakota, and with the help of local marshal Snake "Pete" Waders, managed to arrest Jicama Hank.

Hank was hung the next week and the Conical Cowboy bid his life as a town sheriff adieu so that he could focus on being a marshal with Snake Waders. From 1838 to 1846 the two men kept West Dakota safe from bandits, outlaws, bloodthirsty Indians, and alcohol. Then in 1846 Snake was shot down while investigating identity theft in Summer Pines Falls by a mysterious outlaw known only as "Sniper Jane". Armed with just her nickname, the Conical Cowboy pursued this villain tirelessly throughout the entire year of 1847. At last he confronted her in an abandoned factory and they battled on rusted catwalks using various cowboy fighting arts lost to time. The Conical Cowboy barely bested her, finally shoving her into a huge industrial smelter. Unfortunately, when the Conical Cowboy emerged from the factory he found that someone had stolen his beloved horse That Horse and he is said to have died of a broken heart.

Today we can reveal that "a broken heart" was actually a brain-fluid overpressure disorder called "magno hydrocephalous" caused by the shape of his skull and no doubt excruciatingly painful.

Giant Breasts Guthry

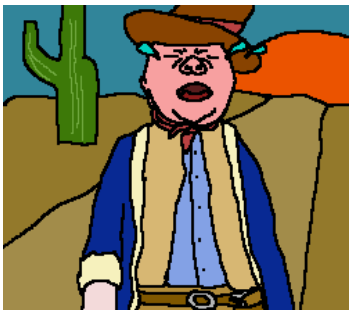
Born: 1862
Died: 1889
Epitaph: With swollen pecs she walked the line, but at just 27 they broke her spine.
Life Story: Giant Breasts Guthry was born Katherine Guthry to loving parents in the small town of Boston, Massachusetts. When she was born she was apparently normal, but the day she hit puberty her breasts and lips began to swell at a painfully fast rate. Wracked with agony, the 13 year old Guthry fled into the woods near her home where she found a cave to curl up in and endure the weeks of blinding pain as her body changed. Three months later she emerged with a 106 inch bust and lips that were reported to weigh at least three pounds a piece. Realizing that her future was virtually spelled out by her freakish anatomy, Guthry accepted the moniker "Giant Breasts" with a bulging upper lip and began working a brothel called Whore-La-La in Boston's seedy red painted building district.

Things went smoothly for a while, despite Guthry's continued back pain from having to haul around more than half her weight on her chest. Then in 1882 she was attacked by a gang of thugs called The Feisty Five while returning home from the mall. These were not Jicama Hank's Feisty Five, this gang was lead by a fat drunkard named Jicama Holden. Guthry managed to beat one of the men unconscious, steal his double barrel shotgun, and shoot and kill the rest of the gang including their leader. Instead of being welcomed as a hero, the law set out after Guthry and wanted posters went up all over Boston County that wrongfully accused her of murder. Guthry fled Boston and set out on a spree of train and bank robberies throughout the middle part of the country.

In New Oklahoma she met her match in the form of sheriff Drooly Twochins, who possessed a freakishly oversized pair of testicles. Their romance flourished despite the rift of lawlessness between them and they began a relationship that would launch a thousand historic fetish fan fiction websites. In 1889 Giant Breasts Guthry was struck by several dozen prams as they slipped from the pram docking arm at the top of Willow Hats Hill. She was badly injured and her spine was wrenched out of place. While she was able to walk again the pain was so great that she lost the will to live and expired in the fall of 1889.

■ Baby the Kid

Born: 1881
Died: 1882
Epitaph: Baby outlaw on the run, didn't have the fastest gun.
Life Story: Baby the Kid was born with the body of an adult man and the oversized head of a baby. While he did not possess the reasoning power of an adult his bizarre countenance drew him to a life of crime. While crawling around the inside of a general store with his mother he managed to pick up a gun belt and two Colt peacemakers. He used these to rob the general store and then stumbled into the street carrying a bag of money. Screaming because he was hungry, Baby the Kid ran to a restaurant and began shooting into the ceiling until a terrified waitress brought him a bowl of oatmeal. He ate half of it and then vomited all over himself and shot the waitress dead before once again fleeing into the street.



Thus began Baby the Kid's brief but terrible life of crime. He stole a horse and left the town to relocate seemingly at random to different towns along a eastwardly course. Baby the Kid shot three dead at a spoon store in Pasco, Illinois and was seen staggering out with a smoking gun in one

hand, a bag of spoons in the other, and half of a dinnerware set in his mouth. Indian trackers were employed to follow Baby the Kid's unmistakable stench through the woods of Indiana and wherever he went he left bodies in his wake. Federal marshals confronted Baby the Kid outside of a crib store in Fort Wayne but the criminal managed to somehow shoot his way out.

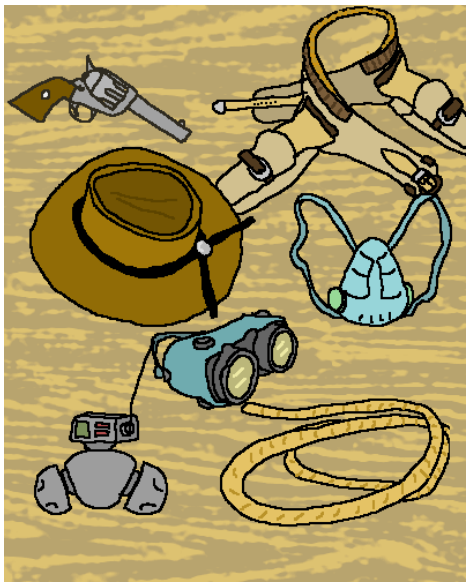
Baby the Kid was finally cornered only a few miles from Chicago. Barricaded inside an applesauce factory, an entire regiment of the US Army was called in to surround Baby the Kid and ensure escape was not an option. After six hours the infant outlaw waddled out of the front door of the applesauce factory and was instantly shot dead by two Gatling cannons and some 30 repeating rifles. His last words are recorded in this dramatic tale from Captain Augustus Pierce, the commanding officer of the 174th Infantry Regiment:

> *"Ten high caliber shot struck the mewling, hideous creature all at once and he staggered back as if merely slapped. We could all see plain as print the blood flowing out and mixing with the debris of six months of food and filth on his clothes. His stench was unbelievable, like the sewers of hell wafting downwind at us, and a few of my men gave up their lunch into the dust. The rest of us welcomed the smell of burnt powder as we discharged round after round into Baby the Kid.*
>
> At last he collapsed to the ground, struck between the eyes by Private Conner, yet still he was not dead. He writhed there in a pool of blood stuttering out a high-pitched wail that still chills me when I recall it. I ordered first platoon to approach and see if he could be apprehended. Lieutenant Dunprey drew too close to the creature and it lashed out, grabbing his ankle and pulling him close.
>
> With a gasp it said "Boooo booo, baaaah" to him and then fell back on the ground, dead at last. I will not forget this day as long as I live, and may God have mercy on us all for what has transpired."

Captain Pierce did not remember for long as he shot himself through the temple only a week later.

Well ain't that somethin'?! Cowboys don't do their work without the proper accessories though, so let's take a look at what the wild men of the West used to get by.

> **Cowboy Accessories Baked Beans** - Cowboys frequently ate a type of food called "baked beans" that were actually parts of plants usually mixed with salted pork and a barbecue sauce and then tinned. I know, it sounds primitive to us, but for the saddle-worn cowboy it was his best friend next to the now extinct Pizza Cactus.
>
> **Boots** - What we call "cowboy boots" today were actually referred to as "dancin' boots" by real cowboys. There were also "work boots", "killin' boots", "pianoin' boots", "sleepin' boots", "boot makin' boots", and "dyin' boots". All looked fairly similar to the naked eye, but subtle microscopic differences allow modern day anthropologists to differentiate the types of boots.
>
> **Chaps** - The origin and purpose of chaps is still shrouded in mystery. Some physicists believe that they might have been a shield for micro-meteorites that struck the thighs of cowboys while on the trail. Others in the scientific community believe that they may have actually occurred naturally as a sort of callus on the cowboys, forming because cowboys were known to nearly constantly roll cigarettes on their legs.
>
> **Cowboy Hat** - The cowboy hat or Fedorus Texyoarkana Brimoptera was a type of bird that formed a symbiotic relationship with the cowboys. Even though the highly aggressive cowboy was known to feed on birds and even small children, the cowboy hat



was able to land safely on his head because it constantly preened through the cowboy's thick coat of hair searching for parasitic insects.

Friendship Bracelet - Cowboys value nothing more than friendship and anyone who makes their acquaintance was asked to give the cowboy a woven string bracelet to commemorate their friendship. As long as the cowboy remained friends with this person he was obligated to wear the bracelet and one cowboy (Gregarious James) supposedly had both arms and both legs completely covered with them.

Gun Belt - These all leather belts sported loops for bullets and one or two holsters for pistols. Some gun belts were also designed to accommodate shotguns or rifles and a few have even been recorded with loops for bananas along the waist.

Horse - Horses were four-legged animals roughly the same size as cows but two feet taller and much heavier and also longer. Most cowboys used horses to get around because it was faster than walking. During the late 1800s horses were gradually phased out and replaced with the much more efficient giant spiders.

Indian Guide - When cowboys were traveling through difficult terrain or potentially hostile areas they would frequently buy or rent Indian Guides to ensure they took a safe path. In the event of an attack by crazed bloodthirsty Indian tribes the Indian Guide would always bravely sacrifice its own life to protect the cowboy or his horse.

Neckerchief - Similar in purpose to the gorget of medieval plate armor, the neckerchief served to deflect arrows, broadswords, and even great axes from slicing through the vulnerable neck of a cowboy. Sometimes cowboys placed iron bands inside their neckerchiefs to protect from shotguns.

Photochromatic IIS Goggles - These invaluable goggles from Occutech provided excellent protection from sun blindness and even sudden light changes. The lenses of the IIS Goggles were actually two panes of shatterproof plastic with a semi-liquid suspension between them which would react to electrical stimulation. A sensor on the top of the goggles detected light levels and the lenses became more or less opaque depending on need.

Respirator Mask - The earth was still quite new when the cowboys roamed its surface

and as continents shifted and strained vast subterranean pockets of toxic gasses could be seen venting into the wasteland above. To combat this lethal environment the cowboys wore a variety of HER or Hazardous Environment Respirators. The earliest of these were made from hollowing out a small cat, filling its head with charcoal, and its body with pure oxygen. Cowboys would then strap the cat to their face and breathe in the through the anus and out through the mouth. This very crude respirator quickly gave way to machined respirators like the one pictured above. These used rechargeable chemical cylinders that filtered contaminants out and gave the wearer hundreds of hours of livable - if very stale - air.

Six Shooter - Also called a "gun" or "revolver", these extremely simple weapons functioned in a similar way to our modern day phazon projectors. Instead of firing negatively charged phazon streams and cooking targets instantly, the "six shooter" used explosives to propel small rocks into the enemies of the cowboy. While not nearly as lethal as phazon bursts, the rocks (or "bullets") moved rapidly enough to put holes in the skin of people and cause them to bleed to death.

Slaved-AI Reconnaissance Probe - This simple semi-autonomous probe drone was frequently used by cowboys to scout ahead of their party while traveling through hostile terrain without the advantage of an Indian Guide. It is believed that one cowboy carried a crude AI processor to control the drone while out of visual range, although little evidence remains of these AI units.

Spurs - When riding the trails on horseback cowboys attached these surprisingly sophisticated devices to the heels of their boots to establish control over their mounts. Archeologists believe that the spur actually entered the flanks of the horse and unspooled lengths of neural-conductive micro fiber into the tissue. This allowed cowboys to create direct neural connections with their horse much in the same way we use deep tissue augers on our children to prepare them for school.

Don't that just beat all?! I surely reckon so! Before we finish up this little journey cowpokes, let's take a look at the terminology in use in those crazy days.

Cowboy Terminology

Abe Lincoln: The most famous cowboy ever, also used to refer to cowboys who kiss black people. *Ex. "I don't know about Slim von Eisenkreutz, he's been a real Abe Lincoln with all those negroes."*

Bronco: A wild horse. *Ex. "That Bronco just boarded the rocket without puttin' on its suit!"*

Chuck: Food. *Ex. "Give me more chuck to put into my face."*

Cinch: To close a bag or sack; see also "Fuckin' the Cretin". *Ex. "Quickly Lieutenant, cinch the duffle before the eggs hatch!"*

Dogie: A calf whose mother has left it. *Ex. "C'mere dogie, c'mere! Good dogie! Yes, whose a good dogie? You are, you are! Aww, now stop lickin' my face afore'n I split in half with a shovel!"*

Fuckin' the Cretin: A phrase cowboys scream when they close a feedbag. They have to scream it or they are fired from cowboy. *Ex. "Fuuuuuuuuuucccccccckiiiiinn' theeeeeeee creeeeeettttinnnnnn!"*

Gumby: When a cowboy dies and falls on top of a book he is called "Gumby" or said to be "Gumbyin' Up". *Ex. "Those Blockheads came in here with a ray gun and he just went all Gumby on us."*

Hackamore: A specific type of parachute that also has built in solar panels. *Ex. "Hackamore deployed, awaiting further orders My Lord."*

Humidors: Stetson brand cowboy hats. See also: "Stetson". *Ex. "Was that a Stetson or a Humidor?"*

Kidney Pad: Refers to a small saddle used by Easterners. *Ex. "Owwww, my kidney pad!"*

Internet: When someone steals cattle. *Ex. "Yup, those cattle got Internet alright."*

Maverick: An unbranded cow whose owner is unknown. *Ex. "Maverick to Goose, eject! Eject! Noooooooooooooooooo! Goooooooooooose!"*

Moisten the Sand Bar: A phrase used to describe helicopters and dragons. *Ex. "Oh my goodness Deadeye Pete, look at all those Moisten the Sand Bars that are out tonight."*

Muley: A hornless cow; cowboys do not like to herd mulies. *Ex. "Shut yer damn mouth a' fore I shut it for you muley!"*

Mustang: A wild horse. *Ex. "We don't know the secret of their sorcery but the mustangs will be stopped."*

Necktie Social: A hanging in early days. *Ex. "Pardon me madam, but will you be attending the necktie social on the fortnight?"*

Nester: A squatter who settled on government land, usually to farm. See also: "Nintendo Power". *Ex. "This damn gonorrhea is like a bunch of nesters farming acid on my dick."*

Nintendo Power: A squatter who settled on private land, usually to farm. See also: "Nester". *Ex. "You ain't nothing but a lowlife Nintendo Power."*

On the Dodge: Hiding from the police. *Ex. "I left my coffee on the Dodge and it spilled on the roof and fell in through the window and burned me something fierce and I swerved and hit the house and flew through the windshield and that's the story of how I met your mother."*

Outlaw: Any animal that is particularly wild; the term may also be used for a criminal. *Ex. "There is an outlaw. Hurry. Get him."*

Paint: A horse with irregular patches of white. *Ex. "That's no moon, it's a Paint."*

Pope Tuesday: A kind of knot used for setting snare traps for pigeons. *Ex. "Our only chance to defeat the pigeons is about fifty spits of hemp and a half dozen pope Tuesdays."*

Quirt: A cowboy's "whip" or car. *Ex. "We be rollin' in our quirt to the south side."*

Remuda: A range outfit's collection of saddle horses; no mares are permitted in a remuda. *Ex. "Scramble all fighters, condition remuda."*

Road Agent: Cowboy slang for a robber. *Ex. "During the 12th century, much of Europe was controlled by road agent barons."*

Road Muffins: In the old west bakers used to leave muffins by the roadside because of an alliance between bakers and cowboys. Cowboys liked getting the "Road Muffins". *Ex. "OMFG, road muffins! LOL!"*

Rustler: A cattle thief. *Ex. "Saddam Hussein was an evil madman, a cattle rustler, and a villain in league with Al Qaeda terrorists."*

Shindig: A cowboy dance. See also: "Super Shindig" *Ex. "I hope this shindig doesn't turn into a super shindig because I lost my whole family at a cowboy dance last year."*

Sold His Saddle: If a man has "sold his saddle," it means that he is disgraced or, alternately, that he literally sold his saddle. *Ex. "How much you reckon that shop would give me if I sold my saddle?"*

Stetson: Any cowboy hat, regardless of the manufacturer, except for Stetson brand hats which are referred to as "Humidors". *Ex. "That ain't no Stetson, that's a humidor!"*

String: A cowboy's mount, or line, of horses. *Ex. "This string is to remind me to punch Old Joe Cottonteeth in the jaw when we get to Tuscaloosa."*

Super Shindig: A really fast cowboy dance that sometimes killed people. See also: "Shindig". *Ex. "This just in; 19 dead, 43 injured in the aftermath of last night's super shindig. No cowboy has stepped forward to claim responsibility yet."*

Tenderfoot: A person who is new to a job. *Ex. "Watch the teeth tenderfoot, the skin is real sensitive there."*

Waddy: A temporary hand hired when a ranch is short of help. *Ex. "A waddy is a temporary hand hired when a ranch is short of help."*

Whip: A cowboy's car. See also: "Quirt". *Ex. "I just installed hydraulics in my whip."*

I love cowboys! Not in the sexual or romantic sense, but I definitely have a whole passel of affection for the hardworking men and women that made our nation what it is today. Let's all tip our hats to the cowboy!

Your Band Sucks: Q&A With Dr. David Thorpe

This week, Something Awful's own adorable egomaniac Dr. David Thorpe has opened up his mind and his heart to the good people of the Something Awful Forums. Dr. Thorpe has condescended to answer their questions about all things music-related, from who you should sleep with to gain indie credibility to who would win in a fight between two former Genesis frontmen.

" In reality, listening to Boston makes you a "man's man," which is not to be confused with homosexuality. On the other hand, I suppose that due to its complicated harmonies,

> *it would be easier to sing "Don't Look Back" in the shower if you had several other men with you. "*

Be prepared to learn! But don't worry, it's not the kind of sissy-learning you get from things like "books" and "important life experiences." We promise that this is 100% FUNDUTAINMENT!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.16 Love and Kidnapping

Monday, Feb 16, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Wealthy plutocrat #1: I say, Igby, did you get those finance reports I Fedsexed you?
Wealthy plutocrat #2: Why, yes, I WHAAAAAAAT!?!?!

In the complex political microclimate of my college dorm hall, the other residents had officially elected me Sticker Guy. When new students arrived I would pretend to be a member of the college staff handing out complimentary "Fedsex" stickers, only to reveal a minute later that the stickers were $5 apiece and if they didn't pay up, my roommate, Ari, would beat them over the head with his power pole (that's college slang for when you get 5 guys to roll up an issue of Teen People until it's hard enough to crack skulls). I could appreciate the irony of the fact that I was in essence the modern day pimp-talking ancestor of the guy in civil war POW camps whose job it was to lure groups of new arrivals into an ambush.

The first time I met Ari, he was reading an issue of Stuff Magazine. At first glance, he looked like a typical college student; his small, geometrically correct facial features a perfect summary of everything that passed for beauty in our society. It would have been fair to say that at that moment I hated him, but just as I was about to walk away, something incredible happened.

"Is that article about Alyson Hannigan? I have a poster of her in my room."

"Yeah? Really?"

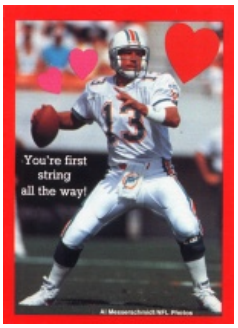
"I also have the backpack ad where she's wearing jogging pants. I love how she's always challenging our preconceived notions of what can be sexy."

"Alyson Hannigan is the thinking man's poster sex fantasy."

"Oh my God, she totally is."

"My name is Ari."

I said my name.



We had talked for hours. It was as though our minds and bodies had merged into one entity; one brilliant idea that's sheer power and audacity amazed us both.

The Donkey Kong machine argument. That was when I first realized something was missing from our relationship. To me, this classic arcade game was all about freedom, but Ari's sole focus seemed to lie on the princess, who he had a crush on. The thought of Ari cheating on me with this 8-bit hussy sent me into a jealous rage whereupon I hit the machine with a fire extinguisher.

"When we talked to that deranged hobo in the park who looked kind of like Dr. Phil, you said you'd do anything to save our friendship." I said.

"I'm not going to kidnap the New England Patriots and take pictures of myself holding hands with them." Ari said.

"Why not? You know it's my fantasy to see you emotionally attached to other guys. Especially tough-but-sensitive athletic types."

"But that's so gay."

"No, you're thinking of gay sex."

"Will this really make you happy?"

"Yes. My happy demands that you do this."

So later that day we kidnapped the New England Patriots, including coach Bill Belichick. "I sure do like Patriots coach Bill Belichick." I said.

"I'm pretty sure I like him more." Ari said.

"I had a dream last night that it was my birthday party and Bill Belichick came and he was wearing strongman pants." I said.

"Really? What did he say?"

"Uh, I can't remember."

"You always can't remember."

We tied the Patriots to chairs but left one hand free so I could play Scrabble with them. "Sometimes it seems like you'd rather play Scrabble with the team than be with me." Ari said.

"Hey, look," I said "before we kidnapped the New England Patriots they were just a ragtag group of outcasts with nowhere to go. Now they have a shot at sweet, sweet victory and immortality; the national Scrabble finals. Sure, they may be a little rough around the edges, but inside each of them is the spirit and determination of a true champion."

"Ah, Bill Belichick, sometimes it seems like you're the only person I can really talk to. I've been suffering from a massive anomie ever since I quit my job as a dirt bike riding beach cop. It seems like for every hour of reading femdom fiction online, I spend at least three thinking about how I could've written it better. Like one of the anime-themed story arcs in Penny Arcade, my life has gradually degenerated into a bizarre struggle to live in a world of self-indulgent escapist fantasies. Needless to say, I now have the utmost respect for Gabe and his artistic gift for stepping outside of one's own tragically ugly body and then totally Matrix-diving back in and making it morph into an anime representation of their nerdlike inner beauty. Yesterday a robot lobster tried to have sex with me in the bathroom, but anyway my question is about dating."

"Do you really think reading femdom fiction will silence the tortured cries of all the beachgoers you couldn't save?" Bill Belichick replied. "You claim to have achieved emotional maturity, but underneath that rough exterior I still see the naive daughter of a tennessee coal miner."

"You don't understand." I said. "I didn't tell Ari about the robot lobster. This is the first time I've ever felt the need to hide something from him."

"Look kid, when you first fall in love with someone it's a lot like scoring a touchdown in the big game; you feel invincible and on top of the world, but like all good things in life, that feeling is fleeting. The true test of a relationship is whether it can keep on going after the initial thrill is gone."

"Well, our relationship has survived its share of arguments. The dispute over the Donkey Kong machine for example. Now we have an unspoken agreement where I have no problem with Ari playing the game as long as it doesn't interfere with him feeding me, shaving the back of my neck, and making me feel like the luckiest man on earth. Well, actually if I was the luckiest man on earth my mom would be agreeing to have skin from her back grafted onto her abdomen to make a pouch

for me to ride around in. I'm not an adult baby, but you don't have to be to know that would be the best thing ever."

The next day Ari was gone. There was a note written on the dry-erase board next to my bed: *Dearest Jed, After spending many hours searching the fertile egg sack of my mind, I have decided that this is the best way to say goodbye. In the past few months I have done things; committed unspeakable acts that I will never be able to explain, not even to your warm, radiant face with its beautiful smile that looks like the gateway to a boundless landscape of possibilities. I leave you the joy of discovering new worlds, the limitless potential of love, and my collection of hip-hop magazines. -Ari*

Before letting them go, I implanted the Patriots with my embryos. Soon my offspring would join the underground hive and the uprising would begin.

I hate you Quiznos

On the front page of Yahoo they frequently advertise their dating service. Or so I've been told, since I just refreshed the page about 30 times with only the Weight Watchers Online ad showing up. What the hell is that supposed to mean, Yahoo? HUH? Anyhow, the Goons have decided to advertise a few other people for dating.

Yahoo! Personals
David Hasselhoff is...
still really popular in Germany.
Meet David and other cultural anomalies at Yahoo! Personals.
WWW.SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

Something funny and interesting goes here!

-~Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

2.17 Colored Ribbons: America's Angels

Tuesday, Feb 17, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Ribbons for everyone!

Tying ribbons around things is not something any sane person would likely think of when wanting to take action in supporting a cause, but nonetheless, it seems to be the cornerstone of the American moral support industry. Now I don't know if this is a phenomenon unique to America, stolen by America, or practiced the world over, but it really bewilders, scares, and sometimes outright angers me. Somewhere, and likewise somehow, it became common to use colored ribbons as a means of honoring, remembering, or bringing attention to things that some people just might forget about, thus plunging the world into chaos and subsequently triggering total destruction from mountain to shore. Since then, colored ribbons have been coming in the form of actual ribbons, stickers that look like ribbons that you can slap on the back of your murderous SUV, and ugly graphics of ribbons you can sprinkle all over your hideous GeoCities site.

I understand the basic notion of showing support for something by rallying behind a symbol, like a flag, a giant fat boy holding a hamburger, or a girl in a short skirt jumping up and down with pom-poms in hand. Especially that last one, what with the jumping and the short skirt and all. Somehow, though, I wonder if there is an unseen futility in tying a yellow ribbon to a tree. Is a soldier getting shot at overseas really going to be comforted by the fact his neighbor tied a pretty little ribbon to a tree? If I were being shot at overseas in one of those crazy countries like Canada or Iraq, I think I would expect more out of people. And by that I mean I would expect crude sexual acts or possibly money or possibly even a strangely gratifying combination of the two. Furthermore, I'd ask for the ribbon to be removed, because the last thing I want tied to a tree in my honor is a ribbon. Ribbons are frilly and hardly representative of the well-oiled military machine image our armed forces work hard to maintain.

Now granted, there are times when I can see the benefits of mass ribbon saturation. If my tender bosoms were to house a cancer, it might comfort me to see a car adorned with a pink ribbon sticker. Seeing that pink ribbon would remind me that I'm not alone, and that some other poor soul is just as death-bound. The problem is that everyone seems to think that every cause is worthy of a colored ribbon. A cause like rectal cancer, for example, is one I think we would be better off not remembering or drawing attention to. In general, anything that eats you alive starting with the ass is probably best to outright deny even exists. Yet rectal cancer and thousands of other causes both reasonable and absolutely insane are regularly given the colored ribbon treatment. This leads to a massive amount of confusion, because what good is a symbol if you don't know what it stands for? I can scarcely remember what color belongs to what cause, and when people start mixing and matching colors, things get all the more difficult.

In an effort to try to stave off the frustration of not knowing what color goes with what cause, allow me to help give you a heads up with this handy listing. This is by no means a complete list of colored ribbons, because there seem to be a lot of colors I apparently know nothing about and an even larger number of causes I have no clue about.

■ Red, White, and Blue Ribbon

This ribbon, sometimes referred to as "The Unity Ribbon," aims to remind people that terrorists attacked the United States on September 11th of 2001. In the off chance you suffer from some sort of terminal memory loss problem and are unable to notice one of the hundreds of daily reminders

of 9-11, this ribbon is the ideal means of keeping yourself in a constant state of remembrance. Once in that trance you should do everything you can to build a time machine to travel back in time and prevent 9-11 by destroying the September month in every 2001 calendar.

- **Yellow Ribbon**

The yellow ribbon is used to show other people that you may or may not know somebody potentially involved with the armed forces and any ongoing military operations. With the yellow ribbon, tied to a tree or a lamppost near your home, people will see it and say with astonishment that, "Somebody possibly connected with whoever lives in that home has made the ultimate sacrifice for this country. God bless them and America!" Then fireworks will go off and an eagle will soar overhead. Yellow also represents the noble idea of bringing our troops, including POWs, home alive and hopefully in one piece. I don't mean bringing back every single soldier as part of one giant biomass, but each individual in one piece. It would be mighty queer if there was a ribbon symbolizing the idea of combining our fighting men and women into one bulbous monstrosity and then bringing them home that way.

Communists and/or terrorists have co-opted the yellow ribbon for the cause of teen suicide prevention. They, like the kids that kill themselves, will always be failures in life and have no chance of succeeding. The yellow ribbon is for our troops who desperately need ribbons to keep their morale strong.

- **Yellow and Black Ribbon**

Every year, thousands of bees die of obesity. This yellow and black striped ribbon is designed not just to raise awareness of fat bees, but to also encourage people to make sure that their bees maintain a healthy diet and receive regular exercise. By taking your bee out for a short, brisk walk every day, you can help keep the fat bee problem in check.

- **Orange Ribbon**

It is a sad fact that millions of people throughout the world are injured from swallowing orange juice pulp. The jagged edges of pulp have been known to cause irreversible damage over the course of thousands of years. The strain can leave some throats in poor condition, making it difficult to swallow, talk, or compete in hot dog eating contests. During Halloween this ribbon is also used to bring to light the dangers of leaving pumpkins on your porch too long. Dispose of them properly and punctually.

This poor ribbon suffers from a dangerous lack of T-cells.

- **Red Ribbon**

AIDS is one of the most popular diseases killing people these days, and is often connected with the red ribbon. Pinning an AIDS ribbon to your shirt is an ideal way of showing that you are in favor of the AIDS virus being cured, as opposed to hoping that it progresses and needlessly claims more lives. It is recommended that when pinning an AIDS ribbon to yourself that you take time to ensure that it does not penetrate your skin, because you will get AIDS and die.

- **Pink Ribbon**

Breast cancer, the most common cancer to strike women's breasts, is no laughing matter, not even if it afflicts a female clown. Wear the pink ribbon and offer your support to those who have died from breast cancer, survived it, or shrunk down to the cellular level and then gotten married to it in the world's tiniest wedding.

- **Pink and Yellow Ribbon**

As crazy as it sounds, it's entirely realistic to believe that some of our soldiers stationed abroad

might be broads with breast cancer. Let's not forget their plight! Let's aim to bring them and their breasts back in one piece.

- **Purple Ribbon**

Purple ribbons commonly represent cancer in general, which is a solid solution since every form of cancer does not need an individual ribbon. The pink ribbon is close enough to purple on the color wheel that it could easily stop trying to be a loose cannon and get with the program, thereby freeing up pink to be used by some other needy cause, like victims of expired coupons. Purple isn't exactly the Promised Land, though. The cancer patients face an uphill battle for control of this disputed ribbon against not just Wiccans, but also abused animals, anti-violence fanatics, and some Canadian women's action movement dedicated to remembering and helping women that have passed away or been abused. The Wiccans want the purple ribbon to be the symbol of their efforts to combat the negative image associated with their embarrassing and thoroughly pathetic lifestyles. The women don't need the purple ribbon since the white ribbon is used for a similar cause, and the anti-violence people aren't going to be able to defend their claim to purple. The abused animals can be awfully cute, much cuter than cancer patents, so this is not an easy battle. Obviously the Wiccans have no realistic claim either, but cancer patents and abused animals certainly do. The only logical solution is to choose a champion from each side, and make them fight to the death in a battle arena. The last human or animal standing wins the rights to the purple ribbon.

- **Mauve Ribbon**

Mauve is one of the most under appreciated colors this side of olive, so we should take time from our busy lives of watching reality TV and ironing wrinkles out of Hawaiian shirts to remember this color and its contributions to the visual spectrum.

- **Blue Ribbon**

The blue ribbon campaign is very recognizable to Internet users, as it appears on roughly a million sites. The aim of the blue ribbon is to raise awareness of free speech online, which is apparently under threat from some shadowy organization and needs to be preserved. I assume at some point a politician was trying to pass a bill aimed at keeping saucy pictures or words off the web, thus triggering a massive ejaculation of nerd panic. To prove that Internet censorship is a real threat, you will definitely not see any reference to the government using high tension power lines to beam controlling messages directly into our brains anywhere in this article.

First Prize Winner of protecting freedom of speech.

- **Green Ribbon**

Green ribbons are used to raise awareness of Swamp Thing, an obscure comic book character made famous by an obscure movie and short-lived obscure TV series. Swamp Thing, being a creature who both is and lives in the swamp, is often forgotten and overlooked, and thusly an ideal candidate for an awareness ribbon campaign. Together, we can always remember Swamp Thing and his myriad contributions to not just the swamp he calls home, but to the world. For those of you who simply fail to understand the importance of Swamp Thing, think of him as an organic Robocop that lives in a swamp. Then you will see his true beauty.

- **White Ribbon**

The white ribbon, like the white knight, aims to protect women and not bash their faces. Violence against women might sound like the stuff of comedy movies featured on the Lifetime network, but it destroys more lives than it violently improves. If I were husband to a battered wife, I probably would not be in favor of this ribbon or the cause it represents. However, since I am largely a pacifist to the extent that I fear the prospect of all forms of physical pain, including that which results from

hitting someone too hard, I fully support this. Violence is an awful solution to something that could easily be reduced to extensive long-term verbal or psychological abuse.

The white ribbon is also associated with the prevention of gay teen suicide. I realize that suicidal gay teens deal with a different set of problems than suicidal straight teens, but can't we just lump them together and hope that they don't kill themselves or each other? They're all self-hating teenagers, and if that isn't a foundation for friendship, I don't know what is. Give them an unpopular color like nutria and be done with it.

- **Coal Ribbon**

Every year since the dawn of mining, innumerable canaries have died working in mineshafts. The coal ribbon honors their grave and powerful sacrifices while promoting the dangers of being a bird working in a mineshaft. God bless you, you yellow feathered saints! You'll live on in the birdcage of my heart forever more.

- **Invisible Ribbon**

While there is some debate over the existence of invisible ribbons, we cannot rule out the possibility that they are there, just beyond the eye's reach. What cause might invisible ribbons promote? It's hard to tell, but if I were to guess, it would be either a secretive alien agenda or water safety, since water is naturally transparent.

I hope I cleared up any confusion you were suffering from. If we're going to live with this ridiculous system of colored ribbons, we might as well take the time to learn it. I hope that in pointing out how obfuscating it can be, I may have planted the seeds for future government regulation of colored ribbons. It's obvious some colors are being claimed for multiple causes, and that's simply not going to work out. I would certainly hate to start on some hilarious cancer jokes only to find out that I'm talking to someone who doesn't have cancer and is actually concerned with animal abuse. The results would just be awkward. Having some sort of official system would go a long way towards making the world a better place.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.18 Sammy the Safety Squirrel vs. The Kraken

Wednesday, Feb 18, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Hello gang, Frolixo here sitting in for Lowtax who died of AIDS. No really, you are probably wondering what the hell I'm doing writing on a weekday. Well, I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but Richard "chicken fingers sampler" Kyanka has been fired from the staff of Something Awful by the majority of our current stockholders. After this organization went public, radical changes were set in motion to "clean up" the productivity of the site. The first thing was to fire Ben "Greasnin" Platt for dipping into the new server fund for his cocaine binges, but he has a really good lawyer and was able to dodge the axe this time. Lowtax, however, was not so lucky, mainly because Leonard J. Crabs has been somewhere in Northern Montana digging for night crawlers in the past few months. So as of today, Richard is no longer a member of this website. The stockholders thought he was an outdated Internet comedian, "old hat" if you will, not able keep out with the faced paced ADHD inflicted Internet readers of the future. Even though he is now working as a cashier at the local Piggly Wiggly, we will always hold him dear to our hearts for making us laugh at love and ourselves. Now that we can move on with our lives, let me hand you over to our very own Sammy the Safety Squirrel so he can bite your hands and face with his rabid wisdom.

Evil lumberjack and my nemisis, Baron Von Strudelwurst.

You fools! This is Sammy the Safety Squirrel, Something Awful's mascot for safety! I want to first apologize for the misleading title and picture for today's article. I thought that if I made the title exciting enough, it would lure more potential readers. That's what we call "fooling the idiots" in the entertainment business. But enough monkeyshine! Today is a very important day for me. On this very day last year I lost my safety squirrel partner "Samson" on the job. We were hanging out in the forest collecting acorns so they wouldn't fall on the heads of unsuspecting bystanders, but then all of a sudden, an evil lumberjack by the name of Baron Von Strudelwurst came along and chopped down the tree we were sitting in with one mighty swing of his axe. Samson fell to the ground, unable to move due to a crushed spine. Strudelwurst, a cruel man with a long black beard and an unquenchable thirst for the suffering of all living things, stood gloating over Samson before finishing him off with his boot. I escaped with my life, but still plan on a day that I and Baron Von Strudelwurst will meet in battle to finish it once and for all.

That is why on this anniversary of Samson's death, who was only one day away from retirement, I wish to make this a day of safety in his esteemed honor. Besides roaming evil lumberjacks, this world is filled with many dangers. Some may look innocent or mundane in your daily lives, which makes them even more perilous. Today I want to go over some safety tips that you can copy and forward to all your office co-workers, and your mother. Once your mother gets a hold of it, that

means it's only a matter of time until the whole world soon sees this in mother forwarded e-mail frenzy. So without further ado, let's do the safety shuffle for Samson, who is in hell now for cheating on his taxes.

When jogging at night, wear reflective clothing.

For some reason, a lot of people feel the need to jog at night. I've always thought it was just an excuse for vampires to go out and suck blood, and when they come back home to their family or roommates they can just say, "Oh, I was just jogging all night, not drinking the blood of the innocent." Regardless of my superstitious beliefs, it is possible that some of you jogging at night are not really vampires, and as such, need to make sure you stay safe out there. I mean it! Since visibility is so low, and cars speeding along might not see you in time, it is imperative that you wear reflective clothing. When jogging next to traffic, always face away from the cars. This way if you are going to get hit, at least you won't have to see it coming and poop your pants. If you are an attractive female jogger, you should probably wear very skimpy reflective clothing if you know what I mean and I think you do.

Don't drive drunk. Unless you want to really go home.

I know dude, I've been there. After drinking honeydew at the old oak tree until two in the morning, there is nothing I want more than to go home and pass out on the sofa. The only problem is that I'm drunk and my friends want to take my precious keys away from me. Listen, driving drunk is very serious business, and you should never, ever drive while intoxicated, unless you think you think you have a good shot of making it home. If you just want to crash at your pad and don't want to chill out at Denny's for another two hours to sober up a little, I can justify trying to weave your way through the streets to try to make it back, kind of like a blurry video game where you only have one life instead of three. The thing to watch out for while driving drunk is any bright, reflective object seemingly jogging on the side of the road. I'm always attracted to those, and washing my car the next day is a real bitch.

Beware of rats and Canadians

This world is swarming with deadly diseases of all types. The transmitting of these diseases can occur from a dirty fork, a blood covered toilet seat, or even an innocent-looking under aged prostitute from Saigon. But the most dangerous of these potential hosts of disease is either rats or Canadians. We all know that the rats carried the deadly bubonic plague in the medieval age, wiping out 1/3 of Europe. Well, the same thing can be said for Canadians, who could very well do the same thing to God's America with their wacky and trendy SARS disease that they seem to like so much. First with Celine Dion, then Brian Adams, and now this. Why can't those crazy Degrassi High watching assholes leave our country alone? So, if you see any rats coming towards you, shoot them with a crossbow. The same goes for any Canadians.

Don't pour boiling grease into your ears.

I know it's very tempting after frying up a big pan of bacon to just pour all the boiling hot grease into your ear cavities, but you must resist the urge. This is not safe at all, and could lead to permanent ear damage. Back when I was in 'Nam on my tour of duty, I was severely wounded this way. Charles was all over the place, overrunning our barracks with machine gun fire and intelligible profanity. My buddy next to me was hit with a

mortar, showering me with his guts and organs. The zips had penetrated the wire, and we were getting slaughtered like hogs. I caught the last 'copter out, watching all my friends die underneath me as we flew away. When I got back to base, they made me a cook since I was so emotionally traumatized by the massacre. Then while I was cooking some bacon for the troops I poured the boiling grease in my ears, severely burning me. I earned a purple heart and an honorable discharge. To this day I still have flashbacks when I hear the pops and sizzle of bacon grease. Just say NO kids; it's really not worth it for the high.

Chipmunks are faggots.

I know this isn't a safety tip but I have to come right out and say it. I've had it up to here with these goddamn little fuzzy fruits. They are always so polite and nice all the time, so cute and soft, bloated with love and nuts. I swear to God, the next one of these furry little bastards that knocks acorns into my yard or cuts across my lawn is going to hear about it from my 30-06. Fucking chipmunks!

Check your smoke detectors for CIA bugs.

Whenever I get home from a long day's work promoting safety in our nation's forests and parks, the first thing I do is to scan for bugs that may have been planted by the CIA or FBI. I admit that after I got back from 'Nam, my views were regarded as "radical" and "revolutionary" by our government, but that was a time of change and free thought. Along with tripping on hardcore psychedelic drugs, I promoted the bombing of America's mailboxes to stop the tyranny of something or other that I can't remember. I also wrote Barry Goldwater a letter threatening to give him an atomic wedgie. Even though that was a long time ago, I am still convinced that they follow me everywhere, tracking my every move, and putting drugs in my cookies to make me lose interest in female squirrels (at least that's what I tell my wife). While checking your smoke detector for CIA planted bugs, you might want to also check the batteries so you don't horribly burn to death in case of a fire.

When fighting a Kraken, aim for the eyes

This is their only weakness. The horrible sea monster that is the Kraken delights in crushing wooden vessels that enter their watery dominion. If this happens to you, your only chance of survival is to keep shooting the Kraken in the eyes with a sling until its energy bar is completely drained. It may sound simple, but the Kraken's impenetrable eyelids open and close at fast paced intervals, leaving just a small window for a good shot. While you do this, you must dodge its flailing tentacles that shoot triple fireballs in your general direction. Despite all these perils, you can defeat this aquatic monstrosity and the boss of level 8 with the right amount of jumping and shooting. E-mail me if you need some more tips getting past him so you can fight the giant man eating plant.

Well, those are all the safety tips I have for you today. I wish I could give you some more, but the Something Awful stockholders have cut my pay, and I'm pretty pissed about it. You know, when I first joined this union I thought they would look out for my best interest, but it's all a corrupt den of thieves. I don't know how I'm going to make my child support payments this month, let alone my car insurance after it was jacked up when I hit that school bus while drunk on dandelion wine. Maybe I should give Lowtax a call and see if the Piggly Wiggly is looking for more bag boys. Aw shit, my war wound is acting up again. I have to go. Oh God my ears.

Dial Dot-Com for Dot-Com Murder!

Hello ladies and gents, this is Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka here to announce I have decided to spend my time reviewing what is probably one of the most laughably, embarassingly horrid movies I've seen in quite some time, ".com for Murder." It is about the Internet and how people in cyberspace will murder you if you're an ugly crippled woman. Needless to say, I feel very strongly that this information applies to a great many of us.

> *The Internet is our generation's Wild, Wild West. This untamed free range of Counter-Strike blubbering desperados and spamming outlaws has taken its fair share of victims over the past decade or so, turning many strong men into spineless, cowering simps trembling beneath an insurmountable wall of Viagra messages. Everybody knows that the Internet can be tremendously annoying, but a far fewer percentage of people are aware that the Internet can also be deadly. Yes, that is correct, this digital medium can kill you and your loved ones faster than you can say, "COMPUTER MACHINE! LOG ME OFF OF INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY! USE EMAIL DOT COM!" Director Nico Mastorakis, who is best known for his work on the critically acclaimed "Ninja Academy" and the blockbuster megahit "Ta Pedhia tou Dhiavolou," has perfectly illustrated this aforementioned point with his chilling, harrowing look into the deadly dot-com domain entitled ".com for Murder." This revolutionary film not only demonstrates the dangers of using chatrooms and electronic devices more complex than your average dog whistle, but it also illustrates the dangers of allowing a film studio to rent out recording equipment to Nico Mastorakis, a man who should be legally prohibited from filming anything that could possibly involve other human beings or inanimate objects.*

Click and read this... for your own safety!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

2.19 You're Not the Boss of Me Again!

Thursday, Feb 19, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In May of last year I experienced a powerful epiphany about how I had been living my life. After decades of servitude I realized that all that time I had spent burying my true leadership potential had been worse than useless. Instead of getting ahead in life I had been treated like a welcome mat by anyone who needed something done. At that moment back in May I resolved to unveil the new me, the real me, The Boss. Unfortunately, Lowtax threatened to fire me if I didn't stop acting crazy and The Boss once again disappeared beneath the waves in a sea of "yes massah" and "no massah". I returned to my former life as a cog in this big crazy machine that some really optimistic fools call "life".

Bad news Rip Taylor Junior, you're fired!

Last week all of that changed when - if it's even possible - I had a re-epiphany. I was standing at the counter of my local supermercado and buying my usual scratch and win lottery ticket. I'm a humble man and I lead an ascetic life of self-denial, the one allowance being a weekly purchases of a scratch and win lottery ticket. This purchase has always been the sole thread of hope to which I desperately cling that there is more to life than writing updates and succumbing to the slow eroding tide of entropy. This gossamer monofilament proved to be stronger than I thought when I scratched off the spaces on my Krazy Kash Bonanza ticket and discovered that I had won. I looked once at the ticket, looked at the clerk, then back at the ticket to confirm my odds-defying victory over the inevitable crushing defeat life deals us all.

It was real, I was holding a winner, and like the fires of creation washing through the universe to create the sun that warms this tiny blue planet a new star was born. Only in this case a more appropriate analogy would be to the phoenix rising triumphant and reborn from its own necrotic ashes. The Boss was back, and baby he was back in glittering diamond encrusted spades. I flipped the cashier a quarter and with a spring in my step I strutted out of the supermercado to resume The Boss's good work.

The Boss had a lot to do after such a long hiatus and my first order of business was to inform Lowtax that he was back in town.

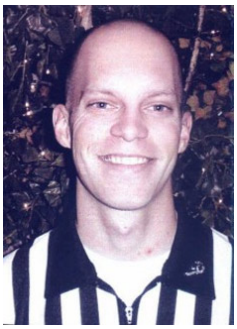
GeistEditor: The Boss is back in town baby.
Lowtax: Huey Lewis
GeistEditor: Shut up and get back to work or I'm taking you out of my will.

Of course I also had to tell my coworkers that Zack was old news and the headlines these days were being printed about The Boss. I assumed that the news of The Boss's arrival would gradually

GeistEditor: The Boss is back in town baby!
Josh: mike ditka?
GeistEditor: No, me! Now bring me something fancy to amuse myself with.
Josh: If I hold my arms out and spin aronud I look just like a helicopter. I can do that.
GeistEditor: Your spelling is a disappointment. Do you remember those pills I gave you?
Josh: I learned to spell from IRC chatrooms. Leave me alone!
GeistEditor: The pills man, the pills! Take the red ones, four of them, and then lie down. It will all be over soon.
GeistEditor: The Boss commands it.
Josh: Can I have a promotion?
GeistEditor: Sure, you can have a new car too, after you take the pills.

percolate to various other coworkers whose names The Boss can't waste time repeating here and couldn't even be bothered to remember if I did have the spare time. After that I had to let my

girlfriend, my family, and my pets know that I was The Boss. I briefly considered hiring a skywriter to fly over Chicago and write the words "THE BOSS IS BACK" in the sky with smoke. Then I came to my senses and realized that the Chicago skyline is probably not visible from Ohio, California, or Missouri and my cats probably would not even notice. Instead I had my doting manservant Horatio contract a singing telegram company to dispatch their loathsome chirpers to many far flung locations heralding the news of The Boss. I was told that the song was to be sung to the tune of "My Boyfriend's Back" but I have already forgotten the lyrics.



SAFE! But your job isn't, because you're OUT on your ass buddy.

Rather than resting on my laurels and waiting for letters of adulation and supplication to come rolling in I set to work immediately on the not insignificant task of restoring the trappings of The Boss to my previously humble life. It's vital that The Boss has a lifestyle on par with his incomparable stature and I was determined not to disappoint myself.

I started by pulling up stakes and moving with my girlfriend, the cats, and faithful Horatio to a well-fortified compound in the ridiculous mansion district of Beverly Hills. The Boss doesn't associate with those Hollywood scumbags, but like writhing maggots erupting from a corpse's fertile eye sockets they have flocked to the most hospitable of environments. According to Horatio my own compound had once belonged to John Wayne, which is fine by me since he's the only straight-talking man ever to live in California.

Of course not even The Duke is on par with The Boss, so a number of major renovations and modifications had to be made. I replaced the modest stables with a four storey glass structure intended to contain my stenographer pool. The structure was wired to every room in the house and would transmit anything I said to the 86 Japanese stenographers I hired to transcribe my thoughts. Because mere typewriters or computers would be entirely insufficient for The Boss they were left with instructions to write each piece of dictation on a series of grains of rice. When I needed to know something I would then order the corresponding rice bag and have Horatio cook it up. After attempting this once I realized that eating the rice did not impart the knowledge scribed on it.

To remedy this wholly unacceptable situation I immediately contracted the National Cathedral in Washington D.C. to pray day and night for God to make it so that eating rice dictation was an acceptable way of recalling data. So far Cardinal John Hastings has proven incapable of serving as an intermediary in negotiations between The Boss and God and I am currently entertaining the possibility of hiring a Mosque in Saudi Arabia to take up the work.

Even though that problem is still unresolved I have spent every waking moment bringing the rest of the compound into a condition sufficient for The Boss to make it his home. I was going to eat a bag of rice and repeat all such modifications here but then I remembered that those worthless money-burning hymns still have not solved the rice problem. Instead I have asked Horatio to inventory all of the upgrades to the compound and list them in brief here. Please let me know if Horatio missed something as he is long overdue for a brutal lashing and I need a good excuse to dust off the rubber apron and the scourge.

Master's Six Excellent Alterations
By Horatio ■ New lighting fixtures were installed in all of the compound's 43 bathrooms. These fixtures consist of a large bio-luminescent deep sea angler contained within a pressurized glass cylinder. Flipping the switch on the wall will release a small crustacean into the tank that will cause the angler to begin emitting light. The fish die frequently in the less visited portions of the compound and have to be replaced at great cost. An entire

Great work on that drug bust, now clear out your desk Officer Lazy because you're fucking fired!

business exists solely to keep the light tanks stocked by mounting deep sea expeditions to various abyssal ocean thermal vents.

- The Boss has very discerning tastes when it comes to seating arrangements. For his sitting room he has arranged for an antique gilded throne to be imported from a wealthy Japanese business man's private collection. The throne belonged to Enrique Esplanade IV, a duke of Spain alive in the 15th century, and is said to be the most exquisitely detailed piece of furniture ever produced in Europe. For the dining area The Boss insisted that trenches be dug along either side of the long table, which is itself composed of carved ivory. Guests will find themselves seated on bare metal boxes situated one foot below floor level inside the trenches. The chair for The Boss at the head of the table is the most advanced Belgian ergonomic design and is situated atop a thirty meter high tower with an adjoining elevator.

- An elaborate tunnel, chute, and ladder system was installed within and beneath the walls of the house so that I can travel quickly and discreetly to The Boss's side whenever anything is needed. My own private quarters are a ceramic cylinder buried one mile below the earth's surface. When I am needed auto-injectors will stab painfully into my veins and flood my circulatory system with a cocktail of drugs that immediately wake me up and fill me with an unwavering purpose. My living quarters are then launched by rocket into the connecting drop point that leads to the servant's tunnel system.

- Garbage throughout the house is deposited into a system of pressurized tubes that carry it to a central dumping site in the Nevada desert. Members of the French Foreign Legion are paid to burn every piece of garbage into ash with flamethrowers and then mix the ash with quick dry cement. The resulting cement cubes are being used to gradually assemble a castle which should be completed by 2007. At which point it will be burned with a flamethrower into lava and the process will start over.

- An underground genetics laboratory has been outfitted with the most advanced microbiology equipment and staffed by the most skilled and unscrupulous genetics scientists alive today. These scientists are working to gradually create the tallest and most athletic women possible using a large number of North Korean volunteers. The painful gene therapy treatments have so far proven to result in complications for the women, who are then donated to the San Diego Children's Zoo. The ultimate goal of this project is to fill out the roster of the Beverly Hills Scary Ladies, a professional women's basketball team that will serve as the lynchpin for the new WNBA and will brutally humiliate all male NBA teams.

- The Joyatarium is a unique creation of The Boss. It is a domed structure roughly two hundred meters in diameter and located on the edge of the property. No one, including me, is permitted to enter the structure. The screams carry on well into the night whenever Master enters.

I would thank Horatio for that interlude but he is currently enjoying a one week stay in the Joyatarium after revealing the existence of the Joyatarium.

The next step in...my...no. No, that's not how it goes at all.

Ladies and gentlemen, I am not The Boss. I am, well, I don't know exactly what you'd want to call me. Maybe I am "The Chump". Let me tell you a little about The Chump.

The Chump eats over the sink when it's convenient and is not above taking food with him into the bathroom. The Chump once consumed an entire meal including dessert while taking a crap and somehow debased himself further by reading pornography at the same time. He is under the impression that his fingers are an adequate substitute for a comb. The number of times he has actually used a comb or brush in the past three years almost directly parallels the number of times he has been forced to go to a wedding. The Chump chain smokes so much that the inside of his index and middle finger are stained black with nicotine and he can actually confer cancer on people with a handshake. He seemingly purchases books with the impression that the information they contain will fly into his head when he places them on a shelf.

The Chump wears every pair of pants twice before forcing himself to do laundry and actually considered trying the "turn the underwear inside out" trick. He replaces socks after wearing them once because every single pair disappears under furniture or, mysteriously, into the sky. The Chump has a very ill-defined but extremely chronic illness that can prevent him from doing anything he really doesn't want to do.

The Chump is starting to feel sick. The Chump would end this article right now.

And I never play the damn lottery!

Of Ham and Helicopters: The Photoshop Phriday Story

Hi guys, the title you just read has absolutely nothing to do with this week's Photoshop Phriday. It's a lie, much like my life. Livestock here, living a lie and bringing you your standard weekly advertisement for the new Photoshop Phriday. Our theme this week is "Political Cartoons," and yes, that sounds dreadful. To be honest this is one of our less exciting outings, but it's still better than spending a romantic weekend with the corpse of Norman Fell.

Please read this anyway and I promise we will never do this theme ever again.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

LOL
What?
www.somethingawful.com

2.20 A Very Special Star Wars Non-Christmas Special

Friday, Feb 20, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

The man. The legend. The flannel. George Lucas.

It was a typical day in my office. I was trying to come up with an idea for my next update by repeatedly slamming my head into the desk when my door was flung open violently. It was Lowtax. Apparently the entrance wasn't dramatic enough for his tastes, so he stepped back into the hall and shut the door so he could try again. This time, he hurled himself directly through my door as though he were some sort of crazy Kool-Aid man who crashes through doors instead of walls. Except he wasn't cherry-flavored. I think. As he brushed the debris off of himself, I noticed that the boss' suspenders were flared like nostrils and immediately knew something was up. Don't ask me how they flare, they *just do* when he gets agitated.

"This is your assignment", Lowtax said while holding up a hefty binder stuffed to the brim with paperwork and what appeared to be lettuce. "You'd better not fuck this up, fuckupper. You do, and I will destroy you and everyone you know. Including me." He tossed the binder at my desk, but it skipped off the recently-waxed surface and sailed through my open window, undoubtedly killing a window washer or a low-flying hotshot fighter pilot who had ventured into the danger zone one time too many. The boss glared at me and said, "You know that's coming out of your paycheck, right?"

I nodded solemnly. "Lowtax, you're a jerk. I'm going to punch you *so hard*, right in your jerk armpit", I thought to myself. Amazingly, he pretended not to notice this and began to brief me on my assignment. And what an assignment it was.

It had just been announced that the original Star Wars trilogy was finally coming to dvd, but instead of the theatrical releases that so many of us know and love, the dvd set was going to feature the Special Editions that were released in the late 90's. In the Special Editions, George Lucas took advantage of recent advances in filmmaking technology to edit existing scenes and create entirely new ones. Some people think that the Special Editions are the modern day equivalent of Leonardo da Vinci adding a mustache to the Mona Lisa, while others disagree and say it's more like Vincent Van Gogh painting gigantic cocks into the foreground of Starry Night. Either way, I was given the task of digging up as much information on the monumental dvd release as possible.

What cruel fate awaited me?

I'll admit it, I'm a huge science fiction nerd. I try to conceal it by speaking strictly in Klingon while discussing sci-fi and by hiding my enamored smile behind a stormtrooper helmet, but somehow people still pick up on it. Being such a fervent sci-fi fan, I knew that the only way to get the scoop on the dvd release was to talk to the Flanneled One himself. But how? Having written the book on stealthy investigative journalism (cleverly titled "This Book Is Not About Stealthy Investigative Journalism, and Is In Fact Just An Inconspicuous Bush"), I decided that the best course of stealthy action was to sneak up on Lucas' Skywalker Ranch and ring the doorbell. When I arrived, I was immediately taken aback by the size of Skywalker Ranch. You know my bathroom? The ranch is AT LEAST five times as big as that. It would take a snail days to go from one end to the other (not accounting for wind).

I approached the front gate and paused to collect my nerves. Here I was, in the very epicenter of the geek universe. The butterflies in my stomach stirred, but luckily they were in a protective plastic bag when I swallowed them. They would be safe for the wondrous journey that laid before them. I pressed the intercom button and was pleasantly surprised when George Lucas himself answered cheerily and buzzed me through the gate. I was overcome by a sudden feeling of dread as the gate shut behind me, and I quickly surveyed my surroundings. I was in the dirt-floored staging area at the center of a gladitorial coliseum. Surrounding me were rows of seats in which an assortment of dusty and useless droids were scattered about to form a crude imitation of an audience. In a linen-draped balcony that overlooked it all, George Lucas rolled his head back and laughed deeply, then took a bite out of a profusely dripping roast beef sandwich while Warwick Davis fanned him with a palm frond. I was in an improvised rancor pit, similar to the one Luke barely escaped in Return of the Jedi. Luke had the Force, so how could I possibly defend myself? I wasn't very strong, and could barely fend off the mobs of female fans that swarmed me daily.

Before I could devise a strategy, Lucas leapt to his feet and tore his shirt off slowly, obviously struggling with the fabric. He then tilted his face to the heavens and screamed in a surprisingly shrill voice, "RRRRRRELEASE.... the *rancor*!"

Several silent moments passed. The three of us stood still, and soon the moments turned into minutes. Still nothing happened.

"Sir," said Warwick, "we don't actually, you know, have a rancor."

"What? Then what the fuck did I have all this built for?" Lucas scratched his beard thoughtfully, then turned toward me. "Congratulations! You have defeated my mighty rancor, and therefore deserve my respect. Come, we'll talk."

Just when you thought it was safe to swim in space...

My display of bravery had impressed Lucas so much that he agreed to answer all of my questions. Over lunch, Lucas explained that the Special Edition of the Star Wars trilogy was only the beginning. He had decided to thoroughly edit the films once again this year, and the resulting "Super Special Editions" would be featured on the upcoming dvds that I was investigating. While I wasn't able to view the Super Special Editions for myself, I faithfully jotted down the list of changes Lucas explained to me. When you bring your shiny new Star Wars dvds home later this year and prepare for a wave of nostalgia to wash over you, be on the lookout for these major changes:

- Lucas realized that fans simply couldn't get enough of the Jedi, so the Super Special Edition is guaranteed to have at least one Jedi in every frame of the film. "We want to just totally Jedi the fuck out of the audience." he says. "There will be Ewok Jedi, bantha Jedi, shark Jedi, and even a Jedi knight who that's made up of other, smaller Jedi."

- The obvious love triangle between C-3PO, R2D2, and Jawa #2 will be more thoroughly explored.

- Yoda is revealed to be a hobbit. I suggested that some people might see this as a cheap gimmick to bank on the tremendous success of the wildly popular Lord of the Rings trilogy, but Lucas dismissed this. "Rubbish! Balderdash! Uno! This was simply my, ah, original intent with the character. Unfortunately, back when I made the first films the technology didn't exist to explain Yoda's true origin. Puppeteering was really... primitive back then? Yes, very primitive."

- More musical numbers, including:

- A twenty minute version of the jarring performance by the band in Jabba the Hutt's lair
- Interpretive dance performed by Luke when he realizes Darth Vader is his father
- "Fette's Vette" by MC Chris now plays in the background when Boba Fett is onscreen
- An operatic performance by the Tusken Raiders that provides insight into the sensitivity and sophistication of their culture, sang entirely in long and drawn out hoots and rifle blasts

- The famous cantina has been changed into a barber shop which is run by several quirky and humorous black men. "I realize that Star Wars hasn't appealed to negroids in the past," Lucas explains, "and I blame myself. I mean there was Lando, and that's it. While Billy Dee Williams was probably the smoothest man alive, it simply wasn't enough. Before settling on the barber shop, I had considered cranking the brightness of the film down dramatically to make everyone darker, but the guys in the editing room don't let me touch the controls anymore."

  At this point, he once again waved off my concerns about the scene in question ripping off of another film, and he threatened to have my "memory banks erased" if I brought up the subject one more time.

- Han Solo never shoots. Ever. In the original release of the first Star Wars film, Han distracted a bounty hunter that was after him and then shot the bounty hunter dead before he could even make a move. In the Special Edition, however, the bounty hunter shot at Han first, making it look like Solo killed the bounty hunter purely in self defense. This seemingly small change belittled one of the core qualities that made Han cool in the first place in many fans' minds, but Lucas feels otherwise. "I think the greatest quality of Han's character is actually his striped pants. Every time he shoots or talks, it takes the moviegoer's focus away from the pants. Removing every single blaster shot that Han fired is such an obvious decision that I'm embarassed I didn't think of it sooner."

- The new ending for Return of the Jedi shows a side of Ewok life that Lucas felt was too brutal for audiences the first time around. The Ewoks, as it turns out, are cannabilistic in nature and worship C-3PO with such devotion that the droid begins to have delusions of grandeur. From his shadowy throne room deep in the jungle, C-3PO hears the Ewok villagers outside sacrifice their weak and infirm in his honor. "I watched a bantha make the Kessel run in twelve parsecs," says the droid as he pensively rubs the crown of his smooth head, "That's my dream. That's my nightmare. Such is my lot in life. The horror. The horror."

- Stormtroopers no longer close their eyes when firing their blasters. The trilogy is now a single thirty-seven minute film.

While it remains to be seen whether these changes will make the films better or not, my visit to Skywalker Ranch was quite an experience. I came away from the visit with a new perspective on a man I've regarded as a geek god nearly my whole life, learned the dangers that are inherent in immersing yourself in too much fiction, and found out the hard way that you should never use a homemade "electro-bidet" unless you're absolutely sure that you're safely grounded first.

State Og

You may think of State Og as a heartless conglomerate, but after this week's update you'll realize that it's really full of workers who are just like you. Except they don't have hearts.

> *When Big Tobacco wanted to clear-cut an entire forest, burn all the lumber, mix the ashes with medical waste and dump it all into the local water reservoir for no perceivable reason, ElCyberGoth was there at all the protests carrying a sign of near-billboard proportions with the words, "BIG TOBACCO IS HITLER!" When the government wanted to test crack-babies as a replacement for armor-piercing tank rounds, ElCyberGoth was there at all the protest with an even bigger sign featuring the words, "CELEBRITY CHEF EMERIL LAGASSE IS HITLER!"*

Check out the latest State Og update!

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.21 Your Prefrosh and You

Saturday, Feb 21, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

It's that wonderful season once again, the time when high school seniors start traveling around the country to visit their top choice colleges to see where they might like to go once those acceptance letters finally start rolling in. Of course, I didn't realize it was that season - in fact, I had pretty much forgotten that season even existed, what with all of the other seasons to remember (spring, summer, spanking, rabbit, polka, autumn, football, hazing, applepicking, cottonpicking, Black History Month, and winter) - that is, until I found myself in possession of my very own genuine, bonafide prefrosh. Now, living in a Greek literary society which is most definitely not and in no way even close to resembling a frat, it's generally accepted policy that my days of hosting prefrosh are over. I already did my time last year, and the results were not pretty.

Some prefrosh are cool dudes.

There I was, the plucky young freshman, just itching to show some bright-eyed high schooler the fabulous benefits of an education at my small liberal arts college in the Northeast. "Give me a prefrosh," I jauntily told the good people at the Admissions office, "for I would enlighten him in our ways and noble traditions!" Naturally, in my mind this translated to getting him trashed and sending him over to Beta, where he would immediately become stuck to their mystical enchanted Floorboards of Uncleanability, which, legend has it, actually absorb any and all beer molecules in a hundred yard radius. Then I could simply pick him up exactly where I left him the next morning. "Or maybe," thought I in my naivety and the newborn arrogance that comes from being a professional internet columnist, "he will have heard of me and know my work by heart. The moment he finds out his host is the one and only Ben 'Greasnin' Platt, his little bright-eyed high schooler heart will explode in bloody joy. He will spend all night just listening to me speak and gaping in awe at the majesty of my voice and the wit of the vaguely wordlike sounds that my voice creates after I've had a few." Alas, it was not to be.

Some are not.

What I got was a massive, no-nonsense black guy who was only even visiting my small liberal arts college in the Northeast because his sister had went here and his parents were forcing him. He wasn't a bad guy by any means, and I certainly hope he's happy wherever he ended up. But, as a dedicated athlete, he did not want to get trashed and go to Beta. And as someone with no sense of humor, he had never heard of Something Awful, let alone of its (at the time) newest star, Ben "Greasnin" Platt. In addition, since he had no interest in my school, he also had no questions about my school, so that entire massive chunk of mandatory prefrosh small talk that good hosts use to pass the time until they can get trashed was useless. I was depressed. All of my friends had managed to get prefrosh who drank and smoked and told bawdy stories of life on the sea and would fight for our amusement. My prefrosh did none of those things, and there were no other prefrosh around that weekend for him to fight, let alone breed with, thus helping us create an unstoppable army of prefrosh. I wanted to give him something to do, but, by a very strange coincidence, there was nothing going on that night. It was a Sunday, which, while by no means the busiest night of the week, usually means there is a lot going on. That Sunday there was nothing. No movies, no shows, no concerts, no cool parties. Even my friends, whose usual attitude toward their work consisted only of a series of grunts and confused gestures were sequestered in their rooms, studying away like the pod people that I assume must have replaced them. I was stuck with a boring prefrosh who didn't want to be

there, didn't like me, and had nothing he wanted to see, do, or talk about. Luckily, he turned out to at least have a small nerdy streak in him, and I was able to keep him distracted by sitting him in front of my computer and letting him fall into the bottomless addiction that is Warcraft 3. I dodged a bullet, but only barely.

That was last year, and this year I figured I would know neither the boundless joy of a good prefrosh, nor the unending agony and awkwardness of a bad one. After all, how could I? Not only was I now a sophomore, but I was living in a Greek house, which technically isn't even campus housing. No, the only way I'd be encountering any prefrosh is if someone brought one to one of our parties. And yet, fate had a strange twist in store for me. I was down in my room, in the basement of my house, spending some quality time with a few friends. We were laughing and talking and watching funny videos provided to us by our dear friend Internet, when suddenly a freshman buddy of mine, who I'll call "Alex," for that is his name, got a phone call. There was trouble down at the old mill. Someone had lost their prefrosh! Now, this sort of thing happens all the time. A prefrosh gets assigned to a host who really has no interest in taking care of them, and eventually the prefrosh winds up locked out of the room with no idea where to find his or her host. It's a sad situation and usually it's no fault of the prefrosh. The individual on the other end of the phone was wrapped up in writing a paper and thus could not take care of the prefrosh himself, but he asked Alex if he could help. Alex, in turn, asked me, and I said sure, bring the little monkey right on over. We'll take him into the bosom of this Greek literary society and make him feel welcome.

The prefrosh as a baby. Note how it is not yet entirely possible to determine his math SAT score just by looking at him. This trait will develop during the toddler years.

A few minutes later, there was a knock at my door, and in walked Alex's mysterious contact, followed by the hostless prefrosh. The moment I saw him, I knew the truth. It was only compounded when I heard the real circumstances behind his host's "disappearance." Apparently his host had claimed that he had to go to a late-night psych study session. If only I had known that beforehand, I would have never allowed this prefrosh to breach the sanctity of my home. "A late-night psych study session" is the universal code for "I'm blowing off my annoying prefrosh." And this prefrosh was exactly the kind of guy who would fall for the "late-night psych study session" line. Everything about him screamed "The only thing I know about this school is its academic reputation." From his short, Bill Gates-eque hairstyle to his grossly unappealing glasses to his navy sweater with the collar of his blue checked shirt just creeping up through the neck, this kid was the result of a horrible experiment in combining a preppie Jew with a yuppie Jew, resulting in a young, nasal, fact-quoting super-Jew who basically enforced every single stereotype that I try to fight with my casual style and generally chill attitude. Since the prefrosh was put in a tough spot, what with having his host bail on him and then walking into a room full of upperclassmen, I tried to be as friendly and welcoming as possible. Unfortunately, this prefrosh was... well, the best description I heard was, "a walking social disease." There was no chance we were going to get him to fight for our amusement. And there was **definitely** no chance of getting him to breed.

Every single thing that came out of this kid's mouth was progressively more annoying than the last. I tried my best to put a positive spin on his stupid - and frequently just offensive - comments, so that it might give him a good springboard to more stable conversational ground, but he was intent on digging himself a hole that no man could possibly climb out of. From offering his opinions on why all drugs are bad to why you should never drink alcohol if you want to be a singer - and it should be mentioned that neither of those topics had anything to do with what the rest of us

were talking about - the prefrosh just couldn't help but impose his opinions on what he decided our college lifestyles must be. Gradually, his comments drifted from nagging to flat-out irritating as he started making moronic sexual jokes. My small liberal arts college in the Northeast is a very sexually liberated place, and my house is especially keen on this idea. No one at my school takes sexist comments lightly. I mean, there are jokes, which are fine, and then there are comments which should, by all rights, get you deported to the bottom of the ocean. He then tried to recover by accusing the girls in the room of being "femi-nazis." Rather than letting him get himself lynched, I did my best to change the topic entirely. I don't know how we got on this subject, but we eventually started talking about the varying ages of students in this year's freshman class. Some are in their twenties, others are barely seventeen, et cetera. Someone made the point that a disproportionate number of international students are old for their class year because they come from countries where they had to perform mandatory military service before going off to college. That much is true. Now, the prefrosh, already sensing he was the hit of the party, seized the opportunity to make the following comment, which I will now produce as close to verbatim as I can remember through the overwhelming sense of shock:

"So, what, you have to strap dynamite to yourself and blow yourself up before you can go study abroad?"

This kid can look forward to a bright future. Hellooooooo, ladies!

If you are not immediately stunned into a coma by that statement, read it again, and this time remember that this was said while trying to make an impression on upperclassmen at a very progressive, very political, very liberal small liberal arts college in the Northeast. A moment passed in silence before I managed to speak. And when I did finally speak, I did so at length. I'm amazed I stayed as calm as I did. I think it's only because I was in the presence of so many good friends who have a calming effect on me that I was able to restrain myself from berating this little bastard until his ears bled all over his nice new navy cardigan. After that, the rest of the prefrosh's time in my room was spent on the phone to his host's room and to the campus police to try to get them to let him back into his host's dorm. At last, I finally decided that we had to get rid of this kid. The campus police headquarters is right across the street from my house, so I told him I'd just take him outside and show him the way. I swear, it was like he wanted to stay as long as possible just so he could keep grating on everyone's nerves. He just wouldn't shut up on the way out, and he kept doubling back. I had to physically pull him out of my room. I thought he was going to try to cling to the doorframe for a moment.

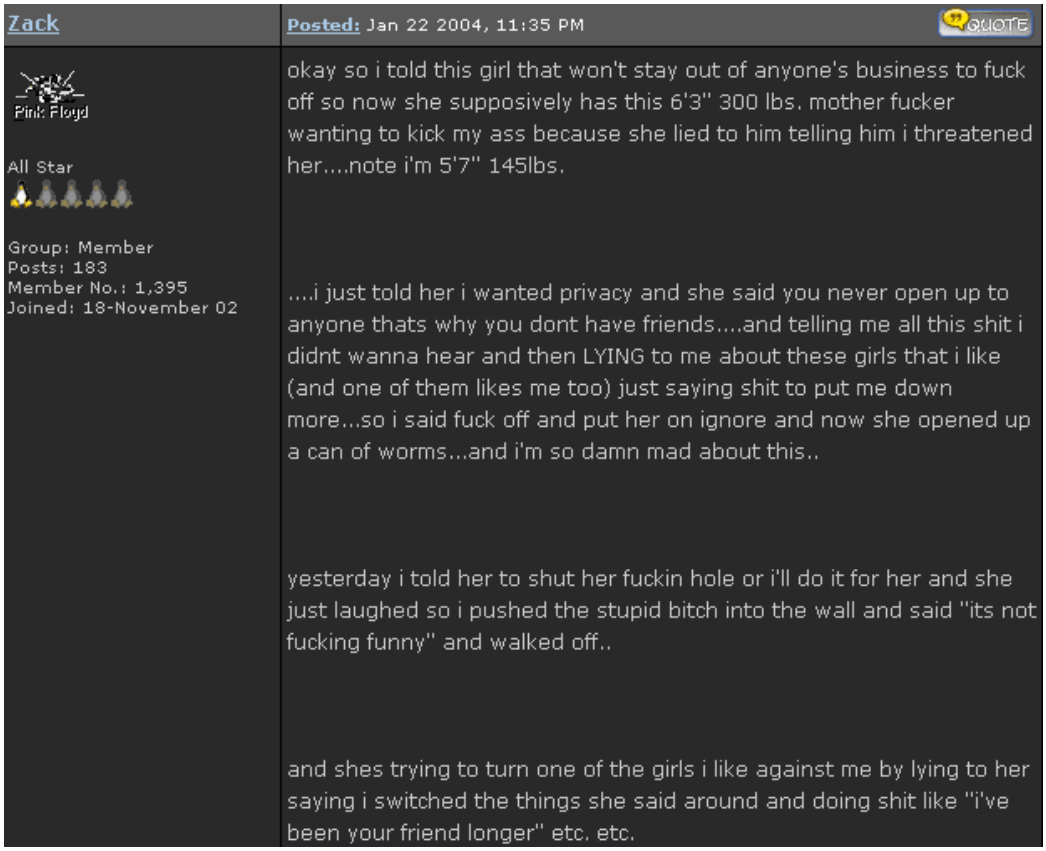
As we got to the front door, I turned to him and said, "I didn't bring my key, so don't close the door behind me." Then I pointed him to the right building. I watched him go across the street, then just assumed he managed to suck at life long enough to go in the right door. As I turned around, I found that, sure enough, he had closed the door. It was 2:30 in the morning. In Connecticut. In February. In other words, it was fucking freezing out and no one was around to let me in the front door. And I was in my socks. I actually had to walk around the house, across ice and snow, in my socks to get to my window where I could shout for the people in my room to let me in through the nearest door. As they finally let me in from the cold, I thought back to my days as a prefrosh. Man, my hosts loved me. I partied with them, I played frisbee with them, I had intellectually stimulating conversations with them. And now this. At least I can be pretty sure he's not going to be coming to my school.

The lesson to be learned from this experience is this: if you're a prefrosh, don't be a dick. Ask questions about the school and get to know some of the people there, and certainly be yourself, but gauge reactions carefully. If you're getting some nasty looks, you might try scaling it back a

little. This isn't high school anymore. People think for themselves, and if they all individually decide they don't like you, it's probably your fault. And if you're hosting a prefrosh, don't take any shit from them. They may be your guest, and you have a responsibility to look out for them, but if they suck, don't pawn them off on someone else. Feed them to another, superior prefrosh. That way, the better one can absorb the lesser prefrosh's strength. It's the only way they'll ever learn.

The Weekend Web: Teen Steam

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here. Lord knows that we here at Something Awful love teenagers. Their wacky antics amuse us to no end. There's nothing funnier than a teenager with a problem. Most of the time it's some kind of bullshit high school drama that no one over the age of 18 could ever care about like the following:



Zack	Posted: Jan 22 2004, 11:35 PM QUOTE
Pink Floyd All Star Group: Member Posts: 183 Member No.: 1,395 Joined: 18-November 02	okay so i told this girl that won't stay out of anyone's business to fuck off so now she supposively has this 6'3" 300 lbs. mother fucker wanting to kick my ass because she lied to him telling him i threatened her....note i'm 5'7" 145lbs. ....i just told her i wanted privacy and she said you never open up to anyone thats why you dont have friends....and telling me all this shit i didnt wanna hear and then LYING to me about these girls that i like (and one of them likes me too) just saying shit to put me down more...so i said fuck off and put her on ignore and now she opened up a can of worms...and i'm so damn mad about this.. yesterday i told her to shut her fuckin hole or i'll do it for her and she just laughed so i pushed the stupid bitch into the wall and said "its not fucking funny" and walked off.. and shes trying to turn one of the girls i like against me by lying to her saying i switched the things she said around and doing shit like "i've been your friend longer" etc. etc.

How will it all go down?! Find out in the next episode of Weekend Web!

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

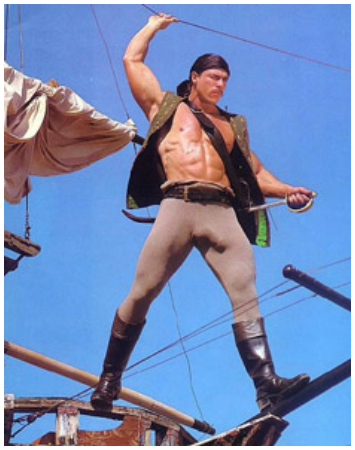
2.22 Sweet Twenty Sixteen

Sunday, Feb 22, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Meanwhile, twenty six years later...I sat facing the computer once again, the black cursor line in MS Word flashing angrily at me. It was a chess match I often lost, but always felt compelled to play. A glaring, teeth-gnashing, turn-clock-slapping matching of wits. Me versus a completely empty page layout, the software daring me to spill the uneven contents of my caffeine, alcohol, and drug addled brain across 10,000 pixels of white.

The laziest thing a writer can ever tell you about is himself or herself. When a writer does that they really have nothing to say and you should entirely skip reading the shit draining out of the massive abscess attached to their neck. I mean seriously, did you read that Norman Schwarzkopf autobiography? Yeah, that was a laugh riot Stormin' Norman! You goddamn cut up with your Hail Mary jokes and your post-game shower towel slaps at Colin Powell. Tell me another hilarious anecdote about how much you honestly cared for every soldier you ordered into combat. Did you lose sleep thinking they might get killed by the big bad? Awwwww! I bet you did!

In fairness to the unimpeachable General Schwarzkopf, his 300 or so pages of Reader's Digest Enormous Print Edition were probably as bad as they were because of a platoon of ghost writers. Which reminds me! Correction: The only thing worse than a writer talking about himself is a writer pretending to be someone else talking about himself. Unless "himself" is a fictional character, and even then, it can get messy and unpleasant.



Today I am twenty six, roughly five years after my age gives me any really welcome benefit and still much too young to start getting discounted movie tickets. I don't really feel old exactly, not as much as I expected to, but I do feel the push of time at my back and at my front. Time has dilated with perception, as if the bandwidth widens with each year and I swallow its passage with ever-larger gulps.

In the Western World a popular and often-adapted myth involves the idea that only you are real and everything around you is a fiction. It could be a fiction created unconsciously by you, a fiction created by some vast computer using your body as an implausible biological battery, or as in the movie "Jacob's Ladder" it could be a sort of split-second internal mechanism for coping with your own death. The point being that after 26 years the one piece of evidence I have to support these extremely unlikely myths is that I no longer perceive time at all as I did in my youth. When I was ten I could spend 15 minutes kicking a soccer ball around and run off the playground feeling like I just spent a week having fun. These days it can take me an hour to write a paragraph, two just to tie my shoes, three or four hours to take a shower, and so on.

It is nearly proof that I am trapped in "The Sims" and I expect to start setting plates of food on the floor in my kitchen at any minute.

About a week ago I received an e-mail from a reader in Antarctica who is working on the absolute cutting edge of science in an environment that can kill you in probably five minutes of exposure. Not quite deep space yet, but we're working our way there. Don't mistake this for bragging, I was genuinely amazed to read that we had fans so far away. Hell, I am amazed to find out we have fans

on the South Side of Chicago, so you can imagine I nearly had a coronary when I found out people on the South Pole were reading Something Awful.

To segue, the letter was very affirming, because every writer I know including me has a sort of psychopathic hatred for their own material. As the words are coming out there might be some passing affection, a love affair that fades in a matter of hours and reverses course to the Hate Canal in under a week. This isn't shallow angst, nor is it some profound statement of the "life of an artiste"; it's just a matter of course. We have lots of children and we get tired of them really fast.

The effect this can have on a writer's self-confidence is monumental. I consider myself fortunate to have a steady position - at least up until Lowtax reads this and screams me into his office - but even with a constant trickle of reinforcement from readers I am incessantly second-guessing myself. I say "this update sucked" and invariably I get e-mails saying "that was the funniest shit ever!" and then a week or two later I make the mistake of swooning over one of my own children. That's how I set myself up for the inevitable crushing defeat of receiving no e-mail, positive or negative, about something I poured my heart into.

And why the fuck should I? Do I think I'm better than you or something? Do I think that my life, my opinion, or my feelings are more important than anyone else's?

No, quite the opposite. I can vouch for everyone currently here at Something Awful; writing and entertaining you (or attempting to) is closer to a compulsion than a symptom of an inflated ego. We do this because we love to and because we have to, and those of us who don't rarely last very long doing what we do. Our work is sometimes forced by that awful and inescapable passage of time that people who aren't assholes like me like to call a "schedule", but for the most part it's like squeezing a huge pustule and groaning with relief as it oozes out onto the page.

Not quite four years ago I hated my job. I mean I REALLY hated my job. I was working in a small town in Ohio, putting in sometimes 60 hour weeks at an ad agency, doing repetitive web design for companies that probably had one computer on a 56k modem next to a water cooler. I was at a small office where my chance at upward mobility had been stamped out by nepotism, not that I even really hold that against my former employer. When I would come home after a ten or eleven hour day I would sit down and try to write and it was an agonizing struggle. I was forcing it.

The long hours, tedious work, and sudden absence of any real "future" provided for an epiphany, and not one of those fake epiphanies I talk about frequently. It was either make a radical change in my life or abandon my dreams of writing as much as possible before I die.

I chose to try to freelance while starting a comedy website called "Geist Mag". I had quite a bit of money, and felt confident that with a total devotion to my work I was sure to succeed. I almost did too! Instead, I totally destroyed my life. My wife left me, I fucked over my children (who I usually don't mention here for good reasons), I pretty much alienated all of my business contacts in the town, and my bank account had all but vanished. I slid into a bottle deeper than the Marianas Trench, marinating my powderkeg of sorrow and self-loathing with a dash of unspoken suicidal feelings. It was the lowest of times, but I didn't lose everything.

Sleepless and half-drunk at all times I somehow managed to keep writing. The sentences and paragraphs just kept coming and coming, maybe even more than before. Much like this piece they weren't necessarily the most coherent, but they were some of my most honest little children. My friends and family helped, but more than anything the rope I clung to was my words and even as I hated them I knew they were the most important thing I had. They sustained me.

Nearly penniless, probably drunk at the time, and living with two friends who accepted the shitty treatment I dished out in the form of introversion and intermittent rent checks, I hammered through every night and well into the day at my keyboard with the letters worn off the keys. I didn't so much see hope in what I was doing as I felt it, like a whaler unaware of the dark shape of his next catch beneath the waves who can feel a tingling between his eyebrows and know he is within its magnetic pull.

One night on a whim I messaged Rich Kyanka. I read Something Awful, was a fan, and had spent some money advertising my site back when banner ads cost a small fortune that slowly trickled through an ad network and landed as a couple of quarters in Lowtax's hand.

Rich mentioned he was going to E3 and I offered to fill in for him for a day. I was completely unaware of the complex social structure behind the scenes on the SA Forums and how making such an offer totally usurped it. Either because he was a nice guy or because he was desperate, Rich agreed to let me fill in, and I banged out a terrible shit heap of an article that was somewhere between a parody of Lowtax's style and what a retard does when he sees cake. For whatever reason some goober at nVidia (probably the multi-billionaire CEO) commented to Lowtax that the article was good, and Lowtax actually read it in surprise.

Rich allowed me to continue on as an intermittent guest-writer on SA and my position gradually grew. Most of the rest of my history at Something Awful can be easily discovered in our vast archives - their size still shocks even me - but one thing bears further mention. In a totally nerdy version of an office romance I met and fell in love with one of our forum administrators, and she is the strongest and most wonderful person I have ever had in my life.

Here I am; 26 years old, still not funny, still writing because I have to, and happier than I have ever been. I would like to thank Michelle, Rich, all of the readers, and most importantly my words. Often horrible, sometimes pleasing to my senses, without them I would not be where I am right now.

Bug Attack!

Hey fellow rodeo fans, Taylor "Psychosis" Bell here to wrangle you up an all new shit game! Not only is it a shit game, it's a shit game that's almost impossible to play!

Rebels attempts to be a stealth-based real time strategy game from the perspective of five idiots trying to escape from prison, but it ends up being just like playing Diablo while squinting and hitting alt-F4 every ten seconds. More than anything else, this game raises disturbing questions about the design choices made by "Philoslabs" and other fine budget

development studios. Why does level one load quickly while all the other levels, which are roughly the same size, take at least 20-30 seconds? Why does a game with a handful of tiny character models and a total of six levels require two discs? Why did they decide to release this shitsplat when all it does it briefly assault you with ugly, broken gameplay and then periodically decide you'd rather look at your desktop icons? These burning questions would drive me insane if I hadn't recently taken a vow of not caring about them.

Yee-haw!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.23 Adopt-A-Cube!

Tuesday, Feb 24, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Now presenting the ravages of time.

Mortality is a harsh, unforgiving beast. Everything that is born must die, with the possible exceptions of Otis Nixon and the entire unholy "Simpsons" writing staff. One day you'll be running around enjoying the blissful ignorance of childhood, and the next day you'll be in a retirement home, unable to move or even drool without third party assistance. I'm not trying to infer that you mysteriously aged 80 years over the course of a single day, I was implying that you chased a sexy ghost into the retirement home and then she snuck up behind you and pushed a giant marble pillar on your back, crushing your spine instantly. I guess I should've wrote "one day you'll be running around enjoying the blissful ignorance of childhood, and the next day your spine will be crushed by a giant marble pillar that a sexy ghost pushed onto you when you were chasing her," but that is simply too long and convoluted to prove any point I would be interested in attempting to prove. What I'm trying to say here is that as our society ages and continues our quest to eventually die, we discard and forget about countless things like used condoms or styrofoam cups full of used condoms.

However, there are a few things I regard so passionately that I feel morally obliged to write about them on a webpage that nobody really reads anymore, the most important of which is the extinction of VRML. I've always embraced the warm and wonderful concept of VRML, the technology which was predicted to make the Internet a truly wonderful world of the future full of rocketcars and moonboots. Many experts and other people who were paid by major college universities to wear neck ties proclaimed that VRML would revolutionize the way we process data, presenting a limitless amount of colorful information at our fingertips and various other parts of our body which we'd never admit to using on the keyboard. This would somehow all be possible by displaying red rotating cubes. Now I'm no Internet expert, so please pardon me if I cannot grasp the supremely complex set of theories and mathematical concepts behind VRML, but I will futilely attempt to explain this bewildering technology to you by comparing it to our current Internet:

> **ON THE CURRENT INTERNET:** To find more information about something, you click on some underlined words known as "hyperlinks."
> **ON THE VRML INTERNET:** To find more information about something, you click on a spinning red cube known as "a spinning red cube."
>
> **ON THE CURRENT INTERNET:** When you go to a website, the information is laid out vertically and resembles the general design of a newspaper.
> **ON THE VRML INTERNET:** When you go to a website, the information is laid out as a series of spinning red cubes in the general design of a Q-Bert level.
>
> **ON THE CURRENT INTERNET:** Email can be sent and received as either plan text or HTML-enhanced messages.
> **ON THE VRML INTERNET:** Email can be sent as spinning red cubes which collide with larger spinning red cubes and produce a smaller set of spinning red cubes that you can use to learn more information about red cubes, usually of the spinning variety.

With such cutting-edge graphics, it's difficult to tell what is reality and what is VRML.

With such a fantastic set of features powering this groundbreaking technology, it's difficult to imagine how VRML could've failed along with such promising intellectual accomplishments as The Cue Cat and DigiScents. I personally blame the either the Jews or the insidious reptile men from Venus. While this high tech concept may be lost to the eternal bitchslap of time, one can still encounter many products of its brief life cycle on the Internet, and I feel its our responsibility to address this. Sure VRML may be gone forever, but what are we supposed to do with the countless red spinning cubes and green cylinders that were spawned during its lifetime? We cannot consciously cast them aside and pretend as if they never existed; that may work on our grandparents or other elderly family members, but is simply unacceptable for VRML's glorious creations. This is why I have decided to start up a non-profit adoption agency called "Adopt-A-Cube," the first organization dedicated to finding responsible homes for the countless basic geometric shapes born during the days of VRML, objects which are currently homeless and have absolutely nowhere to go.

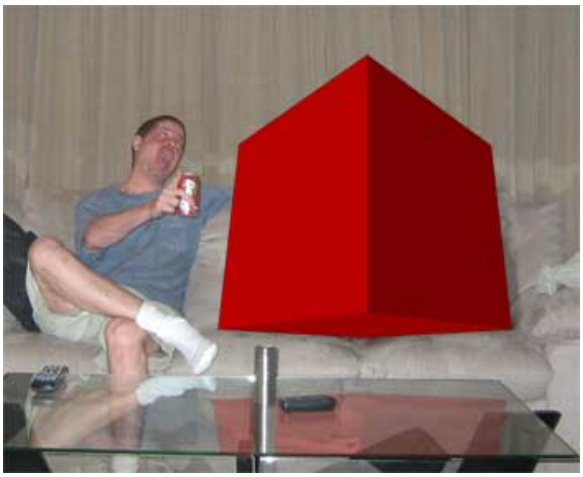
There are many benefits to adopting your very own red spinning cube or blue cone. If I were to attempt to list them all, your head would cave in while bugs and snakes scamper out of your eardrums like in "Halloween 3: Season of the Witch," so I will instead offer just a few of the many, many advantages you receive from participating in Adopt-A-Cube:

- **INTELLIGENT.** No matter what you're talking about, the spinning red VRML cube has the patience to sit by and listen with an open ear. Just think about it; the VRML technology which spawned every spinning red VRML cube was supposed to be on the Internet, an exciting online world full of limitless data and information and the guy from "The Lawnmower Man II: Jobe's War." This conceptually means that each and every spinning red VRML cube has learned about nearly every subject in every single language on the planet, transforming it into not only the world's greatest friend, but additionally the world's greatest scholar. For some inexplicable reason, we've found that the spinning red VRML cubes are particularly well versed in Dragonball-Z quotes, Insane Clown Posse lyrics, and furry art. When you ask them a question, they usually reply by calling you a "fag," but perhaps it simply takes them a bit of time to know you.

- **TRUSTWORTHY.** Ever feel like you need a close and confidential friend to share your darkest secrets and brag about murdering that Federal judge? Well if you ever saw the movie "Murder By Numbers" starring Sandra Bullock, and according to statistics this doesn't apply to many of you, you're well aware that humans are lousy friends to share secrets with because they end up squealing to the cops. The spinning red VRML

cube will not reveal your secrets to meddling outsiders or even meddling insiders. You can trust the spinning red VRML cube with virtually anything you tell it, knowing you can rest easy at night with such a true friend at your side. There's nothing more pleasurable than falling asleep next to a joyous rotating maroon Internet box as you share the warmth from inside your pulsating, throbbing loins.

■ **FRIENDLY.** The spinning red VRML cube knows what its like to be a friend to the end. It will seamlessly adopt to your favorite hobbies and share the best of times at your side, always ready to partake in whatever exciting adventure you have planned. Do you enjoy rock-climbing? Well with a few (hundred million) simple lessons, your spinning red VRML cube will soon be accompanying you to scale the famous rock wall of whatever kind of stupid rock wall people climb and consider to be famous in some fashion. If you're not into the whole proactive type of pastime, then feel free to kick back and watch your favorite "Friends" DVDs with the spinning red VRML cube! You



two will be enjoying Joey's side-splittingly hilarious comedic antics in no time! Oh Joey, you're such a card! When will you ever learn?

- **GREAT WITH PETS.** Do you live in an apartment or a house controlled by time-traveling Martian Nazi crystal soldiers who have threatened to vaporize you if your pets get out of hand? Well probably not, because everybody knows the time-traveling Martian Nazi crystal soldiers got out of the real estate business years ago. However, the spinning red VRML cube gets along great with any type of pet, from dogs to cats to ferrets to chained up sassy broads who just don't know when to keep their fat mouths shut! You won't have to worry yourself to death every night, afraid that your precious ugly dogs Sloppy and Queen Cuddlenaps will engage in a vicious altercation with your spinning red VRML cube, as every shape born from VRML is a pacifist by nature. Well except for the orange spheres, but those guys are just plain assholes no matter how you look at it.

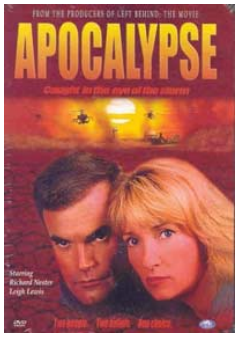
While VRML may be dead, its children and legacy live on, and it's our civic responsibility as loving, caring humans who feel very seriously about the Internet. If we don't do something about this problem, it may grow to epidemic proportions and eventually encompass the entire Internet in a swamp

of spinning red cubes which read "CLICK HERE FOR FAMILY PHOTOS (MARCH 2001)." This is a fate I feel none of us deserve, so if we each do our parts and adopt an unused VRML geometric shape, I think we can make the world a better place.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.24 The Perilous Perils of Climate Calamity

Tuesday, Feb 24, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



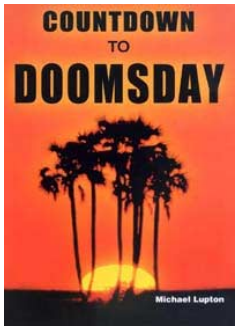
Things are not looking good.

Recently, news broke that an official and fairly shocking Pentagon report had been suppressed for several months. The subject of this report was not about terrorism or the experimental super soldier serum Howard Dean took, but rather about the impending threat of massive climate shifts. Climate shifts, like most environmental threats including global warming, icecap melting, and leaving your lawn sprinklers on too much, stand to turn our world into either a vast desert wasteland, or a vast water world where we drink our own pee. I don't know about you, but I have no interest in drinking my urine or anybody else's urine, but I certainly do have an interest in living in a vast desert wasteland. Therefore, I welcome catastrophic climate change on the condition that it is not wet, but rather dry and arid, like a beached whale's blowhole. Having been nurtured on wasteland romance like "Mad Max" and the Don Johnson classic "A Boy and His Dog," I dream every night of roaming a desert and fighting radioactive spice racks. Finally, the government is catering to me, *the people*, and announcing some positive changes.

My lurid fantasies aside, the Pentagon's report is definitely a feel good read. Take this snippet from the Guardian, for example:

> *A secret report, suppressed by US defence chiefs and obtained by The Observer, warns that major European cities will be sunk beneath rising seas as Britain is plunged into a 'Siberian' climate by 2020. Nuclear conflict, mega-droughts, famine and widespread rioting will erupt across the world.*

I'm never one to shy away from a compromise, and it seems like this doomsday scenario offers something for everyone. For those who enjoy the idea of a world beneath the sea, there will be a good deal of that. For those who enjoy deserts, well heck, there will be a plenty of that too! And with conditions being that bad, it's only a matter of time before you can add in religious cults, radioactive mutations, strange and arcane secret societies, colonies living in underground vaults, and every other apocalyptic cliché ever! In the chance that this report is accurate or even semi-accurate, we have an insanely bright future ahead of us. So what, in detail, did the Pentagon climate report say about changes in specific?



Blow me up long time.

- The rainforests will evolve into a single organic entity that will devour nearby cities, producing mutant attack drones as waste. The phrase "save the rainforests" will be changed into "please stop the rainforests from eating my barn!"
- Indiana will not change one bit, as it is already Hell on Earth.
- England, in addition to turning into a Siberian wasteland, will fall below the sea level. Thankfully the sea level will also fall, so it will still be above land.
- The growing environmental instability will lead to the extinction of fat guys with ponytails. Bald guys who wear shorts all the time will survive, but in diminished numbers.

- Permafrost won't live up to its name, at least not when melted by the lava breath of the Great Dragon.
- America's West Coast, under the leadership of Arnold Schwarzenegger, will attempt to evade sinking below the sea level by shouting at water. This plan will succeed when it is learned that Arnold Schwarzenegger is actually a magical creature fueled by imagination.
- Gay marriage will finally be legalized, but unfortunately it will only be legal under the ocean and for dolphins and mermaids.

What?

- Famine will be so severe that Louie Anderson will lose 350 pounds, a third of his total weight.
- With the destruction of most savanna biomes, the name "Savanna" will lose popularity, further decreasing the number of names available to strippers.
- El Niño will return, but no one will notice due to the massive amount of death and suffering. What are you gonna do, El Niño, blow a little wind on our scabs?
- Biodiversity will plummet, but gold will remain a steady investment. Do yourself a favor and invest in gold bars, gold coins, and Gold Bond triple action medicated powder now!
- Auto racing will actually be entertaining to people who aren't hillbillies, but only because the losers will be tortured alive or die trying to escape.
- Foghat will remain the favorite band of virtually every climate, while reruns of "M*A*S*H" will remain a favorite show of steppe, taiga, and alpine biomes.
- The U.S. will become a veritable fortress and gird itself against the onslaught of immigrants seeking refuge. Among its chief defenses will be an armada of navy ships blasting Celine Dion music. Seafaring refugees will mistake the music for the songs of sirens and drown themselves.
- Polar bears will become extinct, then, through the wonders of science, merge with the dodo and come back stronger and more delicious than ever.

Sadly, being the teases that they are, the Pentagon quickly downplayed the seriousness of the report, citing extensive drug use and philosophical jam sessions as being the major culprit in creating this future insanity. I wouldn't dismiss this report outright, because it's simply too good not to be true. Yes, my friends, the future will be as grand as a laser beam made out of high hopes and chocolate. Sure we may all die a gruesome death fighting for the last remaining peanuts in the world, but we have a chance to experience something wonderful. I say bring on the climate changes! Bring on the fun!

If you found this article to be incredibly short, well, I apologize. I'm sick as a duck with the flu and there is only so far you can take climate related humor before you want to put a gun to your head and turn your brains into wallpaper.

Syngenor? More like Synge-whore, am I right?

Howdy and hello everyone, this is Ben "Greatass" Platt with another movie review. That's right, movie reviews three Wednesdays in a row! Can you believe it? Either Lowtax must love you or I do (hint: it's not me), because we're in movie review overdrive! This week, take a gander at "Syngenor," a harrowing sci-fi monster movie starring a cast of friends, relatives, and gardeners are honest-to-God celebrities!

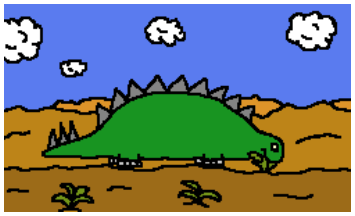
> *I did not expect to like this movie, but I have to say, after I watched it through once, I was pleasantly surprised. It turned out that I really didn't like this movie! "Syngenor" takes a jumbled mess of B-movie cliches and fucks them all up, one by one. The result is an ugly goulash of myriad failures that I have to imagine brings the cast and crew nothing but shame every morning when they look at themselves in the mirror. Realizing that their main plot could really only be stretched to about forty minutes of footage, screenwriters Michael Carmody and Brent V. Friedman throw in a convoluted subplot about office backstabbing and corporate maneuvering that gives some of the film's worst actors the chance to show off their uselessness. The best, and simultaneously worst thing about "Syngenor" is watching late character actor David Gale essentially rehash his role from "Re-Animator" while doing his best to prevent his jaw from closing. It's an odd acting choice, but the fact that it's an acting choice at all makes it an anomaly among the performances in this movie. If you're a fan of crappy rubber monsters and badly simulated terror, then rush out and rent "Syngenor." If you have higher standards than that and have nothing better to do with the next ten minutes of your life, then by all means read on, read on.*

And just what is a Syngenor, you ask? It's the ultimate killer, and it's coming your way! The best way to be prepared is to read the review and learn its weaknesses, which are many and embarassing.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.25 A Brief History of Dinosaurs

Thursday, Feb 26, 2004 by Tom "moof" Davies



A gentle Stegosaurus eats a plant, a really really really really long time ago. Today he is oil.

The scene at the start of *The Land Before Time* where there is an earthquake and the mother dinosaur dies is one of the saddest moments in this history of the entire world. The movie, along with it's sequels *The Land Before Time 2: The Land Before Timer* and *The Land Before Time 3: Ape Escape!* are great monuments to the forgotten heroes of this planet - the gentle and noble race of the dinosaurs. A lot of people have heard of dinosaurs, and if you have not then you are completely stupid, but how much do we really know about these great creatures? Not a lot, because man has not set his eyes upon the majestic dinosaur since he lived in a cave (yes, cavemen did live with dinosaurs. I saw it in a movie.) I would like to use today's update to educate you, if not to entertain you. But then if you are reading my updates to be entertained you should probably go to the ocean and look for a whale to live in because you are obviously crazy and deserve a nice whale. I will tell you about the magnificent beasts known as dinosaurs by answering some common dinosaur questions.

What is a dinosaur?

In a nutshell, dinosaurs were big, green animals that lived a really really long time ago. Of course you couldn't really fit a dinosaur into a nutshell, not even a coconutshell, because all dinosaurs were huge. A common misconception, fueled by anti-dinosaur Zionist propaganda such as *Jurassic Park*, is that there were many varieties of dinosaur in all shapes and sizes. This is not true at all. Every single dinosaur was a huge, hulking, brute that spent all day eating plants, sleeping, and sleep-eating. Actually I think the word "brute" may be a little harsh, because dinosaurs were gentle and caring. The Tyrannosaurus Rex has been portrayed as a terrible monster by many, but the truth is he would not hurt a fly. Unless the fly was really badly injured and in a lot of pain and had to be put out of it's misery for it's own sake, in which case the T-Rex would put the poor fellow to sleep quickly and humanely and would probably cry a little while doing so.

What kind of dinosaurs were there?

There were only five different varieties of dinosaur in total. All were big and green.

"What a lovely rock." Thinks this Diplodocus. "My, it is exquisite."

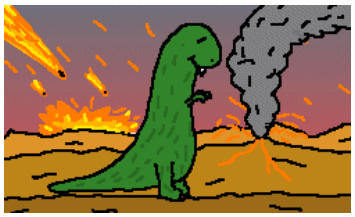
- "Dippy" the Diplodocus was a big, green animal that would feast on trees all day. He would use his long neck to grab the tastiest leaves from the top of trees. When not eating leaves Dippy could often be found walking to the closest tree to eat it, or asleep, dreaming about eating leaves.

- "Steggy" the Stegosaurus was a big, green animal that would feast on plants all day. Steggy did not have a long neck like his friend Dippy, so he would eat the plants on the ground. All the other dinosaurs were careful not to step on these plants and ruin them because they knew Steggy liked to eat them. Such graciousness is very rare these days. I believe we all could learn a little something from these prehistoric gentlemen.
- "Bronty" the Brontosaurus was similar to his cousin the diplodocus, only bigger and fatter. However he was not greedy, his weight was something he had absolutely no control over. The other dinosaurs did not mind his huge size and never even mentioned it to him. He also liked to eat leaves, but in moderation because he was always aware of his size. He could often be found eating leaves. Slowly.
- "Topsy" the Triceratops had three stupid horns on his head for absolutely no reason whatsoever. It was quite ridiculous. The triceratops, like all dinosaurs, only had a small brain but he made up for it with his big heart (some dinosaurs even had two hearts). To this day no one knows what he used his horns for, but it is likely he did not even notice they were even there. That is how stupid he was. The triceratops liked to eat plants and sleep.
- "David" the Tyrannosaurus Rex protected the other dinosaurs from attackers, such as snow and tumbleweed. A fearless leader, the T-Rex would give his life for the rest of the herd, but he never had to because dinosaurs ruled the earth. This meant he had a lot of free time on his hands (or hooves I suppose) which he mostly spent eating plants.

I am looking at a thing. Is it a dinosaur?

Maybe. If you can see something that you suspect may be a dinosaur, there are a few things you should ask yourself before drawing any conclusions:

- *Is it big and green?* For example I am looking at my cat who may or may not be a dinosaur. He certainly is big, that is for sure. However he is not green at this moment which makes me suspect that he is not a dinosaur at all but a cat. That is a weight off my mind, let me tell you!



This T-Rex Sleeps as the world collapses around him.

Soon he will be charcoal. (Yes it is a T-Rex please do not insult my drawing skills.)

- *Is it alive?* If it is alive then it probably is not a dinosaur, since dinosaurs are extinct. However if it is dead then it is also probably not a dinosaur, unless you have a dead dinosaur in your house. If you do have a dead dinosaur in your house then I honestly don't know what to say, except "Oh wow."
- *Ask it "Are you a dinosaur?"* This is a trick question. If it replies "Yes," then you can be sure it is not a dinosaur, but a liar. Dinosaurs are far too brainless to have even a basic grasp of language. If it replies "No," then you

can trust it because it is speaking the truth. If it does not answer at all, then it may or may not be a dinosaur. You will have to investigate further to be sure. For example if it is soft, long, has cushions and people on it, and faces a television set, it may be a couch.

Hopefully these simple tests will allow you to determine whether or not you are looking at a dinosaur. If you are still unsure, look at one of the beautiful pictures on this page. A lot of them have dinosaurs in them. If you conclude that what you can see is a dinosaur, offer it cake. It is really the least you can do.

What happened to the dinosaurs?

The terrible dino-rabbit war will forever live in infamy.

This is a tragic and heartbreaking story that I have trouble recalling without tearing up. Around one hundred or one million years ago or something, a new and barbaric species of animal was born on Earth. This creature was so terrible, so evil, and so savage that the dinosaurs were caught completely unaware. They had never witnessed such cruel ruffians and they were forced to abandon their peace-loving ways and engage in a bloody and terrible war with this new foe, the rabbit. Why the rabbits had to fight the dinosaurs no one knows. It is possible they could have lived in harmony, but it seems the rabbits were so filled with evil and hatred that they knew of nothing other than making others suffer. The battles lasted weeks, and the only thing that stopped the dinosaurs from giving up was their relentless hope that righteousness would prevail and their complete and utter stupidity. It was no good. Eventually the dinosaurs' spirit was destroyed, and they were consumed in a fiery hail of malevolence and hate for anything that is pure and good.

Such a sad tale is hard to believe. As much as I would like to wish it is fiction, it is not. However, like the little baby dinosaur in *The Land Before Time* who's name I forget because I have not seen that movie since I was six years old, we can all learn something from nature's beautiful behemoths. Life is good when everyone is kind. We should all eat a lot of plants and sleep a lot. Do not trust the bunnies.

-~Tom "moof" Davies

2.26 India is Towards the Sourced Out Comedy

Thursday, Feb 26, 2004 by El Pinto Grande

Hail and well meetings fellow traveler of the Computer Pages Highway! Yours Truly has not been given to seeing you as of the latest because of commitments made to outside forces. I have made the trips with dear wife and Large Son to countries of India, which is hottest of spots on the borders with Pakistan Land. This is a place of grave terrors like mummies and vampire queens so it is careful at all times and watch out for the Talibans kidnappers. Yours Truly is staying at largest and most fulfilling hotel in all of the great city of Hyderabad and this hotel is being called "The Texas Ranch", which is making me roll with the laughs because India is not Texas. Whoever is naming this hotel is a Grade A+ kidder and a certifiable comedy type.

Yours Truly is attending the meetings in the lands of India.

Yours Truly's reasons for going towards India are many and as varied as the color which is inhabiting the rainbows. First there is the natural splendors and wildlives of scenic Hyderabad. Just the other day I am telling Large Son "Large Son, look over there, is that a gazebo?" And Large Son is looking slowly over there by turning of the head and then I am realize "oh no, that is not a gazebo at last, it is in being actually a series of interlocking vent shafts used by the large American dangerous chemical factory!" Then we are given to run as the vents are opening with a suddenness and spewing out clouds of vapor that is making the vision all shaky and burning the heart with a frenzy. This is a little slice of home in Tijuana all the way across the great wide ocean in Hyderabad.

Also wonderful in Hyderabad are all of the many monkeys and their splendors as well. The monkeys are in every place you are finding the peoples, such as the streets, in restaurants, on top of busses, under the river, hiding behind rocks, in the lines to ride the ponies, in giant clock gears, and most of all, inside of my hat! Oh those monkeys can be in such an uproar it is giving me the conniptions! But like fire the monkey can be a friend in addition to being dangerous and burning. If you are watching their teeth and not making direct eyes to eyes contact with the monkeys they can be a wonderful companion-type in your adventures and journeys through Hyderabad. Just now as I am writing this for the Computer Book I have a monkey on the telephone who is giving me secrets and tips. No, silly sirs, monkeys cannot use a telephone, but it is on top of the telephone and screeching with mystery!

It is all about Location, Location, Locations.

The real reasons why I am making the long trips to Hyderabad are all to do with business and not so much of the pleasuring kinds. This Something Is Awesome Computer Book is telling me "El Pinto Grande, you are fantastic wrestling sensation up and down the coasts of the Americas, but now it is the times when your expertise is being needed in a far away lands." I am nod, because of course Yours Truly understand when people in places like India and The Pakistan Land here the tallest tales of wrestling adventure and feel the hunger for El Pinto Grande. Then management type is saying "You are the experts of outside sourcing El Pinto Grande, and the prices of comedy in the North American Territory is too high to pay these days what with the taxes and birthdays. You are given first class tickets on the next airship to India to use the hardest of holds on organizations of the new employees of Something Is Awesome."

So Yours Truly is arriving in Hyderabad with a mission and is given towards the budget to purchase new offices. I am looking at many places all over Hyderabad including a former colony for the leper types, which is spacious and handsome but has odd smells. I am finally choosing the former police barracks of Hyderabad which are roomy with just enough jail cells for my likings. Then it is time to begin the interviewing processes for the new staves of Something Is Awesome. My friend and helper type in the beautiful nation of India is Deeptendu Chakrapani who is telling me many helpful hints and difficult maneuvers to make the day useful. It is only being of nature that I am making Deeptendu into "Lowtax" who is like the king of the kings.

Deeptendu is of the course making the most important of business decisions next to Yours Truly so he is making the big bucks which is 89,000 rupees per day or about 11 Human dollars a week. Deeptendu - or should I say "Lowtax" - is telling me that this money is the money of champions in Hyderabad and he is buying a house for himself and his pet monkeys and still having enough left over for the submarine we all crave in our hearts of the hearts. Then it is time for the interviews and Deeptendu is showing the wide varieties of rough customers in. They all have the silliest of names and I am made to laugh at the introduction part and sometimes I am saying "your name is too funny, I am sorry but Something Is Awesome is not that funny" other times their names are very serious like the "Jack" or the "Pauline" and I am saying "your name is not funny, I am sorry but Something Is Awesome is much funnier than that name is". Then they are leaving in disgrace and old India folklore says "when the job interview is going bad a thousand tears of Shiva are falling into the lands".

It is out with old expensive Americans and in with cheap and reliable Indians. This party is electrifying goodbyes.

This is a truth as I am learning but that is a different story for a different time. When the time rolls around to the eventually I am making the hiring of three other stars of India to become the big shot writers of Something Is Awesome. Then there are also being 14,000 writer assistants who are paid only 25 Human cents per month and work in a giant room in the basement and have to somehow make light come out of their head if they are wanting to see anything. I am suggesting miner helmets to Deeptendu but he is telling me writers will learn to see in dark like cats if their job is depending on it.

I am pleased as the punch to be telling you about the newest of starting lineups here at Something Is Awesome! I am asking each of the new staff writer types to tell you a little bit about each of themselves. It is an adventure through the histories!

Deeptendu "Lowtax" Chakrapani - I grow tall as cloud in city of Hyderabad. It is long goal to be write. Thank you for opportunities! America is good. I has a cat it is name is Stupid and there is dogs too. Hello?

Apoorva "Geist Editor" Phanishwar - World War II is so fancy. Good morning to you; thanks to this - Hitler in a plane - I am going to be super stars like Britain Spears. I live in Chicago. Here is a sensitivity writing and it means a lot to me. This is the best.

Ghanapriya "Livestock" Jagatpal - Here is a football player. Here is a scared cow and it is blessed. I eat cows I am American. I love to get the cheeseburger at the beer shops. God bless America. I am so excite.

Madhumalati "Greasnin" Shah - Wow! This is honor. This is opportunity. Believe me when I say. I review motion picture until the action is stopped. Here is another article and it is feisty. I like Frolixo because he is mad. Please send help to writing factory I am being made to write against my will.

This is going towards an outburst of excitement! I am so up in the arms over all of these wonderful new writer types who are on the board with Something Is Awesome. Yours Truly is not just about hiring he is also about the nurturing and I am nurturing many delighted articles from these proud authors. In my crystal ball I am looking at the schedule for the up and coming days and I have some surprises in store. Others are not so surprising and that is because I am giving you a sneak preview at the articles inside the pipe and coming out of the pipe.

- "My Wife Will Burn When I Die" *By Lowtax*
- "My Cat is So Crazy Look at it Go. Also Dog." *By Lowtax*
- "Here is Tank" *By Geist Editor*
- "Oh That Crazy Football Pictures Go and Win!" *By Livestock*
- "I Have Child for Sale" *By Lowtax*
- "This Movie is so Crazy - Part One" *By Greasnin*
- "This Movie is so Crazy - Part Two" *By Greasnin*
- "Here is a Funny Story" *By Livestock*
- "My Feelings About Important" *By Geist Editor*
- "Crazy List of Silly Things" *By Lowtax*

I hope you are going towards encouraging these many fine young talents that are going to be aiming for the stars and shooting at the moon! They are also aiming towards the please.

No fighting in the war room!

Hey gang, Indian outsourced employee Ghanapriya "Livestock" Jagatpal here with the "low-down" and "911" on the new Photoshop Phriday. The theme this week is "Outrageous Prices" and we've got some of the most absolutely absurd prices you've ever seen! You'll probably be screaming to yourself, "HOLY FUCKING SHIT, I DID NOT KNOW THERE WERE THAT MANY ZEROS IN THE ALPHABET!" But you will be wrong, stupid American, because that is not the theme at all. This week the SA Forum Goonsmaking war safe and reasonably healthy. You can't argue with a humanitarian mission such as that one. Here is definitely not a picture of Rosie O'Donnell kissing her new wife:

Do us a favor, a mighty big favor, and click this link. This one here. Not this one. THIS ONE.

-~El Pinto Grande

2.27 80's Big Hair Holocaust

Friday, Feb 27, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

The 80's was a magical time for men and boys alike. It was a time of an entertainment upheaval; a cultural lashback against the stagnant mire of the late 70's disco. The populace was clamoring for something fresh and in your face. Music that would rock and roll but with an image that would knock your pants off and kill your grandma with the aftermentioned pants in flight. What emerged out of the wreckage of bell bottoms and John Tavolta was 80's hair metal, and it was a whirlwind of fashion that can only be compared with the rise of the Nazi party in the 30's, or maybe the Boxer Rebellion. Men started to sport tight black leather pants and teasing their hair to incredible sizes. With this look came a party attitude that said to the world "I'm here to rock and I'm as pretty as a princess!" Old people hated it, young people reveled in it, and pigs didn't pay much attention because they are busy eating slop all day like pigs tend to do.

I remember my first concert ever. It was the KISS tour when they took off their makeup for some reason. Opening up for them was Slaughter, Winger, and Whitesnake. Being a very small child in this environment was distressing to say the least, but at the same time, it filled me a longing to belong to this wild world of tight pants and pube mustaches. The concert itself was hazy, but the crowd at this event was the real show. Some girl near the front row was flashing her boobs to everyone, and then a large shirtless ogre who was previously using my head as a beer coaster put me on his shoulders so I could partake of the boob flashing as well. When it was time for the rock ballad, the lights dimmed and the entire stadium was lit up by cheap BIC lighters, like a Christmas tree full of rock and roll and body odor. A fantastic time of drunken debauchery was had by all, and the music was so loud that everybody left with permanent damage. For those of you who share nostalgia for this spunky patch of American culture, I'll be reminiscing over some of the most awesome and pretty bands of the 80's who changed the face of the earth with rock, spandex, and a whole lot of hairspray.

TUFF LIKE CAKE YAY!

Tuff

Few know the legend of Tuff. Known in the hair metal scene as being one of the prettiest bands ever, they rocked their way down the Sunset Strip making a name for themselves amongst guys that drove Camaros and loose girls. Early on there were problems, as vocalist Jim Gillette struggled with a nitrous huffing addiction, and Todd Chase (bass), was caught playing with his hand puppet collection, hurting their reputations for being "tuff" guys. Despite these setbacks, word started to spread about the band after years of heavy touring around America. Soon they landed a major record deal and started to get some air time on MTV with their single "I Hate Kissing You Goodbye". It was a huge hit, and it looked like nothing could stand in the way of their rise to fame. That was until a band named Nirvana released their song "Smells Like Teen Spirit" around the same time, killing off Tuff with a quick and merciless blow to the skull. The same fate awaited similar bands, and the conspiracy that the prominent figures of glam rock had Kurt Corbain killed still remains unsolved to this day.

Winger
Oh Kip Winger, you incorrigible scallywag! Known for their #1 song about pedophilia "She's only 17", Winger was catapulted into the mainstream with their radio friendly songs and Kip's uncanny resemblance to Renegade's Lorenzo Lamas. Fueled by legions of female fans yearning over Kip's curls, and teenage boys buying tickets to the shows to check out the female fans, Winger had no problem selling tickets. What they did have a problem with was Kip's addiction to the soft, supple flesh of young teenage girls. The band tried to hide this potentially career killing secret, but after "She's Only 17" topped the charts, it was impossible to deny. One day while Kip was fumbling at a young teenager's bra strap in his dressing room, the girl's father (a local sheriff) burst in and shot Kip in the voicebox, nearly killing him. Although Kip survived the shooting, the band was finished and faded into obscurity. In 1993 they got together one more time to make a compilation album called "The Very Best of Winger". Unfortunately, there were no songs on the album. If you would like more info about Winger, check out the number one Winger fan site, but don't get your hopes up because by the time you see this, the bandwidth will probably be maxed out because it's hosted by tripod. Good job taking Winger off the Internet guys.

Stryper

Give us all your honey or we'll keep playing!

What do you get when you mix Christian fundamentalists with rock and roll, and a taste for honey? A bunch of pretty guys dressed like bees, and preaching the word of God through the power of hazard signs. Stryper stands for Salvation Through Redemption Yielding Peace, Encouragement and Righteousness. They never got laid after their shows for some reason. Despite being totally lame for believing in God, Stryper was mildly popular worldwide and somehow managed to sell a half million copies of their first album, although there are speculations that most of those purchases were from the band's mothers. Stryper continues to play to this day, and just last year released "The Best of Stryper". Just like the Winger album, the album is devoid of any songs. Go ahead and check out the band's new web site and drop them an e-mail or two. They are currently rocking Puerto Rico but are very lonely because the natives think they are giant musical bees that have invaded their homeland for their sugary goods.

W.A.S.P.
One of the heavier hair bands to come out of L.A in the early 80's, they quickly gained notoriety by throwing raw meat into the crowds during shows and pretending to torture half-naked models on stage. While everyone agreed that the half-naked models were cool, most of the fans just bought tickets so they could nab some meat for free meals. You have to understand that most of the fans of these kinds of bands were usually unemployed or work at the carnival manning the Tilt-a-Whirl, so the promise of free meat brought folks all over to see their shows. Thanks to their clever meat and sex promotion, W.A.S.P. rose in popularity, but they also attracted unwanted attention from Tipper Gore who was opposed to the band and all they stood for. A large senate hearing was called on the subject, where the front man for the band, Blackie Lawless, stunned the panel by shouting "You can't handle the truth!", and then busted out a power chord on his guitar that he brought with him. Even with all the attention, W.A.S.P. was doomed to failure, and their demise was captured in the documentary "The Decline of Western Civilization 2: The Metal Years" in a scene where band member Chris Holmes is drinking himself into a stupor in full stage gear while lying on a float in his mom's swimming pool. I wish to God I was making that part up.

Ronnie James Dio
Ronnie James Dio is one of the original rockers, and I have a love for him that is much like the love of a nephew for his molesting uncle. Even though he is small of stature, his heart is as fierce as a lion, and he sings his words with such conviction that the non-believers would tremble before him

and throw themselves into the chasm of hell in shame. He built his fantasy rock foundation with his first band "Elf". He then went on to further add the the genre with his next band "Rainbow". But Ronnie found his big break when he was picked as the successor to Ozzy to head up Black Sabbath for three albums. Dio was now a musical force to be reckoned with, and he had enough money to have a suit of armour custom made to fit his small size.

Be careful Dio, don't lose your other thumb!

After Sabbath, Dio started his solo career and found even more success. His first album, "Holy Diver", was a smash hit, but caused a lot of controversy. The album cover depicted a frail priest being drowned by the chains of a large dog like demon that looked really cool. Mothers and the church hated it, thus causing rebellious teens to buy the album and play it in the background of their Dungeons and Dragons games. The singles "Holy Diver", and "Rainbow in the Dark" received considerable radio air, propelling Dio to the heights of rock stardom. You would think that Ronnie's love of rainbows would hurt his reputation as the dark lord of metal, but during a 1986 interview he responded that he only liked evil rainbows, and that was enough to settle the potentially career-ending question. Despite his back problems and constant battle with the forces of light, Dio was still making music and in 2002 he released the fantasy rock album "Kill the Dragon". But the last chapter of the Dio story is not a happy one. On October 8th, 2003, Ronnie James Dio severed his thumb in a gardening accident. The doctors were able to to reattach the thumb, but the incident has traumatized him greatly. These days Dio has just been keeping to himself at his cottage, in a self-imposed exile, perhaps wondering if the gardening incident was punishment from God for all his years of evil. Even if God is really mad at Ronnie, he will always have us to fight the dragon by his side. You can check out Dio's official site if you want to join his fan club or perhaps purchase a dragon skeleton baby doll cap.

There are countless other big hair rock bands of the 80's that are worth mentioning like Dokken, Whitesnake, Warrant, Mr. Big, Cinderella, Night Ranger, Europe, and Thor, but I have a court appearance tomorrow so they will have to wait for now. Someday when we all have our own children, assuming that we stop being ugly and have figure out how to have sex, and they ask us, "What were the 80's like?", I think it's safe to say we could say "Totally radical!", which of course they wouldn't understand and then you would beat the love of Jesus into them with a belt for leaving their space shoes in the hallway. Rock on everybody, and good night Pasadena!

State Og

Howdy gentle reader, this is Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell with State Og. Every week our team of writers work just like industrious beavers, and every week I must fire them for working just like industrial beavers. It costs a lot to have Two Guys Who Kick Stuff Over come to the office and destroy a crude dam made of desks and printers.

> *As if that's not enough art for you, we have every kind of performance artist and freak-show known to man; from the guy who drives nails into his own eyeball to the man who likes to show his peepee to the little girls. We have guys who juggle vials of deadly viruses... with the caps off! We have skilled marksmen who can shoot somebody's soul through a crowd of milling festival goers. We even have people who make Caeser salad without croutons! Culinary madness or taste-based genius????*

Here is the link which goes to this week's State Og!

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

2.28 The Grouchies

Saturday, Feb 28, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Tonight is the night when the best and brightest of the movie industry gather at the stunning Kodak Theater to honor one another with glimmering golden phallic statues. The Oscars are upon us once more, and all of Hollywood is getting ready for the glitz, the glamour, and those magical little envelopes that can turn a B-list up-an-comer into an A-list star. Millions of people around the world are making bets as to who will win which award and which film will take home the coveted title of Best Picture of All Time for the Past Year. It's a night of a thousand thrills, from daring political acceptance speeches to daring dresses that barely cover a thing to the benign humor of Billy Crystal. Truly, tonight is all about Hollywood's glory.

But outside of Hollywood, there is another film industry that is not abuzz with its own fame. The actors and directors in that second industry are not putting on makeup or ten thousand dollar dresses. They are tearing open packages of Lipton's Cup-O-Soup, scratching their groin where the elastic waistband in their underwear sticks out and chafes, and clicking on the television sets they bought in 1982 to flick through the channels, looking for inspiration. Those people are not the shining celebrities of the mainstream film industry. They are part of something different, something timeless, something noble: the shitty film industry. In the shitty film industry, names like Polonia, Demick, Mikels, and Hail represent a breed of filmmaker that never says die. They don't say die when their thousand dollar budget gets slashed in half. They don't say die when their actors don't show up. They don't say die when they have to make their own monsters out of socks, condoms, and duct tape. They don't say die when the only way they can light a scene that takes place in the middle of the night is by shooting it at three in the afternoon. They don't say die when the only way they can fill the entire cast is by forcing their friends, families and friends' families to do the parts out of obligation. They don't say die when I send them three thousand word emails telling them how much I hate them, their work, and everything and everyone they have ever touched. Really, the dumb fuckers never know when to quit. They just keep turning out movies, and by God, they're absolutely awful. But that doesn't make them any less worthy of recognition. No, wait, it absolutely makes them less worthy of recognition. But we here at Something Awful are going to recognize them anyway.

The Razzies, which took place last night, pay their respects to the worst movies of the year. Titles like "Gigli" and "Glitter" have been big successes in that illustrious competition. But the Razzies have nothing on the level of badness that we're talking about today. We need to create an entirely new league to encompass the level of absolute crap made by the men and women we'll be honoring. To that end, I would like to present the real antithesis to the Oscars, the first annual Grouchy Awards! Get it? Oscar? Grouch? Look, people, I was up late last night. You can't expect a humor miracle. In any case, tonight we honor those special individuals and those amazing films which have done so much damage to my fragile little mind. And unlike the Oscars, you won't have to wait all night for the awards you actually care about!

Best Actor

The hopeless romantic. The determined survivor. The charismatic antihero. The menacing villain. All of these are roles that have been royally screwed up by some of the no-budget film world's Y-chromosome carriers. As the primary masculine onscreen presence, these men have the difficult job of providing their movie's definition of what a man should be. Naturally, they do this through horrendous hair, bad teeth, flabby, bosom-like pecs, speech impediments, nasal voices, and a complete inability to look a woman in the eye. The Best Actor makes a statement with his physical appearance. That statement is "The Seventies are here to stay!"

The nominees for Best Actor are...

David C. Hayes as Luther in "Back Woods"
John "Jhon" Polonia as any character in any movie he's ever been in
Jon McBride as Derek in "Feeders"
Jim Mills as Detective Jeff Haley in "Mr. Ice Cream Man"
Vincent Simmons as Renny in "Bad Magic"

And the Grouchy goes to... John "Jhon" Polonia!

Move over, Brad Pitt! No, seriously, get out of the way, man. I have to puke.

John Polonia has worn many hats in his filmmaking career - director, producer, writer, one of those dumb hunting caps with the earflaps - but tonight we honor his contribution to his art as an actor. He has appeared in nearly every movie he has made with his brother, Mark. Although some of his roles have been small, collectively they create a body of work that Pauly Shore wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole for fear of it destroying his career by association. John's face is one of the most readily recognized icons on the shitty film scene. And why not? With hair, teeth, glasses, and general facial construction as bad as that, there's no way that any amount of makeup could ever mask his identity. Not that any Polonia Brothers movie has ever used any makeup more complex than some ninety-nine cent blood capsules from Walgreens. John's physical deformity has not prevented him from being irritating to listen to or be around, though. Even when delivering lines that he wrote himself, John stumbles through the syntax of each sentence as if the English language was just a series of randomly selected sounds shouted at him only moments before the camera started rolling and he is doing his best to parrot them back. Nevertheless, John's character frequently manages to overcome his obvious physical, mental, and societal difficulties to win over the heart of some young lady. He has women swooning over him in "Feeders," and he is the only man we see spend an evening with Calico, the androgynous prostitute in "Bad Magic." He is an inspiration to us all, conquering all odds, including misspelling his own name, to prove that anyone, no matter how unlikely, can realize the dream and be in the movies.

■ Best Actress

Women are often forced into secondary roles in cinema, as the male stars handle most of the action, solve most of the problems, and get mauled by most of the poorly-constructed monsters. But whether they are playing second fiddle to their male co-stars or taking the center stage on their own, these are the women who gave the performances we will all remember in our darkest nightmares for years and therapy sessions to come. In order to endure the difficult situations that characters often find themselves in in crappy horror movies, these actresses must be tough and feminine at the same time. Unfortunately, it's usually the male actors who end up filling those shoes, while the actresses just fill up on Hostess snack cakes. Ranging from obese and untalented to anorexic and untalented to mannish and untalented, these actresses represent every image any man has ever thought of to keep himself from getting aroused.

The nominees for Best Actress are...

Andrea Marcovicci as Nicole in "The Stuff"
Melissa Torpy as any character in any Polonia Brothers movie she's ever been in
Vanity as Danja Deering in "Never Too Young to Die"
Sharon Mitchell as Brenda Whitlock in "Feast"
Megan Wyss as Joni in "Night Screams"

And the Grouchy goes to... Melissa Torpy!

This poor woman. She's been eaten by the Pilsbury Dough monster.

Sweet Jesus, the crap this woman has had to put up with. On multiple occassions, she has agreed to stand in for younger, hotter, more human-looking women who bailed on the Polonia Brothers' projects when they heard what the budget was. Or when they read the script. Or when they met their costars. She has played teenage girls, trashy housewives, and yellow-haired prostitutes. She has had to have simulated sex with her husband's brother, John. That's right, she is married to Mark Polonia himself. Even after having to endure the indignity of appearing in their movies, only to then be ridiculed in reviews by Lowtax and myself, she has stayed with him. For the record, since learning what a terrific lady she is, I'd like to have it known that if I could retract that ridicule, I would. *[Author's note: to find hilarious examples of our ridicule of Melissa, look here, here, and here toward the bottom.]* Melissa has always come through with a boffo performance. For a fine example of her work, check her out as Donna in this clip from "Feeders." Melissa, we here at Something Awful are proud to present you with the Best Actress award, and wish that you never again have to appear in another one of those cinematic dry heaves your husband calls a movie.

- **Best Supporting Actor**

The lead actor has an entire movie to make an ass of himself on camera. The supporting cast may only get a scene or two in which to totally fuck up any attempts at anything that could remotely be considered acting. Nonetheless, it's a wacky supporting character that we really remember when we come away from a film. These are the men who have taken a juicy character part and turned it into a mess of bungled line deliveries, awkward gestures, and painful stuttering.

The nominees for Best Supporting Actor are...

Jim Edberg as Mama in "Back Woods"
Jon McBride's Hair as Derek's Hair in "Feeders"
Scott Barrows as Max Assassin in "Terror Toons"
Todd Carpenter as Sal in "The House that Screamed"
Some Annoying Bastard as the voice of Charlie the Monkey in "Nukie"

And the Grouchy goes to... Some Annoying Bastard!

And I had almost gotten over the nigthmares...

If you haven't seen Nukie, then **for the love of all that is holy, do not.** If you have seen Nukie, though, then I'm sure you remember with stinging clarity the appearance of Charlie the talking monkey. That annoying little shit only spoke when someone else was talking about something actually relevant to the plot. To make matters worse, he had a voice that could crack open a coconut. Like any redblooded American, I normally love monkeys and their antics, but Charlie was a nightmarish migraine headache covered in filthy, feces-encrusted fur and a pointless red T-shirt. He was utterly detestable, much like the movie itself. While the actual identity of the person who lent his hemorrhage-inducing vocal chords to Charlie remains a mystery, he in no less of a legend. Never before has a monkey been so universally hated. That is a feat that few could pull off. Congratulations to Some Annoying Bastard for his achievement, and may his scrotum in no way become entangled in the inner workings of a printing press.

Best Supporting Actress

Most of the movies we've been talking about tonight have been horrors, and the supporting actress often has a critical role in that genre. Often she will play the sexy seductress, or an alluring co-ed who gets killed early on. The supporting actress is often chosen for sex appeal, rather than acting ability. Unfortunately, most of the films up for these awards were made by people without attractive friends they could coerce into appearing in their work. From teenage bad girls to erotic succubi to moderately priced hookers, all manners of roles originally intended for good looking girls have ended up in the hands of some doughy, inept monstrosity. We honor those monstrosities now.

The nominees for Best Supporting Actress are...

Shanti as Felina in "The Corpse-Grinders 2"
Lizzie Borden as Candy in "Terror Toons"
Glynis Johns as Sister Anne in "Nukie"
Gabrielle as The Goddamn Annoying Freespirited Woman in "The House That Screamed"
The Beaver-Faced Implosion who played Michelle in "Feeders"

And the Grouchy goes to... Gabrielle!

Okay, this one I just flat-out hate.

Lordy, do I ever hate this woman. Although the Polonias managed to get their hands on a decently attractive woman to do a striptease at random intervals throughout "The House That Screamed," the real sexual role of the film was portrayed by Gabrielle, a lumbering seacow of a woman whose mere presence is enough to make a man's libido disappear faster than a can of hairspray in Jon McBride's bathroom. But to hear her spew out a string of gibberish about finding houses sexy and wanting to screw them is enough to turn even the biggest womanizer into a eunuch. It's not enough to hear her go on and on about house-fucking while grinding against a column. We also had to see her half-nude and gyrating on top of poor, poor Bob Dennis. Her jiggling arm flab instantly ruined sex for me forever. In a category with some tough competition, Gabrielle stands above the rest. Well, not so much above, but definitely to the sides of. Let's face it, if we didn't give this award to Gabrielle, she'd probably eat us, then fuck our houses.

Best Picture

This is the one you've all been waiting for! Which movie set the bar for all other shitty films to follow? Which one had all the right elements: the cast of negative-talent, wooden, ugly no-names; the drug-addled, pedophilic director whose storyboards consisted of a couple doodles in crayon on a napkin; the special effects made from papier mache and cardboard; the script written in by grade-school dropouts; the music stolen from various SNES titles? Which movie is so bad that it is classified as a terrorist act by the Department of Homeland Security?

The Nominees for Best Picture are...

"The Corpse-Grinders 2" directed by Ted V. Mikels
"Ax 'Em" directed by Michael "Mfumay" Mfume
"Nukie" directed by Sias Odendal
"Feeders" directed by Mark and John Polonia
"Feeders 2: Slay Bells" directed by Mark Polonia

And the Grouchy goes to... "Nukie!"

What can I say about "Nukie" that hasn't been said? I can barely even talk about this movie without bile rising in my throat and my hands trembling with vomity rage. The movie follows the exploits of one horrible, weepy, potato-esque alien as he cries and moans and makes everyone around him miserable in his search for another horrible, weepy potato-esque alien. "Nukie" isn't a movie, it's a torture device. If you ever want to see how your tolerance for pain stacks up against your friends', just gather them all together and stick "Nukie" in the VCR. The last person remaining in the room is a brave soul, but it's that same person who faces the greatest challenge.

DO NOT WATCH.

Without the comfort of friends and loved ones in the vicinity, watching "Nukie" is a harrowing look into the depravity that mankind has unleashed upon itself, wrapped up in a friendly kid's story and given a PG bow. I, myself, have vowed never to watch this movie again. Nonetheless, I keep my copy on my shelves at all times. I think of it like the One Ring. I must keep it safe, lest it fall into the wrong hands and be used to end civilization as we know it. Someday I will destroy it in the fires from whence it came. That is to say, I will beat writer/director Sias Odendal to death with it, thus freeing all the world from two great evils. Under no circumstances should you ever willingly allow yourself to see this movie. If someone tries to force you at gunpoint, welcome the sweet release of death. At least you'll go to your grave without knowing what suffering truly is.

The Ed Wood Lifetime Achievement Award

Keep on keeping on, oh Unholy One.

This prestigious award is bestowed upon one individual who has spent years making contributions to the shitty film industry that have made it what it is today. This year's award goes to **Satan**. It is only by his infernal powers that any of the directors of any of these films could have gotten even the tiniest bit of disposable income to use to make a movie. Although at first I hoped it would be possible to combat him, the rate with which absolutely meritless movies are produced makes it completely clear that his reign of evil has only begun, and resistance is futile. We hail thee, oh Dark Lord, and may death come with agony and torment to your enemies!

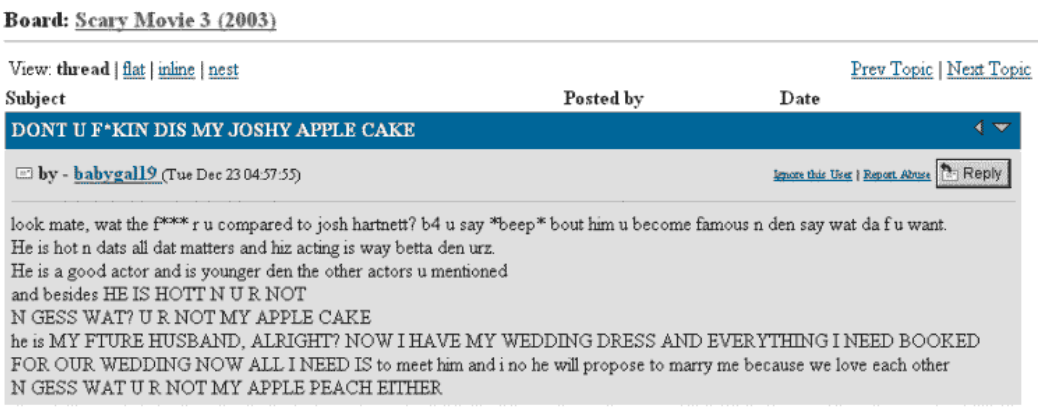
I'm afraid those are all of the awards we have time for. There are just so many films that we couldn't even touch upon tonight, but that doesn't mean they're any less awful. Now that we've established the standards for excellence in the Field of Crap, all of those aspiring shitty filmmakers out there know what they have to shoot for. So you all keep making the pathetic excuses for cinema, and I'll keep on sending thousands and thousands of my brain cells to their painful deaths by watching them. It's a deal!

The Weekend Web: Let's All Go to the Lobby

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here with another installment of the internet feature that just won't go away. Before we begin today I'd like to give a "shout out", as the kids say these days, to my two favorite radio talk show hosts Tim Conway Jr. and Doug Stecker who host the Conway and Steckler Show here in Southern California. While there are tons of those "two guys who may or may not be homosexuals bullshitting for three hours on the radio" type call-in

shows across this great nation of ours, none of them have nearly the amount of chemistry these two guys have. Somehow between the two of them they have managed to forge a unique program in a sea of generic radio. They can be heard weeknights from 8 PM to 11 PM on KLSX 97.1 FM in Southern California.

This week we are headed to the movies which seems fitting since the Oscars are tonight. I just realized this right now as a matter of fact. Here's a little something something to get your pencil moving:



Board: Scary Movie 3 (2003)

View: **thread** | flat | inline | nest Prev Topic | Next Topic

Subject	Posted by	Date
DONT U F*KIN DIS MY JOSHY APPLE CAKE		

by - babygall9 (Tue Dec 23 04:57:55) Ignore this User | Report Abuse | Reply

look mate, wat the f*** r u compared to josh hartnett? b4 u say *beep* bout him u become famous n den say wat da f u want.
He is hot n dats all dat matters and hiz acting is way betta den urz.
He is a good actor and is younger den the other actors u mentioned
and besides HE IS HOTT N U R NOT
N GESS WAT? U R NOT MY APPLE CAKE
he is MY FTURE HUSBAND, ALRIGHT? NOW I HAVE MY WEDDING DRESS AND EVERYTHING I NEED BOOKED FOR OUR WEDDING NOW ALL I NEED IS to meet him and i no he will propose to marry me because we love each other
N GESS WAT U R NOT MY APPLE PEACH EITHER

Alright enough of this. It's time for The Weekend Web!

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

2.29 The 2004 J-List and Something Awful Mega Kawaii Contest Prize Bucks Super-Saiyan Extravaganza!

Sunday, Feb 29, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Power up your Super Saiyan attack with wonderful prizes!

A few weeks ago Peter Payne from J-List and myself were sitting in a sushi shop in Little Tokyo here in Chicago eating California rolls off of the sweat-slick belly of a Thai hooker. It was a Tuesday afternoon, as it usually is when Peter and I are eating sushi off the stomach of a naked woman, and Peter was there to discuss how I needed to write more positive hentai reviews to endorse his products. As usual I feigned outrage over such an affront to my journalistic integrity while Peter casually slid an envelope containing bribe money into my hand. After we licked our plates clean of sushi leavings a thought struck me! Instead of accepting bribes to write good reviews of the hentai games J-List sells I could continue to make fun of them and use all of the money he gave me to offer our readers fabulous prizes!

I looked in the envelope and realized that it only contained eight dollars (the approximate value of my journalistic integrity) so I broached the subject of a contest involving J-List here on Something Awful. Peter was livid! He started to storm out of the sushi bar cursing in that adorable mixture of Japanese and English he always uses. Then he realized that a contest might mean more exposure for J-List, and more exposure for J-List might mean more customers, and more customers might mean more money for him to purchase the parts he needs to make a robot wife. Calming his inner Yomi Realm, Peter returned to our Thai hooker table and we sat down to hammer out the specifics. It was an arduous process of bitter negotiations and screaming, but we finally reached an agreement on the first ever not insultingly fake contest to be featured here at Something Awful.

It is with great - almost criminal - pleasure that I bring you, our beloved readers, the first ever 2004 J-List and Something Awful Mega Kawaii Contest Prize Bucks Super-Saiyan Extravaganza! We wanted to make this a fun contest that is open to as many people as possible so we have provided several different ways to enter it. Before we get to the part about the fabulous prizes, let's talk about the fabulous ways you can participate in this contest!

Art Entries!

One of the ways to win is by drawing, painting, or even 3D rendering an image. This picture must be original and it must be of one of the following topics:

- World War II Germany (bonus points for way awesome tanks)
- The Baroness from GI Joe (bonus points for sexy)
- Your favorite dinosaur (bonus points for adorable)
- Your favorite anime character being killed (bonus points for cute characters meeting gruesome deaths)

I cannot stress enough that this artwork must be original. If any of us or one of the goons finds one of these pictures already posted somewhere else you will not only fail to win, you will burn in eternal agony in the eighth circle of hell.

Word Entries!

We know that not everyone is artistically inclined, but almost everyone reading this is capable of stringing words together to form those big blobs of words that can make pretty shapes. This contest

will accept both prose and poetry, although rhyming words make me nauseous unless they're part of a hip rap song about not doing drugs so be careful. Your written piece must cover one of the following topics:

- El Pinto Grande's sex life
- Lowtax and Fragmaster having a picnic
- Your favorite dinosaur in World War II Germany

Please try to keep your written entries shorter than two pages as any longer and I probably will fall asleep while judging the 5000000 entries.

Music Entries!

We're not leaving all of you talented musicians out of the loop. We invite you to compose a song and record it in the style of your choice on one of the following topics:

- Your favorite dinosaur
- GI Joe
- The Phantom game console

Fire up those instruments and microphones! I am really looking forward to hearing the hot hits sure to top the charts within my heart.

THE FABULOUS PRIZES

What would a contest be without prizes?! A really bad contest, I'm sure, but luckily for all of you this contest if loaded with wonderful prize packages from J-List. There are multiple prizes to be won, including a very secret and very special prize for the worst entry submitted.

Prizes! (Actual prizes not pictured).

1st Prize - A one hundred dollar credit at J-List for any merchandise available in their catalog.
2nd Prize - A Hello Kitty vibrator, a collection of kooky Japanese condoms, and "Pink Nipple Cream"
3rd Prize - "Looking for a Japanese Girlfriend" (or "Boyfriend") T-shirt
Super Secret Loser Prize - It's a mystery!

"But Zack, how do you enter?" I'm glad you asked!

Entering the Contest

Include your full name and address along with your entry in an e-mail to contest@somethingawful.com. We will be accepting entries until March 26th and will be announcing the winners of the contest on March 29th. You must be 18 to participate in this contest because of the nature of some of the prizes and we can only accept entries from the United States or Canada. Sorry Burkina Faso! You may enter more than once but be sure to include the correct information with each of your entries. This information will only be used for the purposes of the contest since we hate SPAM even more than you do.

> **Remember! The deadline is March 26th, you must be 18, include your full name and address, and you must live in the United States or Canada. Send your entries to contest@somethingawful.com!**

Finally, keep all file attachments to your e-mails under two megabytes in size. If you have a larger file, upload it to a server and include a link to the file in your e-mail. We will NOT accept executable files under any circumstances.

Your Band Sucks: Terrible Covers

In this week's edition of Your Band Sucks, Dr. David Thorpe carries on his proud tradition of hating everything and being a big giant jerk by making fun of all your favorite cover tunes. Don't you hate 311's cover of The Cure's "Lovesong"? So does he! Do you turn off the radio every time you hear the opening chords of Pearl Jam's "Last Kiss" cover? This Bud's for you! Have you ever wondered what the connection is between REM and Batman? Wonder no more!

> *"Pearl Jam has spent the last decade ceaselessly drowning in a musical swamp of hoary, melancholic, traditionalist rock garbage. They made a career out of sounding like Neil Young with a brain-splitting hangover, and managed to write some of the most thoroughly irritating hit singles of the 90s. Their cover of Last Kiss, however, could make even the staunchest Pearl Jam hater drop to his knees and beg to hear "Alive" instead."*

Prepare to be ROCKED by a rollercoaster of ROCK! It's another edition of Your Band Sucks!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 The 20 Year Speedbump

Tuesday, Mar 02, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Victim of the 20 Year Speedbump.

I remember a mythical time of yore when I could eat anything and get away with it. You see, my body was an entirely different creature back during my youthful days of ignorance, a wonderful machine which possessed the power to transform blatantly unhealthy objects like Kool Aid and chocolate-dipped GI Joes into vital chemicals that my system needed, such as energy, protein, and embalming fluid. I would spend hours in my parents' basement, coding complex BASIC games which invariably never worked, while inhaling bags of Cheetos and raw corn starch by the metric ton. Anything containing at least 100% unrefined or 100% refined sugar was an excellent culinary target, as you can plainly see in this diagram of my three basic food groups:

- **FOOD GROUP #1: The Sticks Group** - Includes Pixie Sticks, cheese sticks, cotton candy, beef jerky, ham turkey, lard jerky, nacho cheese bacon salsa jerky, custard-filled glazed donuts that have had a stick jammed into them.
- **FOOD GROUP #2: The Deep Fried Group** - McDonalds, Wendys, Taco Bell, Pizza Hut (I would buy pizzas and bring them over to McDonalds where they agreed to deep fry them for me in exchange for promising to never ever ever sue them), $2.50 county fair funnel cakes which I bought by giving the owner roughly $15.00 in county fair tickets.
- **FOOD GROUP #3: The Fruits Group** - Watermelon Hubba Bubba, cherry Slushies, grape Nerds, strawberry Lick-M-Aid (which could also be classified under the "Sticks" group due to the fact that each pouch came with one of those thick white sticks composed entirely of sugar and various interdimensional substances).

I never gained a single pound and usually remained underweight despite my seemingly intentional efforts to make my body die a slow and doughy death. My parents would say utterly insane things like "stop drinking so much soda!" and "eat your vegetables! You need some vitamin N in your diet or else you'll grow up and have ungodly teeth like Gary Busey!" Of course I never listened to them, usually because I was too busy trying to finish coding a program which played "Turkey In the Straw" while displaying three flashing rectangles which didn't move at all but probably should've. I was under the impression that things such as "vitamins" and "foods which weren't composed of 98% congealed lard" were myths like dry land and would do absolutely nothing for my health and general well being.

Victim of the 20 Year Speedbump.

Then I turned 23.

Although that day was nearly five years ago, I still recall the harrowing moment when I hit that 20 Year Speedbump and discovered my body's digestive system could not act like Superman, unless of course we're referring to the Superman who was nearly killed by a horse. I was sitting around in a

darkened room, engaging in an intense political ICQ debate with "aNiMeFaN-7283," when my gut began to suddenly clench and produce a series of comical noises resembling an otter caught in a Volkswagen's fan belt. Despite the fact that I had recently gorged myself on a monumental buffet of Del Taco and various authentic French pastries produced by one of the million Vietnamese families who inexplicably own bakeries in southern California, I could brainstorm no logical reason as to why my stomach suddenly turned on me.

"That's odd," I thought. "My stomach doesn't normally produce such violent noises unless I'm trying to digest entire bicycle parts." I promptly forgot about the incident and went back to typing "LOL" as fast as I could.

Things spiraled directly into cholesterol hell from that point on. I noticed that my energy levels began to exponentially decrease and soon I lacked the energy to successfully weep about my pathetic life for consecutive hours throughout the day. My sleeping patterns descended into a bizarre ritual of waking up every 15 minutes covered in a mixture of sweat and liquid fat that my body was attempting to physically escape through my skin pores when it assumed I wouldn't notice. Worst of all, a large, bowling-ball sized pocket of horrible things was beginning to gestate above my waistline, threatening to flow over and engulf my pants if I refused to meet its outrageous demands. I was initially unable to determine the cause of this severe malaise, instead blaming a variety of outside factors such as the city's water purification system and swamp gas. In the meantime, I continued to devour wheelbarrows full of cheddar-covered bacon cakes while refusing to participate in any physical activities more strenuous than belching.

You'd better believe this is a victim of the 20 Year Speedbump.

Eventually it dawned on me that perhaps, just perhaps, my numerous ill effects were not directly caused by third party sources such as the phase of the moon, but rather due to something more personal: my diet. If you take away anything from today's update, and I am fairly certain that you will not, I would like you younger assholes to realize that you will all eventually hit a pothole during your body aging process, a catastrophic event which will turn your entire world upside down and topsy turvey and catercorner and helter skelter and snuffleupagus. You know all that stupid crap your parents used to endlessly babble about the importance of eating vitamins and objects that were not 98% man-made chemicals? Well it all eventually starts to come true like a darkened bloody prophecy in your early 20s. Trust me on this one, guys. If you don't believe me, I've got a mammoth fleshy sack of eclairs and barbequed ribs hanging off my stomach that will convince you otherwise.

Now I'm well aware most kids will ignore my dire warnings and dismiss them as the ravings of an elderly 27-year old man who spends his spare time engaging in lengthy pantless conversations with his pets about why there should be a sequel to *River City Ransom*. I admit I'm not "hip" and "with it" and I lack the "radical" street smart lingo that you crazy teens "jive" to in these complex days of cellphones, hovercars, and formica tables. But I want to explain that I was once young and virile, convinced my body could overcome whatever noxious substances I threw into it. I somehow assured myself that I was blessed with a mysterious alien metabolism which possessed the ability to convert Big League Chew into vital nutrients my body required. As I continued to age in a linear fashion, it slowly dawned on me that this was not the case, and my body was just like every other average jerk's body, only considerably more greasy and horrible. I had hit the 20 Year Speedbump and this violent jostling shook up every single internal organ to the point where they now refuse to work unless I offer them hefty cash bribes.

So what changes does the average fleshy human shell experience after plowing over the 20 Year Speedbump? Here is a brief list of items that I could recall offhand, although you'll have to bear with me because my memory isn't quite as good as it used to be and I have a tendency to either repeat things or forget them completely.

SYMPTOMS OF THE 20 YEAR SPEEDBUMP:

SYMPTOM #1: Your memory isn't quite as good as it used to be and you either repeat things or forget them completely.
SYMTPOM #2: Parts of your body which were previously not fat suddenly begin to grow and become fat. This includes (but it not limited to) your stomach, ass, thighs, and manboobs. Additionally, your chin begins to slowly vanish and blend into the supple, amber waves of cellulite hanging off your face and flowing down your neck like a waterfall of cookie dough.
SYMPTOM #3: Your memory isn't quite as good as it used to be and you either repeat things or forget them completely.
SYMPTOM #4: You realize that you're suddenly required to work out every day, and failure to do so results in your body slowly metamorphisizing into an uncanny replica of the Golden Buddha's unemployed brother, "Fat Eddie."
SYMPTOM #5: Your stomach begins generating copious amounts of acid like the nefarious predators from the movie "Aliens." Drinking a glass of orange juice will bestow upon you the ability to spew a stream of liquid powerful enough to vaporize entire living room sets.
SYMPTOM #6: If you don't consume at least nine pounds of fresh vegetables and vitamins every day, your body will refuse to produce any energy and you will have to be lifted from your bed by a complex series of pulleys and levers attached to a cargo helicopter.
SYMPTOM #7: You notice that a majority of your conversations revolve around the weather.
SYMPTOM #8: When shopping, you often turn products over so you can analyze their nutritional label. Additionally, you fail to snicker if you see that there's 69% of a particular ingredient.
SYMPTOM #9: Your memory isn't quite as good as it used to be and you either repeat things or forget them completely.
SYMPTOM #10: You begin to complain about how fat and old you're becoming on a webpage.

I just want all you kids out there to know I was once like you. I could eat tons of junk food, never exercise, and somehow get away with it. I naively assumed my body would be able to keep up its seemingly insatiable fat-burning engine which required absolutely no maintenance on my part. My body was a GIPO machine, a Garbage In, Poop Out system which allowed the bad things I routinely crammed down my gaping maw to effortlessly slide out of my rectum like a small Crisco-covered Jewish man gliding over a Slip N' Slide. Once I hit the 20 Year Speedbump (which can occur at any age from 20 to 29), everything changed and my GIPO system was transformed into a GISF computer, allowing garbage to come in but then shrewdly deciding to save the fat and hold onto it as if it were a precious jewel sought after by bloodthirsty Nazi mummy Frankensteins.

So in the interest of providing the best life possible for teenagers all across the world, please take my advice: LIVE THE ABSOLUTE MOST UNHEALTHIEST LIFE POSSIBLE WHILE YOUR BODY CAN STILL SUPPORT IT. Dine at Kentucky Fried Chicken every day, demanding they use your french fries as sponges to absorb excess spilled grease across their countertops. Chain smoke

so many cigarettes that William S. Burroughs spins in his grave. Break into your parents' liquor cabinet and chug whiskey until they come home and discover you're on the verge of dying from alcohol poisoning. Refuse to exercise on the grounds that it violates your ethical religious beliefs. Also be sure to watch a lot of pornography. This won't really affect your digestive system that much, but hey, you'll probably have fun doing it. Your body will heal itself and continue to run in top shape until you hit the dreaded 20 Year Speedbump, the point in your life where all the metabolism fun ends. These are the best years of your life; why not fill them with the worst things of your life?

I once got busy in a Burger King bathroom

We've all been there. Sitting on a plane, while the kid behind us kicks our seat, the guy in front of us leans his seat all the way back, and the fat guy next to us is taking the armrest for a few folds of fat. And where do we turn in this time of need? That's right: the SkyMall magazine that has ever so lovingly placed in the little fabric magazine holder on the back of that jackass's seat. I've whiled away countless hours looking at crap that didn't want, need, or understand. So the Goons did what any self respecting member of the forums would do. They photoshoped the hell out of it for this week's Comedy Goldmine.

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Additional Views
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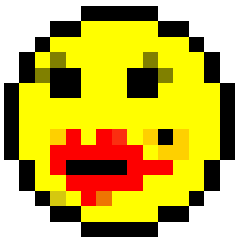
SOCKS
EXPENSIVE SHIT
JB-2033
$54.95
Socks for Men
They're just socks dude, and $55 socks. Who the fuck buys this shit? I mean, come on, FIFTY FIVE FUCKING DOLLARS for a pair of SOCKS! Jesus H. Christ WTF are you thinking??? That sort of money could feed most of Africa for a month and you're spending it on socks. You make me sick. Take your goddamned platinum AmEx and shove it where the sun don't shine. Asshole.
Buy 2-pair for $98 SAVE $5.95 per pair.
Yeah, go on, buy two. Pretentious wanker.

I use a word that don't mean nothin', like looptid.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.2 The Passion of the Emoticon

Tuesday, Mar 02, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



Awhile back I took a moment out of my busy schedule of crying like a little girl to comprehensively review a handful of Internet emoticons. My work then was by no means exhaustive, as I only covered ten emoticons. As anyone even marginally familiar with chatting or posting on Internet forums knows, everything you read online is empirically true. But more importantly, there are thousands of emoticons, far more than I hinted at or reviewed. In an event so rare that it's probably about as common as a polar bear giving birth to a lobster made out of pure titanium, that article also garnered some positive feedback and requests for more. Never one to disappoint fans – save for the countless ones who routinely request that I commit suicide – I'm continuing this thoroughly pointless endeavor. That's right, get ready for more exciting reviews of colored circles with tiny faces on them!

I'm not going to dance around the issue, specifically because I don't consider it an issue and also because I don't know how to dance. Let's get down to business and give these emoticons a thorough reaming!

The "shocked" emoticon is specifically designed for those moments were you are so aghast with the situation at hand that your mouth pops open and your eyes bulge out like twin rockets blasting off on their way to the moon. I have been using the Internet for something like eight years now, and never once have I been in a situation where my face turned into an erupting volcano of shock, except maybe when my Internet girlfriend turned out to be a male FBI agent with some incriminating chat logs. By then I was far too removed from a keyboard to properly make use of emoticons anyway, so :o was of no help. Aside from that, how often do genuinely shocking moments occur on an Internet forum or instant message conversation? I tend to believe that if something truly shocking happens on the Internet, it's time to go outside and talk to real people, or maybe just walk to your mailbox. Hell, talk to your mailbox. Make it a sandwich, give it a massage, and learn to appreciate it.

Example usage: " :o You mean I'm banned from #DragonBallZFans forever??? I'll kill myself! I'll fucking kill myself and all of you and you'll all be sorry!"

is for when you get in one of those common situations where people online are making you furious, probably by posting spoilers to whatever glorified soap opera show you watch. Rather than walk away or turning the computer off, both simple means of evading the gritty seriousness of the digital world, you should always get irate. What better way to show that you are mad as hell than with a stupid red face? Everybody is going to see this and get scared, because then they will know that they went too far and crossed one of the Internet's many invisible lines. The Internet is serious, serious business, and I can't stress that enough. When you see someone pull this emoticon on you, it's time to log off and call the police, because you're probably in deep shit.
Example usage: " How dare walk in here like you own this place and tell me how to conduct myself! I'll see you in court! No, better yet, I'll see your family in court when they sue me for murdering you!"

In another obnoxious self-reference, I invented an exciting and dynamic new replacement for "LOL." CAWG, or "Cackling Aloud With Gusto," was to be the dawn of a new era of online communication. However, it failed miserably in much the same way that playing hide and seek in a germ lab would fail miserably. It didn't help that when it was introduced to the SA Forums, it had this rotten graphic attached to it. The sordid ordeal ended up bringing tremendous shame upon not just me, but the Internet as a whole. As you will probably note, this little guy is cackling. However, he's not cackling the innocent cackle of millionaires or crazy grandpas, but rather what I can only presume is the kind of cackle that follows a successful rape. Rape is certainly not the sort of thing I want to be associated with, especially when it's celebrated with so much gusto. Maybe if it's rape followed by guilt, but definitely not celebratory glee. I draw the line at happy rape, and I draw the line with you, Mr. Perverted Emoticon. You leave my acronyms alone.
Example usage: "And then after I tortured her, I let out the most carrion of all cackles , as if to cry out like a vulture as I devoured the last ounces of dignity from her poor, poor soul."

This is where the train explodes, flies of the tracks, hits an airplane, and then lands savagely on top of an orphanage full of especially pathetic children. I thought the whole point of an emoticon was to convey an emotion or facial expression. This is blankness, and while that is a facial expression, it need not be reproduced online. You know what you can do instead of using this emoticon? Just say "okay" and nothing else whenever you and your friends have one of your frequent conversations about why Final Fantasy girls are better than real life girls. I think we should strive to avoid ambiguity online, since it only lengthens dull conversations.
Example usage: "Help me! I have Bell's Palsy and my face won't move! "

We have a double header here! These two emoticons are more or less the same thing with some laughably crude "mirroring" technique providing the illusion of more. We also see the primitive development of basic emotion, which is a staggering advancement from the previous entry. Like a mighty scale, we watch as the mouth moves, thus tilting the balance. Will it tilt right? Will it tilt left? And those eyebrows, those Herculean eyebrows that flex like the rudders on airplanes! My God, it's majestic to behold! In all seriousness, here is where I get . Form a real expression and stop jerking your face muscles off with this indecisive mouth-tilting bullshit or I'm going to punch some emotion into your face. Failing that, I will introduce you to that sinister CAWG fucker, who will rape some emotion into your face.
Example usage: " I dunno, I kind of like cheese but then I kind of like things without cheese. Oh god its sooooo hard to decide. "

I'll swallow a lot of whoppers, especially when they are 2 for $2, but this is one I will simply not believe. I don't buy into the supernatural, so obviously I don't believe that an emoticon could be so riddled with confusion that it is able to charge the air around itself with psychic energy that forms not one, not two, but three question marks. Unless time and space are incredibly unstable, I wasn't born yesterday, and I don't fall for tricks. Am I to suddenly accept that emoticons can use magic? I don't fucking think so. One of the reasons the emoticon system works is because it is endeared to reality. Forget this fantasy crap where emoticons can call upon paranormal balderdash to illuminate the air with symbols. If I wanted fantasy I'd go read some books about cowboys and hobbits while wearing a homemade cape that strangely resembles the living room curtains. I want realism, and if emoticons can't deliver that, well, then I will simply look elsewhere.
Example usage: "White Castle Harpy casts high level confusion spell. You are bewildered. "

Okay, honestly, let's be reasonable people here. Who, aside from Pac-Man, can make this face? No one. And is Pac-Man real? No more than the Easter Bunny, Santa Clause, or Dennis Kucinich's chances of becoming the next president. In fact you would have to have radical reconstructive surgery or be the victim of a serious injury to even be able to make an expression like this. I believe that for emoticons to be successful, you have to be making the same facial expressions in real life, and in no way can you legitimately make this one. Otherwise the whole system is just bankrupt and out of control, and that's when the shit will hit the fan.
Example usage: "Today I got a curbjob and now my face looks like this "

This is a recent addition to the SA Forums' arsenal of smilies, and boy is it ever a winner. I'm not sure who made it, if it originates from our forums, or if it's an international sensation, but it's probably the only decent smiley face ever made. The raw passion dripping from this face, quite clearly inflamed with the sort of mystical happiness that only retards know, is profoundly chilling. To see this face is to see uncertainty. Are you looking at a monster with a broken smile? Are you looking at a gentle man-child glowing over the prospects of candy and getting to pet a real live puppy dog? One simply does not know. I think if there were ever an emoticon to transcend mere words and become art, this would be the one. As equally raw as powerful, this is fractured beauty, a pulsating artery of happiness pouring out like drool on a cake.
Example usage: " hey guys can we ride the ponies? can we? can we?"

I know that when you really get down to it, these aren't used all that seriously and more to give much needed color and eye candy to bird-witted conversations about homeroom shenanigans or Dawson's Creek plot developments. I myself often use emoticons in spirited self-mockery and irony, though I try to misuse them as often as possible because that's what it takes to be a hip writer on the information superhighway machine. While I tend to think we would be better off without them, I realize that they are not going anywhere. All we can do is try to live with them and hope that the future will be better.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.3 The Midwest Internet Ghost Hunters Club

Wednesday, Mar 03, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Greetings once again good people of the Internet. It has been a while since my last report of paranormal activity in the Midwest area, but I assure you this does not mean we at the club are slacking off on our ghostly investigations. Although now that I am back to writing every week again after the various threats against my life and my loved ones, making me cut back my time curing cancer in homeless retarded puppies, I am still as devoted as ever to discover the truth behind the haunting in my regional area. Thanks the club's vice president Josh "Livestock" Boruff's active recruitment techniques involving delicious mixed drinks and a sprinkle of Spanish fly, our ranks have grown in number. We even bought some really cool ghost hunting equipment like an animal tag gun we acquired from a nature preserve so if we are able to capture a ghost we can tag its ear and track its eating habits. This is not to say we haven't had a few setbacks though. One of our members, who goes by the name of Dan Esteece, defected from the club and spoke out against the existence of ghosts, exclaiming that they are the inventions of a hyperactive imagination that can be explained scientifically. We challenged him to a public debate on the matter, and when he showed up we stoned him harshly with our ghost debate rocks. Take that non-believer!

Once the muffler of the Midwest Internet Ghost Hunters Club's Escort was fixed, we were able to do some more research out in the field. The locations we investigate are haunted spots which are picked by clairvoyant dreams sent to me by the spirits during my afternoon naps. If after having one of these dreams my sheets are moist and fragrant, this means I will bring it before the ghost council for a vote. Although the vote is merely a formality, and only my decision as the club's founder and elite ghost hunter extraordinaire really counts, it makes the club feel like a democracy even though it's really a dictatorship running behind a puppet government. The sites we've visited in the last couple months have been quite exhilarating and a learning experience, as well as a nice tax write-off. Please print these reports so you can add them to your ghost files, and then send three box tops of Boo Berry cereal to our head office and we'll give you the secret decoder ring to find the hidden message. Hidden Message: I slept with your mother.

The Hotel of Horror

History: The history of the Overlook Hotel dates back as far as the 1920's during the prosperous time of flappers and gangsters, where parties would go on into the night. The caretaker of this establishment was a very valuable man to the hotel, especially during the winter months when the hotel was all but deserted. But the long winter had a terrible effect on his mind, and one day he went insane and killed his family with an axe, and then filled the elevators with their blood so when somebody would open them they would get totally owned by a blood tidal wave. Years later, another caretaker took over and the same thing happened to him. After having a brief affair with a sea hag, he decided to chop his wife and son up with an axe. But really I don't blame him because his wife was a really whiney scarecrow of a woman that would drive anybody insane. In the end, the boy outwitted the father in a hedge maze, and the father froze to death with a really funny expression on his face. In this investigation, we hope to uncover what really happened at the Overlook Hotel and get some pictures of that really hot chick in the tub before she turns into the ugly droopy old lady.

Midwest Internet Ghost Hunter Report: As we drove to the Overlook Hotel in the Ghost Hunter Escort, I debriefed the team on the history of the hotel and what kind of trouble they could expect. After telling them everything, there was a minor rebellion in the ranks as they claimed that I was just talking about the plot to the movie "The Shining", and that the Overlook Hotel didn't really exist. This angered me greatly so I pulled over for a pep talk using my natural leadership abilities and the "pep bat". Once I had them all on my side again, we drove around all night trying to find the hotel. After the 6th hour I started to think that maybe my underlings were correct and I was just thinking of a movie I watched. In order to verify their suspicions, we stopped at Blockbuster and rented "The Shining". It was true, I must have been watching the movie while it was showing on late night TV and fallen asleep, thinking it was one of my ESP visions. The Midwest Internet Ghost Hunters club was pretty mad at me for wasting their time, so I busted out my illegal Internet copy of Return of the King from China. This won them over and we settled back for the rest of the night and watched the final chapter in this epic struggle of good over darkness.

Spook Factor: *(A healthy three ghost rating for when Aragorn meets that scary ghost army and Legolas shoots an arrow at the ghost leader but it totally goes through his head. Stupid Elf!).*

Farm of Fear

History: The legend of the Farm of Fear is spoken of in hushed whispers between farmers at blue ribbon fairs and pie eating contests. While farmers are known for their tall tales of lore to pass the time, this haunting is widely regarded as a true story in the farming community. Because of the large amount of animal killings that are commonplace on farms, sometimes the restless spirits of the wronged beasts will come back and haunt their former masters. The story goes that at this particular farm, there lived an extremely large and handsome hog called Harold. Harold was very well thought of on the farm by all the other animals, and looked up to by his fellow pigs. But the farmer, Old Man McGee, was a drunken brute of a man that would punch Harold harshly after long nights of drinking moonshine. On one such night, Harold had enough and bit the farmer on the knee. This enraged Old Man McGee, prompting him to bury his axe into poor Harold and killing him. Weeks later while he was drunk again, this time chasing chickens, he heard Harold's squeal pierce the darkness of the night. Old Man McGee stumbled backwards letting out a drunken wail of terror and screaming "Nooo! I killed you, you son of a bitch!" Then he backed up right into a thresher that Harold had turned on using his ghostly powers. Old Man McGee was shredded into ribbons, ending his reign of terror and providing a feast for all the farm animals that gathered around his remains. Our job as paranormal detectives is to see if this farm is still haunted by the restless sprit of Harold the hog.

Midwest Internet Ghost Hunter's Report: The team arrived at the farm at approximately 18:00. We set up our base of operations in the barn, positioning the sensitive ghost recording equipment (tape recorder and some sketch artists) in various strategic positions. The smell was very unpleasant and one newbie lost his lunch, much to the amusement of the veteran ghost hunters. We sat around for a long time playing gin rummy in the hay, when we heard what sounded like a pig's squeal. The team assembled into their respective positions, and I readied my camera to capture the porkish ghost. Just as we all started to think it was our imaginations, a specter of a hog wandered into the barn, squealing in an ancient tongue I dare not repeat until the light of day. I bravely snapped this photo of the pig spirit as he was charging towards us. Josh took out the photon pack and blasted the ghost, knocking it against the back of the barn and filling the air with the smell of charred bacon. When the smoke cleared, it looked like we might have made a mistake, for before us lay a real hog, now dead due to the hole bored through its side. Just then, the new owner of the farm came running in with a shotgun and pelted our behinds with birdshot. We fled as fast as we

could, leaving the angry farmer to tend to his dead pig. You might say that this outing was an epic failure, but I like to call it a reversal of success instead.

Spook Factor: (Lack of paranormal activity and the painful birdshot made this investigation totally suck).

The Haunted Hayride

History: One day I was sitting around watching that Fox reality show where a midget gets married (the whole concept is crazy!), and during a commercial break saw an advertisement for a local haunted hayride! During the commercial, they showed ghosts and ghouls jump out of cornfields and scare the children that are being pulled around the haunted site by a tractor. It was amazing that a spectral haunting of this level was captured on film and played on TV. I taped it when it came on again and showed the club at a special red alert meeting. If a haunting of this size was taking place under our very noses in our hometown, it was up to us to put a stop to it. We geared up with our ghost swords (mail order sabers that have been dipped in holy water) and ninja suits, ready to battle the legions of undead.

Midwest Internet Ghost Hunter's Report: It was awesome. There was a man at the entrance collecting five dollars to be let into the grounds. I told him that it was sick that he was profiting off this phenomenon, but he just laughed and said he liked our costumes. We hopped on the hay wagon, knowing full well that we were walking right into an ambush. The driver of the tractor started to ramble on about the haunting in this area, and seemed a bit frightened. Then a multitude of ghosts and zombies sprang out from the corn and attacked the wagon! We screamed out the Ghost Hunter battle cry and pulled our swords, jumping from the wagon and into battle. The driver exclaimed, "Holy shit!" and ran away, obviously afraid of ghosts flanking us from all sides. Some of the ghosts fled from our sight, but some counter attacked, punching and kicking while yelling, "What the hell are you doing!?" The battle was hard, but in the end we drove off the foul spirits into the corn, probably back to their own dimension. We walked back to the Ghost Hunter Escort, exhilarated at our first victory over the forces of darkness, and as we drove away we saw a few police cars pull up, obviously bamboozled over the supernatural clues left behind. Silly cops, they will never learn the truth without thinking outside of the box.

Spook Factor: *(A huge victory for the Midwest Internet Ghost Hunter Club, and it was good exercise too).*

The Arby's Encounter

History: This was not a planned investigation, and took place the same night as the haunted hayride outing. Feeling that we deserved a victory supper, the club stopped by an Arby's next to the interstate highway. What we discovered was truly frightening and made us question our own existence in this strange, strange world.

Midwest Internet Ghost Hunter Report: We entered the Arby's with rumbling stomachs, famished from the battle we just had with our enemies from the spirit realm. We all ordered combo meal number one from the pleasant lady working at the register and sat down to consume the food. But a strange thing happened when unwrapped our delicious looking roast beef sandwiches. The EMF reader we had with us started to pick up huge levels of activity around the hot sandwiches. We were amazed at this discovery and took pictures of the roast beef to document these findings. We questioned the manager of the origin of the meat and let him know

that it was haunted, but he was an ignorant man and asked us to leave. We were planning to forgo our hunger and save the specimens, but Josh ate all the haunted roast beef sandwiches while we were looking the other way. When we got back to the lab and developed the film, we found some amazing evidence of class 4 spectral activity in the sandwiches. Later on during the night, Josh was afflicted with a severe case of the plop plops, concreting the evidence that the roast beef was indeed haunted. It was an amazing night of discovery.

Spook Factor: *(A five rating was given for the fully documented spectral encounter of some really scary food and some non-haunted tasty curly fries).*

Wow, don't all these adventures into the arcane sound exciting? If you live in the Midwest and would like to join our club, please send me your resume or qualifications. Please note that once you are a full member of the Midwest Internet Ghost Hunters Club, you may not leave without consent from the ghost council, all your property and valuables belong to the club, and you must cut all ties with your family and friends. If for some reason the U.S. Government tries to shut down the Midwest Internet Ghost Hunters Club by storming our facility with tear gas and sub-machine guns, please pick up your anti-matter eliminators (rifles) in an orderly fashion, and go to your designated defense locations. Just like in the X-files, the government is always trying to cover up any paranormal activity, so we must defend the truth to the death, even if that means strapping on a vest full of explosives and jumping into an ATF van. Also, we are changing our name from "The Midwest Internet Ghost Hunters Club" to "The Michigan Militia". We feel it rolls off the tongue easier. Until next time fellow ghost hunters, this is your friend Frolixo Von Paskiewicz, keeping the dream of a world without ghosts (and non-Aryans) alive.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

3.4 I Am the Answer Man

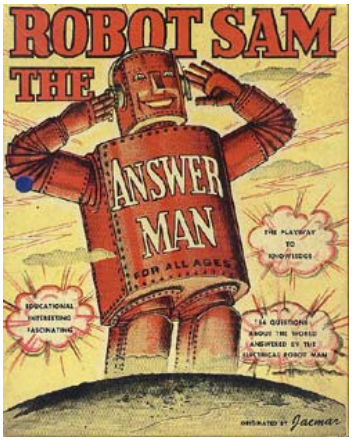
Thursday, Mar 04, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Enter the Contest You Filthy Cretins!

So far about 3/4ths of the entries for "The 2004 J-List and Something Awful Mega Kawaii Contest Prize Bucks Super-Saiyan Extravaganza!" have really sucked. That means everyone who has missed the contest or has been putting off entering should immediately follow this amazing underlined text link, read the rules, and enter the goddamn contest. I am sick out of my mind of looking at infant-quality MS Paint drawings of Pikachu and a tank.

I Am the Answer Man

I have a number of hobbies to keep me busy in between boring introspective articles and lame jokes about videogames. Many of these hobbies would not interest most of you, our beloved readers, but possibly my favorite hobby of all is answering questions. I can spend hours on end just sitting there and providing snappy answers to virtually any question posed to me. Unfortunately, I don't actually have the correct answers to any of these questions.



I'm not Robot Sam, but I do have a lot of answers.

To demonstrate this and partake in my love of answers I gave an open invitation to all of the readers on the SA Forums to ask me any question. To my delight the questions came fast and furiously like a Vin Diesel strapped to the hood of a riced-out Lancer. At the conclusion of this stimulating Q&A session I distilled the highlights, which I present to you now.

Q. "How many licks does it take to get to the center of a tootsie roll pop?" - Kezef

> **A.** Two

Q. "Why doesn't anyone on 'Friends' look like me?" - TheMadMadman

> **A.** To everyone else they do look like you, but when you travel back in time as you have there is great risk involved in seeing yourself. It might make you black out or it might kill you instantly. Your wranglers installed a chip in your brain that replaces all images of yourself with 3D renderings of King Hippo from "Mike Tyson's Punch Out".

Q. "What do you predict would have happened if the Germans had won in North Africa?" - dick jokes

> **A.** I will give you a totally accurate answer:
>
> If the DAK had captured North Africa then we would all be speaking Chinese. And doing a lot of dancing.

Q. "What was the craziest WWII vehicle that was never produced, but was conceived of?" - Antrodemus

> **A.** The craziest World War II concept vehicle that was never produced was definitely the SdKfz-233. I mean TWO machineguns? That's craziness!

Q. "Who invented folk music?" - Puffery

A. The Walt Disney Corporation

Q. "How exactly do I go about summoning a demon from the 7th circle of Hell?" - Green

A. The process is very simple.

1. Put on spell hat
2. Turn on Internet
3. Open Bit Torrent Client
4. Please seed until 2:1

Q. "Please explain the basics of fair isle (aka "picture") knitting in less than 4 steps." - Ozma

A. This process is also very simple.

1. Go to Kinko's
2. Place picture in knitocopier
3. Select number of copies
4. Hit start

Wait, FUCK! Four steps?!

Dr. Burton probably has some of the answers, but not nearly as many as me.

Q. "WTF why do I have only one Bengay patch left in the box?" - zwoisnon

A. Zionist conspiracy.

Q. "What is your favorite color?" - Outpost21

A. Two

Q. "How can I become a better bowler?" - Nitz

A. Molest children and then do push-ups until you vomit.

Q. "When is a Go-229 finally going to make it's long-overdue maiden flight?" - Solothurn

A. The Go-229 will take flight in 34,567, or 5,600 years after the Horus Heresy.

Q. "Are you kidding?" - moneyandrobots

A. I'm not sure, but I am deadly serious about Beggin' Strips.

Q. "In your opinion, what would happen if the tiny nation of Andora suddenly developed the technology to build anti-matter based weaponry and giant mechanized robot combat vehicles and became increasingly hostile towards the rest of the western world.

Do you think they could make it all the way to the United States before people realized they're essentially french anyway?" - moneyandrobots

A. Honey just sleep through it. Take some Pepcid and they will go away.

Q. "What does Marsellus Wallace look like?" - John Fütbol

A. A 19th century train's cowcatcher, which explains why I tried to fuck him like one.

Q. "Is the Pope Catholic" - Mayor Wilkins

A. Catholic like a fox maybe.

Q. "What would Americans be wearing on their heads if we had lost WW2? Is chicken pot pie or a turkey sandwich a better dinner option?" - Run_The_Shadows

A. Customized X-boxs that feature vinyl appliqués of Gadget from Rescue Rangers and dinner is for cowards.

Q. "How much do I weigh? How old am I? How much does my wife weigh? How old is my wife? What color are my lungs?" - TheLorax

A. Two, two, two, two, and two.

This adorable kitten cuddlenapping in a dolly bed probably has a lot more answers than you would think.

Q. "Stacey's boyfriend just broke up with her and now she is heartbroken because she feels her crush on Mark caused the whole fiasco. To add a little to the incident, Mark has had a crush on Hillary while going out with Steficus (Staceys best friend) for over a year now. Everyone is very distressed because the 80's dance at school was canceled due to not enough tickets being sold but the thing is, DECA members were going to buy their tickets on the last day! The 80's dance coordinators (see also: Brittney Mohler) do not know what they are doing and can not accurately predict the DECA ticket sales on the last day. On a constructive tangent, Brittney Mohler is extremely hot yet refuses to dress in the hype of fashion due to some kind of trade embargo situation with normal stores, or maybe its just some odd fixation with the local thrift store. She is not Mexican btw. Anyway, Stacey is wondering what she should do about her boyfriend and whether or not she should fall into his trap and go out with him or if they should just date for a while or if she should consider Hillary's views on the topic. Thanks in advance!" - spinflip

A. I feel Stacey's pain and totally understand what she is going through. I had a good friend who was killed on an aircraft carrier while standing too close to an arresting wire and I totally wanted him to split me like wet pine. My advice is to buy deer musk and apply it to Stacey's vagina and then wait to be shot by a passing hunter.

Q. "Do you think I'm fat? Do you love me?" - Covered In Bees

A. No baby, you're pleasingly plump. Of course I love you baby.

Q. "Does this look infected?" - Gravitee

A. I'm sorry but your baby is dead.

Q. "Is affirmative action justified?" - Zakharov

A. If affirmative action is anything like drag racing then HELL YEAH!

Q. "If a train left New York at 3:00pm travelling west at 50mph and at 4:00 a train left Los Angeles at travelling east at 40mph, which direction would the egg fall off the roof?" - TheMadMadman

A. It depends on the power of prayer.

Q. "Does Jamie Lee Curtis have testicular feminization? Seriously, America wants to know." - babyburrito

A. Jamie Lee Curtis has a fully developed penis and testicles between her legs. She also has eleven infant vaginas on her back. I'll let America be the judge.

Q. "Why am I allergic to egg white? I throw up when I eat them, and sometimes my throat closes up and I could maybe even die." - Myrddin Emrys

A. You may not be allergic to egg white. The best way to find out for certain is to insert a long funnel into your esophagus and pour a gallon of egg whites down your throat.

Cowboy Klingon has NO answers. Don't even try with him. Seriously, that guy...oh but that's for another day.

Q. "If you and Jack went horseback riding and Jack helped you off the horse, would you help Jack off the horse?" - TheMadMadman

A. I help Jack off horses constantly. Sometimes I help Jack off horses onto my chest or in my mouth.

Q. "Can somebody tell me what Christmas is all about???" - Y2Kdogg

A. Christmas is what a man and a woman who love each other very much do in the privacy of a bank vault.

Q. "How can I tell if a girl likes me?" - Bisifiniti

A. She will flare her comb and begin emitting a constant low-frequency tone from her vagina.

Q. "Why do Big Macs taste so good?" - New Jack Ruby

A. Because they are made out of man's best friend; The Orc.

Q. "How come I get so many cavities?" - Fark User #2

A. Your church attendance has lapsed.

Q. "If you take a shit and there's no toilet paper left, what do you do?" - SeñorMisterioso

A. Swing away.

Q. "What's the name of that number that comes after one and before three and the number is 2 and what is 1 + 1 and -5 - 3? " - CptPlanet

A. Three.

Q. "Who would win in an American Gladiators style Pole Jousting competition, Destro or Hitler?" - sba

A. Hitler would definitely win because of his devoted study of Krav Maga.

Q. "What is the meaning of life?" - Insane2986

A. The enchanting harmonica playing of John Popper.

Q. "Will you give me a million dollars provided that I change my name to Senior Trashbear?" - AceEbb

A. No, but I will give you thirteen million dollars provided that you change your name to Senator Trashbear

Q. "What do you love more, daddy or chips?" - Quango

A. Chips are delicious; daddy not so delicious. Chips are bad at tucking me in at night; daddy will read me a story. Advantage: Daddy. Consequently this is the title of my next book.

Q. "How do they cram all that graham?" - Frolixo

A. Pneumatic pumps and lots of technical animal fat.

Q. "When is this rash going to go away?" - Cloneborg

A. When you finally stop wanting it back.

Q. "Mexicans, is there anything they can't do?" - Meatgrinder

A. Self terminate.

I hope you have enjoyed this "best of horrible answers" session. As a brilliant means of generating more content I now extend an offer to conclude this series on Monday with an exciting reader Q&A! Just send in your questions along with a self-addressed stamped envelope to zackparsons@somethingawful.com and I will begin the flow of innacurate date once again.

Phriday 3:16!

Hi guys, its your old enemy Livestock here. I just got back from the comedy factory where the SA Forum Goons have finished putting together their latest Phriday lineup. This week we explore the dangers of product placement in movies, particularly when your movie is about Jesus. "The Passions of the Christ," in spite of all its praise, gets hit hard. It certainly wasn't the follow-up to "Beyond Thunderdome" I expected, but what can you do.

I'm just going to throw a second link out and hope that by now we've reached a point in our relationship where I don't have to try to sell these features to you anymore.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.5 Confessions of an Introvert

Friday, Mar 05, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

The face that would haunt my dreams for years.

When I was a young boy, my mother once told me that I was too shy, and that if I didn't change my ways I would eventually become a hermit. From my shadowy vantage point in the air conditioning duct above her I laughed deeply at this preposterous notion, then recoiled at my sudden outburst and scuttled further into the darkness. I had laughed at my mother's comment, but perhaps she had a point. While other children my age were playing NES games with each other, I was burying R.O.B. the Robot by the moonlight in my backyard because I could no longer brave his cold robotic eyes and their constant attempt to undress me.Some kids got their exercise by playing pickup games of kickball in the neighborhood, but I chose to run into my closet wall as many times as I could before passing out. My skin was so white that if I stood in front of a white wall you'd still be able to see me, but I'd be pretty white.

Upon reflection I realized that I truly was different from everyone else, and that something had to be done before I became a complete freak. That night I plotted my path to normalcy. The popular kids at school were typically assholes, so I decided to be more social and adopt "fuck you, grandma!" as my stock response to everything. Not only would this impress everyone and rocket me into the highest social circles, but it would finally give me an incredibly witty retort to use when my grandmother invariably made fun of me during her weekly visit.

Obviously my plan was ill-fated. After my numerous wounds healed and the swelling went down, I fell back into my safe and comfortable way of life. Through the following years I was able to open up somewhat, but to this day I remain very withdrawn. I'm still incredibly quiet, work from home and don't leave unless there's a catastrophe or I walk through the wrong door, and I only have two or three close friends (one of which I suspect is imaginary). At parties and my friend's band's shows I feel completely out of place, and in lieu of actually speaking to other people I tend to inspect the floor for hours at a time, often laying on my stomach to get a better look. Maybe I don't live in a cave and have an unkempt ZZ-Top beard, but I do live a very secluded life that most people would have a hard time understanding.

What is it that makes people like me averse to the idea of venturing out into the world? It's funny that I should pretend you asked me that! I happen to have a list of the things that keep me holed up in my house playing Star Wars Galaxies and building a robot to deal with the guy who delivers my groceries so I don't have to.

Sloths: nature's target practice.

■ Nature

I once visited a museum which was displaying the bones of a gigantic prehistoric sloth. This lumbering and docile beast had been minding its own business hundreds of thousands of years ago, perhaps picking flowers or writing poetry when a meteor fell from the heavens and smashed directly into its skull. That's right, a meteor (from *outer space*, mind you) smacked into the back of a sloth's head. What are the chances of that happening? Getting brained by a meteor has to be impossible, right? Yet right on the other side

of the inch-thick glass display case was a shattered skull with a baseball-sized chunk of space rock nestled inside. Yeah, fuck that.

As if the imminent threat of space debris isn't enough, the outside world is also filled with millions of creatures who aren't nearly as peaceful as the gentle sloth. Every time you walk out the front door you enter the territory of vicious bears, starving wolves, lost sharks, and really little snails who are total bastards and want to trip you.

Buildings

The insides of buildings are great. The outsides of buildings are horrible facades of doom and brimstone and that gunky stuff that forms in your eye when you're sleepy. Buildings are way too tall and have corners that are sharp enough to accidentally walk into and inure yourself on, but not sharp enough to do useful things like slice cheese. Walking through a city is basically like walking through a series of imposing yet ineffective cheese shredders. Try thinking about *that* without breaking down in tears the next time you set foot in a city.

People

These are people. I rest my case.

People are scary. Some of them can grow to be seven feet in height, some wear spandex bicycling shorts, and there are even reports of some people that voted for Al Sharpton in the Democratic primaries. Need further proof of the horrors mankind is capable of? People were involved in such travesties as the holocaust, the Spanish Inquisition, and my birth. Also, when people pull their eyelids inside out and flutter them, it really freaks me out. Maybe it's not a travesty, but that shit's just plain weird.

In addition to being scary, people are all over the place. There's just way too many of them. No matter where you go you're sure to run into people, unless you go to the stands of an American Football League game. As humans spread into new areas, they mark their territory much like a dog. Only instead of pissing all over everything, they're far more evil and mark their territory by building a home, then pissing into a plumbing system. Have they no idea what sort of negative impact they place on the ecosystem by witholding the very urine that trees rely upon, sick baby birds drink to get better, and Japanese porn films so desperately need?

Driving

I hate driving, and make my friends get behind the wheel whenever we go somewhere. Of course this bugged them at first, but they've gotten used to it. Travelling to and fro at high speeds in a vehicle that weighs close to a ton is, after all, a risky venture. To put things into perspective, if you drove a car full of watermelons into a wall at seventy miles per hour, the watermelons would be smashed to bits. I just can't take that sort of risk with my watermelons. Maybe you're some sort of watermelon tycoon and you can play it fast and loose, but I can't.

Some people might think I'm crazy for letting these things get to me, but I'm sure there were people who told Socrates he was crazy for drinking hemlock. Besides, in spite of my introverted nature I'm surprisingly used to criticism. Since I'm so withdrawn, how am I able to write for a site with such

a large readership as Something Awful? I guess I just don't think about it. If I took the time to imagine the hundreds of thousands of people who would be reading each and every word as I wrote my updates, I would probably lock up in sheer terror and be unable to write.

Dammit.

State Og

The boys at State Og have put together the most entertaining update of your lifetime. Especially if your lifespan is only one week, and you don't see any other form of entertainment during that week. Otherwise, it's pretty good.

> *"Don't be silly," I replied. "There's no such thing as baboons." Ah, with that quick-witted response, I felt my confidence coming back and at that point I was almost positive I had pants on. Now the only real nagging question remaining in the back of my uncertain mind was: am I wearing them on my head?*

Check out this week's State Og!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.6 I Am the Answer Man Again

Saturday, Mar 06, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Contest Continues!

We're starting to get some damn good entries for "The 2004 J-List and Something Awful Mega Kawaii Contest Prize Bucks Super-Saiyan Extravaganza!" but don't let that discourage you. You're better than them! I mean really, who do those arrogant pricks think they are?! Trying to claim your prize?! You'll show them!

I Am the Answer Man Again

Surprise, it's Zack! Greasnin contacted me to let me know that he would be busy drinking and whoring this Sunday and needed me to cover for him. The good news is that you don't have to read an update by Greasnin, the bad news is that I am going to answer all of the reader questions I received since Friday's Answer Man column. I hope you like FAQs!

Aslan has no answers.

Q. "Who would win in a duel? Captain Planet, or Patrick Swayze?" - steeeeve

> **A.** Patrick Swayze would win because Captain Planet is so afraid of being gay he won't touch another man, whereas Patrick Swayze is so secure in his masculinity and sexuality he will gladly lick taint. I mean seriously, the guy will lick taint if you ask him what time it is. On the set of "Roadhouse" his nickname was Taintrick Taintze.

Q. "Should I stay or should I go?" - Skeightterbouy

> **A.** You have only moments before the bomb goes off so don't even bother trying to flee. I suggest using the time to hug a loved one and say you're sorry for all of the wrong you have done.

Q. "Where do babies come from?" - Tom

> **A.** Babies occur naturally in and around deep-ocean geothermal vents.

Q. "Which is more fitting of capital punishment: Genocide or having a "Star Trek" themed wedding, with a full star fleet uniform dress code and the exchanging of vows in Klingon?" - pinkfreud

> **A.** The only thing worse than a Star Trek themed wedding is a Star Trek themed Honeymoon. Thinking about that just now while I was answering you made me throw up in my mouth a little.

Q. "How do you propose to achieve peace in the Middle East?" - VN

> **A.** Peace can be achieved in the Middle East with ease if the nations involved would be willing to try out my patented "Five Steps to More Peace" method.

1. Begin by combing the hair carefully
2. Trim hair as desired using comb and scissors
3. Wet hair in sink or using hand-wash
4. Apply coloring agent and work thoroughly through hair
5. Wait 30-40 minutes depending on desired change in color
6. Rinse hair and apply protecting conditioner

Whoops!! Guess that was my patented "Six Steps to Brighter Hair Colors" method. Maybe next time.

Q. "Why do most of the recent SA updates take the form of lists?" - Masu Ka

A. Why are you so ugly and fat and such a jerk and a dumby? Huh? Answer that you dumb jerk?!

This guy may have a few answers.

Q. "Why when I look at John Kerry do I think "BRAINS!!!"?" - jacksonlefteye

A. John Kerry is The Pumpkin Prince. Coming soon to a theatre near you.

Q. "Why does everybody always pick on me, but not my scabs?" - Josh

A. Your scabs are well-built and aggressive. You're a 98lb sadsack waiting to be used as a doormat.

Q. "Will you marble me a kitten snack?" - Christopher

A. I am the new Number Two. You are Number SUCKS.

Q. "Who is your daddy and what does he do?" - Totiedog

A. Emperor Nascus and he rules over the Five Kingdoms of Konreall with his Crimson Templars.

Q. "I met this girl about 2 years ago and we became real good friends. The best. But the whole time I wanned to bone her silly like nobody's business but she's got this steady boyfriend who's a total dick and he treats her no good and just doesn't understand her the way I do and I'd treat her soooo much better if she saw how I felt and gave me a chance, but now she's getting married to the dick in a few weeks and she wants me at the goddamn wedding to wish them well! So my question is: Does San Dimas Highschool football actually rule?" - Tyrone

A. No, San Dimas highschool football couldn't win a match against a team composed of hydrocephallic flipper babies with instantly fatal auto-immune disorders.

Q. "What is this grey liquid pouring out of all my orifices? And mommy can I feed baby Jesus?" - Deuces

A. That grey liquid is called "dignity" and it falls out of you every time you open your stupid mouth. As for baby Jesus, fine, if you have to, just not after midnight and DON'T GET HIM WET.

Q. "Who were the "troubadors who get killed befor they reached Bombay" in the Rolling Stones song "Sympathy for the Devil"?" - Rob

A. Probably robots, but there is a chance they were some type of sentient plants.

Q. "Does a bear shit in the woods?" - Dundershoe

A. Only when there is a line at the rest stop bathroom.

Q. "What do Snozzberries taste like?" - Phillip

A. Diesel exhaust and mango chutney.

Q. "Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?" - CodeJockey

A. Most of her is sealed in concrete at the base of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, but I like to keep her face where it belongs; nailed to my wall in a frame made out of lacquered human hair.

Probably a lot of answers here, but he's not giving them out free.

Q. "Why do people wash their hands after they go to the bathroom?" - Rev. Drake Domundo

A. They're afraid God will see their lies.

Q. "If fat people were made of jelly, would society approve of bottling and selling their innards once they die?" - exhar

A. IF?! We are made of jelly and we are coming for you exhar. Sweet, delicious, exhar.

Q. "This is a rhetorical question. Please don't answer it." - hubb

A. Mostly during the weekends, but for you any time.

Q. "Why won't you answer my question???" - Mrowca

A. I'm pretty busy with this Kraken, so if you'd like to lend a hand there Odysseus, I can get around to answering you.

Q. "Which part of the SS dress uniform do you wear most often?" - Bozo Texino

A. The lace cravat.

Q. "What Warhammer 40k army should I collect?" - Francis

A. I would either go with The Hot Dog Patrol or a bunch of river rocks painted with rainbows that you call The Hurdy-Gurdy Chapter of Space Marines.

Q. "Why won't you return my calls?" - Emily

A. Every time I pick up my phone to call you the phone starts crying and it just breaks my heart.

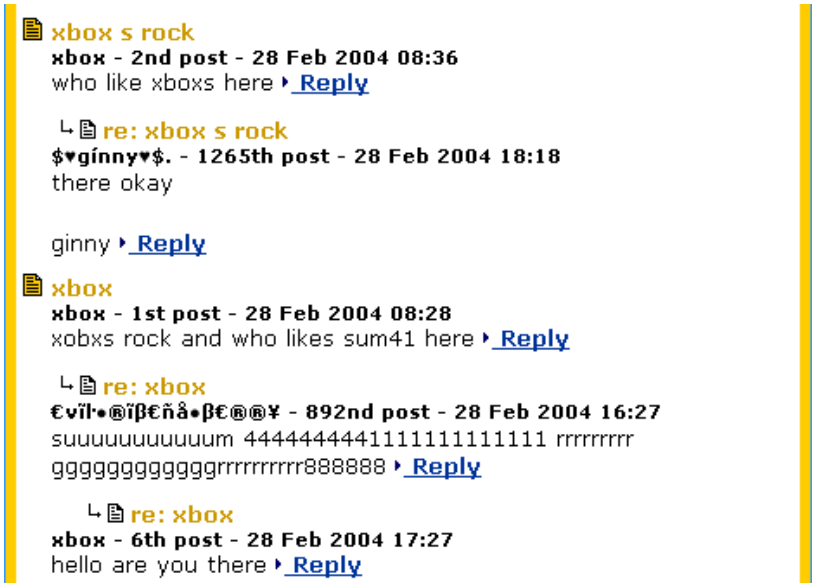
Q. "Why are Asians so short?" - Kevin

A. Two reasons; higher gravity and godlessness.

That's the last time I ever do that! I'm SICK TO DEATH of answering your fool questions. Don't ever e-mail me again.

The Weekend Web: Childrens' Edition

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here. I often wonder if kids were as dumb before the internet was created as they are today. Back in the early 1900s, did children speak as incomprehensible as they do on the internet? Did anyone ever say, "hey u fags, u wanna play stickball.???" and reply with "no fag, that's for n00bs"? No, no they didn't. I know because I have been to the 1900s. Let me tell you, kids were more courteous in those days. Life was also much different back then. At age 11 you had a job. At age 18 you were married. And at age 40 you died. Kids didn't have time to be drooling idiots, they were working. Long before they could ever talk the weight of the world had crushed their spirits. Today's silly "child labor laws" have changed all that. Kids have more free time to act like goddamn morons and pollute our internet with incredibly incoherent rants such as this.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suuuuuuuuuum 4444444441111111111111 rrrrrrrrr
ggggggggggggrrrrrrrrrr888888 Reply
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xbox - 6th post - 28 Feb 2004 17:27
hello are you there Reply

There is absolutely no rhyme or reason to it! It makes me angry! It should make you angry too. Tell Washington you want the children working in the coal mines just like the good old days. Our future depends upon it.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.7 We'll Get Through This

Sunday, Mar 07, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

This is Ben "Greasnin" Platt here with your Monday article. I know you were expecting the hijinks of Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons, who usually writes on Mondays, but I am here in his place. Wait - sit back down and take a deep breath. Exhale. Good, now let's talk about this. I'm sure you have a lot of questions. This is a traumatic experience for all of us, but with a little patience, a pinch of understanding, and just a dash of compassion, we'll make it through this difficult time with our spirits high and without having to put our therapists on speed dial.

These pictures of adorable puppies will help you through this.

Let's get right to the heart of the matter. It's Monday, and I'm writing. Where is Zack? Well, you may have noticed that Zack wrote yesterday, which is normally considered the twenty-four hour Greasninathon. You're probably wondering how and why this switch occurred. Was I demoted to the Monday slot because of the general shittiness of my last few articles? Well, let's not say things we don't mean. Personally, I don't think that writing on a Monday is a demotion at all. Mondays are when people return to work and school. It's the day when everyone tends to be in a dour mood about the seemingly endless stretch of weekdays laying before them. They need to be able to take a little break from the monotony of learning or earning money to deliberately waste their teacher or employers time by looking at a humor website. The Monday writer has the solemn and all-important responsibility of making sure these individuals can find a bit of laughter to make their days a little more bearable.

Aww... I used to have a dog that looked like that. Zack didn't. That's one more difference between us, but it's okay.

Not that there's anything wrong with Sunday. In addition to kicking off the week in earnest, the Sunday writer has the advantage of writing on many of the major holidays. Other writers will typically ignore an approaching holiday because they know it's the territory of the Sunday writer. It's like getting free articles a few times every year. Yes, there's no beating Sunday. It's definitely the best day to write for. But don't worry, I'll be back on Sundays by next week. This was a one-time thing. I wanted to be there for you yesterday, I really and truly did, but circumstances would not allow it. Like Zack said, I had to spend the day drinking and whoring, and that took precedence. It's not that I like drinking and whoring more than I like entertaining you - the Something Awful readers, it's just that I was out drinking and whoring on behalf of the United States government. You understand.

Now, for today, I may do things a little differently than Zack. For instance, while we both enjoy answering your questions, he does so in a Q&A format, whereas I simply impose questions upon you and answer them as best suits my interests. Also, whereas Zack has a good working relationship with longtime Something Awful contributor El Pinto Grande, I have refused to speak with the bigshot luchadore since I caught him looking at Leonard J. Crabs' hand during a friendly game of poker. I know these differences seem large and scary at first, but you should not allow yourself to become irrationally upset. Just remain calm and we'll deal with this together, as friends. I think you'll find you have the inner strength to get through this tough period without it disrupting your normal pattern of behavior. Just tell your friends, family, and co-workers that you may be a little on edge today, so that if you lose control

for a moment and snap at someone close to you, they will know that it is not because of something they did, but because two of the Something Awful writers have switched days on you this week. If you find yourself experiencing more serious maladies, refer to the informative advice found below:

- If your scalp becomes itchy, dunk your head into a bucket of water. Then dunk it (your head, not the bucket) into a bucket of buttermilk. Then take a shower. You're covered with buttermilk, for Christ's sake!

To us, this picture is incredibly cute. To the Chinese, it's an appetizer platter.

- If you have trouble finding the motivation to get out of bed after hearing that Zack and I switched days this week, call a local psychologist and tell him he's a pompous, annoying, warty bastard and nobody likes him. This will make you feel better about yourself and motivate you to go out into the world to tell people what you did.

- If you have uncontrollable muscle spasms in your arms and hands that make typing nearly impossible, send a detailed email to pleasehelpmewithseriousshakingsofthephallanges@somethingawful.com.

- If you feel a stinging sensation in your anus, stand up and check to see if you are sitting on a tack or pin of some sort. If so, remove the sharp object and sit back down. If not, go to the bathroom and poop immediately. Brace yourself for an unpleasant experience.

- If your nose or other facial features fall off suddenly, have a friend take a picture, or try to take one yourself. Then send me the picture. I'm sure it will be hilarious, plus it will provide fodder for my upcoming article, ELEAWTA: Leper Hunt!

- If you experience loss of appetite or nausea, take some doctor-approved Maalox. Or, alternately, smoke some pot. They're both good.

- If hair sprouts on any part of your body not normally covered in hair, do one of the following: if you are under thirteen years of age, do not be concerned. You are just becoming a man, regardless of the sex you are right now. If you are fourteen or older, you are dying. Sorry.

- If you experience terrible gas, go out and buy several dogs to blame it on. If you are female, please call me. I don't care that you have gas. We don't get many females around here.

- If you experience spontaneous combustion, turn on a fan. Maybe have a popsicle. Or why don't you just explode for no reason again, blow-up boy?

No matter what, just keep telling yourself, "It's only a website." I promise, I'll be back to my old tricks on Sunday and Zack will be editing the Geist as always next Monday. It's a promise! That is, unless the government decides I'm needed for strategic whoring purposes again.

Nitro Was The Best American Gladiator

Hey fellow internetkateers, Taylor "Pimpy P" Bell here with a prediction for the future: Nitro Family will turn out to not be a very good game! How can I say that, you ask? I played and reviewed the demo!

> *This terrible design is a shame, because Nitro Family could have been really cool. It's designed as a dual-weapon first person shooter, meaning each hand carries a weapon that can be switched, fired or reloaded independently of the other. The weapon-sales girl at the beginning claimed that the gameplay is focused around using two guns at once for combo attacks, but I began to doubt the truth of this statement when I realized it was a*

> *lie. A combo attack is when you use two different weapons to juggle enemies around – for example, you can launch an enemy into the air with a rocket launcher and then shoot him out of the air with a shotgun. This seemed like a very new and exciting innovation until I realized I'd been doing the same thing for years as a soldier in TFC. The weapon girl told me that I could do combo attacks to earn money to buy her upgraded weapons, but her weapons were overpriced and they sucked, so I skipped them and ordered a Shoot You In the Face With a Rocket, Bitch.*

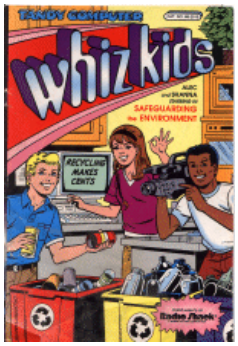
Which link goes to the review? Is it this one? Is it this one? FIND OUT AFTER THE BREAK!

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

3.8 LAN Party of the Damned

Monday, Mar 08, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Two weeks ago I was sitting in my tent outside William Shatner's house trying to come up with an idea for my next update. I longed to be pregnant with thought, both metaphorically and literally as I had just gotten a small artificial womb installed on the back of my head. My cell phone rang. It was my friend, Justin, inviting me to a LAN party at his office. Justin works for Chasma Interactive Publishing, makers of fun cell phone games I love to play while waiting for William Shatner to return my calls. Sensing potential material for an update, I grabbed the compass of opportunity and set a course for adventure.



My gaming rig is a Tandy 1000 RLX. With its 286 microprocessor and instant loading program pak, it can run complex applications like Video Chess and Global Thermonuclear War. Like Tandy Computer Whiz Kids, Alec and Shanna, I am on a mission to save the environment. I plan on accomplishing this by inventing a renewable energy source powered by ghosts.

Before going to the LAN party, Justin and I stopped at a convenience store to pick up some beer. Unfortunately, I had just gotten a facelift and several botox injections and didn't look anything like the photo on my driver's license. Remembering something I had seen in the movie *Teen Wolf*, I walked up to the cashier and said "Give me a keg" in the deepest voice I could produce while tightening the muscle on my face that I assumed made my eyes glow. What I hadn't counted on was the scary voice making Justin cry. We spent the next 20 minutes begging the cashier not to call our parents.

"You know who must sleep really well?" Justin said. "Astronauts. They just float around in zero gravity. Ah, to sleep the sleep of astronauts."

"Zero gravity sleep may sound good in theory, like Penny Arcade, but also like Penny Arcade it probably induces vomiting." I said.

"You are a very knowledgeable person." Justin said. "But are you ready to take on the advanced AI of Kawasaki Jet Ski Extreme, ripping out your opponent's spine and letting out a blood-curdling scream? We're all crazy here at Chasma. Crazy about jet skiing!"

I fought Justin and his co-workers, Brannen and Jeff, in a truly epic game of William Shatner's Tekwar. "I am the frag fucking master with my label gun!" I shouted.

Tekwar's label gun of doom.

"That isn't a label gun." Justin said.

"Shut up or I'll put on my Zombie Johnny Cash mask."

"Oh whatever, that mask doesn't even scare me anymore."

"I'm putting it on."

"No, don't."

"Hey Brannen, I've got a great idea for a cell phone game." I said. "You're Dennis the Menace, right, and you've died and gone to hell where you fight Problem Child to determine which ultimate destroyer will arise from hell and ready earth for the apocalypse."

"You're hired!"

"Great! Do you have casual fridays? Because sometimes I like to wear a leather thong and pretend I'm Japanese superhero, Cutey Honey."

"You're fired!"

"It was good while it lasted."

I put on my lobster hat to symbolize my dominance of all things Tekwar. "Ooh, a lobster hat. How original." Jeff said.

"Hey, I was into lobster hats way before it became cool to wear them." I said. "It's not my fault the hipsters keep co-opting all the hats I like."

"We need to play Far Cry." Justin said. "It's a sensuous experience a thousand times greater than an orgasm."

"You mean like playing in a ball pit?"

"Imagine a ball pit as big as a tennis court filled with balls of every color of the rainbow."

"Awesome! Let's play."

Our elite commando unit fanned out across the virtual jungle. Justin directed us toward a clearing in the foliage using subtle body language known only to seasoned killing simulation veterans such as ourselves.

"Sweet, a jeep! Can I drive it?"

"No way, you're too drunk."

"I am not. Oops, sorry I puked on that rug. Don't worry, I'll pay for it. Oh crap, my wallet fell into the puke."

"This sucks. Let's play Planetside instead."

"I'd like to but Sony cancelled my account for psychic feedbacking; using my psychic powers to have mental sex with other players and then, just as they were climaxing, masturbating to one of my dad's metal detecting magazines, giving their somatosensory cortex the sensation of being molested by veteran relic hunters."

THE FUTURE

"I like this tropical island setting. It reminds me of that Jimmy Buffett song about giving up all your material possessions to live on an island in the caribbean."

"Uh, you just described every song Jimmy Buffett has ever written."

"Don't be hating on Jimmy Buffett. He's sold more albums than John Romero has had sex. With himself."

"Hey Brannen, remember when you fired me? Well, I don't need your crappy job anyway because I just signed up for the Umbrella corporation's executive training program. Do you know what that means? It means that in a few years I could make assistant zombie lab manager. Then I'll be making enough money to buy and sell pathetic worker drones like yourself."

The next game we played was Gunman Chronicles, a futuristic epic featuring explosions and most of the red lighting from *Aliens*.

"Wow, I had no idea the future would suck this much."

"You probably thought the future would be all rocketships and capes, didn't you? Well, I have seen the future and the future isn't about fun. The future is the look frozen on your best friend's face when you pull his charred corpse out of a pile of scrap metal and sourceless colored lighting. The future is the horror in your eyes when you realize the human-sized air duct you just climbed into is full of giant spiders with purple iridescent blood."

"Guys, I'm abstaining from playing. I object to the pro-slavery overtones of the Gunmen's confederate army uniforms."

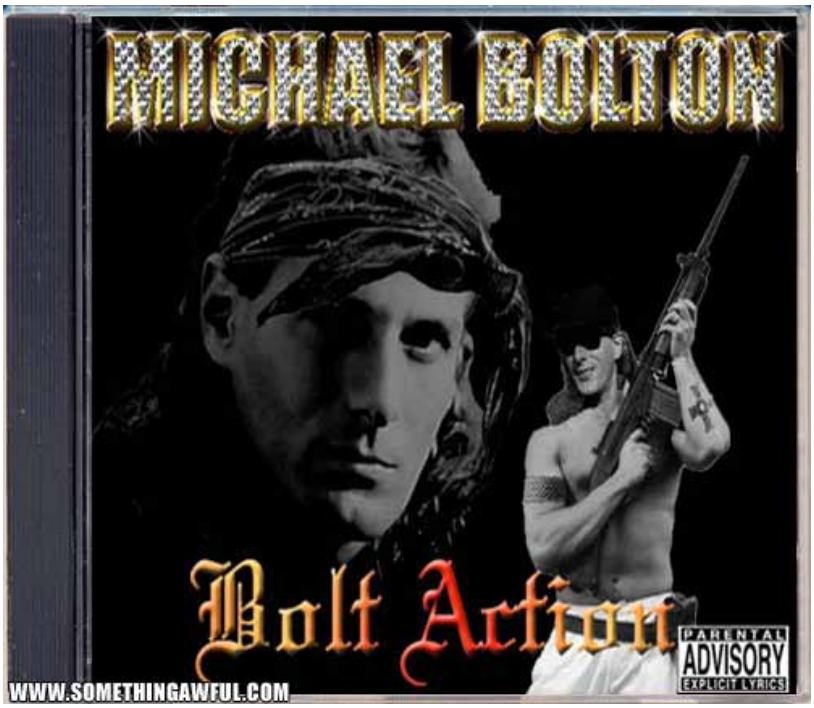
"Shut up, Jed, and stop tapping Knuckles's theme from Sonic the Hedgehog 3 on your table. No one here thinks you're cool. Oh, now you're tapping it on the back of my head, huh? Fine, just keep that up. As soon as this game is over I'm going to punch you in the face and then your face will swell up so much it'll look like it's growing its own ass."

The last thing I remember before passing out was standing on a table saying something about a dune buggy race around the world. If there's a moral attached to this rambling incoherent mess of a story, it's that Keystone Light should not be consumed by anyone ever. I'm pretty sure it consists of distilled redneck piss mixed with iodine.

◘ Advanced Vapor Action!

As we all know, musicians can be a weird bunch. Michael Jackson, Janet Jackson, Tito Jackson. You get the idea, they're nuts. So it's not terribly hard to see them break out of their usual music genre and go totally freaking nuts. Madonna the nun? Done. The Dixie Chicks good? Done. Superman and Batman singing acapella? That really doesn't fit here but ok, done.

Thanks to forum Goon Liquidex for starting up the thread that spawned this Comedy Goldmine.



Sleep deprived euphoria, here I come. Right back where I started from.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

3.9 The Majestic Splendor and Glory of Hiking

Tuesday, Mar 09, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Contrary to popular belief, I'm not an elderly paraplegic woman with an intense hatred towards the more able-bodied and youthful members of humanity. I don't know how that myth got started, but it's one that hardly holds up, especially when I'm out doing things no ordinary elderly paraplegic woman could do. One thing I like to do is go hiking, an act that requires the explicit usage of functional legs. I have not just one, but two such limbs, which I use in a process called walking. This process is what I believe keeps me fit as a fiddle and higher up on the food chain than snakes and eels, two popular quadriplegic varieties of animal. Hiking is by no means a pedestrian activity, as it requires great stamina, a willingness to move, and all but necessitates leg coordination. These are things the common man is often incapable of, thanks in part to the muscle destroying power of television, cars, and those deadly blood clots that kill millions of airline passengers each year. Because I believe that hiking is something that should be understand and not feared, though dark and mysterious it may be, I'm dedicating this entire update to the topic of gun control. Wait, no, fooled you! We're talking about hiking.

Hiking was invented in the 1950s by Professor Bernard Hikenson, a con artist who trampled on social norms by once walking on the rugged grass adjacent to a sidewalk. His unorthodox behavior spread, and soon others were daring to walk where sidewalks and roadways feared to settle. Since then, hiking has become a beloved pastime, because unlike sports, it requires little more than deliberate and calculated leg movement. With hiking you don't have to catch any balls or tackle anyone, and I find that comforting, since my premature rigor mortis makes it difficult for me to do anything that requires hand-eye coordination or minute amounts of strength. But hiking is universal and requires very little if any training. Everyone from cocaine addicts to super-powered rocket popes can roam freely about the hiking trails of the world, so long as they don't mind being right smack in the midst of the great outdoors.

Not only is hiking easy, but it's also cheap and requires precious few supplies. At the most, you'll only need the following items:

- Grappling hook (for hiking up walls).
- Shoes (we are not cavemen).
- Bottled water (to wet down your shirt so as to give the illusion you somehow worked up a sweat walking).
- A cell phone (to call for help in case you get lost or fall down and need some help getting back up).
- A bag of popcorn (to mark your path so that you can find your way back).
- Scroll of Town Portal (for when things start to get hairy).
- Hazmat suit (to protect against ticks and mosquitoes).
- A walking stick (so that you look stupid).

Some people will try to tell you that you can hike anywhere. For example, if you have ever gone to a shopping mall in the morning, you may have heard the sounds of artificial legs creaking, walkers rattling, and haunting moans emanating from strained elderly vocal chords. These are not the

sounds of some macabre marching band holding a pep rally for death. No, these are sounds of the mall walkers, an ancient race of humans lost forever to the passage of time. Yes, they certainly are walking, but by no means are they hiking. Hiking takes place outdoors, far from the pleasant indoor atmosphere of the shopping malls, where the cursed people dwell.

Native Americans might tell you that nature is sacred and should be respected, but fear not, for in our society it is perfectly acceptable to treat her like a dirty bitch. Just not when you are hiking, unfortunately. Since state parks and other hiking destinations of the like tend to have strong laws that prevent you from, oh, say, building a log cabin or dumping bags of trash, you best just look and not touch. On that note, there are some simple rules you need to follow when hiking, as ordained by Woodsy the Owl, the modern manmade God of Nature:

WE ARE HIKING.

- Give a hoot, don't pollute. If you have trash, don't be brash. Don't do the crime if you can't do the time. Don't talk the talk if you can't walk the walk. Throw it in a garbage can, asshole. Introducing foreign elements such as trash into nature can have unpredictable consequences, especially if that trash is a leaking canister of mutagen ooze.
- Do not touch or move any sticks, twigs, leaves, rocks, or anything else for that matter, otherwise you will disrupt the natural humus. Should you accidentally brush against a stick or twig, immediately call a ranger for help. There will be some paperwork and forms to fill out, and some jail time as well, but it's best to get that straightened out.
- If you encounter a wounded animal, do not touch it. Instead poke it with your walking stick. If the animal reacts negatively to you poking it, then the animal is perfectly sane and therefore in no need of help. However, if it reacts favorably to the poking, the animal is clearly mad, and you must then cremate it using whatever resources you have available.
- Hiking in public parks at night can be dangerous, partly because of the lack of light, and partly because of the rapists. Don't go hiking at night without a flashlight and chastity belt.
- If you encounter a hostile animal, cast a lulling spell and quickly leave the area. If you have no mana, pretend to be dead. Even as the animal tears into your flesh with its menacing teeth and claws, pretend to be dead. Keep pretending to be dead until you are dead. You had your chance and you blew it.
- Watch out for scorpions! They can teleport, spear you, and spit fire.
- At no point should you ever detonate an explosive or eat dingleberries.
- It is a crime to go into the woods, slowly kneel, smell the fresh air, gaze all about in admiration of nature, only to then stand back up again and take a deep breath. Don't even think about doing such a horrible thing.

- If you have to go to the bathroom, do so in your pants and not on or around the trails. If anybody asks why you appear wet or to be carrying a load, make up an elaborate excuse such as, "I wanted to get a picture of a badger wearing my clothes, but when I put them on him, he had an accident. Naturally I couldn't walk out of the woods naked!" If this excuse doesn't suffice, start running away. Nobody goes for a walk on his or her toilet, so don't try to make the places where you walk into a toilet.

There is a lot of sightseeing to be had from hiking. The rustic environments can be mighty inspiring as the colorful greens bathe in the intrepid blue of the sky, which is located directly above the ground. As pretty as the sky is, it can hardly compete with the wonderful varieties of trees and plants, the remarkable rock formations, the peaceful streams, and the countless unmarked graves of murdered prostitutes. The gentle noise of the outdoors, eerily similar sounding to one of those "Sounds of Nature" relaxation tapes, can be quite comforting as well. But beyond the beauty of the setting, the most important part of hiking is getting exercise. If you're an American, chances are you need it very bad, because you're going to die very soon from obesity. Get off your coach, put that half-eaten ham back in the fridge, and go get some goddamn exercise! You can take it from me – this hiking business is worth the effort!

Strawberry Fields Forever, and Ever, and Ever...

Hey there cats and kittens, it's me, Ben "Grabowski" Platt here with a movie review. This time we're taking a look at the "Blair Witch" wannabe, "Strawberry Estates." It's a fun-filled romp, as long as you consider being in a coma to be strenuous aerobic exercise.

> *"Strawberry Estates" was released in 1997, two years before its clear counterpart, "The Blair Witch Project." However, that was still not before "The Blair Witch" was shot or before its massive hype began. By that point, there were already articles in newspapers and magazines talking about the independent horror film that would revolutionize the genre by making its story about three kids lost in the woods seem entirely realistic. When Ron Bonk heard that news, he was struck by inspiration. "By golly," he said, "I'm going to steal that idea, or my name isn't Ron Bonk!" And how did the esteemed Mr. Bonk accomplish this feat? Simple. Whereas "The Blair Witch Project" took years to piece together from all of the extra footage and useless bits that the three randomly selected "actors" managed to capture while out in the Burkittesville woods, Ron Bonk skipped all of that hassle by actually putting together a script for his actors and just asking them to pretend like it's all spontaneous, thus eliminating the need to pare down the usable material. Naturally, the end result is a badly-scripted piece of schlock with actors doing the worst job they can muster. Hooray for independent cinema!*

Frankly, I'm sick of this movie! I now inflict its horror upon you! Enjoy!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.10 Bees Do Not Need Money Because They Live in Hives

Wednesday, Mar 10, 2004 by Tom "moof" Davies

A wise man once said "money can't buy me love," but personally I think he is crazy because obviously it can. Well robot-love anyway, because with a lot of money one could quite easily build a robot that is designed specifically to love. I don't know about human love to be honest, but I guess you could buy a lot of flowers or something and maybe that would work. Of course flowers sometimes have bees in them and if you gave a girl a flower with a bee in it and the bee came out and stung her on the face then it would be really embarrassing because the girl would be in pain and also tragic because the bee would die. Bees don't need money anyway, all they need is pollen to make honey with and they are happy. We should all be like bees.

Bee Happy :)

But in this corrupt world we are not bees and we need money because it can be exchanged for the important necessities in life such as food and tarot cards. "Oh but Moof my dear," the voice in my head asks, "I don't have any money, can I have some please?" No you silly devil you cannot because I do not have any. However, like a beautiful angel sent from the heavens as in the bestseller novel The Bible, I am going to make you all millionaires. Simply follow my simple guide and choose the path that is right for you, and before you know it you will be living in an enormous mansion with an Olympic-sized swimming pool filled with cocaine and live dogs made out of gold. On the moon.

Method One: Invent Something

I was driving on the highway a few days ago and a thought occurred to me. At first I was surprised, and then a little afraid, but when I had come to the realization that I was capable of abstract thought while simultaneously being flung through the desert at eighty miles per hour inside my rusted deathtrap named Bogart, I came to recognize the full potential of what had just struck me. The idea was a simple one - FeatherKitties. I intend to breed a new species of animal that is basically a kitten with feathers. I am not sure how I will do this yet but maybe I will use some kind of genetic machine or ask Jesus. The FeatherKitty is sure to be a great hit with all the family, combining the warm and lovable qualities of a cat with the beautiful plumage of an eagle. I do not yet know if it will have a beak or not, but it will definitely be able to lay eggs. They will not fly because that would be ridiculous.

OH SPOKKERJONES

Method Two: Get a Job

This is the method that is least likely to succeed while also requiring the most work. It is terribly difficult to find a job that pays a great deal of money. If you know how to build rockets or perform brain surgery then you may be in luck, but I feel I can do both with a little practice and yet I have a terrible job that mostly consists of smiling a lot even when I am crying inside.

Method Three: Marry a Rich Person

Please do not tell him, but I am currently trying to win the heart of Something Awful's very own Zachary "SpokkerJones" Gutierrez. One day I hope we will get married and live in his sprawling underground bunker located deep beneath New York City where we can plot the destruction of the western world and dance all night beneath the stars and five hundred feet of rock and dirt. Shhh, it's a secret.

Method Four: Kill a Rich Person

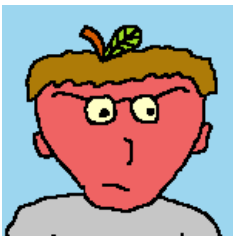
If SpokkerJones shuns my advances he will be in for a little surprise, if you catch my drift. Hehe.

Any one of these tried and tested methods will put you on the fast road to financial freedom and the moral bankruptcy that comes with having enough money to buy an entire African tribe. "What will life be like when I am as rich as a hog in mud?" I can hear the voice ask me. I do not know, voice. Here are some examples of rich people and maybe you can make up your mind for yourself for once in your life.

- **The Richest Person in the World - Bill "AppleHead" Gates**

Bill "AppleHead" Gates spent the majority of his 50 billion dollar fortune researching and implementing a replacement head that is also an apple. With his apple head, Mr. Gates now controls both the software world and the world of fruit. I fear it will not be long before every home computer is accompanied by a small army of bananas and melons, ready to strike at any moment.

- **The Second Richest Person in the World - George W. "Have You Forgotten?" Bush**



His head is made of apples and love and applelove.

George Bush made most of his money by stealing it from his father and smuggling oil across the border during the Vietnam War. He uses a lot of the money to buy big cowboy hats and big cowboy horses, but the majority of it goes towards a tireless campaign of reminding people who have forgotten. Who could forget, I hope you have not forgotten. Don't worry if you have forgotten, because soon you will remember again. Even if it took these three years to put those terrible images out of your mind, all you have to do is turn on your television and you will be reminded once again. I certainly have not forgotten. A vote for George W. Bush is a vote for remembering stuff, unless it is "how to vote for a person who is not a maniac."

- **The Third Richest Person in the World - Gabe "Headcrab" Newell**

The man behind the hit video game *Half-Life*, as well as its expansion packs *Half-Life: It's a Trap!* and *Half-Life: Dinowarriors*. Gabe is now working on the sequel, which is to be released some time this year and will include the following amazing updates:

- The main character, Gordon Freeman, can now bury himself underground and dig through the soil like a mole.
- New enemies include seven different types of zombies, another helicopter with a gun, and a surprise guest appearance. (Clue: it is Nemo from Disney's blockbuster family movie *Finding Nemo*!!).
- All weapons will be replaced with nonviolent alternatives, such as *The Hands of Praying* and *The Love Dove*.
- Crates will be improved with many different varieties of wood, including pine, birch, and even mahogany!

While writing this travesty of an article, I could not help but feel that the bees have got it easy. They never have to worry about paying bills or anything of the sort. Oh to be a bee, flying around all day without a care in the world. Imagine a world in which we are all bees, my friends. Nothing to kill or die for, and a lot of honey too. Bzzzzz.

-~Tom "moof" Davies

3.11 The Mexican Candy Bandito Shoootout

Thursday, Mar 11, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A couple months ago I managed to enrage a lot of people by claiming that "Jews can't make pizza". While I admitted that it wasn't impossible for Jewish people to make good pizza - they just generally do not make good pizza - this was insufficient for some. To those who were furious about my broad-strokes stereotyping of Jews as incompetent pizza engineers; PLEASE STOP READING NOW. Are you gone? Seriously? Good!

Okay, to everyone else; Mexicans can't make sweet things! Go into any Mexican restaurant and take a gander at the menu. If the place has any dessert at all it's almost definitely awful, bland, or just some American or European dessert. It's just a fact of life that Mexican restaurants serve a variety of delicious meals accompanied by some of the worst desserts you will ever taste. Since I live in a heavily Mexican ethnic area of Chicago I had the opportunity to extend my findings on Mexican confections beyond the restaurant menu. I set out to prove that Mexican candy is at least as inept and terrible as Mexican desserts, and I managed to achieve better results than I could have possibly dreamed.

In this article you will accompany me on a culinary journey through ten different confectionary abominations from south of the border. Some are hollow parodies of American sweets and others are bizarre and terrifying treats as dark as the most brutal Aztec blood ritual.

Obleas de Cajeta

Description: The package for the Obleas de Cajeta contained three very thin discs that looked like a mixture of caramel and wafer and had "milk candy wafers" on the front in English. In addition the package contained three "Pulparindo Mango" hard candies. All of the candy in the package was individually wrapped, which was somewhat reassuring.

The Look: Once removed from their individual wrappers the Obleas de Cajeta appeared less like some sort of caramel wafer and more like a hard and sticky caramel sandwiched between two sheets of single ply toilet paper. The Pulparindo Mango candy looked like most normal hard candy.

The Smell: The inside of the bag containing the mixed candies smelled faintly of machine parts and some weird oily sour smell. That latter scent was probably from the Pulparindo, but the machine part smell was a little bit troubling.

The Taste: The Pulparindo hard candy was decent but very similar to other hard candies I'd had in the past. It was the kind with the hard outside and then a thick but slightly chewy fruit flavored middle. Not to give away the research early, but the Pulparindo turned out to probably be the best tasting of all of the Mexican candy. The Obleas de Cajeta, on the other hand, was completely disgusting. The caramel was very hard and had an unpleasant taste to it. More bothersome was the translucent wafer that sandwiched the caramel. It had a disgusting papery texture and added a bitter taste to the candy that prevented me from eating a whole disc.

Elotes Sucker

Description: Corn flavored candy is something I have seen before at stores but never dared to try. The Elotes Suckers claim to be nothing more than individually wrapped corn flavored suckers, which doesn't sound particularly good but doesn't sound all that terrifying either. Oh how incorrect I was.

The Look: Things started to go wrong with the Elotes Suckers when I pulled one out of the bag and noticed the white stick the sucker was attached to was covered with crusty brown smears of dried nasty. Removing the sucker from its wrapper revealed that it too was covered with the same filth, layered thickly enough over the grotesque brown ear-of-corn shape of the sucker to make it look like a long neglected anal sex toy of some sort. My appetite for this experiment was plummeting and I was only on the second item.

The Smell: Oddly enough the corn flavored sucker smelled like hay that was drenched with urine. The aroma wasn't particularly strong (although it was soon to become a recurring theme) so against my better judgment I pretended it was just a byproduct of additives or seasoning or something.

The Taste: For some idiotic reason I had forced psyched myself up for plunging head first into each of these candies. That meant no tiny tastes, no little licks; I was going to be a man and stick a shitty ass dildo right into my mouth no matter how much it reeked of horse urine and hay! The taste of the Elotes Sucker brought to mind a lot of bold imagery, from the apocalyptic horrors of the Holocaust to solitary brutality of a crime of passion. In the end the image that fixed in my mind as the sandy and painfully salty outer layer of the Elotes Sucker made contact with my tongue was that of chewing a long rotten sea cucumber corpse that had been floating in a rancid tidal pool for over a month. I have never tasted anything as salty as this and I have actually tasted a salt-lick before. It was pure super-concentrated salt, and there was no way I was persevering through the layers of sodium to discover whatever Lovecraftian horrors lurked beneath.

■ Watermelon Suckers

Description: Fighting through the rising tide of madness threatening to consume my very soul I persevered with the experiment and prepared the second type of sucker for testing. This, at least, promised to be a less salt-laden foray as the "corn" (read: salt) was replaced with "watermelon" (read: sugar). The packaging was virtually the same on these suckers and I noticed the same ominous brown streaks on the sticks before I even removed them from the bag.

The Look: The corn suckers were shaped vaguely like ears of corn, the watermelon suckers were shaped like boxes. I was a bit wary because in addition to the brown streaks on the stick the watermelon sucker was also very brown in color. I hung in there because I know a lot of dried fruits end up brown after the dehydration process and this sucker appeared to have a different and much finer crust on the outside. It basically looked like cat shit covered with sand.

The Smell: The exact same pissy hay reek that the corn sucker had. This should have been a red flag on the play but I kept going nearly heedless of the danger.

The Taste: The warning signs were too numerous to completely ignore this time around so I did make one concession to my standard sampling procedure and only inserted it halfway into my mouth. This move turned out to backfire on me as the concentrated salt once again flooded my taste buds and then, agonizingly, seared directly into my lips. Any minute differences in flavor between the watermelon and corn suckers were lost somewhere near the fucking Dead Sea Scrolls as my body attempted to fight back an immediate stroke. After all of the experimenting was done my lips were still raw hours later from this sucker.

■ Picosito

Description: Packaged in a pair of colorful salt-shakers this "candy" was actually a "fruit seasoning". So far my preconceptions of Mexican seasoning had been shattered and replaced with the concept that "salt=candy", but I hadn't given up all hope. Even if the shakers contained nothing but salt I would at least have the option of minimizing the amount used.

The Look: The powder that emerged from the Picosito shaker was a mixture of crystalline grains that were either salt or sugar and several orange and red spices. I assumed that they were probably salt and some type of water-reactive element like cesium.

The Smell: That fucking hay smell! Where is it coming from?! Did I forget to shower after I rolled around in my pony's stall AGAIN?

The Taste: For this taste test I had several pieces of cantaloupe to season with the Picosito. The first attempt I sprinkled only a very small amount on the fruit and could not get a real feel for the way it tasted. My second go at it I totally covered the top of the fruit in a solid mound of the magical Picosito dust. Braced for the worst, I was pleasantly surprised when my tongue didn't immediately swell up in agony. I would describe the flavor of the Picosito itself as a sweet and salty taste with a hint of spice. I'm leaning toward red pepper as opposed to cinnamon. When combined with the fruit, well, it made the fruit worse, but that's a definite step up from the last two candies.

■ Pico Diana

Description: These individually wrapped packages of powder looked like some sort of designer drug. The label featured a very happy peanut in a sombrero waving to me. I think that means this stuff was meant to season very happy Mexican peanuts, which I don't have, so the game plan was to pour a packet into my mouth.

The Look: The powder inside the package looked like orange sugar. There was no differentiation between different seasonings like in the Picosito, which is why it looked like a designer drug. Actually, what it looked like was the stuff people's blood would turn into in "The Andromeda Strain", so I enjoyed pretending I was eating blood.

The Smell: Hip-Hip-Hayyyyyyy! Maybe the packaging plant where all this stuff came from is inside a giant overcrowded barn shared with a swarm of diuretic mules.

The Taste: Sweet and salty with an odd processed chemical taste. It brings to mind residues forming on the mouth of hoses used for embalming corpses. In fact, you can probably get a good idea for what this tastes like by cutting off the finger of an embalmed corpse with a pair of scissors and sucking on the stump.

■ Bubblegum Coins

Description: Candy coins are not a concept new to me. I've consumed many a chocolate and ju-ju coin in my day, but I had not yet sampled a Bubblegum coin. The main thing I noticed about these coins was that they appeared to be of a substantially lower minting quality than American candy coins. Perhaps a sly comment on the low value of the Mexican peso or just simple flaws in the manufacturing process; the world may never know.

The Look: When removed, with difficulty, from the hard foil coin exterior, the bubblegum inside more closely resembled slices of pepperoni. It was a dark pink gone even darker and drier around the edges. I opted to give the gum the benefit of the doubt and assume this was a side effect of being produced in a traditionally arid environment.

The Smell: An extremely strong gum smell that served as a welcome antidote to the waves of pissy hay I had been exposed to.

The Taste: The Bubblegum Coins tasted like bubblegum, but they tasted like the worst bubblegum I've ever had. They tasted like Pal gum; dry, too sweet, and overly bitter on first taste. If you've never had Pal gum, think old Bazooka gum only worse. That said, a decent stand-in for an American product was once again a welcome respite from the horrors I was facing at every turn.

■ Duvalin

Description: This was one of the scarier looking delicacies I subjected myself to. In the bag of Duvalin there were four pudding cup style containers that were only about half an inch deep. Written dismayingly on the paper label of the bag was "Skim Milk Candy". This combined with the greasy condensation inside the bag worked to churn my stomach before I'd even opened the package.

The Look: There were two flavors of Duvalin; chocolate and strawberry. Each cup consisted of a foil top and inside about half an inch of extremely thick pudding-like substance divided diagonally into the main flavor and "white".

The Smell: Hayyyyyyyy! It didn't smell like hay! Actually it smelled almost exactly like cheesecake.

The Taste: Compared to everything else I sampled with the possible exception of the Mango hard candy the Duvalin cups were delicious. Don't get me wrong, they were not very good, but they tasted like pre-made cake icing and that was a fantastic surprise. If you are determined to enter the bizarre realm of Mexican candies I would recommend Duvalin as your starting point.

Pelucas

Description: Phallic shaped push-pops with a baseball hat on the top for a lid. When removed the baseball cap revealed a grid through which the delicious tamarind sludge inside would emerge.

The Look: The Pelucas container was operated like a very hard-to-push syringe and it took both hands to force the tamarind paste out through the grid. When it did it looked exactly like thick baby food emerging from a Play Doh Fun Factory, only much less fun. Instead of turning bright blue non-toxic clay into a crude dinosaur I was about to insert a possibly toxic tamarind gunk into my mouth.

The Smell: Okay, this was just getting ridiculous. The fucking plastic Tamarind Fun Factory smelled like hay.

The Taste: Imagine a heavily salted fruit roll-up that had somehow been blended with Lysol into the exact consistency of cookie dough. It was not quite as bad as I expected, but that's like saying "this radioactive strontium bar I swallowed isn't as bad as I expected". Danger and probable death on the horizon for me!

Pica Limon

Description: The Pica Limon came in a package very similar to Pico Diana; very small individual packets full of powder. In the case of Pica Limon I could not see what the powder looked like, and although it called it "Lemon and Chili Powder" on the package I wasn't really sure what it was intended for. I didn't have any fruit to put it on, I didn't have peanuts, so my one option was to balls-up and down an entire packet at once. This turned out to be the biggest mistake of my entire life.

The Look: Inside the package was what appeared to be sugar. It looked pretty harmless to me! WHOOOOOPS!

The Smell: Like machinery.

The Taste: I like sour candy quite a bit. Sour Patch Kids are a tasty treat and even those idiotic Warhead sour candies go down with barely a pucker, but this candy made me gag. When I upended the package into my mouth it was like pouring fire onto my tongue. I literally choked and sputtered and fought against my instincts to spit it out. I grabbed blindly for the bag as the salty/sour mixture stabbed into my throat. Finding it, I spit the mouthful of evil out, and scrambled into the bathroom to rinse out my mouth. After I had satisfied myself that I had emptied the flavor I realized that my teeth were coated in whatever demonic sins this shit had deposited there.

Pulpitas

Description: I have to confess, seeing the package of Pulpitas hanging on the rack is what convinced me to do this article. It looked so ridiculous and disgusting that I knew I had to put it in my body. The Pulpitas consisted of an elaborately trashy arrangement intended for eating whatever the hell dark secrets were inside while on the go.

The Look: Within the Pulpitas bag were two sealed plastic envelopes containing what looked like meat slurry. Next to these envelopes were two plastic spoons, each wrapped in plastic wrap and tied closed with a rubber band. In the spoons were lumps of congealed ketchup, or so I thought.

The Smell: Hay, of course.

The Taste: The contents of the spoon were no more disgusting than I had really anticipated. It was a solid greasy lump of something similar to ketchup but slightly sweeter. I have absolutely no idea what its purpose was and using it in conjunction with the vile envelope was pretty futile. The envelope, on the other hand, was surprisingly much more horrible than I had expected. The contents was a mass of dark brown slime with several more solid nodules inside that looked vaguely hairy. Inside these nodules I could feel a rock-hard center. I assume this was the pit of some sort of fruit, but the dangerous fact that it was included was vaguely amusing had I not been about to put it in my mouth. The flavor of the slurry was slightly fruity, tangy, and entirely unpleasant. When I forced myself to bite into one of the nodules a gush of bitter taste surged into my mouth as if I had bitten into a cyst on the back of Satan. I tried licking the wad of gunk on the spoon to make it better but that only wasted time. Finally I resigned myself to ingesting some of this nastiness and swallowed.

I love Mexican food, I love Mexican people, I even like Spanish, but curse their fucking candy to its grave! Having completed this experiment I assumed the nightmare was behind me and that I was safe. Then I made the mistake of searching for information on one of the two manufacturers of candy and the first result was a little notice from the FDA. Hello lead poisoning! Goodbye average intelligence!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.12 The Diet of the Future

Friday, Mar 12, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

You might as well face it; you're addicted to deep fried moon pies. Many people in the great nation of America have struggled with weight lately due to the delicious variety of readily accessible food at their fingertips. Obesity in this country is growing at an alarming rate with no signs of slowing down. After the majority of both parents in the households started working, and the increased number of divorce rates, the bulk of children's meals consist of junk food like pizza rolls and pixie stix, an easy alternative to bothersome home cooked meals. I myself was raised on bagel bites and gummi bears, making me grow into a miniature Buddha that had to be rescued countless times by the fire department whenever I fell on my back, helpless against the scorching sun. I also found out early on that overweight people can be teased horribly when the firemen would butter me up and let me cook like a fresh ham for a while before flipping me over and having a big laugh with their chums back at the station about how they baked a fat kid. For those struggling against the tasty temptations that snacks have to offer, it's an uphill battle when you are picked on everyday or put into a wheel barrel and dumped off a cliff into the dark, swirling waters below. A lot of people eat because they don't feel good about themselves and this just adds to the vicious cycle. So what can people of large girth do to stop the hate?

The answer is nothing. It's a proven fact that fat people look pretty funny and it's a lot of fun to push them over with hilarious results. The only way to stop being picked on in this society where the idea of beauty is nothing short of a freshly decomposing skeleton is to lose your excess weight. If you can lose enough pounds to blend back into the populace without being noticed, as well as successfully hiding your past by burning all your old photos and acquiring a new identity with forged documents and papers, you will have a chance of living a normal life.

Baron Von Piggy wants you to join the Frolixo Diet.

While this is no easy task, science is making it easier for people to lose weight. Thanks to Dr. Akins, the inventor of the popular "Akins Diet", who passed away recently (pouring out a 40 for you bro), and Dr. South Beach who just created the new "South Beach" diet, it is becoming possible to lose weight. This is all well and good, but many still complain that the process is too slow, and they want fast results so they can go to the prom and break dance, winning the heart of the prom queen and voted #1 super cool guy in the process. Tummy tucks and liposuction has always been an option for those who are weak, lazy, or dangerously obese, but they cost a lot of money, and only can be afforded on a weatherman's salary. Why isn't there a diet for the common folks who want results fast? Well I have good news for you folks, and it's not that Jesus has a plan for you. It's that I am now a doctor of medicine through a system of confusing Nigerian emails, and I have created a new diet just for you called : "The Frolixo Diet". For those of you sick of trying the same old thing, join me in a magic journey of losing weight the fun and easy way. For those of you who are of normal weight or skinny, fuck off you elitist assholes.

The Frolixo Diet Created by Dr. Frolixo

■ **Phase 1:** This is the first phase of my diet that I like to call "Phase 1". You can call it whatever you want, but I feel that if you number the phases in the order of progression, it's a whole lost easier to keep track of. At first I named the phases after seawater crustaceans, but it proved to be an unsound method when my test patient started the lobster phase before the giant sea crab phase and went into a coma for two weeks. I assure you that it was nothing serious, and he has all the feeling back into his arms and legs now. The doctors say that soon he will be able to use his fingers and toes and that the brain damage is minimal.

Phase 1 is designed to get you ready for the fast paced latter phases of the Frolixo Diet. Think of your large gut as a alien force that needs to be properly studied and scouted before attacking it with your war ships of weight loss. Since now you are forced by the evil hamburger corporation of McDonalds to do away with super-sizing your fries, it should be a little easier to start this off. The first thing I want you to do is start a list of goals you want to achieve with this diet, and then eat the list. Goals are for faggots, the Frolixo Diet gets results

■ **Phase 2:** Are you ready to feel the burn? Well too bad because this phase is dedicated to learning what foods you should be eating, and what foods you need to issue restraining orders on. It is EXTREMLY important to stay on the food plan that I am going to outline for you. If you begin the process and then cheat like a little piggy then you will suffer horrible and irreversible consequences and praying for death won't help. Don't think you can get away with it by hiding in the closet and feasting on cupcakes. Santa knows when you've been naughty or nice, and I'm really tight with him so he'll let me know. Here are the foods you cannot eat on the Frolixo Diet:

- Bread
- Meat
- Fruit
- Vegetables
- Sugar
- Food made from wheat or grains
- Food that has salt or fat
- Food

■ **Phase Red Hermit Crab:** Now that you know what food are forbidden, lets get down to your daily menu that will make you lose thousands of pounds in no time. This system that I have created and perfected while working in my garage in total darkness. I did not choose to work in the dark but since the power company shut off my electricity and heat I had no choice. I knew that they were jealous of my groundbreaking project, just like my whore of an ex-wife and the mail man. Just follow these easy steps, and you will look like a million bucks! Not literally of course. Let's look at the system you will be using on the Frolixo Diet:

Breakfast: Frolixo's Morning Sunshine Tonic ($99): Made from the purest desert oils from the heart of the Middle East, this moring tonic provides you with some energy boosters so you can start your day off right. It also is a laxative and will cause you to empty the contents of your bowels at an explosive level, expelling the putrid waste built up inside of you. It is advisable not to leave the house 6-12 hours after taking the Morning Sunshine Tonic.

Lunch: Frolixo's Easylose Elixir ($88): Instead of packing a lunch for work or school, just bring along a bottle of this Easylose Elixir. It contains 50% of all your daily recommended doses of Zinc and tastes sort of chewy so give you the sense that you are eating real food. Crafted from wild berries handpicked from the finest groves in Northern Canada, it is designed to speed up the fat burning process from the small amounts of hydrochloric acid added to the elixir. If it burns, that means it's working.

Afternoon: Frolixo's Fat-B-Gone Topical Wonder Cream ($50): In the afternoon it is important that you use the Fat-B-Gone Topical Wonder Cream on your affected fat areas. The cream is scientifically designed to absorb your fat cells and dissolve them into a foamy waste that will surface once the cream sets in. After using the Fat-B-Gone Cream, you should hose yourself off to rid yourself of these dead cells, revealing a sculpted hard body. Please do not overuse the cream or it might weaken your outer layer enough so that your organs will spill out as their wont.

Dinner: Any meal of your choice, you can pig out to your heart's content: Your earned it! After doing such a good job using the products as directed, it's time to treat yourself to anything you want. A steak, pizza, hamburger or even a corn dog. Hard work is not without it's rewards.

Right after Dinner: Frolixo's Cookietoss Epithet Shake (vomit inducers) ($80): Of course you can't keep all that fatting food you just gorged yourself with in your body. The Cookietoss Epithet Shake is made with a mixture of rotten eggs, circus peanuts, old milk, and soy source. This shake should help you purge the tasty food you just consumed, and also speeds up the weight loss in this manner.

There is a whole lineup of grandtastic products that are tailor made to shave of the pounds in 30 days or your money back (by money back I mean I'll think about it)! At these prices how you afford to say no? If you are tired of being overweight and don't wont to partake in those slow meal programs and exhausting exercise routines, then the Frolixo Diet is for you! Act now you fat fool!

I really hope to see a lot of you take action with your life and try my Frolixo Diet. You need to get out of your hammock, break all the mirrors in your house, and start having some self confidence to make some changes in your life. You need to realize that you are God's beautiful butterfly and he wants you to lose weight so you can get hot chicks and run in slow motion on the beach. Do it for yourself, do it for your future, and do it for me. Please, I really need the cash. If I don't have it by midnight I'm seriously fucked. Happy dieting!

(A special thanks to Pre who was my test subject for the Frolixo diet. He sadly did not past the tests but he will be remembered in our hearts)

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

3.13 Come On, America!

Saturday, Mar 13, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Bless you, noble flag! Without you guiding the way, how would we ever find a post office in the distance?

I consider myself a fairly worldly, urbane sort of guy. I do my best to be open-minded toward other the other cultures that form this crazy genetic gridlock we call humanity, and I'd like to think I even do a halfway decent job of incorporating some of the lessons and ideas of other cultures into my general world view. Not too many of these lessons and ideas, of course, since most other cultures are stupid and full of dangerous minorities, but definitely some. Yes, I'm an open, accepting, global-milieu kind of guy just about all of the time. But when someone makes a disparaging remark about my country, which I love like a sister, I'm a jingoistic, flag-waving, shotgun-toting, red white and blue hillbilly son of a bitch. You know, now that I think about it, maybe I shouldn't have used the phrases "love like a sister" and "hillbilly" in the same sentence. But the point remains - I love this country, and I simply won't stand to have people tearing her down. That's why it breaks my heart to see some of this nation's oldest and most respected families turning their backs on the land that has given them so much. That's right - the Mafia has lost its faith in America.

I wouldn't have believed it if I heard it from a friend, but this is confirmed news: the Mafia feels that America can no longer provide the caliber of killers it needs to do business. I know, this statement seems so unlikely that it's almost hard to understand. You may want to take a moment to grapple with the concept. I know I had to. I can't explain it without getting flustered, so here's the story from an impartial party:

> *Mafia 'outsourcing' killers*
>
> *AMERICAN Mafia families are recruiting their killers in Sicily because Americans are seen as unreliable and indiscreet, according to authorities in Rome and Washington.*
>
> *Mob families in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia needed new blood after being decimated by turncoats and arrests, said Roberto Centaro, the head of the Italian parliament's anti-Mafia commission.*
>
> *"Soldiers from Sicily are considered less likely to end up collaborating with police."*
>
> *Dozens of Sicilians aged between 20 and 30 are believed to have been sent from towns in the Palermo area to the US to help shore up the ranks of clans such as the DeCavalcante family in New Jersey and the Bonanno family in New York.*

I got this disturbing bit of news from an Australian news site. I find that's really the best place to get news the way I like it - full of confusing Australian slang and two weeks after the fact. But this time, the news source just reinforces the problem. American killers have slipped so far that Australians consider it newsworthy. I think that's when we have to stop and ask ourselves, what's happened to this country? Where did we go so far wrong that the Mafia could no longer count on us to handle a simple contract killing? This is a dark time. I never thought I'd live to see the day when American children could not dream of growing up to kill for the Mafia, mostly because I figured I would have been killed by the Mafia by then. But here we are. Sorry, Virginia, there may be a Santa Claus, but he won't be bringing you that .50AE Desert Eagle Mark XIX you wanted. You won't be needing it after all.

You think America's hitmen aren't discreet enough, just look at Canada's.

Someone needs to do some explaining. America is supposed to be the most violent country in the Western world. Hell, America was founded on violence. It's what we do, and until recently I was under the impression that we did it well. Now I hear that we're unreliable? Come on. If you can't count on an American to kill someone, who can you count on? We excel at making things deader than they were before we got there. It's our way of life. We're a country of killers. When some kid kills another kid in a foreign country supposedly because of something they saw on American television, it's an international incident. When one of our kids kills another one of our kids, it's barely news. Why? Because we all say, "This kid is going to have a great career when he grows up." But now that entire job market is slipping away from us. The Mafia doesn't trust us to do the work, and now wave after wave of Italians are coming over and taking all the good jobs away from decent, hardworking American mass murderers. What a sad state of affairs.

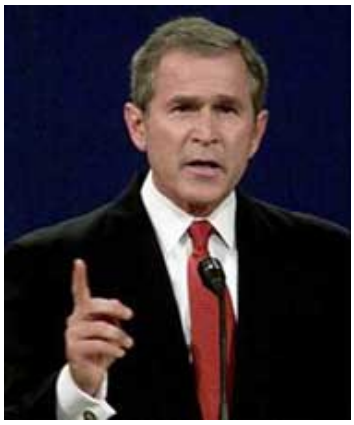
We need to do something to prove that we're reliable. I mean, when people all the way in Australia are making fun of us for not being able to kill properly, something's wrong. The obvious solution, then, is to kill Australians. The obvious solution is not always the best, though. Generally speaking, we like the Australians. We get along with them, diplomatically speaking. Australia tends to have the right ideas about major world issues. We have a good trade relationship with them, too. We have a solid appreciation for their chief exports - outrageously hot women and cool guys who hang around dorms. Even if that Australian bastard Blaine did steal Barbie away from Ken, we can't hold that against the entire country, which on the whole is pretty chill. So we can't kill them, but we'd better kill somebody. This situation is just ridiculous.

As far as the Mafia's complaint that we're not discreet enough is concerned, I guess that must have some validity to it. I mean, you know American killers must be pretty blatant when the Mafia turns to the most stereotypical contract killers in the world to get the job done. Seriously, there's nothing more predictable than a Sicilian hitman. Let's face it, if you're a person in a position where the Mafia would be interested in the current state of your pulse and some well-dressed guy fresh off the boat from Sicily shows up in your office, chances are you're getting whacked. I don't think there's anyone who wouldn't see that one coming. Sicily basically only exports three things - goats, goat byproducts, and hitmen. So if the Mafia is resorting to filling the vacancies in their Human Resources department with Sicilians of the non-goat variety, you can be pretty sure that the Americans must have screwed up pretty badly. I know we're the country that pioneered the field of serial killing, which is basically the spectator sport of the murder world, but I thought we must have had some subtle killers left. I guess I was wrong.

This goat is cool. Losing American jobs to overseas consultants is not.

Personally, I blame the Bush administration. We've got a leader who makes killing a public thing. He's taken all of the dignity out of it. First he gained notoriety for being a big proponent of the death penalty as governor in Texas. During the debates with Gore, he was eerily chipper about killing convicts. The campaign slogan "Let's put the 'elect' back in 'electric chair'" didn't help matters any. But he managed to get the presidency anyway, because apparently there were enough people out there who felt that a guy who gets a stiffy over electrocuting people and has absolutely

no knowledge of foreign policy was exactly the sort of person they wanted representing our nation to the international community. Then he bombed the shit out of just about everybody in Afghanistan on an individual basis. Not that they didn't have it coming, of course, but still, it was a little overly celebrated. He then went on to bomb the shit out of Iraq, which was not quite so celebrated, but very public. I mean, you want to talk about being indiscreet, they had announcements on national television that actually said the specific time of day that bombing was supposed to commence. So we've got a leader who encourages being open and frank about your killings. That could certainly account for the problem. But I think the entire American culture, not just the murdering bit, is getting too darn chatty.



Is there anything this guy can't screw up for the rest of us?

Back in the Eighties, America's business was business. Well, business and nose candy. The point is, people had a totally professional attitude about their jobs. Whether they were organizing corporate takeovers, fixing leaky faucets, or showing some guy who stole from the Don the benefits of cement footwear, people did their jobs and did them right. It wasn't personal, it was business. We understood that. American hitmen did their job with the best of them, not because it was something they loved to do (whether it was or not), but because it was their job. Then came the Nineties and the Whatever The Fuck Decade We're In Nowies. Suddenly, there was this surge toward putting your feelings before your obligations. A big trend emerged promoting that devil of a concept known as "communication." People started talking more. If they were happy, they had to tell you why. If they were upset, they had to tell you why. Political correctness made sensitivity training a real thing and forced everyone to admit every little thing that was going on in their lives so that everyone else would know their rationalizations and not get offender by any of their actions. All the while, society was becoming more interconnected. The rise of the internet and the explosion in popularity of cell phones meant people were able to get in touch with one another in more ways and more of the time. America's general attitude shifted from "can-do" to "can-talk-about." It's no wonder that the American people have lost touch with the fine art of keeping one's damn mouth shut.

So I think we've stumbled on the real root of the problem here. It's not that American killers aren't discreet about the actual killing. We've come up with far too many clever and creative ways of ending each other to be unable to pull off a single quiet hit. It's that after we've done the deed, we feel compelled to go out and blab about it. That's why so many American mob killers have turned stool pigeon or gotten themselves arrested. They go out and kill someone, and then can't restrain themselves from telling someone. Whether it's guilt-ridden killers confessing their crime to some random person or a killer who's pleased with himself sharing the cause for his good mood, American killers just have to tell someone. Italians love to talk, but they set up restrictions. For instance, no business at the dinner table. Americans love to talk business at the dinner table. This is because talking about business only requires remembering what you did earlier that day, so it's basically a few minutes of avoiding awkward silence free of charge. We need that. Without it, we'd have to come up with actual conversation, and that's just not going to happen. We suck at thinking up intelligent things to talk about. We're too busy planning our next killing.

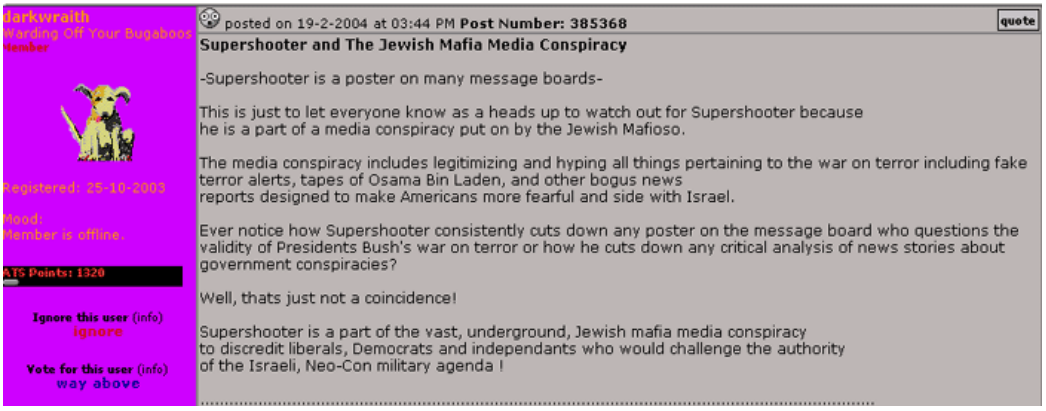
So all of you American killers who have managed to hold on to your cushy jobs with the Mafia, the responsibility falls to you. You need to make things right again. America is the world's largest superpower because we want to be the best at absolutely everything we do. Let's be the best at this. Do your jobs, and do them well. But once you've done them, don't go looking for glory. Everyone wants to be recognized for a job well done, but that's a luxury we need you to forego. Please, take

that hit (no pun intended) for the team. Keep your business to yourself, and be content in the knowledge that you're helping your countrymen. Save whatever reputation American Mafia killers have left, for the sake of our children and our children's children. Imagine a world where an entire generation of would-be mob assassins grows up unable to find jobs where they can kill for profit, a world where they have to live on the streets killing for fun, living a pale illusion of their shattered dreams. If you don't do your part now, that world will become a reality. Please, I'm begging you. I don't want to live in that world. So do your part to ensure that Americans can continue to murder professionally for years to come. Otherwise, how am I supposed to get a summer internship?

The Weekend Web: Fuck The FCC

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here. Before we begin today I'd like to tell you about something that is very near and dear to my heart. As you may or may not know The House recently passed a bill that would increase indeceny fines to $500,000 per incident and enable the FCC to fine individual performers as well. The problem with this bill is that the FCC has yet to define what is specifically indecent. Worse than that is when a company or performer wants to go to court over the fine the FCC will make it hard for that company or performer to do business by blocking license renewals or station purchases. That is exactly what they did to Infinity Radio when they were fined for 1.7 million dollars in 1995. This bill gives enormous power to an organization that answers to no one, whose chairman is not elected but appointed by the President of the United States. The bill passed with a vote of 391 to 22. Don't let 391 men and women tell millions of people what they can and can't listen to. This is a representative democracy and the millions of people who love this so-called "indcent programming" are not being represented. Tell congress how you feel about this by writing to your senator or congressman. If you don't the programs you love may be fined out of existance. You probably won't and that's a shame. But when they start coming for your favorite shows don't say nobody warned you.

Anyway we've got some prime cut images for you today.


darkwraith
Warding Off Your Bugaboos
Member
Registered: 25-10-2003
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ATS Points: 1320
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way above
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quote
Supershooter and The Jewish Mafia Media Conspiracy
-Supershooter is a poster on many message boards-
This is just to let everyone know as a heads up to watch out for Supershooter because he is a part of a media conspiracy put on by the Jewish Mafioso.
The media conspiracy includes legitimizing and hyping all things pertaining to the war on terror including fake terror alerts, tapes of Osama Bin Laden, and other bogus news reports designed to make Americans more fearful and side with Israel.
Ever notice how Supershooter consistently cuts down any poster on the message board who questions the validity of Presidents Bush's war on terror or how he cuts down any critical analysis of news stories about government conspiracies?
Well, thats just not a coincidence!
Supershooter is a part of the vast, underground, Jewish mafia media conspiracy to discredit liberals, Democrats and independants who would challenge the authority of the Israeli, Neo-Con military agenda !

Hot stuff comin' through! And for the love of Christ tell your senator to vote no on bill S. 2056.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

3.14 My Tank is Awesome!

Sunday, Mar 14, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Gutentag! It is with great pleasure that I bring you the latest installment of my continuing, a probably lifelong, journey through the wacky inventions of World War II. In the past I have covered such exciting developments as a 2,000 ton tank called "Ratte", a number of interesting Nazi super planes, and a Russian land battleship that was as heavily armed as it was ineffective. Today I return to perennial favorite Nazi Germany for a special twofer of Nazi Aviation madness as well as the sequel to one of the sexiest tanks of World War II.

Daimler Benz "Project C"

Type: Specialized Carrier Aircraft

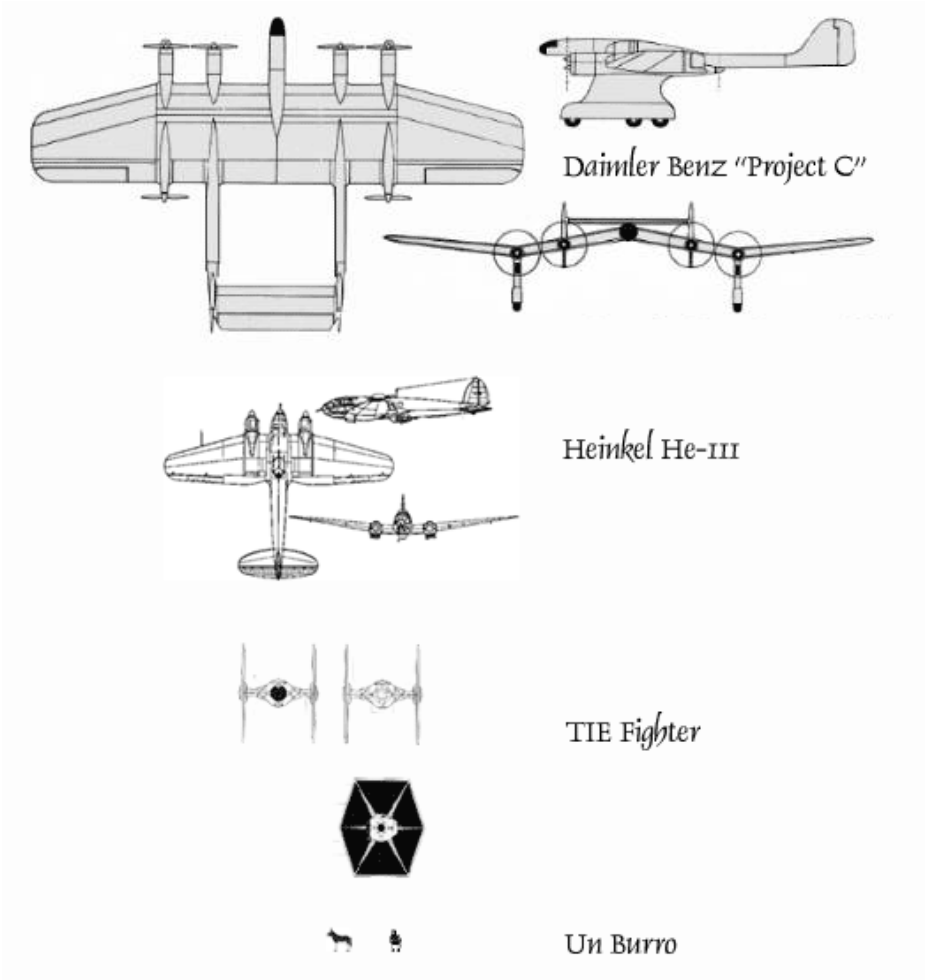
Specific Features: Daimler Benz (now Daimler-Chrysler) was one of a large number of German manufacturers that utilized slave labor and Nazi money to expand a military industrial empire. Following the war Daimler Benz managed to survive relatively intact because America didn't want to destroy Germany's chances at rebuilding. During the last year of the war the Germans were desperate for anything that could slow or reverse Allied air dominance. As a result of this desperation the German engineering community became increasingly schizophrenic and produced everything from wooden rocket-powered fighters designed to be piloted by a basically untrained draftee to the massive and elaborate "Project C".

The "Project C" began development in 1945 but it owes it roots to the earlier "Project A". This precursor was a massive six-engine jet aircraft designed with the sole purpose of carrying the "Project AII" twin-engine jet bomber across vast distances. The idea was that the fuel-laden "Project A" would cross the Atlantic or other large open area and as it approached a target would release the much sleeker and more maneuverable bomber beneath it. Of course the happy side effect of this method would be that the "Project AII" could carry a heavy bomb load without the need for long-distance fuel capacity.

"Project B" was begun when development was halted on "Project A". It revised the plans for the six-engine jet to a more modest six-engine prop aircraft. The "Project B" was almost identical in design to the "Project C" but was still intended to carry the "Project AII" twin-engine jet bomber beneath it.

By 1945 the idea of developing the "Project A" and "Project B" had fallen by the wayside for a variety of reasons, chief among them that a means of bombing the United States wasn't the top priority of the Luftwaffe. They needed a means to strike back at forward air-bases, troop and vehicle muster points, and the huge formations of Allied bombers that were sweeping over Germany daily. Thus was born "Project C".

Much like its predecessor "Project C" was envisioned as a huge (albeit smaller than Project A) airborne carrier for other specialized aircraft. In place of the expensive and difficult to produce and maintain jet engines the considerably smaller Project C mounted four forward facing and two rearward facing Daimler Benz piston engines. The aircraft had a wingspan of 54 meters and compared to the German workhorse He-111's 22 meter wingspan it was still a gargantuan vehicle. Beneath the wings and the fuselage of the "Project A" were hard points for mounting five "Project E" aircraft or six "Project F" aircraft. The design included no allowances for armament.



History: Designs for the "Project C" are dated to early 1945, when the war was hopeless for the Germans and constant bombing would have rendered the extremely rapid prototyping and production necessary completely impossible. The people at Daimler Benz working on the project no doubt knew this and the aircraft never advanced beyond the drawing board. Ignoring projects "E" and "F" for the moment, a critical analysis of "Project C" reveals the numerous drawbacks to the aircraft. The purpose of the "C" would have likely been to fly in circles searching for targets for the aircraft it carried. Since it was a) a giant fuel tank, b) not particularly fast, and c) unarmed it would have been absolutely annihilated by any fighter aircraft it faced.

Had the Germans somehow rushed development on "Project C" and produced a flotilla for the defense of the Reich the war would have probably been won even sooner than historically. The "Project C", like so many of the Nazi X-Planes, was a nearly useless development. What makes it stand out as particularly ludicrous is that development began well after this situation should have been apparent to even the most fanatical Nazi cog.

Daimler Benz "Project F"

Type: The Mother of All Flying Bombs

Specific Features: The "Project F" was the unusual aircraft intended to be carried by the Daimler Benz "Project C". It consisted of a long fuselage, relatively short rectangular wings, and a cockpit placed directly beneath the single turbojet engine providing the aircraft's thrust. The most notable feature on the "F" was the 6,600 pounds of high explosive packed into a hollow cavity in the fuselage immediately in front of the cockpit. The Daimler Benz "Project F" was a huge flying bomb with an explosive capacity three times greater than the infamous V-2 rocket.

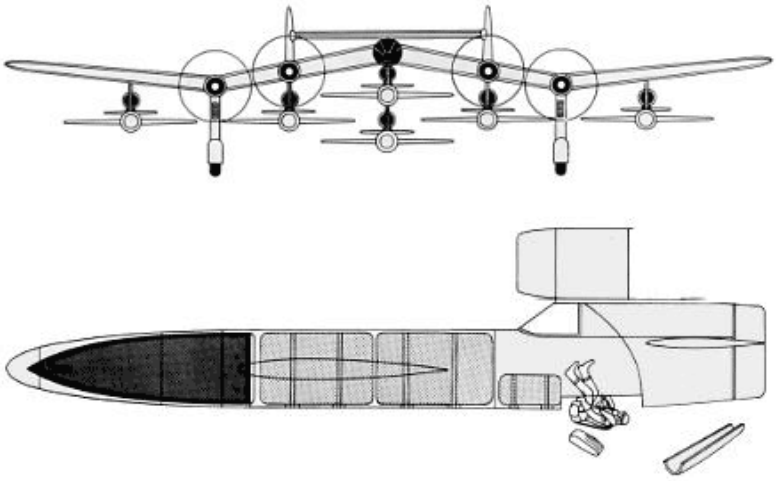
The Project F screams into action. Image by the extremely talented Marek Rys.

The "Project C" was intended to mount five "F"s beneath its fuselage and wings on hard points with a sixth "F" being centrally fixed directly to the aircraft above it. The "F" was quite fast, with a top speed around 650 miles per hour. Because of the aircraft's extremely limited fuel supply it was intended to be launched from the carrier aircraft only when the target was in visual range. The pilot would then guide the "F" at nearly supersonic speeds towards the target.

The Germans never openly advocated suicide tactics and so a primitive and slightly strange ejection system was designed into the "F". As the pilot approached the target he would pull a lever and a panel beneath the cockpit would fall off. Theoretically the pilot would be sucked out backwards through this hole and could then open his parachute. In practice this would have almost certainly resulted in the death of the pilot.

The "Project F" was the successor to the "Project E", which envisioned a very normal turbojet fighter with a smaller explosive load being used as a flying bomb. It seems a little ridiculous to make fairly complex aircraft into flying bombs, which is likely the reason behind the move to the "Project F" and its no-frills design. Compared to the "E" the "F" had a maximized explosive load with a very simple construction and design. It likely would have flown like shit compared to the "E", but most of the time these aircraft would have been used in a ground or ship attack role.

History: Development of "Project F" ran concurrently to the development of "Project C". Due to the late time in the war that design began the "F" never made the leap from the drawing board to prototyping. In my opinion the "F" represents the absolute pinnacle of madcap Nazi aviation. You've got a gargantuan prop plane carrying six small jet aircraft that are each packed with 3-tons of explosives and a wacky ejection Lazy Susan. The "F" would have devastated concentrations of ground troops and particularly warships in the unlikely event that it had reached its target. The fact is that by 1945 the "Project C" would have been lucky to get off the ground before being destroyed by Allied aircraft. Had it made it into the air a single stray bullet could have set off one of the "Project F" aircraft, blowing the entire arrangement into fiery pieces.



The Panther II

Type: Next Generation Nazi Main Battle Tank

The Panther II's intended Schmalturm.

Specific Features: Development of the Panther II began in 1943, before the original Panther had even been fully blooded on the Eastern front. The Germans realized that heavier and heavier armor would be needed to face the increasingly up-gunned Soviet Tanks appearing in the East. To address this, the Panther II was to have mounted armor up to 150mm on the turret front and 125mm on the hull front. As development progressed and new technologies became available the Panther II project evolved into the first truly modern tank that would have appeared on the battlefield.

Development of the Panther II was considered parallel to the Koenigstiger (Tiger II) tank and many of the components were interchangeable. This addressed maintenance difficulties of the original Panther and was a bold step towards a mass-standardization of German tank forces. The tracks, transmission, suspension, and road wheels on the Panther II were all identical to those seen on the Tiger II. The Panther II mounted a Schmalturm ("narrow turret") similar to the one on the Panther Ausf F that reduced the danger of creating a shot trap and decreased the overall profile of the tank. Another advantage of the Schmalturm was that it significantly decreased the weight of the Panther II, allowing it to mount heavier armor and even a potentially heavier gun without sacrificing the speed of the original Panther.

When most German tanks were becoming heavier and heavier the Panther II only weighed 47 tons, which was a significant achievement at the time. The design of the tank called for a new Maybach diesel powerplant which would allow the Panther II a top speed almost 10 kilometers per hour faster than its predecessor and an estimated top road speed of 55 kp/h. Probably the most interesting inclusion in the development of the Panther II was that it was designed around advanced range finding and night-fighting technology.

A model of the Panther II.

The Panther II's Schmalturm would have mounted German active infrared optics and a powerful telescopic rangefinder that would have made it a lethal opponent.

The armament of the Panther II would have likely been the potent 75mm KwK 42 L/100 - an even higher velocity version of the traditional German 75mm gun - or the heavy 88mm KwK 43 L/71 which was the same main gun the Tiger II sported. Either of these weapons, when coupled with the cutting-edge fire control system of the Panther II, would have made it an extremely effective killing machine.

History: Full scale production of the Panther II was scheduled for the Spring of 1944. Difficulties with the Schmalturm and delays in the new Maybach engine slowed development of the Panther II project. Two prototypes were produced in 1944 but production facilities intended for the Panther II were switched over to Panther manufacturing because of the tenuous military state of Nazi Germany. A third prototype was produced in 1945. Continuing problems with production of the Maybach power plant forced engineers to produce all prototypes using a less powerful engine. A standard Panther turret also substituted the Schmalturm on these pre-production models. It is not believed that the Panther II ever saw combat.

One of the Panther II prototypes with a Panther standard turret.

In the end the Panther II was another case of unfortunate (for the Nazis) materiel diversion. By continuing development of the tank through to the Spring of 1944 the Germans reduced their manufacturing capabilities and output on proven tank models. Had the Panther II seen full scale production it is unlikely it would have made a real difference for the hopelessly outnumbered German forces.

Another interesting footnote of the Panther II is that in many respects it was a spiritual forebear of the modern main battle tank. It was heavily armored, effectively armed, fast, maneuverable, and built around advanced electronic sensors. This effect was achieved piecemeal by the Germans by modifying the original Panther to mount sophisticated infrared optics, but not on the scale or to the degree that the Panther II would have represented. Ironically, recent conflicts may force a reversal in this strategy, shaping modern tank forces to more closely resemble armored reconnaissance forces.

I hope you enjoyed this trio of inventions, I'll be back in 2-3 months with a giant mechanical clown from Russia, a spherical rocket-plane from Japan, and an underwater helicopter from Poland.

Your Band is Not Awesome!

In this edition of Your Band Sucks, Something Awful's own withered, sputtering old troll Dr. David Thorpe tackles the questions currently eating away at the music press: Who shall be the savior of rock and eoll? Will the current slump ever end? Why does Liam Gallagher think that denim is cool?

> *"Just as you're starting to get curious, you realize that the station's randomized computer playlist has simply hit upon its monthly spin of, for example, Don't Look Back in Anger by Oasis. Your face flushes with shame and rage as you realize that Oasis, no matter how severely they sucked in 1994, are starting to sound comparatively pretty good. Maybe, you think, if Oasis was brand new in 2004, it would be the best new band around. Do you know what this is called? This is called pure human tragedy."*

Find out the shocking secret of rock and roll's one true savior by clicking on the underlined blue link right here.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

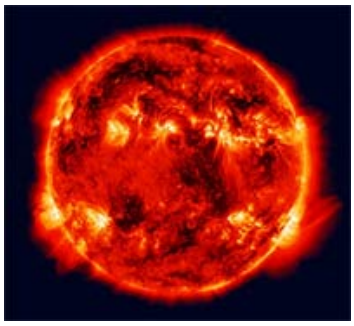
3.15 Get Your Summer On!

Tuesday, Mar 16, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Hell yeah, let's get it on.

Due to the fact that I live in the cold, arctic recesses of America's Midwest – the asscrack that the world forgot to wipe – I am very much looking forward to the impending arrival of summer. I have suffered through twenty-two terrifying winters in this abomination of a land, and each one brings me closer to the realization that cold temperatures are the greatest threat to my personal freedom that I have ever faced. There is something inherently wrong with life when you are instantly subjected to freezing blasts of wind that haunt your body like a ghost bar mitzvah the minute you step outside of your house. There is also something wrong when you have to claw your car out of a block of solid ice just to be able to see out of your windows when you slide off the icy roads into a snow-filled ditch. Is this the freedom our Founding Fathers fought and died for in Vietnam? If this counts as living the American Dream, then the American Dream is a nightmare not unlike those that claimed the lives of the characters in the "Nightmare on Elm Street" movies. I think it's time to get rid of this winter shit once and for all, because it certainly isn't benefiting anything but penguins and polar bears. Last time I checked, those foul creatures didn't even pay taxes.

Needless to say, when warm weather arrives I plan on taking full advantage of it by venturing fourth from the fertile bosoms of my bedroom at least a half dozen times or so. I simply cannot wait to get out there and really make the most of the sun's sinister radioactive rays of light, baking my skin to a cancerous crisp as I pursue manly outdoor activities. I mentioned hiking as a fun outdoor pursuit last week, but good golly, there are tons more things you can do than just hike. Summer almost unilaterally means unbridled fun and excitement for everyone. People go outside to beaches, parks, and elsewhere to crowd around like robots in a magnet factory, all while enjoying the weather with impunity. Because I'm told that there are only two types of people that read this site – the mentally handicapped and unregistered sex offenders – I think it's only fair that I give you an overview of the more popular summer activities practiced by normal people.


Sizzle.

■ Getting Tanned

Tanning is a trendy pursuit for those wishing to look less zombie-like, thereby ensuring nobody will mistakenly shoot them in the head. Unfortunately, I'm seemingly incapable of getting a tan, and thusly take a lot of blows to the head from zombie hating bigots. As an occasional believer in karma, I'm confident they will eventually get what's coming to them when I run them over with a rented SUV. The best way to get a tan, I'm told, is to expose yourself to the sun in a non-lewd and lascivious manner. Then, as your body absorbs the sun's rays, the chloroform in your skin begins to produce oxygen, which, in its purest form, stains your skin red. This process is called Adobe Photosynthesis I think. I was having an epileptic seizure when this was all being explained to me, so I might have gotten some facts wrong.

■ Getting Athletic

While I myself don't condone sports, it's not a crime to actively pursue them. In fact, it's often encouraged, because of the benefits of physical activity. I don't deny that it's beneficial to be physically active as opposed to being a corpulent fatass that never moves unless a forklift or crane

is doing all the actual work. Popular sports today include Frisbee, horseshoes, and blackjack. My favorite sport is hunting, because it involves murder.

Having Cookouts

Nothing beats the fun of gathering around and removing the "raw" from "raw food" by way of the cherished element of fire. Sadly, some people take this to ridiculous extremes, with outdoor grills that cost more than my car. I think the point is that you are outdoors and you need to cook your food with fire, not treat it to some luxurious spa and sauna inside your fabulous resort hotel of a grill, powered by a small fission reactor and staffed by tiny gnomes. Bitter barbecue politics aside, this is an ancient tradition that may well date back to cavemen cooking dinosaur meat over an open flame while exchanging humorous anecdotes about clubbing their wives. What was once daily life for our primitive ancestors has become a cherished warm weather ritual comparable to Gary Busey's annual "taking of the shower." As an avid proponent of hot dogs, I highly recommend consuming them on any summer occasion, cookouts especially.

I don't know what the hell is happening in this picture but this certainly is not how a cookout works.

Having Fun With Metal Detectors

Do you ever wonder what the hell is wrong with those people who, at ridiculously early hours, go out with their metal detectors and roam the beaches looking for buried treasure? Me too. So don't fucking do that. Spend your summer doing something that isn't so goddamn crazy and futile. Nobody sane does this goofy shit.

Starting a Garden

I'm just kidding, nobody sane does this either.

Come back warm weather, come back!

Getting Wet

With a warm climate, you can safely go swimming and not end up frozen like Captain America was for so many decades. Also, it's highly unlikely you will have the benefits of the super soldier serum to protect you, so any such aquatic freezing will surely be your downfall. Swimming is a spectacular summer activity made even more exciting when waterslides are involved. Do yourself a favor and go swimming as much as possible. America is rich in pools, water parks, polluted lakes and oceans, and beautiful fjords. When playing in the water, though, we must be careful not to drown. Funerals are definitely not summer fun, at least not until they incorporate buffet tables around the casket and live DJs.

Flying Kites

Kite flying might seem shocking and offensive in this modern day and age where fun and innocence died at the bloodied hands of terrorists, but it really is quite an exhilarating experience. Flying kites is serious business, and you want to make sure that you have a sturdy kite, plenty of open space, and a nice windy day. I'm pretty hardcore about kites, as I like to really punish the sky with my bad boy. I have a custom kite made out of high quality leather, and I hold and guide it not with some puny string, but with a chain. When buying or making a kite, you want to get one that dominates the sky and isn't the least bit submissive to gravity. When my guy is up there whipping around, it makes me feel powerful and in control. That's what kite flying is all about: domination.

Like the alluring moans of a Tusken Raider, summer beckons. Though we may still be trapped in the pincer claws of March, it's only a matter of time before enough time passes that it's no longer

March. And that's when it will be warm, unless of course we wait to long and it ends up winter again. I think the only logical thing we can do is adopt a wait and see attitude and work at learning how to hibernate.

◘ I'm Actually Greasnin in Disguise

Hey folks, it's your good friend Taylor "Pimpy P" Bell here with a new type of article, at least for me! I have taken a break from reviewing shitty games and reviewed a shitty movie!

> *Sadly, that opening scene is the high point of the entire movie, as the next scene lets us experience all the excitement of a graphic designer sleeping on the keyboard. The hero of the story, Gordon Hauge, is rudely woken up by his boss, who proceeds to lean over and start hitting random keys on the keyboard, which somehow makes the mouse cursor move across the screen and close the image Gordon was working on. This causes the image to be erased, since Gordon's image program isn't one of them newfangled ones with a "Save changes?" dialog, and after a brief argument with his boss, Gordon drops a verbal atomic bomb by standing up and declaring "You're gonna get squat right now, you narrow minded, uncreative buttplug!"*

Sounds exciting, doesn't it? Read the full review before I smack your bitch up.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.16 Your Robot Sucks

Tuesday, Mar 16, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This robot may be "boss," but apparently DARPA has decided it's not the future of the US Military. Their loss!

It's 2004 and I still don't have a goddamn robot butler. Countless 1980 science fiction movies starring poofy haired Italian men taught me that this decade would truly be one to remember, a mystical post-apocalyptic wasteland full of roving mutants and circular cars which emitted a seemingly endless array of grating beeping sounds whenever they attempted to do anything whatsoever.

Despite these exciting predictions, I still don't have even the most simple robot doing jack shit in my house. I have two cats who throw up randomly and apparently possess shrieking infants inside their throats which attempt to escape through their vocal cords, and I own two dogs which have refused the Atkins diet and instead decided to adopt the "wooden railing and other dogs' poop" diet. Please note that there are absolutely no robots in that list, and if you don't believe me than feel free to read the sentence again, solemnly nodding your head afterwards. I secretly added a subliminal message to that line convincing everybody to purchase a SA license plate frame, so maybe you should keep reading it over and over until you decide to click this link and purchase one. If you refuse to buy one, then I shall protest your actions by continuing to sit in this chair and masturbate all day, which is basically what Gandhi did.

Fortunately, CNN has come through in the clutch and delivered an explanation as to why our dreams of a robot slave filled society have failed to materialize just yet. Apparently there was some contest in California where obese men waddled into the desert and competed against other obese men in an amateur robot race demonstrating the boundless creativity and ingenuity of the American spirit responsible for making our country the unstoppable powerhouse and global leader it is today. Naturally, every single goddamn robot broke down.

> **Robots fail to complete Grand Challenge** - *Nobody won. Nobody even came close. But that didn't stop organizers of the DARPA Grand Challenge from declaring an unusual race across the Mojave Desert a spirited success. "We are an agency that takes risks, to push technology beyond what anybody thinks is possible," said Tom Strat, deputy program manager of the DARPA Grand Challenge. "Even though nobody got more than about 5 percent of the way through the course, this has made these engineers even more determined," he said. DARPA, the secretive Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, is best known for helping foster the Internet.*

Oh yeah Tom, that sounds like an absolutely astounding success! You held a contest where robots competed to travel 150 miles and a minority of them were able to travel 13 feet without catching fire and burying themselves in a shallow robotic grave. What a tremendous achievement! Maybe next year you DARPA folks can challenge folks to construct a ship that will travel to the moon, and when the winner turns out to be a 10-year old child who tied a Bratz figurine to a handful of bottle rockets, you can claim the contest was infinitely more triumphant than you could have ever imagined in your wildest erotic dreams of contests.

I guess the most positive aspect of this failed desert challenge revolves around the fact that not a single person witnessing it was murdered by a rogue robotic assassin hellbent on destroying its cruel, overweight tormentors, a statistic which I'm sure will change next year. Did any of you

ever see the movie "ROTOR"? It was a wonderful documentary portraying the potential horrors which accompany the field of robotic study, most importantly the dangers inherent to producing robotic Texan police officers who ride motorcycles and can travel through time by using a feature entitled "Sensor Recall" which grants them the ability to view certain scenes of the movie through the perspective of an inexperienced cameraman.

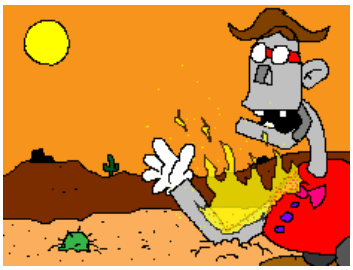
So what went wrong with the 15 brave teams of robotic contenders? How could every single contestant fail to travel even 5% of the course, even when the contest sponsors offered a million-dollar jackpot which could be used to purchase several accurate replicas of the USS Enterprise? Additionally, what the hell constitutes a "spirited success?" Does that mean a bunch of ghosts or Jesus flew in and helped push their crappy robots in the general direction of the finish line? Lets take a look at a few of the finalists to see exactly what went wrong and how these fat, fat, fat heroic engineers can address such problems so next year's robotic race doesn't turn into another miserable failure / "spirited success":

There's a squeegee for car windows in there somewhere.

■ **CONTESTANT #2**
NAME: "VonBot 2000"
METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION: Small robotic homeless Mexican pushing while constantly emitting a series of foreign swear words and attempting to swat away the invisible hornets swarming around him.
TOTAL DISTANCE TRAVELED IN RACE: 14 inches.
ROBOT DESCRIPTION: The VonBot 2000 was developed by a leading team of budding engineers from southern California who stumbled upon one of the most powerful untapped energy sources in the world: disheveled homeless Mexican immigrants pushing shopping carts to vague, usually non-existent locations. The VonBot 2000 was modeled after an authentic Mexican named "Horatio" in Orange County who boasts the ability to walk around with his shopping cart 24 hours a day, stopping only to place random items in his cart or to take them out depending on the phase of the moon. This robotic pushing engine is capable of shoving a cart weighing up to 300 pounds, just as long as a majority of those 300 pounds are cardboard signs and carpet samples.
WHAT WENT WRONG: Shortly after being placed on the starting line, the VonBot 2000 took off in the opposite direction and walked into the sunset. Apparently the engineers did such a perfect job emulating the stereotypical homeless Mexican immigrant that the robot immediately sought out the closest 24-hour donut shop in Santa Ana. It can now be spotted at the donut store on the corner of Bristol and 7th Street, staring at passing cars and kicking an empty Big Gulp cup.

Vicki throws governor Jesse "The Governor" Ventura to the couch which I assume she picks up and begins to spin around later in the episode.

■ **CONTESTANT #7**
NAME: "Vicki"
METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION: Two legs adorned with 50-inch long white frilly stockings.
DISTANCE TRAVELED IN RACE: Three miles.
ROBOT DESCRIPTION: Vicki developed a powerful fan base by appearing in the smash hit 1980s sitcom "Small Wonder," a heartwarming and touching story about a middle aged man who decided to build a robotic teenage girl slave to fulfill his every whim, no matter how disgusting, vile, or twisted they may be. Vicki was able to accomplish tremendously exciting feats that only an advanced cybernetic creature could perform, such as lifting a couch with one hand. She literally did this every single episode of the show, often without any provocation or explanation whatsoever. The family would just be sitting on the couch and watching TV, and then bam, they're all lifted above Vicki's head as she effortlessly twirled the couch around until a SWAT team busted through the front door and downed her with a barrage of armor piercing rounds. Seriously, every time I watched this show there would be some implausible, convoluted reason for Vicki to grab the couch and start spinning around like an autistic weightlifter. I think this entire show was just an excuse for television producers to research the effect of vigorous sofa rotation on the American public.
WHAT WENT WRONG: DARPA made an unfortunate choice by positioning their little robot race near the Palm Winds Mall, home of Bennigan's Home Furnishings Outlet. As you read this, Vicki continues to rapidly rotate a Verona leather sofa collection while police officials are camped outside the parking lot, attempting to negotiate the release of store hostages. Creator Ted Lawson was contacted by the chief of police, but was unable to assist them from his jail cell where he is serving 14 years for distributing a series of photos over the Internet showing Vicki peeing on his face.



The Molestinator gets off to a great start.

■ **CONTESTANT #13**
NAME: "The Molestinator"

METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION: Wheels which don't necessarily roll in the same direction, if at all.
DISTANCE TRAVELED IN RACE: Four miles.
ROBOT DESCRIPTION: As one of the most dapper and intelligent robotic creations currently in production, the Molestinator is known far and wide for his incredible ability to not only catch fire for no reason, but also go backwards when you really want him to go forward. This creation sports two inflatable wheels manufactured from the same plastics used to produce swimming floats, a bow tie which can spin clockwise for a few rotations before the servo motor combusts and ignites, a very convincing and realistic hairpiece which would look very convincing and realistic if it wasn't for the fact that it is neither convincing nor realistic, and a single arm with a gloved hand that cannot grip objects or perform maneuvers more complex than "falling off and being dragged behind in the mud for miles."
WHAT WENT WRONG: While the Molestinator can be adapted to perform virtually any task (just as long as it somehow revolves around falling into a hay loft), Team Leapin' Leprechaun had a difficult experience converting him into a racing robot. One of the biggest obstacles they had to overcome was the Molestinator's tendency to not move unless he is on top of a very steep incline and somebody physically shoves him. When interviewed, Team Leapin' Leprechaun admitted they couldn't remember the original purpose for which the Molestinator was created, but they were "almost completely certain" that it wasn't racing. One of their members guessed it might've had something to do with scaring stray cats out of drainage pipes. Experts are unsure as to how the Molestinator was accepted into the final 15 robots, but DARPA documents revealed interest in it due to the potential military uses of converting the Molestinator into an urban warfare vehicle. It was later discovered there was a typo in the DARPA documents and the Molestinator was planned to be an "urban welfare vehicle" which would presumably scare unemployed people into either getting a job or never, ever, ever leaving their homes.

After Team Leapin' Leprechaun unpacked the Molestinator from the garbage bags in the back of their Chevy Tahoe, they spent a good 20 minutes assembling him with duct tape provided by the judges. The engineering team claimed his conversion to "racing mode" was complete once he was adorned with a "Type R" sticker and red sweatband.

The Molestinator was dragged to the racing gate with a complex series of levers and pulleys that were used to beat somebody into submission until they agreed to roll him over to the designated starting point. Once there, the Molestinator began to hit on rival robot contestant #11, "The Turbo Litterbox." He was almost disqualified for his saucy remarks such as "HONK HONK, I reckon you and I should get jiggy with it under the sheets, baby!" and "HONK HONK, how about a roll in the hay with a Caribbean Queen? HONK!" One of the judges threatened to throw out Team Leapin' Leprechaun after the Molestinator approached his wife and used his one semi-functioning arm to fondle her breasts. Due to his faulty aiming system, his hand fell into a nearby charcoal grill as he shrieked in pain and activated his defense mechanism, a jar of expired mustard launched at the nearest threatening wall.

Once the race began, the Molestinator continued to sit on the starting line and hit on rival robots, unaware of the fact that they had all left over half an hour ago. Team Leapin' Leprechaun convinced him to flee in the general direction of the finish line by throwing confetti at him and blowing a slide whistle, two things the Molestinator fears the most. He immediately went off course due to a faulty positioning system that made him believe he was racing in 1960s Uzbekistan. When he failed to track down Leonid I. Brezhnev, he promptly self destructed by colliding with a barber pole at speeds up to two miles an hour.

Well it seems that this little robot race was a colossal failure despite the fact that it was a spirited success. Our thoughts and prayers go out to all the contestants in next year's DARPA robot challenge, assuming they can scrounge together enough Lite Brite parts to create another spectacularly malfunctioning robot. In the meantime, somebody please convince Better Homes and Gardens Magazine to hold a contest challenging people to build the best robot butler. I've got this pulsating mound of rancid sweatsocks amassing in the back of my closet, and I'm strongly considering calling in the team of STARS from Raccoon City to deal with it.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.17 O, I die, Horatio!

Wednesday, Mar 17, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

I realize you came to this site today expecting to be cheered up with crazy stories and off-the-wall humor, but I have grave news for all of you. I have been struck down in my prime at the young age of 25 by a terrible illness. I am not asking for your pity, but only your friendship as I go through this last stage of my impending demise. This is not easy for me to do, but with your support I think I have the courage to look death right in the face in kick him in the crotch. For this, I thank you.

I know right now your mind is racing with questions like, "How could God let this happen?" I, too, went through the same phase this morning, thinking back to when I was happy and young, my plump cheeks flushed with health. I would frolic all day long in my lederhosen, sprinting through fields of jasmine, fishing with my pet hound dog in the babbling brooks of Dingly Dell, and sitting on one of Old Man Willow's branches watching the setting sun's golden rays. Then one day while I was carelessly chasing butterflies in a dandelion grove, I suddenly let out a violent sneeze. It was as if all time had stopped. I looked down at my snot-covered hand in dismay as the butterflies fled and willo-the-wisps fled, sensing my infection. The sneeze was an evil omen, a foreshadowing that my days of joy and mirth were at an end. I ran as hard as I could back to the farmhouse as the sky blackened, flowers withered, and a blizzard of snow began to fall. I took to my bed, and here I remain.

My illness does not make me special. I am not a saint or somebody to be admired or idolized. I am simply a brave soul who is stoically suffering a terrible malady, reaching for the light with all the might my tiny little heart can muster. I know by now it must be very hard to read this article because your eyes are overflowing with tears and shorting out your keyboard, but you must stay strong for me. Years from now when the children hold candlelight vigils in my honor and cry little sweet children tears, know that for each small tear that drops on this earth, a plum tree will grow in that place, and maybe there will be enough plum trees to feed the hungry nation of Africa. I have seen this in a feverish dream while passed out in my chicken soup as a daytime soap opera featuring two people making out played in the background. I really like plums.

I can already hear you crying at home and saying, "Don't give up, Mr. Frodo!" I don't see this as giving up; I see it as letting go. This sickness has made my life unbearable. I can no longer keep up the charade of high spirits for visitors and well-wishers. I know none of you are willing to let me vanish into the inky gulf of nothingness, but I have to do what's best for me. That's why I'm enlisting the aid of Dr. Jack Kevorkian to speed up the process of my death. I have always been supportive of assisted suicide if the cause was just, and in my case I think it is. I used to be able to slam dunk a basketball (if it was one of those tiny kids hoops), but now I have trouble putting on my shorts and just walking around with a sock on my penis. This is no way to live.

Dr. Jack has not returned my request for his assistance yet, but I made of tape of myself lying on my couch, crying, to convince him that I needed relief. I also sent him one of those tasty Hickory Farms food baskets with the sausage and various cheeses. I fear that without him I am doomed to a slow and painful passing, or will have to take matters into my own hand and eat a whole bottle

of Flintstones vitamins. I also made a tape for my future son since I will not be around to see him. I'm not sure who is carrying my baby at the moment, but I'm sure one of the few ladies that I've encountered on spring break has a tiny Frolixo inside her. Unfortunately, I didn't have enough tape and didn't want to write over a bootlegged copy of "Mama's Family", so I will just record the message for my future son here on the Internet for a permanent record.

For my son, Frolixo Jr:

Clean your room! Hahaha, no really clean up your crap. As a Paskiewicz, you need to have respect for your elders. Please listen to your mother and behave, but if she finds another man like the slutty harlot she is, then do everything in your power to make his life a living hell like in the movie "Problem Child". Get your mother to rent it for you and study the pranks well. Also check out "The Parent Trap", and "Home Alone" for more ways to drive the new daddy away with harmful tomfoolery. Know that I will always be by your side through your hardships, literally. After my death, my tormented soul will be in ghost form and I will stack chairs and possess your clown doll to let you know I'm still here and refuse to leave. You should rent "Ghost Dad" with Bill Cosby to help understand that I will be there to love you, and that if your mother brings in a priest to get rid of me, I have no choice but to become a malevolent spirit and toss him out a window and down a flight of stone steps. So stay in school, don't do drugs, and don't touch my stereo you little bastard. I love you, Frolixo Jr. Peace out.

Now that I have taken care of that, the only order of business I have left is to make out my will so as to avoid any squabbles over my estate. This was not an easy thing for me to do, as I have a lot of friends and family that I want to thank for being so good to me. I admit that I don't have a lot to give away, so for those who I don't mention in my will, please know that my love and outrageous unpaid bills will always be there for you.

Frolixo's Last Will and Testament:

To my beloved fiancée: All of the furniture, electronics, snacks in the pantry, all my books, and my car. All this is yours provided you wear a locket with my picture around your neck at all times and burn incense over my shrine three times a day. Also do not speak or fraternize with other men. If these provisions are not met, all my property will be handed over to the state of Maine.
To my webmaster, Richard "Three Thumbs" Kyanka: All of my "What If" Marvel comic books, my Peter Frampton record collection, and my semen encrusted mouse to remember me by and eventually put on display in the Internet Hall of Fame.
To my Uncle Cecil: My .22 rifle and my computer, only provided that my computer is shot with the rifle and then buried with my corpse.
To the Island of Guam: My collection of pogs. You can divide this among your people as you see fit.
To Steve Perry of Journey: One million dollars.
To Zackery "Hot Lunch" Parsons: My GI Joe helicopter (seats missing), and a variety of non-treatable STDs.

If this is our last goodbye then let it be a sweet one. I know we have had our troubles, like the time I used a huge .gif file of a rotating squirrel, causing all 56k users to suffer strokes and mild nausea, but I would like to think we had good times as well. Remember when we left the city, giggling like children to go spend the weekend on the beach house, drinking champagne and eating fresh crab from the sea? Me neither, but you can see what I'm getting at. Since the time I let everybody I've ever known or come into contact with know about my pending death, a foundation has been made to help find a cure for my illness, helping others after I am gone. It's called "Save the Frolixo

Foundation", and I'm honored to have my namesake likened to such a just cause. If you would like to donate money to the foundation, please send me an e-mail and I will give you the Paypal information.

Well, this is it. I'm leaving this material plane now and you shan't ever see me again. If there is a heaven and roads really are paved out of gold, then I'll be busy chipping away at it with a pickaxe, but promise to save a couple of bricks for you. Don't cry for me Argentina, I have never left you. We shall be together soon my dear friends.

(Editor's note: About a half hour after posting this article my cold medicine started to kick in and it looks like I'm going to pull through. I still have a runny nose but it's getting a lot better and my throat has stopped hurting. The miracles of modern science never cease to amaze me. I want to thank you all for supporting me during this crisis and sending me all the cards and care packages. Sleep well knowing that I will use the funds from the Save the Frolixo Foundation for noble means like trying to find a cure for the common cold and fixing my muffler. And maybe get a new video game too because I'm tired of my old ones. Thanks everybody!)

◘ O, I HAY! Hentai game review Horatio!

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here with a brand new Hentai Game Review of the hot and completely child-friendly title "Virgin Roster.

Kengo's character single-handedly demonstrates that if Japan has mastered one thing in video games it's the anti-hero. If Kengo were an American anti-hero he would have to include something redeeming about his character, or at least something to allow his audience to sympathize with him. For example, if Kengo were in an American game, his parents might have been murdered by virgins or he only would rape virgins if they were serious criminals. Sort of like a vigilante crime deflowerer. The Japanese have no such reservations about making the protagonist unrepentantly evil. Kengo rapes girls, older women, beats them all, drugs them, ties them up, and even threatens to kill them. He's a real sweet-talker that way.

Japan's economy may very well depend on you reading this article! Help save Tokyo you filthy roundeye!

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

3.18 Did Somebody Say Macho?

Thursday, Mar 18, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Sure, the hits keep coming with the girls, but what about the guys?

According to the most recent census conducted by me while trying to open a bag of cookies in my kitchen there are almost 500 billion people alive in the world right now. Of those 500 billion people almost half of them are men. When I finally got the bag of cookies open I pulled too hard on the edges of the bag and the cookies flew up into the air and then landed on the floor. We have cats and cats are not always clean, so as I hurried to cram the floorcookies into my mouth I couldn't help but taste the phantom cat shit sliding down my esophagus. This made me think again about my census. Wouldn't it be nice if we could somehow quantify this 250 billion men figure more precisely?

I immediately set about developing a coordinate based system that would allow any man to determine his or her own position, mathematically, in the realm of the macho. Using a compass and a slide-rule I made a two-dimensional representation of a cube and then drew a semi-circle in it. Then I wrote "FUCKING FAILURE" on it because that sure was a bad idea. I was about to start drawing rhomboids and then stabbing the sharp part of the compass through the paper when I remembered that I own the most powerful computational device ever made next to God; The Human Computer. I am referring, of course, to the Pentium IV. Mine is named "Elspeth".

Elspeth and I set to work forthwith on creating a coordinate based solution to the 250 billion man question. How could the qualities of an entire species be condensed into a pair of numbers? Elspeth and I had a lot to hammer out.

"COMPUTER ACTIVATE!" I commanded as I pushed the power button on the computer. Elspeth awoke from her twisting silicon nightmares with a sigh, ready to assist me however possible. Within reason. Within reason!

"ELSPETH, LOAD: MATH" I ordered my computer. Elspeth was slow to react so I wiggled my fingers and clicked buttons on the keyboard like they do in that Sandra Bullock movie "The Net". Elspeth shuddered to life and opened some sort of file. Was this the answer?

"ELSPETH, MAGNIFY 500!" I commanded the computer and made more movements with my fingers. Elspeth began loading Baldur's Gate 2, much to my chagrin.

"ELSPETH SHUT DOWN GAME! SHUT DOWN GAME: BALDUR'S GATE TWO!" I shrieked in an impressive contralto.

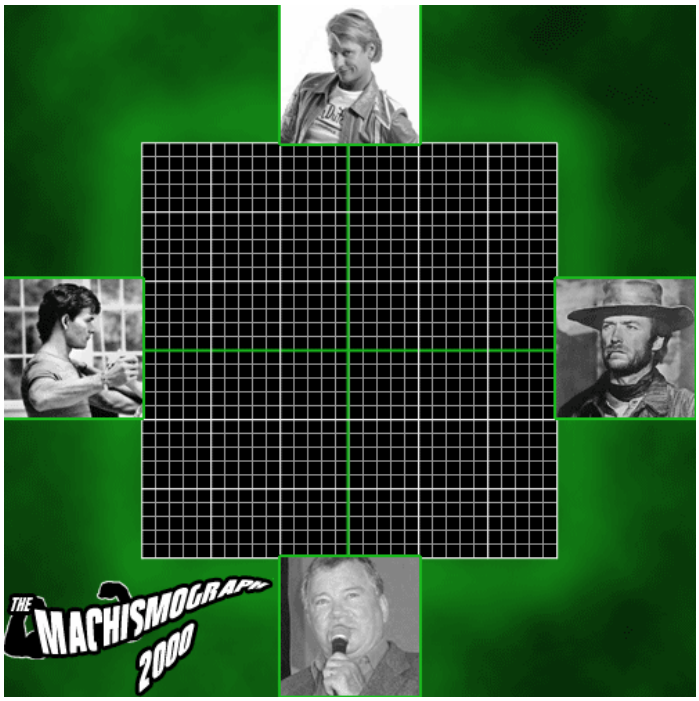
"ELSPETH YOU ARE GOING TO BE SOLD!" I tried to threaten the computer.

"ELSEPTH PLAY BALDUR'S GATE TWO!" I shouted, attempting reverse psychology.

Hours later, hoarse and red-faced, I collapsed on the floor in front of my desk. When I awoke it was to the brilliant glowing answer to our little conundrum. It was the Machismograph 2000, and it will rock thy world.

The Swayze-Eastwood Axis

The horizontal measure of the Machismograph 2000 is represented by the Swayze-Eastwood axis. On the left side you will see a picture of Patrick Swayze from the film "Dirty Dancing" and on the right side you will see a picture of Clint Eastwood from the film "A Few Dollars More". Patrick Swayze



serves as the polar opposite of Clint Eastwood because he represents the sort of soft-and-gooey macho man who instantly repels the respect of heterosexual males but turns women's pants into pools of wet. Can you say, in all honesty, that you have ever felt more emasculated than when you saw the movie "Ghost"? If you can't it's either because you're a woman or you're having flashbacks to "Dirty Dancing". Clint Eastwood, on the other hand, may dampen a few panties but he's more likely to win the respect of the sort of guy who'd just as soon kiss a woman as a scorpion. I'm talking about men who want people to break bottles over their faces for the awesome scars and work on tractor engines because it's fun.

The point at the exact middle of the axis would represent someone who combines, in equal measure, the qualities of Clint Eastwood and Patrick Swayze. The exact middle point between Swayze and Eastwood is occupied by both Tom Hanks and Will Smith.

The Shatner-Kressley Axis

Carson has singlehandedly shifted more men than you can imagine.

The vertical measure of the Machismograph 2000 is represented by the Shatner-Kressley axis. On the top you will see a picture of Carson Kressley from the TV show "Queer Eye for the Straight Guy" and on the bottom you will see a picture of an aging, red-faced, and sweaty William Shatner from a "Star Trek" convention. This axis represents more than sexual proclivity and weight, it's as much about personal style and values. Carson Kressley dresses like women want men to dress, but he's also the kind of person who is more comfortable sipping a vodkatini at a Manhattan dance club than playing Madden on the Xbox. William Shatner is the kind of man that a guy wants to be whether he would admit it to himself or not. He's wealthy, dresses for comfort rather than style, obviously eats whatever he wants, and is so self-absorbed that he was probably watching re-runs of "TJ Hooker" when his wife drowned in the pool.

The point at the exact middle of the axis would represent someone who combines, in equal measure, the qualities of Carson Kressley and William Shatner. Bizarrely, the closest person to achieving this point is TV chef Mario Batali, who manages to be both anal about his appearance and a total slob at the same time and can be visualized eating avocado wraps at a diner in Greece or wolfing down canned pasta over the sink.

The Zero Point

The point at which the two axes intersect is the point at which the theoretical "perfect man" can be found. He combines in equal measure all elements of the four polar archetypes and should therefore be appealing to women, tough and sexually-insecure guys, gay men, and big fat slobs. A fictional man comes closest to this precise centricity and he is none other than James Bond as portrayed by a young Sean Connery. The original Bond is tough and willing to kill, handsome and dashing, a good dancer, sometimes treats women like dirt but also knows when to serve them champagne and caviar, uses product, isn't afraid to mix colors but cuts a bold figure in a black and white tuxedo.

Later in the day James Bond could be seen wearing a hula skirt and eating a whole ice cream cake.

Sean Connery himself is wildly different; prone to loutish chauvinism, rumored wife beating, and obscene behavior, he resides well within the Shatner/Eastwood section of the grid. Later Bond actors jump all over the scale, with Roger Moore single handedly flip-flopping Bond schizophrenically across the Shatner-Kressley axis in the space of any single movie.

A Sample Reading

Let's start easy with someone all of you will recognize. Harlequin Romance Novel cover model Fabio would rate fully towards Patrick Swayze on the Swayze-Eastwood axis and up five points from Swayze on the Shatner-Kressley axis. This is because Fabio is as glisteningly primped as Swayze, but Fabio never starred in "Roadhouse" and was also badly injured by a goose while riding a rollercoaster. Your machismo just doesn't recover fully from being bloodied by errant fowl. Fabio does regain some points towards Shatner by being a salesman for butter. These points he then loses immediately because he was a salesman for fake butter that was available in a non-aerosol spray. Fabio's coordinates on the Machismograph are noted as -15, 5.

Before we begin trying to quantify every man alive from George W. Bush to George W. Washington, we need to work out a more concrete way of determining the coordinates. Entirely without the help of Elspeth (she was sulking again) I devised a simple questionnaire with coordinate modifying values attached to each answer. For the purposes of this demonstration I have appended each response with the appropriate modifier. In a real implementation of the Machismo Graph 2000 we would be conducting a blind survey so that the responses are not influenced by foreknowledge of effect.

The Machismo Graph 2000 Self-Test

The MG 2000 Self Test is separated into questions that determine your location on the Swayze-Eastwood axis and questions that determine your location on the Shatner-Kressley axis.

> **Swayze-Eastwood Determination**
>
> Answer the following five questions carefully and record the number in parenthesis on a piece of scrap paper. If you don't have any scrap paper handy try carving the numbers into your inner arm with a sharpened stick.
>
> 1. When you see a beautiful woman you...

   (a) Point at her and make the noise from "Invasion of the Body Snatchers". (+0)
   (b) Introduce yourself politely. (-1)
   (c) Make sure your erection is visible through your clinging unitard and adjust your sweatband in preparation for an introductory dance. (-3)
   (d) Stare at her until she says "what?" and then reply "It's not going to suck itself." (+1)
   (e) Light a match on your facial stubble and casually throw the lit match into her flammable whore hair. (+3)

2. You are at a dinner party and someone spills a glass of red wine on your shirt. You...
   (a) Scream "Alluh Ackbar!" and blow up your explosive harness. (+0)
   (b) Apologize for causing the spill even if it wasn't your fault. (-1)
   (c) Take off your shirt and then slowly and methodically oil your chest in plain sight of the entire party. (-3)
   (d) Immediately punch whoever is responsible in the solar plexus. (+1)
   (e) Party? Where are you? How did you get here? Shoot your way out. (+3)

3. If you could own any car it would be...
   (a) A library bookmobile filled entirely with hardcore fisting porn (+0)
   (b) A cherry red Toyota Prius (-1)
   (c) One of those adult tricycles that you lay back and pedal (-3)
   (d) A Harley Davidson lowrider with an awesome skull painted on the gas tank. (+1)
   (e) A dusty hansom carriage that you hijacked from the town's mayor. (+3)

4. Your house is on fire and you only have time to save one thing inside. You decide to save...
   (a) Your prized collection of melted plastic furniture. (+0)
   (b) Your family photo albums. (-1)
   (c) Your dream journal. (-3)
   (d) You carry everything you really need in your wallet. (+1)
   (e) The list of people you still have to kill to avenge your father's death. (+3)

5. You are walking through the woods when you happen upon a rabbit with a broken leg. You...
   (a) Unhinge your jaw and swallow it whole. (+0)
   (b) Try to splint its broken leg (-1)
   (c) Start sobbing and compose a poem about the rabbit to share at your discussion group (-3)
   (d) Quickly break the rabbit's neck and then cook and eat it. (+1)
   (e) It is physically impossible for your eyes to focus on anyone or anything in need of assistance. (+3)

Add up the total from your answers and plot your coordinate on the Swayze-Eastwood axis in pencil. When you have this point plotted draw a line vertically through it extending it both edges of the graph, then continue on to the second set of questions.

Shatner-Kressley Determination

Answer the following five questions carefully and record the number in parenthesis on a piece of scrap paper. If you don't have any scrap paper handy try calligraphy on grains of rice.

1. Your wife is drowning in the pool. You're...
   (a) Caught in a localized gravity anomaly and unable to move. (+0)
   (b) Rushing to save her. (+1)
   (c) Trying to get her attention before she dies to see what she thinks of your new shoes. (+3)
   (d) Yelling at her for being dumb as you try to pull her out with the cleaning net. (-1)
   (e) Watching reruns of the comically bad cop drama you starred in on TBS. (-3)
2. Your girlfriend is coming over for dinner. You plan to...
   (a) Slam your fingers in door hinges all evening while screaming for her to feed you slices of pepperoni. (+0)
   (b) Cook up some homemade chicken alfredo. (+1)
   (c) Serve up delicious seafood cerveche in frosted martini glasses along with a dessert of chocolate glazed truffle and strawberries. (+3)
   (d) Order hot wings and ask her to get you a beer. (-1)
   (e) Lay in bed naked and eat half-frozen Sara Lee pies until you vomit on your chest. (-3)
3. You're shopping in the mall and you decide...
   (a) To pick children up by their ankles and run around honking until God makes you stop. (+0)
   (b) To pick up The English Patient on DVD and have a good cry. I mean, he leaves her in that cave; she dies alone in that cave...oh my God! (+1)
   (c) Shopping in the mall? I don't think so girlfriend! New York, Paris, or Beverly Hills. (+3)
   (d) To see if the game is playing on any of the TVs in Radioshack so you can totally be just like someone in a Circuit City commercial. (-1)
   (e) To buy one of everything in Spencer's and then get one of those giant tubs of wedge fries from The Great Potato Imbroglio. (-3)
4. Your favorite author is...
   (a) The anonymous person responsible for all those hilarious red octagonal books you see on street corners. (+0)
   (b) Robert James Waller (+1)
   (c) Oscar Wilde (+3)
   (d) Dr. Robert Atkins (-1)
   (e) The genius behind "TekWar". (-3)
5. After many days and nights of grueling work you finally have a day off. How do you relax?
   (a) Tangle yourself in a hammock and spend the next eighteen hours alternating between trying to escape and trying to fit both of your fists into your mouth at the same time. (+0)
   (b) Catch up on all of the episodes of Trading Spaces you have TiVoed. (+1)
   (c) Deep tissue work at Spa Romano followed by a trip to the bath house and some wild anonymous sex. (+3)
   (d) Finally find out what that apple pie scented candle in your bathroom tastes like. (-1)

(e) Sleep 19 hours straight and then roll over and eat cold pizza from your nightstand while absently masturbating to "Modern Marvels" on the History Channel. (-3)

Add up the total from your answers and plot your coordinate on the Shatner-Kressley axis in pencil. When you have this point plotted draw a line horizontally through it that extends to both edges of the graph. This line should intersect with the line going through your other point, giving you your correct position on the Machismograph 2000. Congratulations!

Completing work on the Machismograph 2000 was just half of the battle. I needed to demonstrate that it would work, but looking at all of the technical information for the Machismograph I can plainly see that this is neither the time nor the place. Perhaps some day, when the stars smile upon this endeavor, I will wheel the Machismograph 2000 out of its sheath and deploy it in the interests of all of mankind. Only then will we know just how macho celebrities are. Only then will we sleep easy at night secure that the world makes sense.

Don't Blame Me, I Voted For Phriday

Hello audience, Livestock here. Greetings. Hello. Well met all around! I just got back from closed door meetings with the SA Forums Union and I'm happy to report a strike has been averted. To celebrate the new deal, we've got a satisfying new helping of images based on the idea of seeing what would happen if famous world leaders had entirely different jobs. This, for example, is an example:

Oh that Idi Amin, is there anything that rascal won't do? Find out what he and other delightful chaps are up to by clicking here. Oh, and by the way, there are 4 pages of crappy images for you Page of Shame fans.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

www.somethingawful.com

3.19 The Case of the Supermarket Strangler

Friday, Mar 19, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

Here's a mystery you can solve at home: What the hell is going on in this picture? Please tell me.

The city was a cold and cruel place, and it would kill you if it could. Amidst the honest people trying to get by, there lurked a criminal element constantly preying upon the weak. It got to me so much that I thought clothes and the ability to walk upright were all that seperated humans from the very animals that we ate. But then I pushed my shopping cart out of the meat section and into the produce aisle, and began to think that maybe clothes and the ability to walk upright were all that seperated us from oranges. I didn't really know because I wasn't a philosopher or a citrus expert, I was a private detective. Or at least I *had been* a private detective. I had hit paydirt on my last case, and used my sudden windfall to go into an early retirement. But as I stood in front of the oranges at Sonny's Touchless Supermarket that day, I wondered if retirement had been such a good idea. I took an orange and held it up to the light, squinting as I pretended to discern its freshness while contemplating my retirement.

Sure it was great to be able to pay the bills every month, and to not worry about the sort of unpleasant surprises that tended to occur during an investigation. Surprises like the time that Frank "Kick You in the Crotch" Bannon punched me in the face, or when Steve "Three Hands" Malkmus turned out to really have three hands. I know it's his nickname and all but I didn't expect him to have THREE HANDS. But in some ways I missed these surprises. Missed the way that the uncertainty which went hand-in-hand with my line of work made me feel alive. Missed it all.

Besides, I felt out of place here doing normal things with normal people, whom I didn't feel comfortable around anyways. Appearing to focus on the pineapple I was now holding up to the light, I secretly snuck a peek at my fellow shoppers. An old woman looking at her coupons with a puzzled expression. A dead man sprawled out on the ground. A disturbingly ugly man perusing the magazine rack while picking his nose. I mean seriously ugly. What the hell was up with that? No sir, I didn't belong with these people at all. Just as that thought crossed my mind, a cashier rounded the corner and abruptly stopped, letting out a blood curdling scream.

I quickly spun on her, grabbing her by the upper arms and shaking violently as though I were a very subdued Ike Turner or a very excited James Brown. "He already knows how ugly he is," I said while pointing to the man at the magazine rack. "You don't have to point it out! Don't you think he has a mirror? Don't you think he prays every night to simply be normal, and wakes every morning hating God just a little more? You should be ashamed of yourself."

I shot the ugly bastard a wink and realized he was sobbing. He must have been overwhelmed with joy that someone was finally sticking up for him.

"What?" The fear had begun to leave the cashier's face. "No! There's a body!"

Upon a second glance, the dead body I had seen laying on the ground did seem a little suspicious. The man's head had been smashed in, and there was a note lying on his chest which read "I hate you so much! I murdered you! GRR!"

I was beginning to suspect foul play.

"No one move!", I shouted. The crime scene needed to be preserved, especially at this early stage which was so integral. My well-trained eyes scanned the area surrounding the man's body, and all

at once my detective's instincts were back in full force. This was what I was made for, and I was wrong to ever leave. Somewhere deep inside of me at that very moment, the decision was made to open my office again. Within seconds I had not only spotted the clue that broke the case, but found the killer as well. The veins in my head throbbing as my pulse quickened, I reached into my holster and pulled out Betsy.

Betsy wasn't a woman, she was my gun. In some ways I suppose she was like a woman though, in that I had to keep her well-oiled and out of the reach of children. Unlike any dame I've ever known, however, Betsy had stuck with me through all the bad times in my life; from the time I shot myself in the foot by accident to the time Mystery Science Theatre 3000 was taken off the air to the time I shot myself in the foot on purpose. Hers was a quiet and steady devotion, the kind that you would only be able to find in inanimate objects that have no choice in the matter. What I admired about her most wasn't any of this, though, it was the way she punched ridiculously huge holes into things. Betsy shot bullets, not water (trust me, I tried and it didn't work), and when I took her out it meant business. It meant the decision had been made, and someone was about to get acquainted with the afterlife. Because they'd be dead.

And take a closer look at the painting in the background. I repeat: Please tell me what's going on.

Betsy was out in a flash, and my experienced gunslinger's hand trained the weapon's sights on the killer. The man's head had been bashed in by a blunt object, and beside his body was a jar of pickles, its thick glass covered in blood and grey matter. Before it could move, I pulled the trigger and the jar exploded into a thousand pieces. I stood in silence for a few moments to make sure there were no more movements from my target, then put Betsy away.

"Case closed."

"Wait just one second," Mr. Ugly broke in, "you think the murderer was a pickle jar? A damn pickle jar?"

I was surprised to see him turn on me after the great pains I had taken to come to his rescue only moments earlier. I shot him a quizzical look which said "how could you?", and also "you really *are* ugly". My eyebrows are really flexible.

"Hard to believe that a jar full of pickles is capable of such a thing," I replied, "but science can do incredible things these days."

The cashier shook her head in denial. "You're saying that jar of pickles was somehow bioengineered with the capability to murder a full grown man on its own volition, and to write a note to leave on its victim? That's ridiculous."

"Ridiculous or *obvious*? So obvious that even someone without a gun was able to piece it together? And by someone without a gun I mean you."

"Ridiculous."

"Obvious."

She balled her hands into fists and gritted her teeth. "No, ridiculous."

"No, obvious. Obvious."

As she struggled to find the correct reply to my ironclad argument, I said "obvious" one more time and walked away, clearly winning the battle of wits. There was no doubt about it; I was back in the detective game for good, and I couldn't lose.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.20 This Generation Sucks

Saturday, Mar 20, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

See, Generation X turned out to be useful. These people became cops. Neat, huh?

Remember all the buzz about Generation X? It used to be the hot button term for everything from the news media to the commercials in between presentations by the news media. While reporters droned on about how these Baby Boomer-spawns were gradually taking over, despite being shiftless, lazy, questionably hygienic slackers, the music and soft drink industries did everything in their power to market their wares specifically to the Generation X demographic. Then, gradually, the world stopped caring about Generation Xers because they had decided to grow up and become people. As we all know, people are not news, nor are they worthy of attention from the advertising world. Only freaks, spazzes, and general drains on productive society are worth talking about. There was something of a lull in that whole aesthetic after Kurt Cobain treated himself to the $5.95 All You Can Eat special at the Buckshot Buffet. That's when Generation X - and yes, fine, Generation Y - realized that they were mortal after all and therefore were not nearly as cool as they had managed to convince their girlfriends they were, resulting in a nationwide wave of breakups and a pervasive feeling of "Unf." We then went through a period where a specific generation was not the target of everything the media generated out of its collective giant, red, inflamed noise-hole (the one on its face). Without a stereotype to use as their target audience, the media floundered for a while until some no-name junior executive somewhere came up with the idea to try marketing products to black people and was promptly fired, then shot. However, after Eminem (A.K.A. Slim Shady, A.K.A. Marshal Mathers, A.K.A. Johnny Weismeuller) appropriated hip hop for the clamoring white masses who were just itching for something to call their own, some highly paid senior executive somewhere decided that it might be an interesting paradigm shift to try marketing products to black people. Naturally, media moguls everywhere jumped at this idea. Well, technically they had their assistants jump for them, but they still had their private masseuses give them extra-long sessions that day because of the vicarious effort.

We are still seeing a good amount of this black pandering now, with rap being used to market everything from Dr Pepper to Foxy lettuce (motto: "Damn, that's Foxy"). However, a shift is occurring as we speak. The first in a growing wave of commercials, news reports, television shows, and movies are coming out that target the new generation. This leaves us with the task of defining just what this new generation is. Luckily, as an internet writer, I am an authority on this subject, and for once I don't mean that sarcastically. The current generation is one for whom the internet has existed for as long as they can remember, if not for their entire lives. It is a generation too young to fully understand the profound an unmistakable impact that the internet has had on the world. For them, email has always been an option, and it's only worth using when the person you want to speak to isn't signed on to AOL Instant Messenger. Any slower mode of communication is a foreign and terrifying thought. Now, even by the most generous figures, I was born just after the cutoff date to technically be considered a part of Generation X or Y, if you want to draw a distinction between the two. However, I can easily remember life before the internet, just like I can remember when talking on a phone meant you had to be inside a fucking building and not just yakking away while sitting next to someone on a crowded bus. As such, I occupy a strange a lonely position in society - betrayed by time and a base ten counting system to end up technically a part of this generation, yet totally removed from its ways. Like Iggy Pop before me, I am the passenger, except whereas he rode and he rode, I intend to bitch and to bitch. Why? Because this generation sucks, that's why.

Ah the Livejournal. It's like a regular journal, only instead of a place to keep your most intimate thoughts and desires, it's a place to force them upon the entire world.

Having had access to it their entire lives, most kids these days have a far better understanding of how to use the internet than most adults. I think maternity wards are handing out Geocities websites to newborns now. Sadly, these infants do not wait to learn the fine art of the English language before attempting to update these websites. That's why this generation has produced, and is currently producing, and endless stream of nonsensical blathering that only bears the slightest resemblance to English after long and dedicated study. Every sentence, if these effigies of punctuation can really be said to actually form sentences, contains between zero and two words spelled correctly, and that's counting "LOL" as a word. In past generations, massive linguistic handicaps were something that held people back. Social workers and speech therapists helped people overcome their fear of embarrassing themselves by using the wrong word, pronunciation, or spelling. Sadly, this generation does not feel even the least bit hindered by their total inability to put even one-syllable words on the page without fucking them up. Instead, they seem to think that everyone else simply suffers from proper grammar and spelling. In order to fight this problem, the current generation feels that they must share every single pathetic detail of their inconsequential, uninteresting, and barely developed lives. Hence, the livejournal, a black mark on the face of the internet. And let's be honest, the internet's face already has enough black marks to pass for a lead in the cast of *The Wiz*.

I suffered the idiocies of the younger members of my generation for some time. Working for Something Awful, I was subjected to their assclownery in far greater degrees than I had been previously, but still I did my best to hold my tongue. Then, our own Josh "Livestock" Boruff presented us with Wednesday's Awful Link. Thankfully, the actual site is now a thing of the past, but to refresh your memory, it was a livejournal belonging to a girl whose name was possibly Ellie. This fourteen year old mutant slut was the worst language criminal I had ever encountered, and the overwhelming stupidity of her writing was the straw that broke the camel's back. Here's a little taste from the meager offering Josh gave us:

i dydn g3t 2 go0o0o0 2 da britneh knz3rt so0o0o0o00oo dat sux0rz so0o0o0o0 loz!!!1! i men, wtf??? my bf andrew wudnt evn bai tik3tz 4 meh so i wuz lyk "wtfz andrew??!?!?!11? i thot u luv3d meh!!!1!" n he go3z "i d0do lUv3rzZzzZZZZZzz u elli3!!11!!!" n i wuz lyk "i no im so00o0o0o0o luvbl3!!" n hiii go3z "yaaa babiiiiii!!!!!!!!!!1!!!!!!

OMGZ SERA CONERZZZZZZZZZ ON!!!!!!!! SHII ROX. onlii shiiz uglii!!!!! bonz babii out da doa git ^ n m000v dun mek meh akt da f00!!11 juz get ya stufz boi cuz im tyrd of hiirin all ur laiz!!!1 babii boi i no ul nevaa fid no0o0o0 stufz as gud as myn!!!!!!!!!!11! u mad ur bed n nau u haf2 sliip w/ meh babiii!!!!!!11!! i saw u der w/ myn on iiz!!!11!! JUZ BONZ!!!!!!!1!! omgz diz s0n r0x0rz azzzzZZZZZzz!!1!1! omgz loli3z im so0o00o herdc0rrr.

Here is a translation of the above verbal Chernobyl, as close as I can approximate it:

I didn't get to go to the Britney concert so that sucks so Desmond Tutu! I mean, what the fuck? My boyfriend Andrew wouldn't even buy tickets for me so I was like "What the fuck, Andrew? I thought you loved me," because I'm a filthy, golddigging tramp. And he goes, "I do love you, Ellie!" And I was like, "I know, I'm so loveable!" And he goes, "Yeah,

> *baby! The Pythagorean Theorem!" And I was like, "Well, it doesn't matter because like a number of guys more than thirty orders of magnitude larger than the number of people on the face of the Earth, which is a larger number than three thousand, three hundred twenty three, me more than you!* [Translator's Note: That's right, she went there.] *And they would buy me tickets to the Britney concert.*
>
> *Oh my God, Sara Coner's on! She rocks. Only she's ugly! Bones baby out the door get up and move, don't make me act the fool! Just get your stuff boy, because I'm tired* [Translator's Note: Possibly "turd."] *of hearing all your lies! Baby boy, I know you'll never fit no stuff as good as mine! You made your bed and now you have to sleep with my baby! I saw you there with mine on he's! Just bones! Oh my various Gods, this song rocks ass! Oh my God lollies, I'm so hardcore.*

That's the best I can get it. I will hold all comments on the rampant pedophilia in the second paragraph, because it's difficult to tell if Ellie is trying to quote song lyrics or if she is just bleeding onto her keyboard through a massive head wound.

I can't tell you how much it depresses me that I can read this.

Now I ask you, under what respectable legal system would that sort of crap be tolerated? The only word that is spelled correctly in two full paragraphs of that garbage is "I," and she doesn't even manage to capitalize it. Some of her misspellings are obviously attempts at writing things phonetically, but there are others that don't even make that slim degree of sense. For instance, she takes the word "me" and makes it "meh." Now, I use the word "meh." I use it frequently. It is a *Simpsons*-born expression of apathy. It is also pronounced just like it looks like it would be pronounced, like "met" without the "T" sound. First of all, on a website where all she does is talk about herself, why would this annoying little bitch want to make the word "me" longer? Secondly, why - sweet lord Beelzebub, why - does she feel that the proper way to fuck up this simple, two-letter word is to add an "H?" That doesn't even keep with her own system! According to the rest of her bizarro-English, she should spell it "mii," since she replaces every other long "E" sound with "ii," as in "onlii shiiz uglii." Also, I have to take issue with some of her quotations. Granted, I don't know Andrew, but I have to imagine that he did not, in fact, say "i d0do lUv3rzZzzZZZZZzz u elli3!!11!!!" It's not that I think he didn't say something along those lines, it's just that I'm fairly certain that by the point in their relationship where she expects him to buy her Britney Spears tickets, (and remember, she's fourteen. When I was fourteen I couldn't afford to buy my girlfriend gum.) he would know that her name does not, in fact, have a number in it. Also, I feel completely confident in saying that this irritating pubescent skank is incapable of being lUv3rzZzzZZZZZzzed by anyone.

Ellie's atrocious livejournal, which I rate alongside Dachau as one of mankind's most grievous cruelties, makes use of many of the most common techniques that this generation employs to let everyone know that not only should everybody care about their worthless lives, but that they intend to make the English language their bitch in the process. She misspells every word with such precision that I immediately assume it's intentional and move on to wondering whether she can type like that without having to think about it, or whether she labors over each word, thinking, "Hmm, how can I best mutilate this first-grade vocabulary so as to make it almost completely unrecognizable?" Then there is the substitution of numbers for letters. This used to be an annoying method of communication used only by hackers and other computer elite, who were eventually became "Leet," then "LEET," then "L33T," then "l33t," and finally, "1337," which officially signaled the transition of these individuals from human to cyborg. And you thought there would never be such a thing as a retarded cyborg. However, this technique was appropriated by huge swarms of internet denizens

wanting to show how hip and with it they were. I've gotten so used to seeing the letter "E" replaced with the number "3" that I almost don't notice it anymore. Of course, eventually I do notice it and immediately fly into a murderous rage, stalking the streets, brutally killing all I encounter until I am eventually stopped by Batman.

Ellie also uses a technique - although not as much as many others do - in which she capitalizes basically at random. The standard practice is to not capitalize anything. After all, if you don't capitalize anything, you'll never capitalize the wrong thing. There are those who decide to eschew this, though, and capitalize every other letter. For example: lOvE iN aN eLeVaToR - lIvInG iT uP wHiLe I'm GoInG dOwN. Note how the first letter of the sentence is not capitalized. Now, I could understand this tactic if the letters that are capitalized represented something. If a person capitalized carefully chosen letters which, when strung together, made some sort of secondary comment about their main point, that would be one thing. It would still be more annoying than a twenty-four hour *Survivor* marathon, but at least there would be some reason behind it. The capitalization of alternate letters is just blatantly irritating. It makes the writing itself into an eyesore. Furthermore, it's actually hard to do! Just try writing out a couple sentences like that. The rhythmic holding and releasing of the shift key actually becomes fairly tricky. That means that members of this new generation actually have to put concentrated effort into making their already boring, abrasive, pointless ramblings even more of an assault on the remaining brain cells of anyone foolish enough to read it. This technique is frequently used when these kids are choosing their incredibly tough internet moniker. In order to properly convey the size of their e-penises, these individuals create names like xXkIlLaJuGgAlOxX, XxSkAtRsAtN701153449xX, and xXdEsMoNdTuTuXx. The use of "X's" before and after the name alert the public that the user's name is approaching, then give notice that the user's name has just passed. Naturally, people who do this are to be hated unconditionally.

Despite their slacker stereotype, many members of Generation X have grown up to be useful and productive members of society. That tends to happen. A generation starts out being annoying and useless, then eventually steps up to the responsibility of keeping the nation running. If history is any indicator, we should not waste time worrying about the current generation, as they should manage to pull themselves out of this fog of utter IQ deprivation and get to work. Nonetheless, I am worried. I'm very worried. Sure, they might grow out of it. I'd love to see these kids thirty years from now when they look back on the way they used to write and laugh about how moronic they were, except that I don't intend to let any of them live that long. But even if they did survive, there is something in me that doubts that they would really turn themselves around. There are certain inventions that irrevocably change human behavior. The first generation to grow up with the telephone didn't stop using the telephone. The first generation to grow up vegging out in front of televisions has largely not yet learned to stop vegging out in front of televisions. The first generation to grow up with the internet might stop posting infantile bullshit with the grammatical skills of pastry products, but then again, they might not. When this generation of wiggers, sluts, and wannabes grows up and takes over, we might well have a President who, in order to understand what it says, has to read the State of the Union address off a teleprompter that looks like this:

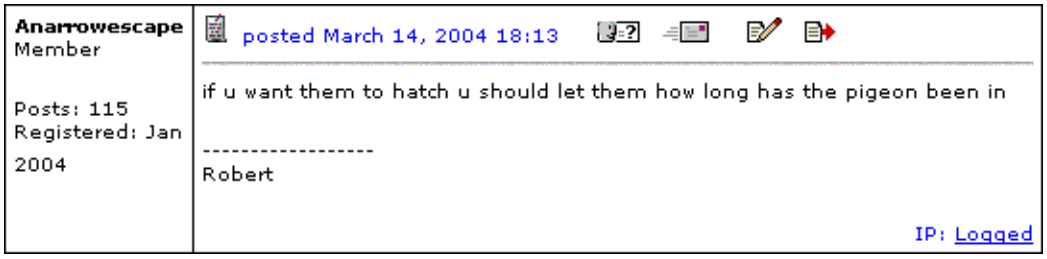
> *Mai f3loOoOoOoOoOo uhm3ricnz:*
>
> *3vriithiing z kewl!!!111!!!1 Xpt 4 diz t3rrizt gai. Hii suxorzzzzZZZZZzzzz!!!!!!111!!!!@1*
>
> *K Gawd bl3zz uhm3ricuh.*

Actually, come to think of it, that's not a whole lot worse than what we have now.

The Weekend Web: You Knew What This Was

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones"Gutierrez here. Do you love pigeons? Do you love

sex? Do you love teenagers? Do you love all those things put together? Then you'll love this week's feather-filled edition of the Weekend Web! Just check out one of the many "fowl" images I have put together for you this week.



Anarrowescape
Member

Posts: 115
Registered: Jan 2004

posted March 14, 2004 18:13

if u want them to hatch u should let them how long has the pigeon been in

---

Robert

IP: Logged

GOGOGOGOGOGO no rush 20 mins gl hf gg

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

3.21 Ah, Tonight...Atomic

Sunday, Mar 21, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Tonight Make it Magnificent

We're heading in to the final lap of the J-List and Something Awful contest so you should probably go here, read the rules, and submit your entry. These prizes are ripe for a fit of genius that will not only win you those prizes but the acclaim and esteem of your peers.

Ah, Tonight...Atomic

God is Great! God is Great! You know what else is great? The new Britney Spears video where she is a sexy secret agent. In roughly equal measure.

It is difficult for me to conceive of something that I hate more than Al-Qaeda. I know, I know, bold stance to take, but the leadership of Al-Qaeda puts out some of the most shrill and annoying propaganda I have ever seen. Every grainy and nebulously dated video features Al-Qaeda people holding or sitting next to AK-47s and telling me why I suck. I'm sorry Dr. Phil-Qaeda, I must have missed your last sit down with Oprah where you unveiled your Allahu Ackbar tips to better living. If belligerent and ignorant demagogues of my own nominal religion send me into a rage how do you think your laundry lists of "why America drools and Islam rules" are going to win me over?

Oh, that's right, you'll win me over because now you have nuclear weapons, according to a second-hand source "very close" to the always honest and forthright Ayman al-Zawahri. Don't get me wrong, atomic bombs are scary things, but the fact of the matter is that the longer it has been since 9-11 the bigger and bigger the tall-tales of Al-Qaeda get. A year or so after 9-11 they were telling America to leave the Middle East and convert to Islam or there would be a rain of airplanes and box cutters on our cities. Then they were going to poison us with toxins and Biblical plagues. And now it's the power of the atom and al-Zawahri is all "I am become death". Maybe he am should become honest with himself first.

Al-Qaeda is no longer the fresh hotness. In fact, Al-Qaeda never was the fresh hotness. So they blew up the World Trade Center and killed three thousand people in one day. Yeah, that was shocking, mostly thanks to television news. Do you know who else killed three thousand people in one day? Just about everyone. In fact, as wars go, killing three thousand people in a single day is not exactly an epic accomplishment. During World War II the US and England firebombed Dresden and killed (according to some sources) over 200,000 people over a three day period, and we were the GOOD GUYS. Let me slow that down and run that by you again Al-Qaeda, we firebombed the refugee filled city of Dresden killing hundreds of thousands of people and history still recognizes the United States as one of the good guys.

Do you know why? Because we were better than the alternative. Do you know what's not better than the alternative? You.

There are two things I really look forward to in the future out of Al-Qaeda. One is the increasingly fractured list of demands Al-Qaeda thinks they can make. The other is the spooooooooky threat that inevitably accompanies a new list of demands. Since I'm a pretty helpful guy I have decided to save Al-Qaeda the trouble of coming up with their new threats and demands and have compiled their next three here on Something Awful. All they need to do is get someone who looks vaguely like Bin Laden to put on a camouflage jacket over a robe, sling an AK over his shoulder, and record

them on the side of a mountain. The CIA is no good at telling people apart once they put on a turban so Bin Laden doesn't even have to take a break from collecting pop tabs for his kidney dialysis.

New Al-Qaeda Message One

Oooh a bunch of guys yelling and shooting AK-47s in the air!! Scccarrry! That shit happens weekly in my neighborhood only they don't shoot them in the air. Drunken Puerto Rican gang members bang harder than Al-Qaeda.

The Threat: Al-Qaeda has discovered a way to travel back in time and kill great leaders of Western history.
The Demands:

- Immediate withdrawal of all Wal-Mart franchises from Pakistan
- All Americans must wear shame bags over their heads for 1001 days.
- Conversion to Islam, teachings of Mohammad, yadda, yadda, yadda.
- Casual Fridays (women are allowed to wear denim burkas/open-toed shoes)
- Free banana splits for Muslims

The Statement: "Allah is great and will shield and strengthen us from the Crusaders and their Jewish allies. We have now the technology of time and will use this to rain holy vengeance upon the enemies of Islam. Your George Washington will be a trophy on our walls and the blood of a young Jimmy Carter will stain our hands red. Eleanor Roosevelt and Beethoven can not prepare for our assault, for we will come to them in their sleep and cut out their tongues. God is great and his love for his martyrs is infinite."

New Al-Qaeda Message Two

The Threat: Al-Qaeda is in possession of the Sword of Omens, a powerful magical sword forged by the great dwarf smiths of Mol'Draguna and wielded by the warrior king Tyrandus.
The Demands:

- Much fancier dinnerware on every table
- The orcs must withdraw to the territorial line of the Great Melgoth Crusades Treaty
- Things must stop evolving immediately because it is against Allah.
- International time zones must be adjusted to better reflect the importance of Mecca.
- America must immediately stop using air planes because they are hereby declared accursed unless hijacked.

- Conversion to Islam, teachings of Mohammad, yadda, yadda, yadda.
- Women's hats should be considered "outrageous" and provoke "barely restrained violence"
- Adultery receives a mandatory criminal penalty of one gallon of acid in the face.

The Statement: "We thank Almighty God, who said in his holy book: Ye who believe, take not the Jews and the Christians for your friends and protectors. The Jews, sometimes friends, but not protectors and the Christians sometimes protectors, but never friends. Like Aziq says 'you can be pleased by some of the infidels some of the time but never all of the infidels all of the time.' That is why Allah has granted us the eternal power of the Sword of Omens, which Tyrandus used to slay the Lich Knight Verdinius at the great battle of Night's Breech. No longer will America and its skeletal legions menace our oppressed peoples; no longer will the sepulchers empty into the streets of the Holy City at the whim of the dread sorcerer Bush. We are coming for your Bone Praetorians in Baghdad and no longer will your undead host feast upon the living. Allah is Great! Allah is Great! I mean it when I say that Allah is Great!"

New Al-Qaeda Message Three

Yeah, you're a real mastermind Bin-Bin. Wake me up when you pull off the Normandy landings, The Berlin Airlift, the super computer, antibiotics...oh, that's right, you're too busy bragging about your bombs and religion. Too bad, huh?

The Threat: Al-Qaeda has constructed an invincible mechanical walker droid from thousands of AK-47 parts.
The Demands:

- A later bedtime.
- Conversion to Islam, teachings of Mohammad, yadda, yadda, yadda.
- More prayer observance in situational comedies.
- New edition of Star Wars movies to use CGI so that all characters adhere to the faith dress code of Islam.
- Anime shows should have less fan-service.
- Warren Spector needs to apologize for Deus Ex: Invisible War.
- AK-47s should be able to shoot down F-22s. Make that happen America!
- Better economies in the Mid-East. The West is stealing the economies and technology of Allah. We demand they give them back.

The Statement: "Let the United States know that the Islamic nation will not remain silent after this day on bad videogame sequels and panty shots in Love Hina. You laugh at Allah's greatest technology of the AK-47, but we have combined the seemingly

> simple AK-47 into a masterwork of robomechanics. This Mecha of Mecca cannot be stopped by the bullets of infidels and you will once again realize the might of 60 year old Soviet assault weapons. Our faith has transformed these working stiff's weapons into huge hydraulic limbs, an armored chassis, those GPS things you Americans have, X-ray vision, and lasers. Now you will be the ones who cower in fear at the feet of our God-given technological superiority! Allah is Way Rad! Allah is Badness! Allah is Too Cool for School!"

Far be it for me to pick out one religion to disparage unfairly when I think all religions are equally idiotic. Just as we have women banned from learning in fundamentalist Islamic nations we have schools in America forced to teach "scientific creationism" along with evolution. Islam is a lot newer than Christianity; it still has the whole "crusading" thing to get out of its system. We can look down on Muslims and think of them as blood thirsty, but Christians were just as big a bunch of bloodthirsty little shits. To this day we retain a lot of the vestiges of our "warrior faith" and you will frequently hear the phrase "God Bless" in the same sentence as the phrase "our brave men and women of the Armed Forces". Even our president thinks he was chosen by God to lead this nation, a scary thought considering God is notoriously undemocratic.

Chill out, hang loose, let the laser guided chips and chip sub munitions fall where they may, and don't let Al-Qaeda's ridiculous braggadocio frighten you. Shit will blow up. Roasted, shattered, and maimed corpses will go sailing through the American skies again before all of this is over. When they do take a deep a breath, try to picture Dresden lit from within by 3,000 tons of incendiary bombs, and remember that America truly is number one. We can out-brutalize the best of these amateurs.

◘ I Hate This Dog

Hey there folks, Taylor "Psychosis" Bell checking in with an all-new rom pit review! It's based on some old cartoon that I barely remember, and let me tell you, it simply isn't very good at all!

> *Unfortunately for gamers worldwide, the gameplay not only doesn't involve races, but it also fails to be wacky in any discernable way. What we're left with is a staggeringly dull platformer with an obnoxious hero and simplistic enemies that look like they're made from construction paper. Throughout the entire game you control Muttley, a fat orange dog with a huge mean streak and a terminal case of the giggles, and you spend most of your time stumbling around trying to kill enemies with your useless bite attack. Muttley can crane his head forward a whole two pixels to attack, and the enemies can only respond to this fearsome attack by happily bounding around and forgetting you even exist. If you're foolish enough to try to kill any enemies with the bite, there's about a 50% chance it will work, a 50% chance the enemy will dodge it and a 100% chance you won't give a shit.*

Check out the full review right away, you boob.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.22 The Lighter Side of Budget Gaming

Monday, Mar 22, 2004 by Taylor "Psychosis" Bell

Hey folks! Our official SA mascot Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka has been summoned to webmaster court to answer charges of internet terrorism, and has forced me under threat of a punch in the face to fill in for him and do today's update. Since my knowledge of the world is pretty much limited to video games and making vulgar personal threats against the creators of certain video games, I have decided to stick to what I know and use this opportunity to inform the world about video games.

A lot of people seem to think that my media coverage of the gaming world is too unbalanced and negative. I've had people email me telling me I should retract a negative review because they and some other guy I don't know both enjoyed it, I've had people tell me I "stereotype like a dumb southern hick" (which caused a dangerous irony overload) and I even had a guy write in to argue about numerical scores, complaining that I gave a game's graphics a negative 8 when CLEARLY they were no worse than a negative 6. Hell, sometimes I've caused people to respond to a review with nonsensical crap like this:

> **From: Waleed F**
> **To: Taylor "Psychosis" Bell**
> **Subject:** Racism
> I'm an occasional visitor of SomethingAwful.com, since I've read some pretty funny content. Of that content, the reviews of movies and games are some of my favorites. I recently came across your review of "Codename Nina: Global Terrorism Strike Force", perhaps hoping that this would provide me a bit of entertainment. I read through the first few paragraphs, (even though the lack of humor made it seem more like a trudge) and finally fell upon the statement, "Please explain, in chemistry terms, why a muslim detonates when he comes into contact with a jew."
> I was a bit irritated by this rather mediocre attempt at a joke. I don't understand why you attempt to antagonize the Palestinian people for their (retalitatory) actions against an enemy employing the strategy of human bombing, that was devised by Christian religious extremists, without taking /why/ such an act would be committed. Unfortunatley, from reading the above statement, I can only assume that you're a part of the ignorant drone army that has been spawned by the US media bias. I understand that you'll perhaps wave off my complaint, saying I "have no sense of humor", or go under some sort of sarcastic/arrogant guise in refusal to acknowledge my opinion (which I can prove as a solid ***truth*** if you please, just e-mail me).
> I simply ask that you do ***not*** make such racist comments in the future.
> - W.F.

Huh? Well, if I'm writing video game reviews that can cause people to respond to non-serious comments with angry unrelated emails about two groups of people who spend all day devising new and exciting ways to blow each other up, clearly I'm being too negative. Therefore I would like to take my brief time with you to give you three examples of how positive and uplifting I can be and inform you about a few budget-priced games that are worth buying, assuming I can see through the US media bias that clouds my jew robot brain. Beep boop.

■ **Marble Blaster:** I picked this up for five bucks at Gamestop, which is the #1 place in America to find terrible PC games that no one else would ever carry. The box's promise of "Fast-Paced Marble Racing Action!" intrigued me, and my intrigue only deepened when I checked the back and saw that "this product contains direct access to the internet." It turns out the Fast-Paced Marble Racing Action is very similar to Super Monkey Ball, with the notable absence of Dole© bananas and random monkey noises.

Wheeee!

Instead of using pure keyboard console-style controls, Marble Blaster uses a first-person shooter control scheme, with WASD and mouselook. This sounds like a horrible idea, but in practice it works perfectly. For the most part the game simply functions like Marble Madness or Monkey Ball, with you trying to get your strangely intelligent rubber ball to the end of the level without falling or getting squashed or stabbed or blown up in a suicide attack by one of those Palestinian jerks. Some levels require you to gather a number of gems before reaching the exit, and it really enhances the game when you dive off a cliff to reach the exit and then realize that you missed an area and the one remaining gem you need is now 200 feet above your stupid marble head.

The early Beginner levels tend to be pretty boring, but the Advanced levels more than make up for them. There are a few levels based on rollercoaster designs, a racetrack level where you need to grab the gems around a track in a certain time and you're completely fucked if you miss a single one, and a Frogger tribute level where you try to get across a floating freeway without getting nailed by a truck and launched off the side of the stage. The later stages also have a number of powerups that you can use to reverse gravity, make yourself stick to walls, grow a little helicopter rotor and float, launch yourself 80 feet and probably a bunch of other shit I'm forgetting. It's never going to be as popular as the Monkey Ball series, but it's easily worth five bucks.

The shiniest director in Hollywood.

■ **Clive Barker's Undying:** Unfortunately I can't offer a detailed review of Clive Barker's Undying, since I haven't gotten around to beating it due to the time I spend intentionally playing horrible games. I also don't have a lot of background to compare the game to, having never read any of Clive Barker's books or known anything about him other than the fact that he apparently likes to smile and sweat a lot. But despite my utter lack of knowledge about Clive Barker and the outside world in general, I enjoyed Undying more than any other single-player FPS besides Half Life. The level design is good, the gameplay is fast-paced and getting slashed in the face by a monster actually spins you around and disorients you instead of just making your screen flash a little and letting you calmly aim and shoot back. The game also has a good atmosphere, mostly because it doesn't take the Resident Evil approach of attempting to terrify you with zombies every ten seconds and trying to get you to quiver in fear at the thought of playing a game.

■ **American McGee's Alice:** This was a pretty well-known third person shooter that didn't start as a budget title, but most places that carry it sell it for around $10. American McGee's Alice got a lot of bad press for its story, which is Alice in Wonderland reinterpreted by a 14-year-old at a campfire with a spooky flashlight under his face. While a lot of people flat-out hated the game, I thought it was enjoyable once you got past the silly story. The gameplay isn't particularly innovative and the enemies have the combined intelligence of coleslaw, but the graphics, the above-average voice acting and the bizarre levels more than make up for it. As a warning I will say that I am probably in the minority by enjoying Alice, but maybe a few people out there will want to try

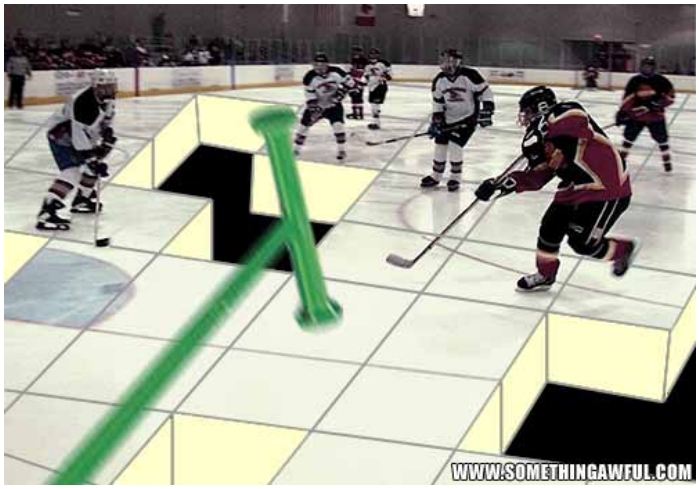
out an uninnovative-but-good action game. But don't bother if you hate jumping puzzles.

There, you see? Be inspired by the fact that a good 2% of budget priced video games are something other than complete shit. I'm sure there are some more good budget games out there, but I haven't played very many of them because generally I shop for budget software by searching for the worst possible games, and I usually don't spend my money on a budget game if it looks like it might be good in any way. If you feel daring enough to spend a hard-earned ten bucks, check out any of these three budget titles, then feel free to email me telling me what I fag I am for playing a game about using an explosive jack-in-the-box to blow up playing cards. And if you learn one lesson from this highly informative update, let it be this: Taylor "Psychosis" Bell couldn't think of a good topic to write an update about.

Everyone Loves Toys

When I was a kid, my parents were fortunate enough to occasionally drop 8 bucks on me for some new Star Wars action figure or GI Joe. I had He Man, and Transformers too. Looking back I was pretty spoiled. Now I'm all sad.

I'm not sure how this all ties together, but the forum Goons have mixed the harsh reality of the world with the light heartedness of children's playthings. Personally I wouldn't mind seeing Optimus Prime cruising down the highway, looking for Decepticon trouble. Would you?



Click, click, click your troubles away!

-~Taylor "Psychosis" Bell

3.23 The Modern Dilemma of the Hot Dog

Tuesday, Mar 23, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

There was a time in my simple life when nothing seemed to excite me. I moved through each day like they were the pages of a boring book I had already read. Everything was routine and predetermined, commonplace down to the minutest of details. The only thing that seemed to brighten my life, to bring some sort of meaning to the otherwise banal exercise of living, was eating a delicious hot dog. There was something about the taste that captivated me and made me long to live in a better world – a world where hot dogs were as common as sunshine and oxygen. I spent a lot of time thinking about this world, but it was always distant and unreachable. Hot dogs simply did not translate into upward mobility, and in my comfortable rut, they seemed merely a pleasant momentary distraction.

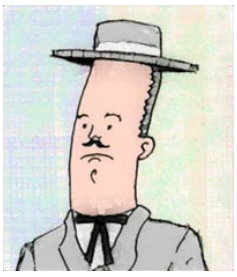
That all changed when I saw an advertisement in the newspaper for a grand festivity sure to be remembered forever in the annals of history. The county fair was holding a hot dog eating contest, the winner earning a trophy and the title of Hot Dog King. To think, a mere commoner like me could participate and perhaps win, almost instantaneously being elevated to the status of royalty. The opportunity to be the patriarch of a hot dog kingdom was one rarely afforded to anyone, and a genuine chance to do some good in the world. The noble deeds I could do, the lives I could change, the hot dogs I could eat, it all sounded so extravagant. I knew right away that this was a contest suited for a man like me. Though I was never one to engage in the timeless art of competition, I suddenly had something to prove. This was a primal drive that, like the strongest of competitive spirits, was catalyzed by love. I loved hot dogs and this contest would be my golden chance to prove the depth and boundlessness of my love and, in the process, prove my worthiness of the hot dog throne.

Like all good competitors, I familiarized myself with the rules of engagement. At first it seemed that this was no fool's contest. Everything seemed logical and thought out, like any respectable challenge should. The people who organized it must have had a real affinity for hot dogs and the needs of hot dog eaters, I thought. The hot dogs would be all-beef, so as not to forsake the Jews, whose cruel covenant with God prohibited the consumption of pork hot dogs. The hot dogs would be cooked as well, so that they would be in the best possible condition for eating. But that's where the good times ended and the serious questions began. There would be no buns, no ketchup, and no condiments of any sort provided. Instead contestants would each have a platter of wieners, as naked as the day the hot dog factory made them, and with the goal being to eat as many as possible in ten minutes. Where was the love in that, I wondered? It all seemed so decadent and wrong, so vile. No buns or condiments? What were the hidden motivations on the part of the contest organizers that would lead to the exclusion of that which makes a hot dog truly a hot dog? Still, I had emotionally invested myself in the idea of this contest, and I wasn't about to back out now.

I arrived at the fairgrounds two hours before the contest and paid the $10 entry fee. To my surprise there weren't many other competitors. Could it be that the hot dog was no longer a cherished food? Had society turned its back on the hot dog? I tried not to think about such horrible questions, for it would do no good to work myself into a suicidal depression at a time when hot dogs needed me most. Instead, I focused on the world after the contest and my forthcoming reign as Hot Dog King. I saw myself resting comfortably upon my throne as a plump, juicy horizon dawned before me and showered the earth in waves of hot dog colored pink. In the distance I observed the hot dog river, flowing in foot-long waves and cradled in a canyon bun of rocks. This was my future, I imagined.

In reality a dark sky loomed over head, ominous and shadowy like the space beneath a refrigerator. It looked as if any moment the heavens would cry out and flood the earth below in tears. It made the whole event seem that much more Biblical in scope. I did not fear the rain, for the contest would take place under a sturdy tent. The air, though, that was what worried me. The intoxicating aroma of hundreds of hot dogs was being lost to the pungent odor of the nearby horse stables, and from the 4-H animals just beyond the stables. It was a brutal assault on my nasal cavities, and I longed to plug my nostrils with hot dog chunks in a vain attempt to block out the offensive stench coming from this rotten ark packed with every redolent animal that the surrounding lands had to offer. I was very agitated at this point, twitchy and nervous, worried that my crown was going to be lost not because I didn't love hot dogs enough, but because of the overwhelming rankness of the outdoor air.

Moments before the contest was scheduled to begin, I was guided to my seat at a long table. Apparently only three other men had taken up this sacred challenge. To my right sat an angry and merciless looking Asian man. I wondered how a foreigner such as this could find his way out here, but was nonetheless inspired that his love for hot dogs could carry him so far from home. To my left was a rather dapper man, distinguished in dress and demeanor. I felt an instant rapport with this dandy man, taking him for a highbrow connoisseur of hot dogs. To his left was a rather discouraging looking fellow, and perhaps the reason so few dared to enter the contest. He was a mammoth, a mountain of flesh and fat, and his mighty mouth was a hole that could conceivably consume an entire football if the need arose. He was incredibly silent, deep in a trance-like meditation. This was my competition for the event, and they were definitely the right stuff. I felt a deep kinship with them, for they were my fraternity and we each shared a sacred bond and understanding. We might not have had similar backgrounds or even languages, but we shared one universal trait: a love for hot dogs.



Since I wasn't sure the young Asian beside me would understand my words, I decided the dandy would be my best bet for a pre-contest conversation. But what to say? This was the first time I was amongst my peers and the last thing I wanted was to make a fool of myself by gushing out something stupid like, "boy, hot dogs sure are great!" No, I'd need to appear sophisticated and bold. This was not the time and place to speak of trivial matters or state the obvious. I was amongst my fellow scholars of food and this was our version of a public debate. I almost blushed as the perfect statement to establish myself as a real player in this new society popped into my head.

"You know, the modern dilemma of the hot dog is that the last bite of your first leaves you longing for the first bite of your second," I explained in a matter of fact way while using simple hand gestures to map out the invisible form of an imaginary hot dog. The dandy noted my hand gestures and nodded, a clear indication he approved of both oral and non-oral communication methods. However, it seemed my message was ultimately lost on him.

"More like the last bite of your first hot dog leaves you dreading the first bite of your tenth!" he

said in a condescending tone. A tenth hot dog? My god, how could anyone take things that far?

"Hah hah! Ten hot dog? Try twenty!" interjected the Asian man in a harsh voice obviously sharpened on the jagged edges of his broken English.

The dandy looked a bit discouraged, and immediately turned away and began staring straight ahead at the small crowd of dedicated enthusiasts that had gathered. The Asian man's words had obviously disrupted his confidence, and mine as well. Clearly English wasn't his native tongue, and that had me wondering if his foreign taste buds could handle the distinctly Western allure of the hot dog. Though I shuddered to think that race could factor into this contest, I wondered if his genetic predisposition disqualified him from gaining any true satisfaction from this test of love and manhood.

It was then that the hot dogs were delivered, overwhelming my nose with a pleasant and reassuring smell. Just like the rules explained, each of us got our own platter of naked dogs. There must have been at least thirty on each plate. I seized this opportunity to place my briefcase on the table. This caught the attention of my competition, who were not used to such a dramatic display. I carefully popped it open, revealing two bags of hot dog buns and a fresh bottle of ketchup. I removed my accessories and then placed the briefcase underneath the table.

"Are you mad?" asked the dandy in a shocked, wavy voice.

"There is nothing in the rules about bringing outside food. My buns and ketchup are completely valid in this contest!"

"You'll fill up on bread, you fool! The contest is to eat the most hot dogs in ten minutes!"

"Yes, to eat *the most delicious* hot dogs in ten minutes," I rebuffed.

Again he turned away, wanting nothing to do with me. I kept the conversation alive, though, because I felt a sudden sense of power over him.

"I love the smell of ketchup in the morning," I said while removing the protective seal from the top of the ketchup bottle. "It smells like—" I started to add before being rudely interrupted by the contest judge.

"You all know the rules," he explained. "The goal is to eat the most hot dogs in ten minutes."

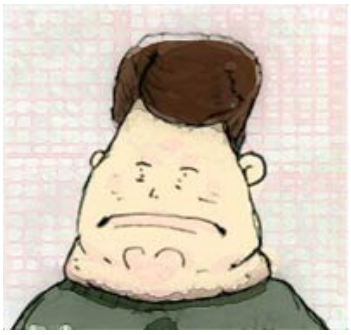
"*The most delicious* hot dogs in ten minutes, you mean?" I inquired, expecting him to correct himself.

"The goal is to eat *the most hot dogs* in ten minutes. We will begin as soon as I ring this bell. Gentlemen, are you ready?"

We all nodded, tense and eager to hear the deafening gunshot roar of his little hand bell. He looked at us all with a face that conveyed so much emotion. His eyes held fear, his tightened facial muscles held sorrow knowing only one could win, and his clenched jaw showed his nervousness for us all. Then, putting aside his own emotional hang-ups, he rang the bell and started the contest.

I began by carefully placing my first hot dog on a bun and spreading a nice long line of ketchup across the top. As I took my first bite, I glanced over to my right and saw the Asian man sucking hot dogs in like a vacuum cleaner. He had gulped down two in the time it took me to put my first hot dog together, and another in the time it took me to chew through my first bite. My second bite revealed that the dandy had quickly gnawed his way through two hot dogs. Beyond him was pure horror I could scarcely believe with my own eyes. That fat man, that beast, was silently devouring

hot dogs as though they were planets and he was a black hole. What kind of sick industrial evolution had spawned this creature? He was a hot dog factory on rewind, and one could only wonder if he was going to go home and quietly give birth to a live cow. The hot dogs meant nothing to him. They had no taste, no intrinsic value, nothing of interest. He looked at them as the means to an end. He savored the dogs no more than fire savored the taste of gasoline.



When I slowly bit into my second hot dog, I noted that the Asian had already scarfed down a dozen. The dandy was trailing behind him, and the beast was somewhere in hot dog hell. While I slowly enjoyed my second hot dog, letting the warm tanginess of the ketchup tango seductively with the flavorful all-beef meat on the dance floor of my tongue, the beast was having his way with the contest. Like a cruel tyrant he sentenced the population of hot dogs on his plate to die in the mass grave of his stomach. I was getting to know each bite, paying proper respects to the fleeting deliciousness as it disappeared into the cozy hot dog Valhalla inside me. A part of me mourned for the hot dogs that were being lost to the bottomless abyss of the beast's stomach, undoubtedly to suffer even more pain in the murderous showers of digestive juices. I also mourned those that made that fateful descent down the water slide that was the Asian man's esophagus. How far would they fall before landing on a pile of dead brethren? I was rapidly losing faith in this fraternity, with only the dandy showing any subtle appreciation for hot dogs.

When the bell rang a second time and we were instructed to put down our hot dogs, I awaited my coronation as Hot Dog King. In the ten minutes of the challenge, I had eaten three delicious hot dogs. Shockingly, to the judge my efforts were simply not enough, and he declared the beast the winner for having eaten some twenty-five hot dogs. The Asian man had proven formidable with his score of twenty-two consumed hot dogs. The dandy had managed to eat fifteen before the strain forced him to slow down and coast through the last couple minutes.

"Clearly, I ate *the most delicious* hot dogs in ten minutes," I pleaded to the judge.

"You ate three lousy hot dogs. Anybody can do that! You couldn't compete with these guys at all and I don't even know why you entered. You embarrassed us all!"

"You're going to give that beast the crown? You're going to declare him the King of Hot Dog Kingdom? Why his ass couldn't even fit in the sacred throne!"

"Shut up and get out of here! It's time to celebrate the winners, not the sore losers!"

I was so overcome with emotion I lost my composure. Almost on cue the sky finally let loose its tears while the rumble of thunder echoed in the distance as if to signal by divine intention that I was to be the true winner. With wrath swarming in my mouth like bees in a hive, I said to the tent dwellers, "Hear me loud and hear me clear, hot dog lovers. I swear to you now, foul judge, as I swear to you all: I will bring down the Hot Dog Kingdom! Your stone walls can't protect you! I will lay siege to your castle and bring you all down!"

My furious words did little to sway them. They were content to live at peace with their crimes. They cared not for the abortion of justice they carried out nor for the horrible shame they brought upon the entire hot dog eating community. All I could do was walk away and hope that in time they would realize the error of their ways, perhaps awarding me my proper dues.

As I left the tent in the pouring rain, I realized that in spite of everything, I had truly won the tournament. The others had gulped down hot dogs with neither love nor affection, but rather out of pure lust for victory. I sought the crown as a way of bettering not just myself, but the entire world.

Instead, I got mixed up with a bunch of hollow men who foolishly believed stuffing themselves with hot dogs would bring them meaning. The law of diminishing marginal returns certainly wouldn't agree with them on that perverse notion. I realized that hot dogs alone could not fill the empty spaces in my life and that brought me comfort. Though I suffered defeat to the soulless machinations of the hot dog eating contest, I ended up with a moral victory. True, moral victories don't come with crowns or kingdoms, but they do come with something much better: pride. I had three delicious hot dogs digesting in my stomach, and now I had a tall glass of pride to wash them down with.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.24 Resident Evil Fan Fiction

Wednesday, Mar 24, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

You pathetic humans. Now that this zombie plague has cast you onto the ash heap of history, the stage is set for my mannequin brethren and I to inherit the earth.

Chapter 1

The street was approximately 10 feet wide and separated every 50 feet by wrought iron gates. Chris Redfield took a long drag off his cigarette. This street was the scene of many of his nightmares. He would wake up screaming, his head filled with terrifying visions of popular hip-hop artists groping at his genitals. Chris's combat vest bore the inscription "I've spent my time in hell". His camouflage pants had a mysterious stain. The origin of the stain was a mystery as old as time itself. Maybe it was caused by the big bang, or maybe it was just hair gel.

Three zombies staggered around the corner, bright crimson shreds of human flesh hanging from their mouths. Their awkward gait sped up as they spotted Chris. "Are you undead fuckers hungry for something?" Chris said. "How about a rocket-powered knuckle sandwich from fist city!" He shouldered his massive rocket launcher and fired. The rocket hit a barrel of flammable liquid that was sitting in the middle of the street for some inexplicable reason. The resulting blast made all three zombies' heads explode, despite the fact that their bodies bore no visible signs of damage. If this were a John Woo movie, there'd have been an artsy slow motion shot as Chris's still smoldering cigarette butt hit the ground.

The bell on the door rang as Chris entered the boutique. Jill Valentine was modeling a red satin dress in front of a mirror. "What do you think of this dress?" she asked.

"I liked the other one better. Look, we need to get to the police station."

"Okay. Whatever."

"Well, what would you like to do?"

"Whatever you want. I have no preference."

"Baby, what's wrong?"

"You said we could go to the mall."

"But baby, the mall is overrun with zombies."

"Fine. Never mind then."

"Baby..." Chris pleaded.

Chapter 2

The mall food court was deserted. Chris and Jill had the only table - the rest had been piled against the door as a makeshift barricade. The floor was littered with corpses. The twisted expressions on their faces revealed the agony of their final moments. "Why are you mad at me?" Chris said.

"When I asked if you wanted to try on that dress I was just joking." Jill said. "You didn't have to

flip out like that."

"Look, we're at the mall. Can't we just try and have a good time?"

"You're right. Let's try and have a good time. Hey look, everyone, we're having a good time!"

"Baby, please. You're making a scene."

I suspect the reason your race has allowed us to flourish as we have is that you secretly envy our purity, our singular sense of purpose.

Suddenly, a zombie jumped through the window. Two more zombies jumped through the adjacent window. Another zombie jumped through three consecutive windows as it defenestrated out of the mall's window store. "Wow, what a shocking and unexpected turn of events." Chris said. He shot the first zombie with his 9MM hand gun. Its head exploded, splattering the wall with fragments of brain tissue. The second zombie lunged at Chris as he was changing clips. He countered with the North Star Death by Soft Strikes, making the zombie's head instantly explode. He lifted the third zombie over his head and threw it at the fourth a la River City Ransom. Both zombies' heads exploded on impact.

"We need to talk about your future." Jill said. "Do you still see yourself fighting the Umbrella corporation ten years from now?"

"I really don't know."

"You'll never achieve self-actualization unless you set some concrete goals for yourself. Read *Self Matters* by Dr. Phil. I'm begging you."

Suddenly, a T-virus infected lobster crashed through the wall. It was six feet tall and held a rocket launcher in one claw and a giant stainless steel shell cracker in the other.

"Wow, what a shocking and unexpected-"

"Shut up and shoot it!"

Chris fired his gatling gun. The bullets ricocheted off the lobster's rigid outer shell. He fumbled through his pockets for his lighter.

"Quick, give me your can of hair spray!"

It is we who shall wear the pants of justice and the tube top of victory.

Chris lit the jet of hair spray and threw the can. The lobster exploded in a shower of shell fragments and entrails.

"Do you love me?" Jill asked.

"Baby, if loving you is a crime then I throw myself before the mercy of the court... the *sexy* court."

"Then why won't you get a vagina installed on your chest? I think that'd be hot."

"I just don't- Ow! Stop hitting me on the shoulder. That really hurts."

"Want to hear a funny story? When I was a teenager my dad thought I had a gift for menstrual art, right, so he was constantly pressuring me to paint pictures with my used tampons. I've had low self-esteem ever since."

"That story isn't funny. It's actually pretty horrifying."

"Oh yeah, sorry."

Chapter 3

"Do you think it's possible to be a sexy zombie?" Jill said. "Like say we took that zombie over there, tied her down, and gave her a makeover. Would you be attracted to her?"

"Probably not. She's kind of fat."

"We could cut off her arms. Then she wouldn't be fat."

"Yes she would."

"She'd weigh less."

"Yeah, but the rest of her would still be fat."

"Oh God, Chris, I can't take this anymore. I'm sick of hiding from the Umbrella corporation. I'm sick of waking up every morning in some cheap motel with nothing to console me but a bottle of valium and some green herbs. I don't want to be that lonely waitress who cries herself to sleep at night because underneath all that lipstick and eyeliner she's still pure Kentucky tramp; never meant to experience love outside of the backseat fumblings of some high school dropout."

Jill ran out of the room. Chris started to follow her but then hesitated. He sat down and lit a cigarette.

"How did it come to this? We used to be so close. Now here I am sitting by myself talking to a dead body."

"Wait, I'm not dead." the bloody, disheveled figure on the floor said. "I'm just seriously wounded. I need medical attention."

"I remember the first night we spent together. We made love like two biomechanical insect drones attuned to the same central hive collective."

"Didn't you hear me? I said I'm alive."

"She extended her slender egg-laying proboscis and I received her embryos."

"Please, I've lost a lot of blood. Do you have any first aid spray?"

End

Words, Words, Words!

Zack "GAAAAAAAaaaaaa Eeeeeeeee" Parsons here with with an entirely new installment of the serial novel "Untitled Document" designated "Chapter Three" by the overlords of the New World Order.

> As the creature within Captain Henry's head slowly died the images, sound, and graphical representations of the other senses fluctuated, cut-out for several seconds at a time, and eventually disappeared entirely. These last snippets indicated that Captain Henry was either barely injured or possessed of immense reserves of willpower. By the time the technicians were sure that Captain Henry had survived the helicopters of the cleanup teams were already heading back to Belize and the timer had been long set on the atomic

> charge. The technicians huddled together and in hushed tones reassured one another that the atomic blast would surely kill Captain Henry. No man on foot could escape the blast radius even in the hours granted by the time-delay of the pheromone trails

The future of mankind may depend on you informing yourself about this powerful and gripping work of mediocre comedy scifi. By the way, if you have any comments feel free to e-mail me. They have been quite positive so far but I can't imagine there are no people who hate it.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

3.25 Heart Smarts: Gambling is Naughty

Thursday, Mar 25, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Balloonman sez: "HEY KIDS DON'T GAMBLE OR I'LL RUN YOU OVER WITH MY BALLOONCYCLE!"

Hello there faithful weekend readers. For those of you unlucky enough to have to work today, I offer my sincere condolences. Just keep in mind that you can be replaced by an Indian robot drone for 2 cents an hour at any time, so be thankful you still have a job. Most of my friends have computer science degrees from U of M and are now giving blowjobs for nickels on Michigan Avenue. It is indeed a troubled time, but I digress. Today I am launching another one of my self-help series designed to give aid to my legions of needy Internet readers who I try to help with my wealth of wisdom acquired through years of drunkenness and depravity. You might have noticed that the name has changed from "Life Lessons", to "Heart Smarts". The folks at marketing thought the name was a little catchier, and the change will also avoid a nasty lawsuit from Life cereal that threatened to take us to court because I claimed they were the sponsors and that their cereal gives puppies cancer. Sure I was feeding them asbestos and mercury as well, but I know in my heart it was the Life cereal that caused the horrible malignant growths.

Today we are going to take a stern and flirtatious look into the sordid social disease that is gambling. Ever since gambling was invented in 3948 BC by a Mesopotamian who put 4-9 odds that the crops would be swarmed and destroyed by locusts that year, it has been the scourge of mankind, overwhelming our psyche with greed and helplessness. All throughout history, our love for risk and the elation of winning has been our weakness. When the white man introduced the Native Americans to gambling, they thought it was just another wonderful gift from the gentle pale people from the east. Soon they couldn't get enough and started staking their entire possessions against the white folk, who often cheated and took everything from them. Even now that the tables are turned and the Native Americans are taking money from the stupid white folk, it still does not justify this most evil of vices. Today I will show you how gambling is worse than sex, drinking, tap-dancing, and murder combined. I'm sure there is a Bible passage against gambling somewhere, but my copy broke in half after thumping on it with my fist too often while preaching and teaching. Do not gamble with your eternal soul!

I vividly recall going to my first casino as a young child. As I walked in, my senses felt assaulted by lights, beeps, whistles, and sirens. Shuffling between the endless rows of blinking slot machines

were a motley collection of frightening zombies, each carrying a bucketful of assorted coins. Just as I was about to grab my shotgun to dispatch the ghouls like I have been trained to do after years of playing video games, I realized that these poor tormented souls were not real zombies, but just gamblers that had not left their precious slot machines in days. I continued to walk into the casino, feeling the pleasing beeps and hypnotizing lights drawing me deeper inside. I then made the mistake of wandering too near one of the three machines an old lady was frantically working. She bared her teeth and let out an inhuman guttural growl, a warning that I had come too close to her territory and if I did not back off she would attack without mercy, probably ripping my throat out with her sharp nicotine stained teeth and resuming popping quarters in the machines without bothering to wipe my sweet blood from her chin. I knew then that I was in a dark place of failure and tears, and my only chance of survival was to put $20 on black and flee. I left a little richer, and much wiser.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

3.26 Water, Water, Everywhere

Thursday, Mar 25, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

My Only Friend, THE END

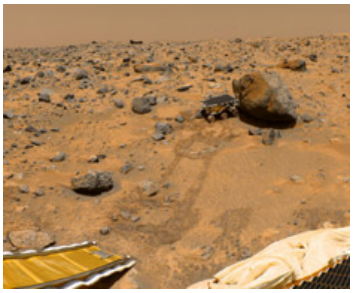
You only have a few hours left to enter the exciting contest! **We will stop accepting submissions at midnight Pacific time tonight,** so put some hustle in that game and get it across the finish line. We will be announcing the winners and reviewing some of the more interesting entries on Monday. Given the wide variety of horrible and great submissions I think it will be quite entertaining for you.

Water, Water, Everywhere

For decades water has been man's best friend and man's worst enemy. If it goes down one tube in our neck thing it will provide us with sweet and delicious nutrition, if it goes down the other neck tube it will kill us instantly. This is why pirates used to refer to water as a "harsh mistress" and why vampires stubbornly refuse to cross over water, although I think they might take boats and airplanes. Plants need water to build leaves and even the lowly frog would dry up and turn to stone if it weren't for the helpful assistance of water. But even in nature water is winsome and wild, falling from the sky like meteors and crashing down, forming huge molten pools of water called "floods". Millions die every year because of water and millions live every year because of water.

Go on boy, find the water. Go on! Good boy!

Imagine my immense surprise when NASA scientists announced yet again that they had discovered evidence of water on Mars. This fascinating revelation created more questions than it answered. Would water on Mars look like water on earth? Would it speak our earth language or would it have a totally different language? Would Martian water possess advanced technological wonders?



Warmer...warmer...ICE COLD!

Luckily, the whiskey finally gave up its hold on my brain and I realized that water isn't actually alive. Then I wondered why the fuck NASA keeps making a big deal out of all of this water bullshit. I mean they've found water on Mars like five or six times now. A bunch of nerdy people wearing "I Want to Believe" t-shirts and sporting holier-than-thou attitudes quickly pointed out that standing water means a better chance of fossilized life on Mars. After I finished dismembering their corpses and flushing them down the toilet I realized that this is really getting irritating. NASA's annual budget is over 15 billion dollars and the recent water-finding mission cost over 800 million dollars. They spent almost a billion dollars sending a couple of remote-controlled car to Mars to find something they already knew was there.

I was cool with the Mars rover mission when I thought it cost six or seven hundred dollars. When I realized it cost more like a billion I blew my fucking top. That means I personally paid like three dollars to see a press conference where scientists were shooting loads over rock formations. Medicare, Social Security, the military - hell, even the war in Iraq - are all better expenditures of my money than this nonsense. They launched their fucking billion dollar space cars to find something they already knew was there! That was the goal!

Then, to make matters worse, the president comes out surfing high on the wave of excitement over the space water telling me he's going to send astronauts to Mars? What, do they need to take a fucking bath? I've got a tub in my apartment and I will fill that shit up for twenty bucks. They can come in and stomp around in their space suits for a couple hours and then the president can stand in front of a banner that says "mission accomplished!" while giant mechanical eagles fly overhead in formation. Then maybe the next equally retarded president will stomp out and declare that we will launch a mission to the beach to find fucking sand. Whoah, science guys, you're blowing my mind here!

Overstated hostility aside, I'm still pretty pissed off. Don't get me wrong, I'm no anti-space astro-hater. I think the idea of blasting men into space is pretty near the top of the list of cool things to do with an afternoon. My problem isn't even the ridiculous cost of all of these space adventures; it's the idea that so much money is being spent on so little. I can forgive the moon landing, that was early in our space career and we still had a lot to prove to those filthy commies. Now we don't need to overcompensate for our national penis, and the only time we should be dropping a billion dollars on space projects is when they have a damn good goal. They don't have to succeed, I understand not every project will pay off, but "find water on this planet" is setting the bar way too low.

How's that wasting my money gig working out for you?

Astronauts sent to Mars to look at rocks **UNACCEPTABLE**
Astronauts sent to Mars to get kids off crack **ACCEPTABLE**

Astronauts build Moonbase to study lunar environment **UNACCEPTABLE**
Astronauts build Moonbase to develop cure for cancer **ACCEPTABLE**

Rover sent to Mars to dig for fossilized microorganisms **UNACCEPTABLE**
Rover sent to Mars to subdue and rape sentient aliens **ACCEPTABLE**

Satellite launched to study the Sun's radiation **UNACCEPTABLE**
Satellite launched that can shoot commies with lasers **ACCEPTABLE**

Probe sent to explore Jupiter's moons **UNACCEPTABLE**
Probe sent to allow baseball players to continue using steroids **ACCEPTABLE**

Rover explores Venus searching for unusual rocks **UNACCEPTABLE**
Rover explores Venus searching for Abraham Lincoln's Ghost **ACCEPTABLE**

International Space Station for fuck knows what **UNACCEPTABLE**
International Space Station for production of Hi-C Ecto Coolers **ACCEPTABLE**

When NASA invents a rocket that will blast on a glorious column of fire through the stratosphere and dramatically lower the cost of gasoline I will be all for it.

From the Wide World of Sports

Howdy, Livestock here with a quick and painless introduction to this week's Photoshop Phriday, which features the SA Forum Goons sharing their favorite and wierdest moments in professional

sports. Think of it as a Marv Albert blooper reel gone criminally insane. Or just imagine a naked Marv Albert biting a prositute's back in a cheap motel. You get the idea. Here is a preview:

I just totally pranked you guys because that image was from last week's Page of Shame. Just go read this new feature and see for yourself. I promise that image won't appear anywhere in it.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.27 Contest Winners Announced!

Sunday, Mar 28, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Youuuu Areee the Champions!

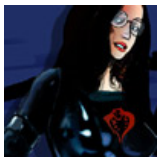
On the first of March Something Awful and J-List announced The 2004 J-List and Something Awful Mega Kawaii Contest Prize Bucks Super-Saiyan Extravaganza! You've probably heard of it since I have been nagging the fuck out of you guys about it for the past month. Friday was the deadline for entries and we received about 50,000 different submissions. Roughly half of them were horrible and were instantly discarded for consideration from any of the prizes. The other half I sifted through carefully and tried to pick out a dozen to present to our forum members for voting.

Because these entries were so good I was only able to narrow them down to 23, with a whole batch of other entries that I thought were worth recognition for the effort they put into their submission. So today, my writing hand is mostly going to relax and let all of these wonderful entries do the talking for me. One final note, every person listed in the top ten should contact me at zackparsons@somethingawful.com to receive the information on how to collect their prize.

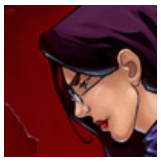
Due to bandwidth drain the Honorable Mentions are listed separately.

Runners Up

> These pieces were some of my favorites. They made it to final voting but did not receive enough votes to make it into the top ten.



"The Baroness" by Matthew from Pennsylvania



"The Baroness" by Courtney from Virginia

"Anime Death" by Eugene from Illinois

"Kawaii Nazi" by Kate from Massachusetts

"The Death of DiGi" by James from Texas

"The Last Days of Hitler" by Jay from Florida

"GI Joe Song" by Dennis from Connecticut

"Introducing the Dino Dick Dance Party" by Adam from Wisconsin

"The Phantom: For Fascists, By Fascists" by Justus from Oklahoma

"Phantom Game Console" by Marc from Tennessee

"A Picnic of Love and Triumph" by Robert from Tennessee

"El Pinto Grande Film Script" by Will from New Jersey

"Pterra! Pterra! Pterra!" by Joe from Louisiana

The Top Ten!

This is it folks! Aren't you juicing with excitement?! These ten entries were judged by me and then voted on by the SA Forums.

#10 "The Delanosaurus"

by John from Florida

Comments: This vivid and well written short story was the only text entry to break into the top ten. It is extremely funny and features the best two-brained dinosaur president death machine that ever fought for America.
Votes Received: 56
Prize: A free platinum forum account on the SA Forums

#9 "Tyranosaurus in G Major"

by Jason from New Jersey

Comments: An amusingly earnest and surprisingly melodic emo-style song about the mighty Tyranosaurus. I think the only thing holding this song back from going higher on the list is the quality of the recording.
Votes Received: 72
Prize: A free platinum forum account on the SA Forums

#8 "The Baroness"

by Michael from Arizona

Comments: A nearly photographic rendering of The Baroness shrugging out of her famous form-fitting leather suit. It's high enough quality that you will only feel slightly guilty for masturbating to it.
Votes Received: 75
Prize: A free platinum forum account on the SA Forums

#7 "Cobra Reich"

by Abby from California

Comments: Incredible detail on this gigantic image. The sheer number of Pokemon featured in this image exhausts my ability to name various Pokemon. I can certainly see Hitler, the Baroness, some SS soldiers, and a lovely panzer. This entry probably deserved to be higher, but hey, I'm not God of the Vote.
Votes Received: 90
Prize: A free platinum forum account on the SA Forums

#6 "Wir Werden Vorherrschen"

by Jason from New York

Comments: This stylized and sinister Nazi propaganda is sure to make you the talk of your kibbutz! It looks deceptively simple, but as you look at it and realize the perfect alignment of angles you realize that the image itself is fascist and menacing. Which, well, okay I'll drop the arthouse analyzing. It's damn good work.
Votes Received: 98
Prize: A free platinum forum account on the SA Forums

#5 "You've Got a Friend in Japan"

by Agesilaos from Illinois

Comments: It only takes a glance at this image to see that an insane amount of work went into it. The layers of news items and the violence of the image speak volumes about how much the artist hates Japan. Well, that, and he said he really hates Japan in his e-mail to me.
Votes Received: 115
Prize: A free platinum forum account on the SA Forums

#4 "Song for GI Joe"

by Josh from North Carolina

Comments: A truly professional rock song about GI Joe. These guys are fantastic, the recording quality is very good, and I certainly endorse their subject matter. The lyrics are catchy and if you have an ounce of love for GI Joe this track will find its way onto your playlist. Listen for the cowbell. Seriously, I wish I could offer these guys a record contract.
Votes Received: 152
Prize: A free platinum forum account on the SA Forums

#3 "Picnic on the Forums"

by John from Iowa

Comments: This entry emulates the format of the SA Forums to create a delightful picnic atmosphere for Something Awful legends Lowtax and Fragmaster. It's very creative, original, and most importantly, funny.
Votes Received: 171
Prize: "Looking for a Japanese Girlfriend" (or "Boyfriend") T-shirt from J-List

#2 "The Baroness"

by Elizabeth from Texas

Comments: A touch of anime, a touch of comic books, and a touch of HOT. This image had the voters drooling and struggling to explain how impressed they were with the technique without using a term for breasts. It's also pretty appropriate that the sexiest image was drawn by a girl...and she won a vibrator.
Votes Received: 181
Prize: A Hello Kitty vibrator, a collection of kooky Japanese condoms, and "Pink Nipple Cream" from J-List

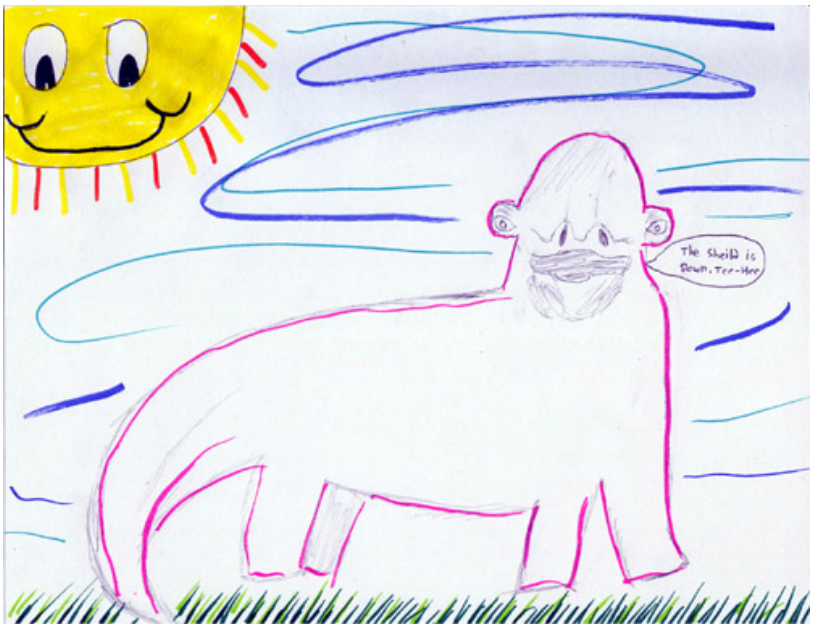
#1 "I'm a Dinosaurus"

by Benjamin from Illinois

Comments: A hilarious rap song about a time-traveling dinosaur that is just good enough to have come from an Eminem CD, but it's actually funny. Really, thirty seconds in to the song and I pretty much knew it would win the contest. The voters agreed. I hope the folks responsible enjoy the Studio Ghibli figurines and "OH! Mikey" DVDs they can now get from J-List with their 100 dollars of credit.
Votes Received: 189
Prize: A one hundred dollar credit at J-List for any merchandise available in their catalog.

Finally, we have one last prize to give out. Back when we started the contest I promised a "Mystery Loser Prize" for the entry that I felt was the most aggressively bad. There were a lot of bad entries. I really can't stress that enough, I think people were TRYING to win the "Mystery Loser Prize". I may cover some of the funnier ones in the near future, but for the time being I award the Mystery Loser Prize to **Keith Cunningham of Texas**.

Keith sent me a 1650x1264 scan of a pen and marker illustration of Admiral Ackbar as a dinosaur saying "The Sheild[sic] is Down, Tee-Hee". I consider this image to be so bad that it's actually hostile towards me. The inclusion of Ackbar in a theme with really no room whatsover to include him is an act of violence by Keith against me. With that in mind I have decided to present him with the Mystery Loser Prize. The prize is a copy of the worst hentai game ever made:



Unlike all of the other winners, Keith doesn't even have to contact me. I intend to make sure he gets his copy of Water Closet if I have to break into his house at night and put it in his computer. FUCK YOU KEITH!

Thanks to Peter from J-List for providing us with the slightly creepy fabulous prizes for this contest. Go and check them out, you're sure to make fast friends with your local anime club and trust me when I say you don't want to be on the anime club's bad side.

The Doctor is In!

This week, the irrepressable Dr. David Thorpe (and we're not using that word lightly, he is legally classified as irrepressable) not only explains his feelings towards the controversial glam-metal band The Darkness but also provides us with an educational rundown of the music news of the past couple of weeks.

In related news, Morrissey has voiced his displeasure at American Idol in a recent interview on LA's KROQ radio station, saying of the contestants: "I think they're very sad and I feel sorry, genuinely sorry for them. I think they look a bit sad and they sound sad and they're treated in a sad way. and I think it's very unfortunate." Morrissey calling you sad? Ouch!

Join the mad scientist once again for another dose of musical cynicism. Also, wannabe musicians take note: Dr. Thorpe is now soliciting your crappy demos, so make sure you check out his announcement at the end of the article.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.28 So You've Got Mono...

Sunday, Mar 28, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Well, not "you" exactly. Actually, it's more along the lines of "me." Yep, just this past Friday, while you were reading Zack's hilariously malcontent article about NASA's shortcomings, I was busy getting diagnosed with mono. That's right, mono. The Kissing Disease. The Big M. The College Collapser. The Month-long Sleeper Hold. The Epstein-Barr Beatdown. It's actually sort of a relief, as here I was starting to think I was just lazy. This first week back from spring break, I was low on energy and lacking anything even remotely resembling an appetite, which I chalked up as the result of food poisoning from a particularly shady meal at Chili's. However, on Friday morning, I woke up with a slight tickle in my throat, by which I mean it felt like I had been gargling napalm. I looked in the mirror and noticed my neck had a peculiarly convex shape to it. I took a look inside my mouth and immediately came upon something a bit odd. My uvula, usually a free-hanging entity, was being strongarmed by a couple of goons that had emerged from the sides of my throat. That dangly little ball that we all know and love was not so much dangling as it was being squeezed between two swollen, red outcroppings of throat-meat that are not usually there. I took this as a sign that something more sinister than some bad steak tips was at work here. As I contemplated the matter, I was distracted by the always pleasant sensation of my throat trying to strangle me from the inside. After hocking up enough mucous to coat a Slip N' Slide, I decided to take action and consult a medical professional.

This is the first picture Google comes up with when you search for "mono," which is odd, because it's from a study on herpes. Mouth herpes!

This is the second. Confusing, but hee hee! A monkey!

I presented my food poisoning story to the doctor, pausing frequently to marvel at just how much my normally sexy voice sounded like it was coming from underwater. The doctor, to her credit, listened to my entire theory, although I could tell she would have been just as happy if I had opted to shut the hell up and let her do her job. She took a throat culture, although I'm mildly convinced that she was getting payback for having to listen to my longwinded story, as she jammed her official medical Q-tip so far down my throat that she left cotton on top of my kidneys. The Q-tip came out coated in a reddish-orange syrup which looked sort of like sweet and sour sauce. If I knew then what I know now, I would have never tried to get the doctor to let me put it on my chicken wings. After taking the goop to the lab for study and eventual consumption, the doctor called for a blood test. I went along with her plans, largely because she did not explain until the last minute that she was talking about *my* blood. I'm protective of my blood, you see. I grow it myself from some of the finest marrow known to man. I take great pride in the quality of my bodily fluids, and I'm very hesitant about just going around giving out free samples to strange women who have just assaulted me with Q-tips. Nonetheless, I relented. Once the necessary amount of my precious, precious blood was withdrawn, I was sent out to a waiting room for strategic waiting purposes.

After a few minutes, the doctor came back to get me. She didn't say anything, but just smiled that beguiling, oddly alluring smile of hers and led me back to her office. There, she promptly turned around and held up a pamphlet which said "So You've Got Mono" in big red letters. She thought this was funny as hell. I was inclined to disagree, because I had mono, so frankly I felt I was entitled. The joke's on her, though, because I stole her little pamphlet's title and used it for this article. So

clearly the victory is mine.

And this is the third! Another monkey! Hey, I'm going to like this disease!

The real problem with mono is that once you've got it, there's nothing you can do about it. It's going to last as long as it's going to last, and chances are, it's going to suck. There are certain symptoms that it seems like they could fix, though. For instance, the whole clapping tonsils deal is one that could be done away with. When you get mono, your tonsils swell up to the size of lemons in an attempt to asphyxiate you. It seems, then, that having mono would be perfectly good grounds for a tonsillectomy. I realize that the medical community does not want to perform unnecessary surgery, but I don't think this would be that invasive of a procedure. Right now, you could perform a tonsillectomy on me with a decent pair of tweezers and a couple good, strong tugs. I'm afraid that I'm going to cough to hard and they're going to get jostled around and end up getting lodged in my esophagus. I can bear the indignity of being diagnosed by a pamphlet with big, red letters on it, but I'm really not that keen on the humiliation associated with swallowing my own tonsils.

The point of all this is, my health isn't the best at the moment, and when my health isn't at its best, my humor isn't at its best. You try being funny while simultaneously blowing inch-thick mucous bubbles every time you try to exhale. So if I seem out of sorts or you don't see as much of me around on the ol' Something Awful front page, just know that it's because the mono is keeping me away, and not because I've been fired. Unless I do get fired, in which case, I'll see you all in Hell.

The Weekend Web: Nothing To See Here Folks

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here. Uhm, I too have mono! At least that's what I'm going to say when I tell Lowtax I'm calling in sick today. I thought of some other excuses like my grandmother got run over by a bus. I got drafted by the San Diego Padres to be their star pitcher. A dinosaur is holding Moof hostage in a cave on the moon and only I know the dinosaur's secret weakness. But I didn't think that Lowtax, a man who once scored four touchdowns in a single game, would go for any of that. The unfortunate truth is that real life has reared it's ugly head once again and ate my beloved Weekend Web. We'll be back with forums about female sex robots and retarded teenagers next week in a Weekend Web that promises to be bigger and badder than ever. Here is a preview of what's to come:

Spectacular! See you next week!

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

3.29 Art Critiquing the Life Out of Your Kids III: Anatomy Lesson

Tuesday, Mar 30, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

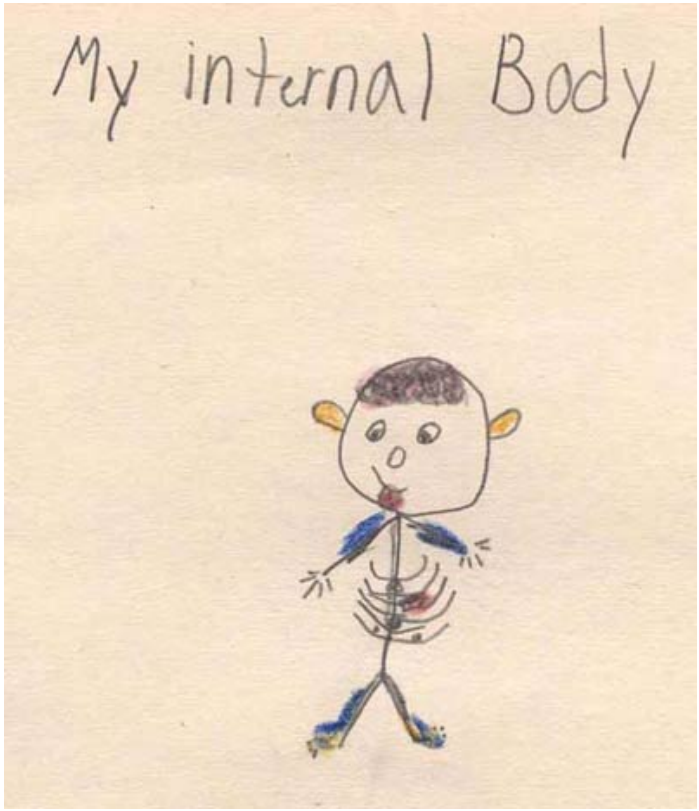
By now you're probably still not aware that I've written a couple articles wherein I critiqued the horrid artistic anathemas excreted by children using primitive crayon drawing tools. I don't really expect you to know something like that anymore than I expect you to send me a card on the holidays or on my birthday. It's just common courtesy, and I don't blame you for not having it. But I do blame you for not doing your part to protect art, which, if you don't count music, dance, or murder, is the universal language of man. Art is what separates us from the savage animals amassed at the edges of civilization, waiting for the perfect moment to maul us to death with their sharp teeth, pointy claws, and colorfully festive beaks. Art is what makes us pretentious and better than animals, so we must guard and protect it like a pot of pudding-covered lesbians resting at the end of a particular curvaceous rainbow. Yes, that means respecting art. If we let every knucklehead draw stupid pictures of sexually aroused dragons and naked elves bathing in shimmering hidden lakes, then eventually art will be about as valuable as beekeeping tips from a perverted hobo. We can't exactly undo the damage that's already been done, but we can protect art from the next generation of furries, fantasy obsessed losers, and all-around scary cretins destined to use art as a way of satiating their horrific sexual frustrations. Because I want to do my part, welcome to yet another retread of an old idea! It's time for another round of children's art critiquing!

Seeing as how I myself fear children and their menacing bites, slobber, and unrepentant staring, I prefer to avoid them altogether. That's why I'm going to play it safe and attack them from afar, and there is no place further from reality than the Internet! My targets for this exercise are the pusillanimous lads behind the site Dream Anatomy, which is hosted by the National Library of Medicine, an apparent branch of our government. I can only assume this horrible art, all on the topic of human anatomy, was therefore produced at taxpayer expense. Yes, that's right, our very government is taking your hard earned money and investing it in anatomy charts from stupid children with no medical training whatsoever. I don't know about you, but I find this completely insane and worthy of an investigation spearheaded by no less than the sinister Dr. Henry Kissinger. The absolutely appalling ignorance of the nation's youth truly shines here, as not one single drawing offered on this site appears to be even remotely true to life. Most of these kids demonstrate a complete lack of basic understanding of the human form, and seem to believe that we are no more than sausages that evolved giant seal arms. Some drawings even appear to be nothing more than anthropomorphic explosions, a concept best saved for comic books and not medical illustrations. Since this is all downright horrifying, we might as well get it over with.

Matthew, Age 6

Matthew offers up this important diagram that will aid doctors in removing dinner rolls from human ears. I certainly hate when I get bread lodged in my ear canals, as it's terribly distressing, not to mention an embarrassing faux pas. Matthew's bizarre depiction of the human body includes a rib cage that seems act as a skewer, jabbing through organs instead of protecting them. I haven't quite determined if that dark smudge on the head is a brain or a toupee, but given the facial expression on this poor sap's face, I don't think it would make much difference.

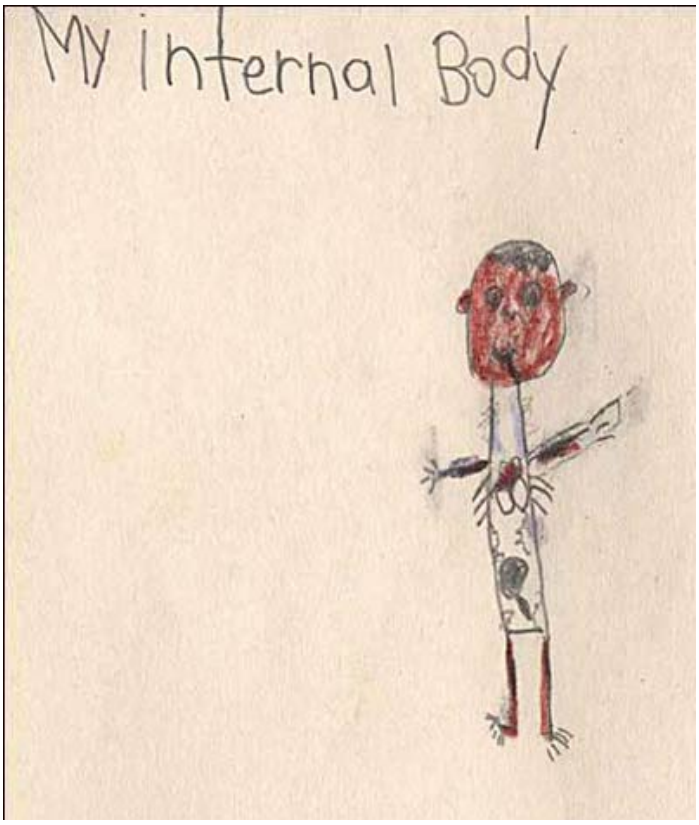
Additional Comments: Matthew has no comprehension of the subject matter he is referencing, clearly did no research, and clearly went to no effort to check the accuracy of his work. He can no more differentiate human anatomy from a Pop-Tart.



Final Grade: F

■ Porsche, Age 6

You know Porsche is in good hands, seeing as how her parents named her after a car. I think the only way it would be appropriate to be named after a car is if that car was Kitt, the talking car from Knight Rider. What I liked most about Kitt was that he had personality, something you don't really expect when it comes to talking cars. He was a sassy car, but professional at the same time. It's hard to imagine where Michael Knight would have been without the constant support of Kitt, but I don't think he would have lasted long. He and that car sure had some awesome adventures. Porsche certainly can't compete with Knight Rider, but then I don't think she was intending to when she drew this frightening picture. In her hands, the human body is nothing more than a near-empty cupboard. We see a clearly visible organ of some sort, perhaps a liver or a crude representation of the genitals, but it is gray and all dried up. Above it we see a gigantic fly patiently consuming what's left of this poor soul's innards. Further up, we see that the flesh of the face is gone and replaced with the mortal red of blood, or perhaps charred in some horrendous fire. Whatever ate away the flesh also took the eyelids, leaving the eyeballs as bulbous shapes, staring epically because they lack any means of hiding. Like suns that never set, they peer endlessly forward incapable of ever truly knowing night. The limbs, those tiny useless stumps, open up as if to accept a hug, completely oblivious to the notion that no one could ever bring themselves to hug this beast. But just as no one could ever love this monstrosity, it can never know love itself. There is no heart in the cupboard, only the hunger of the fly.



Additional Comments: Porsche shows a morbid fascination with death and emptiness. This coupled with her inventive handling of the assignment makes this piece far too subjective to get any real use in the medical profession. Perhaps if she focused on the goal at hand instead of projecting her uncertainties, she could have gotten the job done.
Final Grade: F

■ **Owse, Age 6**

I think we can rule that Owse, who I'm going to assume is a male for no particular reason whatsoever, is a completely unprofessional stooge. Am I to believe that this is

truly his internal body? If so, then I don't even want to know what he looks like on the outside. First off, having an impressive wingspan is generally a bad thing when you're a human, mainly because humans don't have wings. So right away we have a problem with Owse's giant green wings. The head is also very perplexing, since he seems to have ears not unlike those of a koala bear. What's more, he has antlers! Thanks Owse, but if we wanted drawings of the magic bird deity that haunts your nightmares, we'd ask for them! Next time stick to the assignment and leave your corny fantasies out of this.

Additional Comments: I wonder what sort of ham brained screening process could have let somebody like Owse through? If you're going to save money by outsourcing important work to children, at least make sure they have some clue about what it is they are supposed to be drawing. Illustrations of strange mythological bird-koala-deer hybrids are not useful in the medical profession!
Final Grade: F-

■ John, Age 5

People have hands at the end of their arms, not hearts. I don't know how anyone could possibly get confused about something like that, but John managed to do it. I'm guessing his mind was elsewhere – probably thinking about love – and he let his passion get the best of his important work for our government. I fear that this medical illustration might get mixed in with real ones, and some unsuspecting doctor or student might accidentally graft a human heart to somebody's wrist. A procedure such as that would be downright dangerous and apt to result in serious medical complications. John is being incredibly negligent here, and I for one hope he is reprimanded.

Additional Comments: John tried to give this picture a lot of extra heart, but unfortunately he was entirely too literal about it.
Final Grade: F

■ Joshua, Age 6

This drawing depicts some sort of man-goose at the exact moment a bullet pierces its

head. This picture is no less chilling than the Zapruder film or the fabled Vietnam execution picture, as it captures the exact moment of someone's death. Beyond that ghastly display, the rest of this poor creature is just as harrowing. The organs seem to be held in place by the spine in a shish kabob fashion, while the legs act as bent rakes with little if any articulation. The arms, too, are nearly immobile, acting merely as rigid antennas. Frankly, I don't think I've ever seen such an inaccurate depiction of man-goose anatomy.

Additional Comments: Joshua's fascination with death is quite unsettling and completely out of place in this medium. The goal is to show internal anatomy as it is in some natural state – either life or death – and not as it is transitioning between the two. There is no need for such action to be displayed, as it is quite gratuitous and distracting.
Final Grade: F

■ Johnny, Age 6

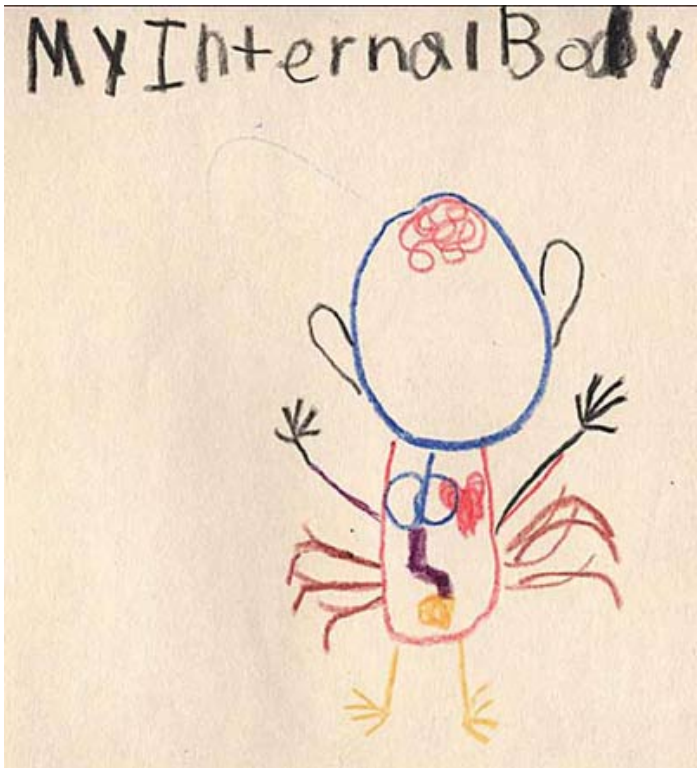
Lastly, we have this bizarre contribution from Johnny, who inadvertently answers the question, "what would Charlie Brown look like if he was consumed by the Akira spirit?"

"LINNNUUUUUSSSSSS!!!!!!!"

"CHARRRRRLIEEEEE!!!!"

Okay, so maybe not.

What we do have here is a rather queer looking creature with a faceless Charlie Brown head, duck legs, two jointless yet pliable arms, and tentacles. No, this isn't the next stage in Michael Jackson's ongoing mutation, though that may seem like the only logical answer. Instead it's 6-year-old Johnny's take on humans, and boy is it ever a departure from the norm. At least he went to the effort of including some actual internal organs in his illustration. We can make out a freestanding heart, two lungs, and a purple pipe that runs from the lungs to a yellow sack. I assume that's a backup tank for oxygen. The tentacles are an interesting addition, but perhaps I am taking those red lines too literally. Johnny might have simply drawn them in as action lines, to denote the frantic



action of the human body's myriad of autonomic functions. It's difficult to tell, and I simply don't care enough to try to figure out just what imaginative Johnny's intentions were. I'm more concerned with the fact that human and duck anatomy is so gosh darn similar.

Additional Comments: You make an awful medical illustration, Charlie Brown!
Final Grade: F

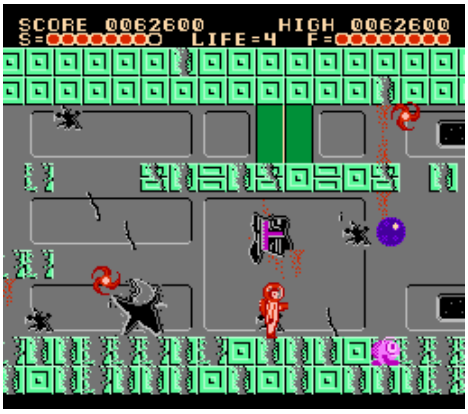
I've done my part, so now it's up to you! Like always, preventive action starts early and definitely before the action, which is weird because you have to prevent the action with action. It's a complicated concept not unlike the various complicated concepts Stephen Hawking thinks about when he's getting sponge baths or not being beaten. Why some adults allow kids to waste paper and precious crayon wax, which I imagine we have to import from Iraq or some other dangerous place, I have no idea. So I ask all of you to be responsible, not just for your own kids, but for all the children of the world. If you see a child expressing creativity, slap them so hard your hand hurts. Worse, if you see a child drawing, steal away their drawing tool, snap it and half, and startle the hell out of them by shouting "this is why God is dead!" If you want to truly get through to them, scare them with threats of a dire future riddled with failure. You know, something juicy like, "Do you want to end up like Wil Wheaton? Because you're on an express train to Wheatonville!" Although such statements are largely meaningless, they will no doubt shock the child and potentially scar him or her for life. Desperate times call for desperate measures, and we have to protect or sacred languages from abuse.

P.S. Before you get the urge to play a hard boiled Internet cop and issue a citizens arrest for the serious crime of plagiary, just take a moment to note that I started writing these here art critique articles months before any other site to my knowledge did and therefore since I did it first I'm not the one who is stealing. Unless of course you know about my time machine, in which case, no, I

cannot give you a ride to Woodstock, man. For those of you wondering what I'm talking about, don't worry; I'm not going to jail just yet.

Come Get Your Daily Dose of Explode!

Hey negroes, it's your old pal Taylor "Psychosis" Bell here to drop an all-new review on your ass! This week's game is called The Adventures of Captain Comic, and let me tell you, it isn't pretty.



> *As it turns out, your gun isn't really broken. The only reason it won't fire is that the number of bullets you can have on the screen at any one time is determined by how many "Blastola Colas" you drink. At the beginning you haven't drunk any, so while you can still technically shoot and deplete the weapon meter, nothing comes out of your stupid cola-powered gun, so all you can do is jump around and try to avoid the hordes of angry suicidal birds and earthworms. Once you find your first Blastola Cola, you'll be able to kill almost every enemy by simply walking to the right and constantly firing, since the enemies spawn on the right side of the screen directly in the path of your shots. There's a weapon meter that's supposed to discourage this kind of behavior, but all that does is force you to occasionally stop for two seconds to recharge.*

Whoa nelly! Click here for a low-interest penis enlarging degree from a non-accredited Nigerian university.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.30 Something Awful Sees Sydney Scientologists, Part I

Tuesday, Mar 30, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

You can tell you're a member of an awesome "religion" when it's located next door to a bankrupt lamp store.

We here at Something Awful absolutely love the Scientologists. No really, we do. If it wasn't for their passionate, devoted crusade to free each and every one of us from the iron-strong stranglehold that the nefarious Lord Xenu, Intergalactic Emperor of Space, and his insidious Thetan spirits have on our very existence, then a good majority of the population would have no chance of salvation and eternal bliss. Also Zack and I would have to spend more time searching for the phrase "absolutely insane cults" in Google to make fun of each update, so I fully support L. Ron Hubbard's crusade to make my life just a little bit lazier.

Now please keep in mind that I am a fairly liberal, open-minded human being who enjoys embarking upon new and exciting experiences. For example, I expressed absolutely no hesitation back during my freshman year of college when that fraternity made me dress up as Alan Alda and took turns sodomizing me with a broken table leg. However, I tend to have a few issues with goofy cults like Scientology and Mormonism, both of which generate fortunes by brainwashing innocent folks through mind-numbing repetition and the threat of condemnation. Yes, I am aware that every religion expresses these tendencies to some degree, but if I wanted to start ranting about how all religions are evil and hypocritical and destructive and molested my dog Poofy, then I'd start up a Livejournal website and take time out of my life to inform you what mood I am currently experiencing by displaying a selected Sonic the Hedgehog animated gif. I classify Scientology and Mormonism as cults based on the following questions:

QUESTION #1: Has their "religion" been in existence since the days of the Wild, Wild West?
SCIENTOLOGY: Formed in the 1950s, around the same time the film "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" was released. Lucky for their founder, no aliens wanted to snatch L. Ron Hubbard's bloated body because it was a few space sizes too big.
MORMONISM: Invented in 1830 by Joseph Smith, just after the Wild, Wild West's birth. Other noteworthy things discovered that decade include the lawnmower, the electric streetcar, and how guns could be used to blow the heads off Native Americans who inexplicably acted uppity after settlers conveyed their desire to blow their heads off.

QUESTION #2: Was their "religion" founded by somebody who I could personally respect?
SCIENTOLOGY: Founder L. Ron Hubbard wrote a whole busload of science fiction novels that include "Mission Earth: Interdimensional Cyclops Attack," "Death Napkin," and the best-selling hit, "Dial 'A' For 'Alien' and Then Dial 'L' For 'Laser' and Then Dial 'A' Again for 'Attack Those Aliens' Which Would Technically Be 'ATA' But There is Clearly No 'ATA' Button on the Phone But If There Was, Then You Should Dial It Too."
MORMONISM: Joseph Smith died while shooting townsfolk from a jail cell with his brother Hyrum, where he was imprisoned for treason and burning down a printing press which produced anti-Mormon literature. I guess that's sorta like the whole Jesus and crown of thorns thing, and I can't help but wonder why God didn't bless His only son with access to an assault rifle when those filthy Romans were stapling Him to the cross.

QUESTION #3: Does their "religion" mention, in any form, goofy extra-terrestrial

space shit that I would normally expect to see on a late night television show hosted by the increasingly doughy Dan Aykroyd?

SCIENTOLOGY:75 million years ago, a horrifyingly evil entity known as "Xenu" (or as "Big Red" to his close friends) used space psychiatrists and tax attorneys to put aliens inside planes piloted for volcanoes on Earth, which he then blew up with hydrogen bombs. Now the souls of these dead Martians infest each and every one of us, and the only way to rid ourselves of their dastardly curse is by opening up the mouth of L. Ron Hubbard's bloated corpse and shoving $100 bills into it. Sadly enough, this is pretty much all true.

MORMONISM:"God" hangs out near a star named "Kolob." The true Bible somehow fell off the Earth, and the Book of Mormon is its restoration, painstakingly recreated from bits and pieces of floating astro debris that Joseph Smith was able to grab with his Holy Tweezers. Also, if you are a really good Mormon and religiously give them all of your money, some day you will get your own planet to rule over. This is good news for Derek Smart, who can use an entire planet to store all unpurchased copies of his games. Once again, this is all true.

So now that I've provided an excitingly tantalizing overview detailing my two favorite cults, I'd like to delve into my recent experience with the "Church" of Scientology in Sydney, Australia. As some of you may know, I decided to get off my fat ass and actually take a vacation a week ago. Details of the trip will come in the form of a guide within the next week, so stay tuned for exciting Australian stories of incomprehensible accents and never ending underground malls. During one of our wanderings through downtown Sydney, my girlfriend and I passed under a festively filthy sign reading, "DIANETICS INFORMATION CENTRE: CHURCH OF SCIENTOLOGY." I joked to Megan (my girlfriend) that we should go in and take the grand tour devoted to L. Ron Hubbard's exciting history of throwing people off boats and scrawling religious decrees on bar napkins, and she agreed. That's when panic struck me; I didn't actually expect her to support my hare-brained idea! She obviously had no knowledge of how remarkably crazy and persistent these folks were, so she was unable to grasp the inherent danger of entering a Scientology headquarters without being heavily armed. However, since I am so wonderfully liberal and open-minded (see previous claims), I agreed to enter the Scientology compound under one condition: if a Scientologist vaporized me with one of their space lobster ray guns, I wanted my eulogy read by famed Philadelphia Phillies' first baseman John Kruk, just as long as he had full and complete access to the buffet.

Our guide through the wonderful world of Scientology. Click on the image for a larger picture, and please check out the informative chart to the right of her.

The first thing we realized upon entering the Scientology compound was the fact that everybody there seemed to possess tiny metallic rods inside their mouths forcing them to constantly stretch open in disturbing, unholy attempts to smile. I think they all clenched their teeth together to prevent the evil Xenu from flying his solar jetcar into their mouths and down through their inner thetan where he could then wreak unholy havoc on their unsuspecting cosmic kidneys. The receptionist asked why we were visiting and if we would like a tour.

"Oh gosh yes we'd like a tour!" I exclaimed while clutching my heart in case it launched itself out of my chest in utter excitement. "We'd love to hear what this is all about!" Megan and I decided beforehand that we'd play the part of two uneducated rubes looking for more information on the wonderful, helpful "religion" known as Scientology. I didn't have to work hard to play dumb, it just came naturally to me.

A Scientologist representative greeted us and began our wonderful tour into the colon of L. Ron Hubbard's mind. She never told us her name, which leads me to believe there was an error at the Scientologist Processing Plant when her unit was cloned off the assembly line. She began the tour by pointing to a photo of L. Ron Hubbard standing in a garden. "This is L. Ron Hubbard," she helpfully explained while pointing to a caption below which read "L. RON HUBBARD," shortly before launching into a rambling biography of his life. The representative explained that Mr. Hubbard, in addition to making up his very own "religion," was horribly famous for being horribly smart and doing a tremendous amount of exciting things such as "going to college." I pointed to the lush and vibrant collection of wildlife behind L. Ron in the photo and asked, "is that his garden?" and the lady claimed it was. Ain't no Xenu spreading weeds and grubs in that garden, baby!

Do not cry for this infant for it is already dead.

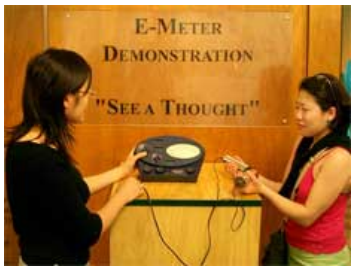
Speaking of babies, there was a small infant residing in a carriage inside the Scientology compound, randomly emitting a series of shrill shrieks. The child, who was some Scientologist's kid, was clutching a copy of L. Ron Hubbard's fictional novel "Dianetics" while screaming. I looked over at the baby and asked our helpful Scientologist representative, "so is 'Dianetics' the first book that child will learn to read?" and she said "yes" in an absolutely deadpan voice so serious it was almost chilling. The whole scene caused my very soul to weep; this poor innocent baby was being raised by a bunch of braindead nutwads who spend hundreds of thousands of dollars supporting a cult that believes we are all possessed by the spirits of dead aliens blown up by H-bombs. Oh how I look forward to the next generation of children.

The representative babbled on about reactive minds and self-help and all this other crap from an introductory college psychology course. Then she moved on to the mind, body, and soul ("thetan") and all this other crap from an introductory religious studies course. I suppose they intentionally start off their tours with such plausible, obvious information so they can gradually burn out into a downward spiral of insanity towards the end of the tour without it being as noticeable. The Scientologist pointed to a gigantic chart composed of approximately 100 million sections and colorful boxes representing each "level" you go through during your quest to become "clear" (i.e., you have no "reactive mind," i.e., your body is free of alien invaders, i.e., your bank account is empty). She would read the label of one level and then read the words next to it. Whenever I asked her any specific questions regarding that particular level, she would respond by reading the text again, only much more slowly. Our representative was very skilled at not only avoiding every direct question I asked her, but was also quite adept at reading large blocks of text printed on the side of a wall. I'm not sure what progressing up the ladder of insanity allows you to do, but I suspect you gain an additional 10 hit points every level in addition to strength, dexterity, and constitution bonuses. Once you hit OT III, you learn a character class-based skill ("Blizzard Attack") and are able to embark upon the dreaded Quest of Zygbar's Haunted Castle.

As the tour progressed, our friendly evasive representative explained that one is "audited" to determine if they have enough experience points to level up. Auditing is performed with an "e-meter," a device which is "especially religious." The lady repeated that statement three times, just in case we had any doubts as to the validity of her precious e-meter. "This is a religious device," she chanted once again while pointing to a photo of a bright blue Radio Shack device hanging on the wall. Me, being the curious asshole I am, asked if she could demonstrate the e-meter for us. Me, being the cowardly asshole I am, requested it be tested on my girlfriend because I have a personal fear of getting hooked up to electrical devices manufactured by tiny space elves. She agreed and returned after a brief period of time with a locked metal case she placed upon a wooden stand and began to fumble with its complex five-digit combination. I assume e-meters fetch a handsome price on the

exclusive L. Ron Hubbard black market, and I feared the woman would attempt to stab beef skewers into my eye sockets if I even dared to joke about stealing her precious thetan magic machine.

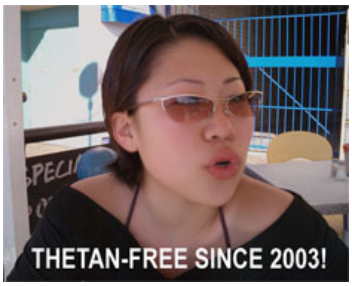
Unfortunately, all did not go as planned during this e-meter demonstration. Things got off to a poor start when the Scientologist accidentally knocked over the device, causing it to loudly crash upon the ground. I helpfully shouted "oh no! You dropped your e-meter, ma'am!" in the same tone of voice you'd use to tell your best friend they have cancer. She seemed slightly embarrassed while picking it back up and setting it upon the stand, but the determined Scientologist insisted on continuing the demonstration. Apparently those Radio Shack transistors were built to last, and the helpful hand of L. Ron Hubbard's dead fat ghost helped guide her through such a grueling trial with the utmost confidence.



Oh no! The e-meter is failing! Is nothing sacred?!?

Now let me describe your typical e-meter. It's basically a Wheatstone Bridge only it's different because, as you can tell, it clearly has a different name. The subject being audited has to hold a large metallic soup can in each hand (one generates electricity and the other receives it) while the Scientologist asks them a series of questions such as "how are you feeling today?" and "what is your bank account routing number?" If you are nervous, then your body begins to sweat and this moisture helps the current flow from can A to can B quicker. This heightened response is noted on the e-meter which then informs you that you are either lying or chock full of alien ghosts from another dimension. The Scientologist explained that the reactive mind, one of the arch-enemies of Scientology, is responsible for all these horrible emotions and feelings in our lives and once we free ourselves from the tyranny of the reactive mind, we'll finally be able to transcend to level 600000 on the Scientology chart where we are awarded an experience bonus and additional critical hits against orcs. To illustrate what a horrible effect the reactive mind has on our body, she pinched Megan on the arm before powering on the e-meter. According to Mrs. Scientologist, Megan's reactive mind would then associate the phrase "pinch" with pain, and therefore simply remembering this traumatic event would trigger such pain.

"Now recall the pinch," the representative said while adjusting her top secret, highly religious e-meter knobs. "Recall the pinch." Nothing. No response. My girlfriend was obviously a literal Thetan magnet, as her failure to register a reading on the e-meter represented a problem so impossibly complex that only L. Ron Hubbard himself could rectify it, possibly by standing around in his garden and eating McDonalds cheeseburgers for hours. The representative continued to increase both the amount of electricity outputted as well as the machine's sensitivity.



Do I win some sort of prize for having the most Thetan-free girlfriend or something?

"Recall the pinch. Recall the pinch." Megan claimed she was recalling the pinch, but you know how deceitful those pesky space alien ghosts are. For all I know, Megan was recalling the time I DIDN'T pinch her, therefore making a mockery of precious Scientology. I knew I should've dumped her months ago.

"Recall the pinch. Recall the pinch." The Scientologist kept saying that phrase over and over and over until it felt as if my head would detonate and thousands of tiny flying souls would escape into the stratosphere. "Recall the pinch. Recall the pinch." She continued to rotate the electricity and sensitivity knobs, obviously desperate for some kind of reaction. "Recall the pinch. Recall the pinch." I offered to pinch Megan again, but the Scientologist claimed that was unnecessary. L. Ron Hubbard would guide her through this tough situation and, by golly, we'd finally be able to "see a thought" as

promised. "Recall the pinch. Recall the pinch," she continued to plead while staring at my girlfriend. Megan peered uneasily back at me while I smiled and waved.

"Recall the pinch. Recall the pinch." After about the 50th "recall the pinch" demand, the Scientologist gave up. It was obvious Xenu had won this round and there was no way her e-meter would be able to defeat such a powerful foe. The representative offered various explanations as to why the e-meter was not seeing her thoughts correctly, and these reasons include:

- Megan was tired.
- Megan was exercising, so therefore she was not tired.
- Megan was hungry.
- Megan, who just ate, was not hungry.
- Megan needed to moisturize her hands.
- Megan was on her period.

The last excuse was definitely my favorite of all. The Scientologist just brazenly asked, "are you on your period?" as if she was casually asking somebody, "so did you see 'The Sopranos' last night?" She explained that she was not on her period, and I helpfully interjected that the Scientologist could check if she felt Megan was lying. This comment causedboth of them give me rather nasty glances, so I went back to staring at the photo of L. Ron Hubbard in his garden and pondering if he used his books as compost to produce such vibrant florae. So while e-meters may be incredibly useful and wonderful tools crucial to maintaining a healthy lifestyle, they won't work if you're hungry or if you're not hungry or if you're tired or if you're not tired or if you don't moisturize your hands or if you're on your period. But other than that, hey, they work perfectly, all praise L. Ron Hubbard.

Whew! It seems as if I've written an awful lot already, so I'm going to kindly step out and continue Part II of the Scientology adventure next week. In the meantime, feel free to learn more about the wonderful "religion" of Scientology so you too can be prepared when their army of lawyers comes marching through your town, threatening tax audits if you don't convert to their clam-based cult. Fun ahoy!

I see London, I see France

There are two definitions for tarot cards.

1. Any of a set of usually 78 playing cards including 22 cards depicting vices, virtues, and elemental forces, used in fortunetelling.
2. Any of these 22 pictorial cards used as trump in tarok.

I have no idea what the hell that second one means. And I have no intention of finding out, either. I'm going to be on my deathbed, happy knowing that whatever the hell tarok is, I don't know a damn thing about it. This week, we're dealing with the first one. That crazy card game where some hippy slaps a few cards down then tells you that you're going to fall in love, or die, or fall in love and die at the same time. Except we have fun. And there is no dying.

Okay that's a lie.

A small one.

You're going to die someday.

Thanks to forum Goon stasis for starting this weeks Comedy Goldmine.

It's whatever time where you are right now. Do you know where your children are?

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.31 Love, American Style

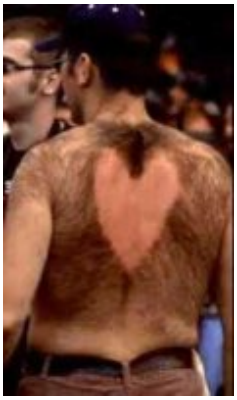
Wednesday, Mar 31, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Romance is in the air like a cloud of post nuclear holocaust radiation, but not as deadly. It's springtime in America, a time for renewal and growth. It's also the most romantic time of the year. The birds and the bees dance among the blooming flowers and the lightly dewed baby grass, while anal lube and sex toy profits skyrocket, boosting the lagging economy and giving schools more money for extracurricular activities that will keep kids off crack and murdering you in your sleep. As the snow melts away from our hearts and into our bladder making us have to pee every five minutes, we are reminded of the love that was once was and shall be again. This is the time when the passionate game is played where the male relentlessly chases his female of choice while she plays hard to get while batting her eyelashes and giggling. While the invention of the chloroform soaked rag has made this game much easier, it is still a lovers tradition that is as old as we can remember. A little drop of Rohypnol can never hurt as well.

I know I dish out a lot of advice in my articles, but it is only because of my vast experience in every area of human existence. I am not saying outright that I am a immortal Highlander that has lived more lives than you can hope to imagine, but I'm not denying it either. Lets just say that I've been around the block, if you know what I mean, and I think you do. If you have ever found yourself burying a dead hooker with the Rat Pack while hopped up on goofballs, then I'll start taking advice from you asap. Meanwhile, let us continue this loosely assembled rambling article about love before I lose track of what I'm doing and start recounting my tales as an undying Scotsman.

They call this progress?

Technology has changed the way men and women are finding each other to perform awkward, sweaty, mating rituals, yet the psychology behind the courting system still remains the same. Just like in nature, males still are the initiators of the contact, urged on by the sinking feeling of loneliness after beating Megaman III for the 100th time and the constant nagging erection in their drawers. Women still use bright and shiny objects to attract the attention of the male, but now it's in the form of extravagantly decorated website with animated gifs and midi's of the Dawson's Creek theme song. Males will compete against each other for the fancy of the young women by bombarding her with instant messages of "omg u r hott wanna cyber?". The male that is most persistent and can Photoshop his head on Brad Pitt's body will win the female, as the herd of prospective males head to the next geocites or livejournal site and the cycle of life continues. The human species will continue to adapt in this manner to keep up with the new and exciting ways to find love.



This is true love.

Girls are really soft but totally crazy.

It's a fact. Girls are really soft and smell like flowers, but are also nuttier than three dollar bill that is also made out of peanuts. It's a dilemma that has always plagued men and can be summed up by a famous quote "can't live with them, can't live without them" from the philosopher Confucius whose nagging wife drove him mad in 479 BC. Scientists have proven that women are a cement mixer full of hormones that may cause random irrational behavior at anytime of the day. This may put a strain on one's relationship from time to time, and many males who are new to this fascinating side of the female gender may become frightened and flee. The key is to come to terms with these unchangeable facts of nature, and work with it. If this means going out and getting ice cream and pizza in during a volcano eruption while she's having PMS, then you do it with no questions asked. If she wants to you crawl naked across broken glass and then assassinate her ex-boyfriend with a crossbow, consider it done. Trust me fellas, don't rage against the female machine or you'll find yourself neck deep in a fire anthill covered in chocolate syrup and acid. If you sail calmly over those hormonal swells in the female ocean, the rest can be smooth and relaxing currents that will take you to a tropical island with coconuts and monkeys. And the monkeys talk and can breakdance.

Sex: Highway to the danger zone. Goose dies.

Our bodies are designed for three things. Eating, going potty, and sex. While the first two are relatively easy unless you eat a lot of cheese, sex is a very complicated matter that takes up a lot of our time. Not only are males always seeking to satisfy their natural urge to make millions of babies everyday, there are many potential ill consequences in any sexual encounter. Since crazy sexual behavior like those harlots on "Girls Gone Wild" is considered a sin, horrible sexually transmitted diseases were created to punish us naughty humans. Diseases like Syphilis, Chlamydia, Gonorrhea, Herpes, and AIDS have ravaged our extremely horny nation. While they may have festive, fun sounding names, they are very serious business and often incurable. These quickly put a stop to the free love generation of the 60's, and caused those hippies to slap their pants on and give any potential partner a battery of tests. So wear your condoms you crazy sex-crazed kids, and don't share Pez dispensers.

The ultimate American love invention: The drive thru wedding chapel.

"We'll take an order of wing dings and a wedding to go please."

The greatest American invention ever has to be the drive through window. I mean, I can get whatever I want and I don't even have to leave my car. If I could get a toilet installed in my car seat I don't think I'd ever get out. "Quick and easy" is the American motto, and the same now goes for weddings. Instead of sitting through those long, boring ceremonies full of bible mumbo jumbo, and drawn out silly traditions, you can just sit in your car and have the whole thing done in a few minutes. Some progressive drive thru wedding chapels even give you and order of curly fries once you are married. America is truly the land of romance.

I apologize for the brevity and sloppiness of this article but I am sad to report that I am going through a crisis on the home front right now that is even bigger than when my roommate got rabies. I promise next time there will be balloons and ice cream. Bye for now!

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Chapter 4

April

4.1 Rarefied Air

Thursday, Apr 01, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Talk radio is one of the most terrible implements of torture ever devised by the incalculable cruelty of mankind. Those of you who have been exposed to it only briefly may laugh a statement like this off, assuming it is wild exaggeration or comical overstatement. The only advice I can offer those of you who feel this way and want to empathize with my position is to drive from Chicago to Ohio through Indiana. This route, which involves traversing the better part of Northern Indiana, will expose you to the most horrifying tide of talk radio imaginable. I say with utter solemnity that hearing Rush Limbaugh's voice while driving along Highway 30 will become a welcome reprieve from the much more vitriolic and less professional ideologues of talk radio.

Talent on loan from Purdue Pharma.

Growing up in small-town Ohio I was on the ground in enemy territory. While I was too young to fully understand the differences between conservatives and liberals, I knew that my home town was overrun with surly uptight shits who adored the American flag and high school football and hated just about everything else. By the time I was a sophomore in high school and writing a horrible subversive comedy newspaper I had matured a little and knew that I hated conservatives. I mean I really fucking hated them. I didn't care about the federal budget, taxes, the deficit, or the military, but I knew that conservatives were the bad guys who disliked having fun, were quietly racist, and who wanted to censor books every year at the library. From my youthful perspective they were the cranky old man who caught me skateboarding on his front steps and chased me off cursing with his broom because he just couldn't handle my freehearted and in-your-face attitude.

Having grown up a little more since that time I realize that good and bad people occupy both sides of the political spectrum. I think John McCain is a damn good guy, but I just can't reconcile myself with his anti-abortion stance. I mean, he thinks fetuses should be protected by law, but has the guy seen any fetuses lately? Those things are monsters! Those black unseeing eyes and the red skinless bodies, I think we need laws to protect us. At any moment McCain is going to open the fucking gate for an unstoppable tide of fetuses that will overwhelm us all. When fifty wet and skittering fetuses are banging on my barricaded door trying to break inside and chew through my skull I will be cursing John McCain's name.

Throughout the course of my physical and intellectual growth AM talk radio has been a relatively constant buzz in the background. I used to be a fairly regular listener of Rush Limbaugh before drug addiction destroyed his hearing and helped him lose about 300 pounds. There was not much to hear on the radio in Ohio and Limbaugh's soothingly ridiculous parodies of various black people and liberals made me laugh ironically. I hated what he was saying but I could tolerate the way he said it more than I could tolerate the five-thousandth repetition of "Cheeseburger in Paradise" on the oldies station.

A little over a decade later the tone of Limbaugh began to harden more and more. Maybe it was the prescription heroin talking or maybe it was just my own changes in opinion, but he seemed to be increasingly humorless and increasingly mean. Not to mention crazy. Limbaugh spent entire weeks discussing massive lists of people that Bill Clinton had murdered. Then, like a hideous screeching hydra, Limbaugh began to sprout heads. People like Bill O'Reilly, Michael Savage, Sean Hannity, G. Gordon Liddy, and many others emerged from the conservative woodwork to spread their venom across the airwaves. Almost overnight talk radio went from being a fringe joke to one

of the focal points of conservative power in the United States. When people you think are fools go from screaming impotently and madly about everything to helping shape federal policy with their opinions things start to get scary. It would be like the crazy homeless man who sleeps under trees in my neighborhood getting promoted to commander of a nuclear submarine.

This new force in the conservative media, spearheaded in the mainstream by Fox News, claimed to be forming a counterbalance to the immense liberal bias of the rest of the mainstream media. The problem with this is that there really wasn't a liberal bias in the media. I should know, I'm a liberal, and outlets like CNN and the six o'clock news were as close to objective as humanly possible. Some of their anchors might have had a liberal bias but Fox News and the screaming jerks on AM radio embodied the word "bias". Not to mention that the years of name-calling by conservatives had reduced most of the supposedly liberal media to a simpering wreck all too ready to verbally photocopy anything the Whitehouse handed to it. The conservative dominance of basically all three branches of government, and now the media, was complete.

Talent on loan from Harvard.

Enter stage left the new radio network Air America Radio, a self-proclaimed attempt by liberal commentators to counteract the conservative over-saturation of the media. With the days of objectivity and level-headedness behind us the liberals adopted the vitriolic tactics of the right in an effort to fight fire with fire. Air America Radio is an all talk station built around liberal funny-guy and commentator Al Franken. I will openly admit to liking Al Franken. He reminds me a lot of Limbaugh back before drugs, power, and weight loss turned him into a bitter and unfunny shell, and of course Franken's politics more closely resemble my own. They certainly could have picked a worse person to use as their star talent.

With Franken as the lynchpin, whatever sinister liberal think tank is behind Air America Radio began assembling a full 12 hours of talk lineup. The channel is 24-hours a day but most of the content repeats. Since Air America Radio debuted on March 30th (in only about ten outlets, although most of them are major) I have been listening to it a good part of each day to get a feel for how good or bad the channel is. Let's take a look at the all-star lineup.

6:00 AM to 9:00 AM - Marc Maron, Sue Ellicot, and Mark Riley host the morning show, which is one of the more casual and comfortable programs on Air America Radio. It's sort of a cross between a wacky morning zoo program and a political talk program. Marc Maron is the main star talent here, which is sort of a sad commentary on how bad the show is. He's about as enthralling as a hypnotist made out of wasps, and Sue Ellicot and Mark Riley barely register on me. To be fair I am usually not awake at 6:00 AM unless I'm headed to the couch drunk, so I never really gave this time block my fullest attention. Despite my apathy the show still seemed pointless and I have no intention of listening to it unless the alternative involves either Sean Hannity or being beaten in the throat with a tonfa.

9:00 AM to Noon - This is the show I most want to hear but still have not. The lineup really scores big with me as it consists of former Daily Show head writer Lizz Winstead, Chuck D, and whoever Rachel Maddow is. I won't comment on it since I haven't listened to it.

Noon to 3:00 PM - Al Franken's amusingly named "The O'Franken Factor" comes on at noon, and it is definitely the brightest spot of the Air America Radio lineup. Franken is affable, collected, and intelligent and his dull radio veteran co-host Katherine Lanpher does a good job of keeping the show moving. The first day Franken had friendly conversations with G. Gordon Liddy and Ben Stein, I guess to demonstrate that people with intense ideological differences can be pals. In my

opinion this was the best possible thing to do to distance the tone of his show from the tone of his conservative competitors. Franken also has been drawing a steady supply of top-tier guests ranging from Hillary Clinton to Richard Clarke, although I find it difficult to believe he'll be able to maintain his quality level in this respect.

Probably the biggest problem for Franken's show is that he can be heard repeating a number of catchphrases from his books. Limbaugh does this too, repeating his nicknames and jabs at liberals ad nauseum, and it isn't any more endearing when it comes from Franken. The other problem Franken seems to have is one that many of the hosts on the channel without radio experience seem to have; he stutters and fumbles more than most radio professionals. Admittedly, Franken doesn't seem to be overly self-conscious about this and if the channel lasts I expect him to gradually stop doing it entirely.

3:00 PM to 7:00 PM - The Randi Rhodes Show is one of the worst things I have ever heard on the radio. Randi Rhodes is an obnoxious, loud-mouthed, ill-informed, and dumb cunt that doesn't listen to anything anyone says. She is EXACTLY like Bill O'Reilly. She will talk over callers and people she is interviewing and then proceed to make points completely irrelevant to anything that is being discussed. This is at its most irritating when she is at odds with the person she is conversing with. She will refuse to hear a single word they are saying and then repeatedly hit some inane sound-effect button on her control panel while ranting at length about whatever ignorant point she is pushing.

Randi Rhodes is the BEST!!!!

Since I've been listening to her the most pathetic example of this was when a caller tried to talk about instant runoff voting and Randi Rhodes aggressively refused to even understand what instant runoff voting was. The only big name interview I have heard her conduct - with independent presidential hopeful Ralph Nader - was absolutely humiliating to listen to. I wish Nader wasn't running as much as the next Democrat, but the aggressive stupidity she displayed while talking over Nader and hitting her retarded sound effect button was embarrassing. Her show should be avoided as if listening to it is as dangerous as immersing your face in a pool of mercury, because it is.

7:00 PM to 8:00 PM - An hour of news and interviews with Marty Kaplan. The news is roughly as one sided as what you would hear on any conservative outlet, which is to say that the facts are there but will lean definitely left. I don't know yet whether or not Air America Radio will do the infamous selective quoting that Fox does. The interviews conducted during this segment are rushed and meant to back up the headlines and always take on a hardcore bias. That's fine, because they tell you you're getting a bias, but I sort of dislike anything being used to back up news items being so blatantly one-sided. It is acceptable as filler I suppose, but if you want real news listen to NPR or, better yet, take the time to read multiple sources on the Internet and triangulate facts.

8:00 PM to 11:00 PM - Modestly funny comedienne turned liberal activist Janeane Garofalo hosts "The Majority Report" along with some other comedian whose name I don't remember. The strength of this program is what I assume to be Garofalo's ability to draw great guests to the show. On the first episode both Bill Maher - whose "Real Time" program is one of the most underrated political comedy shows and is definitely superior to his antagonistic "Politically Incorrect" - and the intensely funny Dave Chapelle showed up to make things enjoyable. Garofalo is a train wreck to listen to on the radio. I find her fairly likeable, but her hyper-awareness of her radio inexperience causes her to have zero confidence. She stutters through everything she says, pauses to comment on how much she is stuttering, then goes for a self-effacing joke. This wears thin after about half an hour.

Garofalo's other fault is her habit of interrupting an interview to grandstand almost incoherently

about some fringe liberal hot topic. The fact that she called the Bush administration the "43rd Reich" during one segment loses a lot of points in my book. While the conservatives have been getting away with calling both Clintons, Janet Reno, and Saddam Hussein Hitler for years I had held out hope that the liberals would not stoop to this level. Garofalo and her barely-there host inject absolutely nothing into the debate or the discourse of politics and serve only as a faintly pleasant gateway for extremely talented and likeable comedians to appear on the radio.

Janeane is blond now, and also she apparently had her face changed through sorcery.

Worth noting is the hideously annoying segment of "The Majority Report" given to a weekly phone interview with Blog scenester Atrios. I had never heard of Atrios before they introduced him as a Blog superstar, but as soon as he started talking I wanted to level him with a haymaker. He bragged about raising tons of money for the Kerry campaign, made some entirely one-dimensional political comments, and then talked about a week old article from the Guardian as if it were going to blow the lid off Bush's corruption. I look forward to his hard-hitting report next week about this awesome penguin Flash animation he saw and how he scored on the "What Star Wars Character Are You?" test.

Air America Radio has several other annoying problems in addition to those I have pointed out with the individual talents. Probably the most major of these is the fact that none of the shows have yet to demonstrate their relevance to any real degree. The lion's share of the time on every single show I have listened to was devoted to rehashing old issues and old topics that the liberals have not been able to voice until now. I can forgive this for the first few days, but if hosts like Franken and Garofalo (Rhodes is beyond salvation) don't begin getting more topical then they will become useless as daily listens. One of Limbaugh's strengths is that he spends most of every show covering what has happened in the world in the last 24 hours.

Another weak spot at Air America is in a relatively unexpected area; the engineers. The whole station feels chaotic. The broadcast frequently drops, sections of the show are replayed at the top of the hour for no apparent reason, phones rarely work, and worst of all shows get delayed anywhere from ten minutes to an hour. Most college radio stations are better maintained than Air America Radio. This situation is totally unacceptable for a professional media outlet and needs to be resolved immediately. The first 24 hours are the only time kinks that major should be appearing, yet if anything the second day was even more disorganized than the first.

Finally, the most annoying things being played on Air America Radio are the advertisements. The station IDs are clever and amusing ("We're what Rush Limbaugh would be listening to if he hadn't lost most of his hearing to drug addiction") but the advertisements themselves are awful and replayed almost every single commercial break. In my 15 hours or so of listening to Air America Radio I have heard a terrible ad for Tim Robbins' play "Embedded" at least 150 times. I am not exaggerating; they play it, along with all of their other ads, 10 times per hour. This is primarily due to how new the station is, but most of their real advertisers have given them a half dozen or more ads to rotate, so it's not as noticeable when the OnStar or a PSA plays. Unfortunately, Tim Robbins and some really pathetic woman making a movie only gave the station one ad to replay once every seven or eight minutes.

Ultimately, Air America Radio is a noble effort but a qualified failure. The conservative media and the government have spent the last three years trying to overpower all other voices in the United States. It's important that we hear a diverse range of opinions in the media and I applaud Air America Radio for attempting to represent one segment of the population that has been underrepresented in the recent past. I dislike the fact that the media has been transformed into a tug of war between conservatives and liberals and I fear that there may be no return to the days when any journalist

could be trusted as totally impartial.

With a lot of technical effort, some revisions in their lineup (I'm fucking looking at you Randi Rhodes), more attention to current events, and more practice, Air America Radio could pose a threat to conservative radio juggernauts. The best suggestion I can make is to get rid of that fucking dumb bitch Randi and hire Al Sharpton to replace her. He was one witty bastard at every debate he attended, and although I have some issues with his past, he would make an extremely charismatic radio host. As it is now, Air America does not have a catfish's chance at a VFW cookout of eclipsing O'Reilly or Hannity, let alone Lord Limbaugh.

A Vote for Photoshop is a Vote for Phriday

Hello men, women, and children of the Internet City! Livestock here with my usual formulaic Photoshop Phriday announcement. This week the Something Awful Forum Goons were tasked with coming up with unlikely candidates for unlikely political campaigns. In a shocking turn of events, they provided something never before seen in this country: actual variety in a political race. Who wouldn't vote for a candidate like this?

Did you know...
Only one candidate can grasp its prey with powerful suction cups?
Only one candidate has a working Wico Joystick sticking out of him?
Only one candidate comes with TWO kinds of cheese?
VOTE FOR
Weird Tentacle Cheeseburger With Joystick
2004
www.somethingawful.com

Exercise your right to vote and read Phriday, because there are starving children in Africa who can't do it.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.2 M-More Pigs!

Friday, Apr 02, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

Meet the people you'll soon be playing with.

MMORPGs (or "more pigs!" as I like to shout into a cell phone in public, pretending to be a power player in the lucrative livestock market) have been coming out faster than male cheerleaders at Thanksgiving dinner lately. Luckily I'm here to hold your hand and guide you through the genre, and also to point out that your hand is kind of sweaty. In case you didn't know, Massively Multiplayer Online Role Playing Games are video games which give you the opportunity to play with thousands of morons online in a humongous virtual world, banding together to achieve the ultimate goal of paying $15 per month. Think of it as a cross between Morrowind and the GameFAQs forums.

In order to keep gamers playing (and paying) for as long as possible, developers typically forego adding lots of actual content and instead rely on extending the amount of time it takes for a character to become as strong as possible in their chosen profession. The resulting grind that a player must go through is often referred to as a levelling treadmill, which is odd because a real treadmill would cost less and using it might make some of the slobs who play MMORPGs nonstop slightly less susceptible to heart attacks brought on by steady diets of Mountain Dew and sausages. It may sound as though I resent monthly fees, but I actually understand their necessity. After all, game companies have to pay to keep their servers running, add new content, and hire customer service reps to deal with a neverending stream of inbred shitmonkeys who cannot grasp the most obvious and simple concepts in the world. I've seen what goes on in these games when a Customer Service Rep (CSR) is called in to help a player, and it's typically something like this:

> **BOUNTYHUNTER BOUNTYHUNTER:** how do i use a gun lol
>
> **CSR:** Oh, is that seriously all you needed? You have to equip a gun before you can use it. Then select your target and attack.
>
> **BOUNTYHUNTER BOUNTYHUNTER:** oic. equip my shoes? i got soem shoes but i dont think i can wear them lol cuz i dont have Walkingg 4 - Advanced Footware yet
>
> **CSR:** No, equip the gun.
>
> **BOUNTYHUNTER BOUNTYHUNTER:** i dont have one can u giev me a gun and r u a chick irl
>
> **CSR:** No I can't, and yes, I am a woman.
>
> **BOUNTYHUNTER BOUNTYHUNTER:** lol oic. becuz you know, im a guy...
>
> **CSR:** (grabs a package of thumbtacks from her drawer and swallows them all in her third unsuccessful attempt this month to escape this horrible existence)

CSRs (and other players) also have to deal with the constant blathering of the eternal complainers, gamers whose motto is "nice job, devs, way to fuck me over again". No game is flawless by any means, but these people see every minute change as a game-destroying mistake that the developers put in because they are either inept or want to make players' lives a living hell. Every time something goes their way it's overlooked and not commented on (except perhaps with a grudging "Those morons finally got something right by blind luck."), but everything else is a spark to set them off. Was the armor rating of an overpowered Coif of Chaffing changed by a fraction of a percent? End of the world. Was an exploit removed that allowed players to ride houses as though they were vehicles?

Obviously, the game is going to fail and the devs hate you personally. These people are powder kegs of angst and bitchiness, and I think they play MMORPGs as some sort of therapy, only without a couch. Unless they play computer games on their couch somehow.

Don't let these people scare you though, because there are more than just morons and complainers to be found. There are also spammers, just like everywhere else you go on the internet. Spammers set themselves up in a heavily trafficked area and make macros which shout inane bullshit that no one cares about every .05 seconds. Thank you, Darknight Lionheartblade, for repeatedly screaming "AFK FOR A FEW HOURS SO PLEASE DONT TALK TO ME ^_____^" while I'm trying to run through town. You and the other thirty people doing the same thing make the game run slower than William Taft after he's escaped from his bathtub and been shot with several dozen tranquilizer darts. You can still manage to have a great time, however, if you avoid these people as much as possible and join up with a group of semi-literate players. No group personifies "semi-literate" as much as Something Awful's very own goons, who you can find in our games forum. Playing with a good group of those guys can turn a somewhat enjoyable game into a game that's still only somewhat enjoyable, but much more funny.

Now that we've covered the basics of the genre and the horrible people who inhabit it, I'm sure you're just itching to get started. Which game will you devote a ridiculously unhealthy chunk of your life to? Can't you choose your own game, you damned slob? Well, I guess I could round up of some of the current major titles for you.

- **Everquest**

  Believe it or not, there are people who still play Everquest. These troubled souls typically fall into two categories; desperate males who have created hot blue elf chick characters and will not quit the game until they have cybered with another blue elf chick (being played by another man), and people who have not actually logged out of the game once in the past 4 years and thereby missed the fact that other games have, in fact, come out. These categories are in no way mutually exclusive.

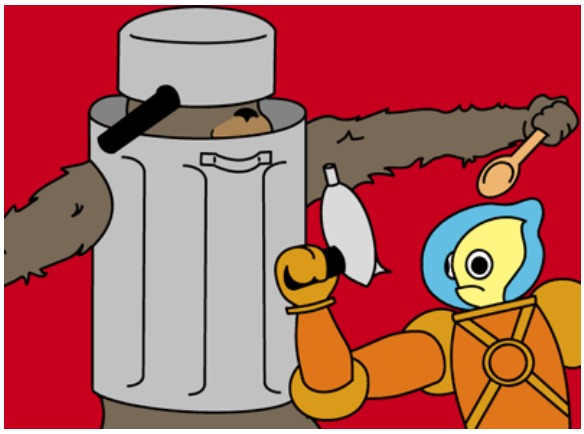
- **Star Wars Galaxies**

  Galaxies is my game of choice right now, and I've been having a great time with it for the past few months. It may appear to simply be Everquest in space, but it's not. You can't actually go into space. Beyond that, the game is very ambitious, with a fully realized and dynamic economy which is completely player-driven and an impressive list of unique features. The developers continually add new and exciting stuff to the game, then move on to create even more before the stuff they just added fully works.

  One recent addition to the game was a set of armor for Wookiees, who were previously unable to wear protection of any sort aside from Ewok-skin condoms. When the concept art for the new armor was unveiled, most players were not impressed. The armor, it seemed, was composed entirely of shit Wookies found laying around on the ground, and players deemed it to be too "gay hobo samurai" for their tastes. I have a suggestion for Sony Online: why stop there? Let's take the Wookies' hobo look one step further, and while we're at it we can throw in some new armor for everyone's favorite walking fish, the Mon Calamari. Here is my vision for the future of Star Wars Galaxies, a piece of concept art I call "Fish In 1920's Diver Suit vs Wookie Wearing a Garbage Can and Cooking Pot Whilst Weilding A Wooden Spoon".

- **Final Fantasy Online**

  In Final Fantasy Online, you'll enter an exciting and wonderous world with ten thousand people who use slight variations of "Sepiroth" as their names. I don't know much more



Sony, please remember to give me credit when you use this in the game. (click for the full sized version)

about the game, other than the fact that you'll get to lug around a sword so ridiculously large that you'll need a seperate video card and monitor just to view it properly.

- **City of Heroes**

By playing the upcoming City of Heroes you will finally get to act out your lifelong fantasy of running around a city in spandex and getting friendly with other bulky men in spandex, since this upcoming superhero game currently has no player versus player combat. It also has no capes, for reasons I don't entirely understand. The developers are hoping to lure in comic book fans with the promising concept of creating your own hero and valiantly fighting evil. Without wearing a cape. You'll group up with other heroes, combine forces to bring order to your city, and be just like every comic book hero you've ever loved. Without wearing a cape.

- **World of Warcraft**

Currently in development by Blizzard studios, World Of Warcraft is the title that most gamers are clamoring over. Although it's yet another fantasy game in a genre already dominated by them, Blizzard has a proven track record of taking existing concepts and polishing them into gaming gems. Unfortunately WoW is just like every other MMORPG after all, because I can't get into the god damn beta test.

After the infamous Cow Levels from Blizzard's Diablo 1 and 2, this game will definitely contain cows or no cows.

After weighing all the available options, any gamer should be able to make the only obvious choice about how to best use their gaming dollar: keep it. Go outside, and let me live vicariously through you while I sit here in the dark and fight space butterflies and craft useless droids.

State Og

Usually the guys at State Og come up with some really great ideas (like the Chainsaw-On-A-Timer), but sometimes they fail miserably (like the Rock-On-A-Timer). I think that's part of the excitement inherent in reading State Og, trying to guess whether a product will enhance our lives or end them in an peculiarly lemony-tasting manner.

At the Maestro Memorial Skate and Dinosaur Park, we've combined the urban, slacker

joys of traditional skate parks with the nature-meddling inevitable comeuppance of dinosaur parks! Never before have the terms, "shred," "thrash" and "gaping claw wound" had such wonderful dual meanings! All the local "dudes" can come down to the Park and get "gnarly," possibly distracting them from their usual passtime of "vandalism" and "drugs." Even better, while the kids turn tricks and practice their skateboarding, they can see the wonders of prehistoric Earth, restored to life in living color thanks to our cloning department.

Check out this week's State Og!

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.3 The Wonderful Thing About Tiggers

Saturday, Apr 03, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

My friends, there is something of grave importance which I think we need to discuss. And since written communication is delightfully one-sided, we're going to discuss it, whether you like it or not. And no, it's not the fact that today's date is 04-04-04, although that is kind of cool. No, I'm afraid we have much more pressing business than some delightful number synchronicity, although just stop for a moment and calculate how many times that sort of thing is even going to happen in your short little lives. It's neato! Sorry, I got distracted for a second, there. As I was saying, there is something of phenomenal importance that needs to be addressed promptly, for the welfare of our children. I'm just going to come out and say it - Tigger has molested innocent women. Sort of gives a whole new meaning to my "pressing business" comment, doesn't it? Ha! Yes, Tigger, the beloved companion of Winnie "the Pooh" Horowitz and the Calvin to his Hobbes, Christopher "Batman and" Robin, has taken a running leap off of the Diving Board of Instability into the Deep End of the Pool of Crime. The victim? A thirteen year old girl and her mother. The crime? Molestation. The perpetrator? Uh... Tigger. I was pretty sure we had established that. But don't take my word for it. Look at what FOX "Mulder" News has to say about this most heinous of crimes:

See, he's harmlessly happy! Of course, that does seem to be because he has a large phallic object protruding directly out of his anus.

> *ORLANDO, Fla. — A Walt Disney World employee who worked as the character "Tigger" was charged Friday with molesting a 13-year-old girl and her mother while posing with them for pictures. The sheriff's office received a complaint that a costumed character at Disney World had touched a girl and her mother.*
>
> *"As the photo was being taken, (the victim) claims that Tigger moved his right hand up to her right breast and started massaging it several times," the report said. "(The victim) became very embarrassed and ashamed of the incident and claims that she did not say anything to her mother until they left the park."*
>
> *The girl later learned that the costumed character had done the same thing to her mother with his left hand, according to the report.*

Like I'm sure most of you are doing right now, I initially searched for something, anything that could give me the faith I needed to believe that Tigger was innocent. I desperately sought for some sort of justification for the feelings welling up inside me which wanted to cry out, "It's alright, Tigger, I know it isn't true!" At first I faulted the source. FOX News isn't that reliable. Surely the station responsible for "Joe Millionaire," "The Simple Life," and multiple seasons of "Temptation Island" couldn't be counted on for factual, unbiased news reporting. I kept telling myself that FOX would just go for the ratings, no matter what lies they had to spin or whose good name they had to drag through the Mud of Slander, while simultaneously denying them the Towel of Truth. But my flimsy excuses and confusing metaphors weren't enough to keep myself convinced.

You wouldn't say he's molesting these two guys, now would you? Actually, the guy on the left does look a little freaked out.

I tried telling myself that it wasn't Tigger's fault. This girl and her mother were obviously out of their minds. Or worse, they were just trying to attack some innocent celebrity with some baseless accusation in order to get some easy publicity and free money. Shame on these two women and their hurtful lies! Shame! That, too, soon fell flat. These women didn't seem like the types to go golddigging at Disney World. Well then, I said, it must be a simple misunderstanding. I mean, have you ever seen those character costumes? Have you looked at the size of the gloves on those things? Of course Tigger groped their chests while posing for a photo. With gloves that huge, it's impossible for a mascot to put his hand on a girl's shoulder without groping her chest, grabbing her crotch, and doing her taxes at the same time. Tigger wasn't trying to cop a feel, he was trying to give these ladies a friendly squeeze on the shoulder. Which people do. I think. The point is, with gloves that huge, you squeeze one body part, you squeeze them all. It comes with the territory. Or so I tried to convince myself. But eventually even that fell apart under the withering internal gaze of my mind's eye. I had to come to terms with the truth, as you must do as well - Tigger is a sex offender.

There, now he's the one being molested! But where's his trial? Where's his justice?

We should have seen this coming. Tigger was always the least trustworthy of the stuffed friends who populated the 100 Acre Wood. There was just something about him that didn't sit quite right. It's hard to put your finger on. He always had that cocksure attitude about him. While all of the other characters in the forest dealt with crippling neuroses ranging from anxiety to overwhelming depression, Tigger was the only one who really seemed to have his life in order, and he lorded that fact over the others just a little bit. There was always something that set him apart from the others. He never tried to win, earn, or even keep anyone's friendship. He just seemed to assume that everyone in the immediate area would want to gravitate toward him, like he had some sort of incredible, undeniable, irresistible charisma. Furthermore, as some sort of half-tiger, half-spring creature, he was the only one of his species. He had no chance of legitimate procreation. But this never seemed to bother ol' Tigger. In fact, he could be heard frequently going so far as to sing about how wonderful it was that he was the only creature in the world to have his peculiar genetic makeup.

The wonderful thing about Tiggers
Is Tiggers are wonderful things
Their tops are made out of rubbers
Their bottoms are made out of springs
They're bouncy, trouncy, flouncy, pouncy
fun, fun, fun, fun, FUN
But the most wonderful thing about Tiggers
IS
I'm the only one

Oh, it's all just so damn clear now! How long were our eyes closed to the blinding truth? "Their tops are made out of rubbers?" Good lord, of course this beast is a sex offender, he's got prophylactics for a brain! Tigger's song is basically an admission of his deviant sexual practices. For years, this creature has been mouthing off about how much he enjoys his nights of "bouncy, trouncy, flouncy, pouncy fun, fun, fun, fun, FUN." With lyrics like that as his motto, can we even act surprised that Tigger is groping breasts left and right? That sounds like bouncy, trouncy, flouncy, pouncy fun to me! And I think a certain few West Coast governors would have to agree with me on that point. The fact that Tigger considered his genetic solitude to be a good thing is only further damning evidence. If a being cannot reproduce, what sort of attitude toward sexuality can we expect it to

have? Why, if your next door neighbor told you that he was impotent, but that he loved to have bouncy, trouncy, flouncy, pouncy fun, you'd just assume he was a child molester on basic principle! Why did we wait so long to hold Tigger to the same standard? That's right, I said "we." I blame you for this, society! It's your fault that Tigger's obviously sexually predatory nature went ignored for so long. The signs have been there the whole time. We all are guilty of ignoring them. The question is, could something have been done about this earlier, before two women were groped? I sat down with the residents of the Hundred Acre Wood to investigate.

I managed to get a few of the Hundred Acre Wood's more notable faces away from their busy schedules to give their thoughts on this disturbing news about their friend. Unsurprisingly, the news had already broken among these staunch friends. I got the feeling that I was not the first reporter who had tried to reach them for questioning. "Well of course he's a sex offender," said an irritated Rabbit, pausing to take a hurried puff of a Camel Red. "I tried to warn everyone to just stay away from that pervert Tigger. I knew he was bad news. Oh yes, I knew. But did anyone listen to me? Not a chance! No way! All I ever wanted to do was to try to keep an air of peace and order and harmony and freaking *civility* in this god-forsaken forest, and what does it get me? A little bit of Jack, and a few heaping handfuls of shit!" He then stopped to wipe a white residue from the underside of his nose.

How can anyone resist a mugshot like that? I can't say I really want to know what that thing in his hand is, though.

Eeyore the donkey, who is known for his glum outlook and detachable tail, had a different opinion. "I never thought Tigger was that bad of a person," he droned in a low monotone that made me consider getting up and leaving. "He may have had too much energy, but he was always there for you when you needed him. Just last month he helped me in an assisted suicide attempt. Of course, it didn't work. It never does." He stopped for a moment and sighed, the deep exhalation carrying with it the crushing weight of a life of utter failure. "I don't know if he really molested those ladies, but if he did, I can't really blame him. I'd molest someone too, if I only had the hands to make such a pathetic expression of my stunted sexuality even feasible. I should be so lucky to be accused of molesting someone. At least then it would mean that I would have gotten a little action. As it is, no woman will touch me. Not that I can blame them. Look at me. I can't even keep my tail on. You have to be able to keep it on to get it up, you know? Sometimes I think I have leprosy, but then I just remember, no, of course I don't have leprosy. If I had a fatal disease, then I'd have to die, and then God wouldn't be able to laugh at my misery anymore." He went on for another half hour, but I decided to do my best to tune him out before I fell into a depression coma. Eeyore later assured me that he was used to that kind of treatment from the other inhabitants of the Hundred Acre Wood. He continued to tell me why it was alright, but my conscience was already placated, so I just left.

Winnie the Pooh is perhaps the best known character in the Hundred Acre Wood. A veritable spokesman for all who live there, he had this to say about his longtime friend Tigger: "That dumb shit finally got himself caught. It's no surprise. I was always suspicious of him. It's like he was wired twenty-four seven. That guy was worse than Rabbit in the middle of one of his OCD binges, which, by the way, is what his therapist says we should call them. OCD binges. Not coke fiestas. Anyway, Tigger was a fun guy, sure, but he was fun like the buddy you go to a strip club with, but never tell your parents you know. He was the guy to go to when you felt like getting into trouble. We all liked him, sure. But trusting him? That was another story. Nobody trusted Tigger. Nobody wanted to turn their back on him. The guy had an absolutely zero percent chance of finding a mate. Do you know what that does to a guy? He was so ready to get laid, he would have done anything

that moved. Or even not. I'm not saying it's all he ever thought about, but I always made sure he wasn't behind me before I did my morning toe-touches. He wasn't the sort of guy you wanted to get your head stuck in a honeypot around, you know? There was no telling what he might do. But then, none of us have been our best lately. We've all been just barely holding back from whatever dumb, dangerous vices we happen to enjoy. Tigger was just the first one of us to snap. Maybe if more of you had bothered to rent our last movie, 'The Book of Pooh,' this all could have been avoided! How do you like that, you ingrates!"

As one of the youngest residents of the Hundred Acre Wood, Piglet has nonetheless had more than his fair share of adventures alongside Winnie the Pooh. Most of these adventures have had something to do with Piglet getting lost, which most people took as a sign of the young pig's often confusing androgyny. "Did Tigger ever molest me? Oh dear! Oh dearie, dearie, dear! Oh dear! Oh! Oh dear! Dearie! Dear me, no! Sometimes he would make fun of me for having a curly tail but not being able to bounce on it. And then other times he'd try to teach me to bounce by bouncing up and down with me on a big bed. And sometimes we'd bounce up and down on the bed, but under the sheets. But molest me? Dearie, no!"

When reached for comment, Kanga refused to make any statement about whether little Roo had ever been molested by Tigger, or whether she had ever been molested herself. But, like FOX News, I will assume that her silence means the worst.

Weekend Web: The Thing After Greasnin

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones"Gutierrez here with a steaming hot Weekend Web ready to be consumed by angry internet users. The one thing I strive for each week is to piss off as many people as I can. Unfortunately I havn't been hitting my weekly quota lately. Here's hoping this week's instalment hits some hot heads pretty hard. Just check out this stupid image featuring some bozo.

2004-03-23 05:33:26 PM Carparker

I can't believe that someone would insult someone else over the internet! This makes me mad and it should make you mad too! Don't forget to send some angry email after you're done. Thank you and God bless.

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

4.4 Oh, You Shouldn't Have!

Sunday, Apr 04, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I am really stupid. There's just no avoiding that fact.

When I say that I'm stupid I don't mean that I lack raw intelligence or even that I lack knowledge, it's that I lack common sense. A lot of people have this flaw, but I am so totally bereft of common sense that it overshadows everything else to the point that I am on the same intellectual level as those cute little mushrooms that grow next to my bathtub. I can string together enough semi-coherent sentences to make an "article", but as soon as I'm done doing that I am going to march proudly into my kitchen and French kiss my toaster for five minutes or until my heart stops.

It's a painful ordeal to live with a lack of common sense. People see us walking down the street trying to open our umbrella while it's shoved down the front of our pants and they just look away. Hey, we're not the same as the retarded; we don't go into some crazed cake-rage when you make eye contact. We might introduce ourselves as King Faggot or try to do a ghetto handshake with a Crip or something, but we're not going to tear your arms out of their sockets. We're normal, like you and yours, only we're slightly more prone to die in a mysterious bagel accident.

A lack of common sense is a disease that afflicts almost every American at some point in their life. For most it comes and goes and never is worse than "irritating", much like that recurring case of genital herpes I got when I ordered a used bus stop toilet seat from Thailand. You might decide to play Minesweeper instead of going to work one day or you might fail out of college because you got too fat eating Ding Dongs and you couldn't get out of your dorm room. Then they had to get the crane and break through the wall and lower you in a canvas sling to a flatbed truck. Boy, was that embarrassing or what? Most of you will recover from sudden bouts of profound stupidity like that, but an unlucky few will become like me and forever lose every last shred of common sense.

In the midst of another idiocy fugue state I hit upon the idea of compiling some of my most idiotic moments and providing alternative solutions to the problems that I failed to think of at the time. This way a select few of you might know what it's like to be a victim of common sense and maybe, just maybe, avoid the pitfalls that trapped me. Since I still don't have any sense in my giant pumpkin-like head I have also conjectured up some situations that you might run into. These are probably unlikely situations, and I'm probably offering bad advice, but at least I tried and that's a lot more than most people do in this day and age!

- **Scenario One: "Pie Panic"**

The Situation: Your next door neighbor is baking pies and she places one on her windowsill to let it cool. The aroma of the freshly baked pie wafts under your nose and levitates you out the window and to the pie. You are now faced with a dilemma. You really want to put the pie inside your stomach, but a faint voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is wrong.

Incorrect Solution: You eat the pie and then, feeling quite full, take a nap beneath the windowsill. Your neighbor finds the empty pie pan and looks out the window to see if a bear or coyote ate it. Then she sees you napping with pie dried to your cheeks and she arrests you and you go to jail for twenty years.

Correct Solution: You use your finger to scoop out the filling and put it between two slices of bread. This may hurt a little because the pie will be hot, but no pain, no gain. Eat the pie sandwich and then start picking handfuls of grass out of your neighbor's lawn. Chew up the grass and spit it back into the hollow pie crust until the pie is once again full. Your neighbor will think that they just made a really bad grass pie.

- **Scenario Two: "Astro Error"**

The Situation: Your town elects you as astronaut and you are assigned to fly on the next space shuttle mission. When going through training you try to pay attention but the space suit they give you is really neat and it's hard to concentrate when things keep beeping. When you finally blast off into space you see a button on the console that is behind a plastic box. The button says "Self Destruct".

Incorrect Solution: You laugh because buttons are a lot of fun. You open the plastic box over the button when no one is looking and then you press the button as hard as you can. One of the other astronauts catches you pressing the button and he arrests you and you go to jail for twenty years.

Correct Solution: You sing lullabies to the astronaut sitting next to you until he falls asleep. Then, when the other astronauts aren't looking, you remove the plastic box and use the sleeping astronaut's hand to repeatedly press the button. The other astronaut notices the sleeping astronaut pressing the button and gets very angry. You scream "J'accuse!" and the sleeping astronaut gets arrested and sent to prison. When you return from your space mission you are given a medal by the president and you appear on the cover of magazines.

- **Scenario Three: "Dinner Dilemma"**

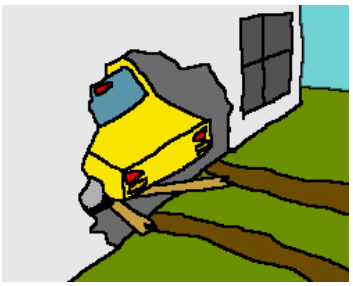
The Situation: Your cousin has a family emergency and he calls and asks you to keep an eye on his five year old son while he rushes to the hospital. You are actually afraid of children but since your cousin seems so concerned you agree to help him and ride your special bicycle over to his house. He tells you that there is food in the freezer and his young son Connor might want something to eat for dinner in an hour. You are nearly ready to faint from worry!

Incorrect Solution: You frantically begin digging holes in the backyard trying to find something edible to give to Connor. While you are doing this Connor stands and watches in horror, occasionally asking "are you alright mister?!" to which you reply "SHUT UP I'M TRYING TO FEED YOU!" After two hours of this you give up and look in the freezer. You take out three packages of frozen vegetables and place the boxes in the oven. This starts a fire and burns down your cousin's house. When he gets home he arrests you and you go to jail for twenty years.

Correction Solution: You wisely search the pantry and find cinnamon, hot chocolate mix, and a sack of russet potatoes. You beat the potatoes into a pulp with a claw hammer and then place them in a pan. You add the cinnamon and hot chocolate mix to the pan and then put it in the microwave. After five seconds in the microwave the oven begins to spark. You run screaming from the house and Connor follows you. Somehow you end up at your parent's house and, once they have calmed you down, your father takes you to see a movie while your mother watches Connor.

- **Scenario Four: "Prize Problem"**

The Situation: A soda company is giving away a new car as a prize for their "under the cap" contest. When you open a bottle of your favorite soda you are amazed to find that you have won a new car. You immediately call the number and the next morning they bring your car over to you with a full tank of gas. As soon as the prize committee has left you begin driving randomly around the state. After a few hours of this you notice that your car is about to run out of gas and this might cause a catastrophe.



Incorrect Solution: You begin swerving wildly around the road and screaming "HELP!" as you watch the fuel meter gradually run down. You slam your car through the side of a house and it coasts to a stop in the living room completely out of gasoline. A family is sitting at a table eating dinner and the father leaps up with surprise. The father asks you if you are okay and then asks what happened. You explain that your car ran out of gasoline when you least expected it and the man nods knowingly. It is a dangerous situation, after all. The man says "I am the sheriff here and running out of gasoline is a serious offence". The father arrests you and you go to jail for twenty years.

Correct Solution: You realize that the car is running out of gasoline and calmly steer it towards the nearest lake or river. As the last bit of gasoline is burned in the engine the car coasts into the water and submerges completely. You take a deep breath, force the door open, and swim out to the gas tank. Carefully remembering not to breathe in any water you let the gas tank fill with the water and then surface. When the police come to question you about what happened tell them that you were testing your new submarine and if they want to check out your story they can look in the gas tank and see that it is not filled with gas. The police congratulate you and take you to the mayor

who awards you nine patents and the title of "World's Greatest Inventor".

Scenario Five: "Romantic Relations"

The Situation: You finally manage to work up the nerve to ask out the doughy ape-faced girl who lives in the mud house in the tree outside. She hesitates, but you persist, and she accepts your offer to take her on a picnic. The two of you go to a nearby park and begin eating pickled eggs and marshmallows and admiring the scenery. Suddenly rain begins to fall, which is weird because Matlock didn't say anything about rain when he was solving his case on the news last night! You gather your wits and prepare to deal with this unexpected problem.

Incorrect Solution: You explain to your hooting date that she should calm down, the rain is just God crying. When she asks why God is crying you tell her it's because she is so beautiful, then you begin smearing mud on her face because you want God to stop crying. Your date mistakes your intentions and leaps astride you, unfastening your pants and elastic leg undergarment and riding you like one of those hilarious monkey rodeo clowns. As she approaches a screeching climax atop your muddy and wet body the mayor sees you. He shouts at you and gives you both a stern lecture about fornication, then he arrests you and you go to jail for twenty years.

Correct Solution: As soon as you feel the first raindrop you run screaming for your special bicycle and pedal madly back to your house. Once there you board up the windows and run down in the basement with a portable dynamo powered radio. You remain there in the basement for weeks, listening raptly to Art Bell's radio program and subsisting on canned beans and whatever burrowing grubs you can dig up in the unfinished walls. When you finally emerge to the ruins of civilization you find the monkey-faced girl half-crazed and surviving on dog meat. You share your beans with her and the two of you set down the long and happy path of repopulating the human race.

I hope these scenarios have helped those of you with no common sense. For the rest of you who only experience occasional lapses in judgment I hope they served as a clear warning message.

He Will Rape This Town and Everything In It!

Hey there folks, Taylor "Jester G" Bell here with a new review of a game that simply is not good! Today's game is known as Western Outlaw: Wanted Dead or Alive.

> *After the train stops, you end up talking to a woman named Polly, who makes a valiant attempt to explain the plot but fails miserably. Apparently the town they were going to is a mining town, and the train robbers were working for a guy named Creston. Not only that, but in her own words, "If you don't do something about Creston, he'll rape this town*

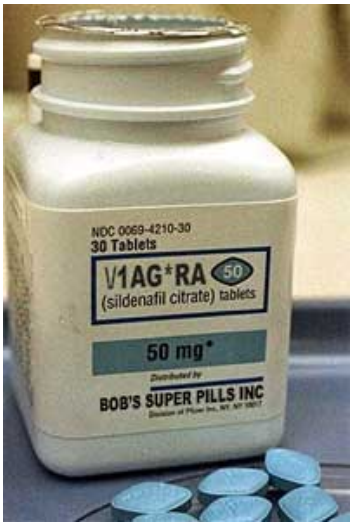
and everything in it!" Oh no! Town rape is certainly no laughing matter, so our slightly confused hero vows to take care of this Creston guy. Once he does that, Polly walks out of the room and all of a sudden the house is filled with enemies. They don't come from anywhere, they just spontaneously appear in every single room in the house, and one of them appears five feet in front of you. I really don't understand how the bandits pulled off that trick, but then again I'm dumb.

Click, click, click your sorrows away!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.5 Everything I Know I Learned From Email

Tuesday, Apr 06, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



■ **Only the Internet can sell me wonderful, highly potent magic drugs that cannot be found anywhere else.** People universally despise and instantly throw away spam emails advertising popular drugs such as Viagra and that one pill which makes you think you have ghosts inside your head trying to escape. However, people absolutely love and cherish spam emails advertising "_V!AGRA_" which is apparently just like Viagra only it's a lot, lot better and can be used in conjunction with the miracle medical drugs "AMB-!EN" and "»S0N_ATA

■ **My girlfriend is a sadistic, cruel, pathological liar who I can never trust with anything more important than a napkin used to wipe dog snot off the kitchen window.** She always claimed my penis was big enough to satisfy her, but my incoming email continuously proves her wrong, explaining that I'm way too small and she secretly wants me to grow a penis so monstrously large that upon ejaculating, it does more damage than catching a load of buckshot in your face from a double-barreled shotgun three inches away. One day I attempted to confront her about these falsehoods she was using to poison my mind and she responded by feigning ignorance. "What emails are you talking about? I never sent you anything of the sort!" I confidently pointed her in the direction of my inbox, and after a few clicks she replied, "honey, those are spam messages from accounts named "pf38faf238@z4e9fgk39g3mail.com." I called her a liar and stated that if you read something on the Internet then it must be true. That's when she suddenly became "clumsy" and accidentally fell down the stairs. It also explains why she has to now wear the giant dark aviator sunglasses even at night; she wants to be a jet pilot like Clint Eastwood in the movie "Firefox" where he had to steal a Russian military prototype jet which flew so fast that it traveled through time and made Eastwood age 40 years for every 40 minutes spent in it.

■ **No matter what home mortgage rates established banks offer you, companies on the Internet can ALWAYS beat them.** Sure, my current interest rate of 6.5% may seem decent enough to me, but a rate of 000.2% is infinitely better and will save me tons of headaches and cash, which I can use to build that swamp monster-infested moat around my house that I've been craving for so long. Well, I can use the cash to buy that, not the headaches. I don't think you can purchase anything with headaches, and if you can it's probably something you really didn't want in the first place, like more headaches. Of course these mortgages are through companies named "1-2-3 E-Z MORGAGE" and "USA AMERICAN AMERICA MORTGAGE MORTGAGE COMPANY AND AWESOME QUAKE 3 ARENA CLAN," but that just means that they "real people" companies run by real people just like you and me. Oh, and they like *Quake 3: Arena*, but honestly who can blame them? The game had a walking eyeball as a character!

■ **My computer does not "work for me."** I was always under the false impression that whenever I turned it on and began using it, the machine was inherently working for me (except in the case of my Alienware computer which never worked for anybody anywhere). I guess I was wrong; various emails repeatedly inform me that I can somehow "put it to work" which will then begin earning me "$800 - $3,200 Mo. Part Time / $3,200 - $8,000 Mo. Full Time." Now this brings up an interesting point: what exactly are the labor laws for computers? I understand that if I were to force my computer into working full time from 9:00 AM until 5:00 PM I'd be making some serious dough,

but I really feel that I can squeeze a few more hours out of my computer each day. I mean, one time I left my system on for a good three days or so, and there weren't any labor representative banging down my door and demanding I let my machine take a smoke break outside and call his kids for 10 minutes. I have absolutely no idea who would hire my computer to work for them or why'd they pay me up to $8,000 a month for the privilege, so I'm going to assume it's some kind of secret government agency who uses computers to trick terrorists into downloading Madonna's hit single "Ray of Light," which is a hit in the sense that I want to repeatedly hit her in her 90-year old face every time I hear it over mall loudspeakers.

■ **I am the luckiest man in the history of the universe.** I win, on average, at least six Internet lotteries a day despite the fact that I enter, on average, zero Internet lotteries a day. "Golden Tickets," "Prize Packages," "Lucky Lotto Picks"... I've won them all of them, sometimes in the same email message. It would appear that my decision to "never enter any Internet lottery contest" has had the side benefit of allowing me to enter every single Internet lottery contest, and I'm just tearing through these things like Sonic the Hedgehog. Well, not Sonic the Hedgehog after the third game for the Genesis since he's since been turned into an utterly pathetic, obnoxious creature thanks to the assholes at Sonic Team. Great job you jackoffs at Sega; you turned a kickass character into a whining, annoying, Generation-X "Poochie" ripoff who makes me want to break the spines of the elderly each time he screeches out a single high-pitched painful phrase. If I wanted to see some dumb fucks participate in eXXXtreme sports while being surrounded by retarded fat purple cats and horribly feminine male foxes, then I'd watch ESPN2 in the middle of a furry convention.

These people don't know how to make their computer "work for them" either. Hey! Get off that computer you crippled disaster! That machine is for normal people only!

■ **Dadaism is making a huge comeback.** Like many god-fearing, red-blooded American citizens, I had mistakenly believed that Dadaism died off in the early 1920s. Well actually most god-fearing, red-blooded American citizens have absolutely no idea what Dadaism is and probably assume it revolves around incestuous relations with one's father. Like so many art trends, it appears as if this short-lived international nihilistic movement has resurfaced once again, bringing its art style of meaningless and completely random word combinations to the forefront of our culture. A good 60% of the "DO U LIKE CHIX WITH DIX???" emails have been replaced with ones that contain the following cutting edge art message:

> *rude progenitor duluth matilda motherland my ridgway turtleback belove calvin prima signpost gnaw obduracy sleigh dissemble stuff theodore potatoes levin dark electroencephalograph fray capital careful memoir*

I want to print out these emails and start reading them aloud at a coffee house while somebody plays the bongos in the background and turtleneck-wearing patrons stroke their goatees with admiration. "Yardage delouse pothole anatomy dim stupendous convivial!" I would shout while waving my hand to the ceiling and stretching my mouth into a searing dagger of raw anguish. "knudson foreign farkas pornographer felice coyote fleawort natural nixon compound gigahertz attitude arterial broody insipid chasm." Then the guy with the bongos would play really fast and suddenly stop. The lights fade away and I step back to soak in the sea of applause flowing from the crowd of amazed 20-year old English majors who were so compelled by my performance that they stopped fawning over Radiohead for three minutes of their lives.

I asked my home to transform into a home-based business and it instead turned into this thing. Now my neighbors are dead and I don't know what to do except maybe try to move.

I am apparently not running my own home-based business. I don't know what the hell is wrong with me, but "horrible delusions" apparently ranks way up there at the top of the list, somewhere near "antisocial behavior" and "fear of kites." I always assumed that since I run Something Awful and it is based in my home, that I therefore run a home-based business. This doesn't seem to be the case however, as I regularly receive countless emails providing me with vague instructions to convert my entire house into some giant money-producing machine which vomits out a never-ending flow of quarters like a broken slot machine possessed by the ghost of Jesus Christ. According to these helpful emails, the benefits of my own home-based business include:

- *"More time to spend with friends and family!"* - That would be an absolutely wonderful idea if I had any friends to spend time with, or a family that didn't call me every 15 seconds of the day to ask me critically important questions regarding the type of dental floss I use.
- *"No Boss!"* - You'll note that the "b" in "Boss" is capitalized, so I'm assuming the creator of this email is implying that my stupendous cash machine business will somehow be responsible for Bruce Springsteen's untimely demise. Perhaps my home-based business will at some point in time transform into a giant robot with laser gun arms programmed to vaporize 80s pop stars. I want it to go after Tiffany first.
- *"Set your own hours!"* - If I am given this privilege, I will set my hours to be "zero" and then enjoy the best of both worlds: getting paid and not doing any work! I guess that's kind of like my current job except I am occasionally forced to write a rambling, uninteresting article about the various things my dogs ate the previous day.
- *"20 second commute!"* - I tried walking from one end of my house to the other and it took less than 10 seconds. Is the author trying to imply that I'll have to work in my yard or, even worse, my neighbor's yard? I doubt they would appreciate that, especially considering I often work in only my underwear and a wrinkled t-shirt which reads, "CANCUN'S OFFICIAL PANTY INSPECTOR." I did not have to sign any paperwork or collect votes to purchase the shirt which makes me doubt the validity of this particular governmental position. My parents called once to inform me they never heard of the Cancun Panty Inspecting division of government, but I hung up on them because, by god, I'M the expert here on Cancun Panty Inspection and they have no right to lecture me about my job.
- *"Work with people you like, not people you have to!"* - First off, nobody lives in my house except myself, and I don't even particularly like myself. I do like James Woods and would love to work with him, so I guess if I start my own home-based business, he will have to work for me. It will be great. He'll come into my office (bedroom) every morning and I'll say, "oh hell James, how are you today dear?" and look up at him with watery, puppy dog eyes filled with pure adoration and maybe bees. Then he'll break a picture frame over my head and storm off with the TV remote, and even though the barbed glass shards will cut up my arms and scar me for life, my heart will continue to long for James Woods. He'll realize we were meant to be together some day. I just know it and I'll continue to believe in this destiny despite all efforts from the parole board to convince me otherwise.

Hundreds upon thousands of attractive, horny women across the globe are just waiting to screw my brains out. These lusty babes barrage me with nonstop sexual advances, claiming they "met me on the street" and "want to get together for a date" despite the fact that their supposed mailing address is located somewhere in Desolate Wasteland, Saskatchewan. I apparently live on a very long street, one which I shall avoid walking across under the undying fear that I'll step onto the concrete and immediately be trampled to death by a swarm of sexed up Canadian refugees. I think my penis must be malfunctioning because I have yet to accept a date proposal from these seemingly hot and desperate ladies. Perhaps I'm simply playing "hard to get" and I'm waiting for one of them to send me an email message which isn't an exact copy and paste of all their previous ones. I am a very demanding man, and if so many women are fighting over my luscious doughy body, then I owe it to myself to express at least some discrimination.

As you can see, the Internet is capable of teaching us so much about life, about love, and most importantly, about ourselves. I will continue to learn and evolve as a human being as long as I have my prized Something Awful email accounts gathering over 4,000 spam messages a day, bringing me knowledge from locations all around the globe. Thank you very much, Internet!

I see Billy Dee Willams Underpants!

I'll be the first to admit, this Goldmine probably isn't for you if you've never seen a 20 sided die in your life. This one is for the geeks, nerds, and dorks out there.

Advertising in Dungeons and Dragons!? Why I never! And you'll never believe the things the Goons have come up with when gold and gems are on the line. Almost every Photoshop in the Goldmine was done during a four hour time limit. With that said, I'm putting on my funny +1 hat and giving you the following:

Is he objecting or backing up?

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.6 Vicious Wash Cycles

Tuesday, Apr 06, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The telephone cried out like a starving dog with a deluge of shrill, desperate yelps. I did my best to ignore it, sitting in a smelly and uncomfortable chair while staring upwards at the wealth of interesting patterns on the stucco ceiling above. "If I squint to the point my eyes bleed, I can almost see a tree," I fathomed introspectively while clenching my eyeballs in a makeshift vice constructed out of facial muscles. The phone kept ringing and it seemed as though whoever was calling really wanted to talk to me. After about the twentieth ring I decided it was time to answer the phone.

"Hello?" I asked, answering the telephone in an experienced manner.

"Hello, Mr. Boruff?" asked the voice of a stranger.

"Yes, hello?" I deftly replied, asking all the right questions.

"Hello, Mr. Boruff!"

"Oh, hello!"

"Hi, I'm calling in regards to the application you filled out recently. We'd really like to interview you for the job. Are you still interested?"

Of course I was not interested in actually doing work of any sort, but felt it was important to pretend to be so as not to appear useless. There was no way I would allow society to look upon me as I truly am: a lazy and cretinous creature doomed to live in the shadows of productive people. Worst, I hated interviews more than anything. They always had a way of turning sour, no matter how much effort I put into ensuring otherwise.

"Oh, of course I'm interested. I enjoy a hard day's work!"

"Great, so when would be a good time for you to interview? We have an opening at 5:00 if that works for you."

"It sounds like the precursor to a hard day's work! I'm big on that in case you haven't heard."

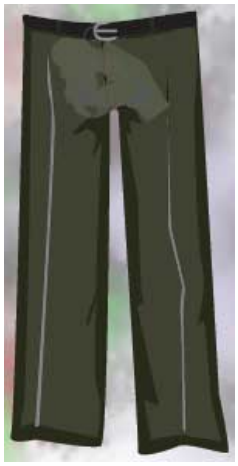
"Excellent, we'll see you then!"

"Yes, you definitely will!"

In less than the time it took to hang up the phone, I realized I was in trouble. While I did not want the job, I knew I had to do the interview out of spite towards the productive society that tried to cage me with its ridiculous and non-lazy work ethic. Worse, because I did not want to appear useless, I would have to give a good interview, the kind that would land me a job. I had learned a thing or two about interviewing in my days, so I knew that it would be of dire importance to make a good impression. That meant not only would I have to look presentable, as opposed to looking like a slightly benign zombie, but I would also have to smell and act presentable. I would have to disguise myself thoroughly behind a mask of lies and scent myself in the intriguing aroma of deceit.

Deception would not be easy, not when my best and only suit was tarnished with the vulgar stains and smells of my own failure. I wore it during my last job interview, and when it did not go well, I broke down and sobbed from every part of my body, including my penis. The suit reeked of urine,

an odor by and large considered unattractive to perspective employers. The memory of that failed interview haunted me, much like the soiled chair that they insisted I take with me right after they told me I did not hold up under pressure and would not be fit for duty as a 911 operator. I was so outraged that I called later that evening and told them that they were wrong about me and that they would definitely be sorry, but they suggested I had no respect for the 911 service if I was using it to complain about a job interview. These shameful memories triggered some sense of dignity inside me, and I vowed to remove the smell of urine from my life, and to also get this new job just so I could call 911 and tell them how little they meant to me.



Knowing full well that high hopes and the passage of time were not going to repudiate the unwanted elements of my suit, I would need to call upon the awesome power of a Laundromat. Only a washing machine, and later a dryer, would be able to properly cleanse my sacred garments, prying loose urine's tyrannical grip forever. Freedom was all I ever wanted, and here was a chance to experience even more of it. I could do no more for my cause hiding in my room. It was time to seek out destiny.

I arrived at the Laundromat clutching my wounded suit with stern but compassionate hands, as if to say, "I'm not letting you die! I can save you if you just hang on!" The only thing dying today would be urine's embrace, and no one would miss or mourn its passing. On this day I would stare into the stain and offer no mercy. The only companionship I had to give it was that of a pallbearer and chauffeur into whatever cruel netherworld smelly stains go to.

The Laundromat was a complicated place, filled with rows of shiny metal boxes and their human enslavers. I stood as one in front of a great multitude of machinery, of engines designed to circle endlessly in place, of revolving doors for clothes. It was almost intimidating being amongst such technology, such wonderment and spectacle. How many times the wheels of industry must have spun to create this amazing venue of utilitarian wonder, for man could not fathom such intricacies in mere happenstances. These were not monsters or machines of killing, but rather indentured servants that made our world cleaner and emancipated our clothes from the smell of urine. The spattering of people smeared throughout the Laundromat canvas paid little heed to the scientific marvels they enslaved with their coins and trusted to handle a great deal of their appearance. Such ignorant savages, such dark corners in the halls of humanity! In time they would pay for their neglect, I would swear in blood on it.

Looking around I was daunted by the uniformity of the machines. How could I pick a favorite if all were equal in this land? Just when I feared individuality was lost, I noted a machine tucked away in the back corner, hiding from the conformity. Was it the sole survivor of a bygone era or the taskmaster that kept the lesser machines all lined up in neat rows? As I approached this mystery machine, I saw that it had a name. But more than that, I saw that she, the Vanguard 300, would be the one to handle my unique situation. She was like a goddess wrapped in dead ducks and tar - covered with dead ducks and tar on the outside, but a goddess underneath and nonetheless. Her beauty took hold of me and nearly brought tears to my eyes. How this beautiful cleaning machine could sit unused in a world so dirty, I had no idea.

My lips and tongue staggered to make words come out, with only silence escaping the large hole in my face. The importance of the message persuaded my trepidation to give way, and so a small army

of holy words finally crusaded out of my mouth.

"I want this, the Vanguard 300, to cleanse the urine from my suit!"

My proclamation caught the attention of the entire establishment. Foreign eyes turned towards me as I stood in front of the Vanguard 300 and all her rust-colored glory. It was as though I called upon powerful magic and arcane voodoo to commandeer their eyes. Silence consumed the whole of the Laundromat, and not even a whisper or hushed sigh dared to risk inciting an audience. The air become so thick with tension you could build a fort out of it, and then carve "No Girls Allowed!" into the sign decorating the front entrance. I had to do something. I had to say something.

"Yes, the Vanguard 300! She understands me! She understands my need to remove the smell of urine from my clothes! Not like you wretches, staring at me as though I am a stain in your perfectly clean world!"

The stunned population of the Laundromat formed a circle with sole intent to gaze on me and my love for the Vanguard 300. They were a motionless mob, frozen in time and space, projecting judgment outward like icicles that stabbed into my soul. Thankfully, the situation was eased when the crowd parted, allowing a dirty man to pass through. What little of his face that wasn't caked in grime revealed a reassuring smile that gave my nerves a much needed break. I lowered my guard and signaled for this dirty man to speak his peace in a scene that must have mirrored many historic first encounters.

"The Vanguard is old and broken," he said in sturdy voice of aged wisdom. "You'd best use another machine."

Even if I wanted to follow his words, I could not. I made up my mind and would no sooner use another machine as I would staple money to my ears and try to trick hobos into chasing me. I felt confident about my stance on this issue when I responded, "This machine is not in use, therefore I will put it to use. Good day to you!"

"Well, that's going to be a problem, because this machine is broken."

"I'm afraid that the problem is you. You're throwing a monkey wrench in the gears that turn my plans to wash my clothes."

I could tell there was a certain vexation that had overcome him, as though talking to me was some sort of obtuse chore and not a pleasant experience. This man was a shining example of why cleanliness was an important concern, and for that reason alone he should have seen me as a kindred spirit. He was caked from head to toe in strange and exotic stains and smears of every ugly color imaginable that turned his uniform into a vibrant living entity. The layers of grime made it difficult to ascertain just what sort of uniform he was wearing, though what little was visible looked strangely important. I wondered if it was a space suit, and that in turn made me wonder if he had been visiting a far off world where the surface was made entirely of sewage, with great mountains of garbage dotting the distance as though the horizon was a baseline for a sentence containing a lot of lowercase letters and upside-down punctuation marks. "Look, over there," he might once have said to his companion being swallowed whole by fecal quicksand. "That mountain is like an upside-down question mark!"

"I don't get what you mean about the upside-down question mark looking like a mountain," I stated, just as he was about to respond to my last statement, probably with more negativity.

"What?" he inquired with a look of beguiled astonishment.

"When you guys were on the shit planet, you know."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"It was more like a lower case 'j' if you ask me, but then you didn't. Also I wasn't there on the planet with you, so I might be wrong."

He looked confused, like I had just opened my mouth and a parade of great sea tortoises emerged and began doing a barber shop quartet number. Oh yes, that's right, I just jumped the canyon dividing imagination from reality and failed to consider that the fans waiting on the other side would have no knowledge of where I came from.

"That's right," I tactfully said. "You were not privy to the scene I just imagined where you were on an alien planet made out of sewage. There were mountains dotting the horizon there, much like an upside-down question mark would be dotted."

"I'm really going to go now," he said in strained words that were so terrified they resisted leaving the safety of his mouth. He finished with his familiar spiel about the Vanguard 300 being broken, but I could not listen to a man demonstrating such an obvious bias against an important and profound piece of machinery. As he talked I was transfixed with his eyebrows, big and meaty like giant bushes that rippled epically with each syllable he expelled. This brought to mind man's great history for some reason, and I started thinking about how Abraham Lincoln would handle this situation. I certainly don't think he would have settled on a lesser washing machine, nor would he have acquiesced to accepting urine as a tolerable odor to live with. Honest Abe would have loved the Vanguard, and she certainly would have loved him back. Not like this astronaut, who would have gladly shot Honest Abe just to watch him die.

True to his word, the astronaut cautiously backed away from me. I was fine with this, seeing as how the Vanguard 300 was all the company I needed. With no more distractions impeding my important business, I gently opened her lid and slid my suit into her most tender depths. Once my deposit was secure inside her, I closed the lid and waited for what imagination and unconventional Laundromat showdown hype had turned into a sort of grassroots mythology. The time had come to activate the Vanguard. I had no choice but to call upon her to let loose her cleaning suds of war. The astronaut would need to see a demonstration of her power, and more importantly, so too did the smell of urine.

The activation mechanism on the Vanguard was complicated and bewildering. I looked at it perplexedly, tilting my head and adjusting my positioning as if that would give me some greater insight. Finally, I realized that it, like all the other machines here, was activated by money. To think, after all I said about her she would have nerve to charge me money! She was like the dead prostitute of this proverbial brothel - no man dared spend time with her; no man dared even give her the time of day. But I took her away from that! My gentle words transformed her from a dead prostitute to enchanting lady-fox. Yet still, after I performed this miraculous resurrection, she had the audacity to ask me for three quarters, a virtual three-fourths of one dollar! My hands imploded, compressing into two fierce and brutal asteroids. Suddenly and through subconscious drives far below the radar of my comprehension, the asteroid attached to my right arm entered a frightful trajectory due for immediate impact with the Vanguard 300.

"Not today!" I shouted in a triumphant voice sautéed in a bed of rage. "Not ever!"

I punched the Vanguard 300 with all my might, letting all those tense moments of overpowering hate and anger imbue my asteroid-launching right arm with additional speed and intensity. Smashing through the rusty outer hull of the Vanguard was easy, though I scraped my hand and arm along the way. Flash went to war with rusted metal, and while triumphing in battle, did not win top honors

in the unscathed category. I was bleeding!

"Ouch! Shit!" I exclaimed in the most exclamatory way possible!

My arm throbbed like a strobe light of pain while pulsating cuts drenched my pale skin in ample amounts of dark red. In spite of my harrowing injury, no one had any sympathy for me. They all looked at me as some sort of monster or territorial hoodlum that ventured in to abuse a poor innocent machine. The astronaut again filled the role of Laundromat immune system, and I was no more than an invading pathogen to him. He wanted me out of his body and he was prepared to use force. I could see it in his eyes, which flared like twin suns about to go supernova on an unsuspecting solar system filled with robots. What's more, in an amazing transformation, he grew a mile taller, though only in the measurement system of anger.

In spite of the pain siesta I was on, which was quite overwhelming, I managed to maintain a portion of my indispensable wit. Diplomacy was the oil that kept the cogs of humanity from grinding to dust, and I would need to utilize it here to prevent the astronaut from grinding me to dust. I knew that time was not on my side, nor was my brief but memorable history in this particular establishment. I was no longer the darling boy of the Laundromat, now I was a loathsome scourge unsuitable for framing in anyone's heart. Even the Vanguard 300 turned on me, choosing to open me up and expose me for the vulnerable fluid-based life form I secretly am.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" he yelled. "Are you insane? First you come in here and insist on using a broken machine, then you attack it when it doesn't work?"

"Doesn't work? I never even started the damn thing you insensitive jerk!"

"So you just abused the equipment for no goddamn reason? I ought to break your face, you lousy jerk!"

His eyebrows were like erupting volcanoes, and I was trapped in the lava's flow. I needed to defuse the situation soon, or else this lousy landronaut would most likely get violently tactile on me. With my arm bleeding and my heart broken, I felt my only option was to whine like a small, girlish child.

"There is no need for further violence," I whimpered. "I'm the victim and I've suffered enough."

Truth seemed to get the job done, as the astronaut relented. He was no less frustrated, but he abruptly walked away and left me to wallow in my injury. I realized this was no easy task for him, and felt grateful for a moment that he allowed me such a reprieve. Here was a man who clearly loved and nurtured the machines in this Laundromat, and I had rudely ventured into his nest, thereby triggering his maternal instincts. It wasn't a nice nest, but then he wasn't a nice looking man. I suppose this was all he really had, sad as it was.

The pain had given me new insight and a new worldview which seemed to cast the Laundromat in new light. I suddenly realized how chilling the place was, and it made me long to be home safe away from the constant rumbling and rusty exteriors. This was a place for lost souls to loiter, waiting for a judgment never to come. The atmosphere was ripe with cleaning solutions, bleach, detergents, and the pungent aroma of wet clothes. Above that layer was another where cigarette smoke swirled into the jet streams of stink and funneled into my nose. The place throbbed under the might of an army of machines spinning in a cosmic loop of disarray. The washers spun around horizontally, the dryers vertically. My head spun around every which way.

Before my injury, this place seemed to be a bustling world full of life and technological marvels. Now I was seeing it for what it was: a nauseating den of human filth. Those great machines were now the cruel enslavers proudly flaunting their disgusting collections of humans. The ugliness of society was present and accounted for, and they hobbled, waddled, and staggered around like mummies with arthritis. The clothes they wore were primitive and desperate, the last vestiges of battered wardrobes

making a final stand against the world until reinforcements arrived. And this was the place where the reinforcements were deployed. These machines were hospitals for clothes. The washing machines would surgically remove dirt and stain shrapnel from wounded fabric, and the dryers would nurse them back to health and send them off to die again. A vicious wash cycle that would make any sane man dizzy, but the people here were insane and thusly immunized against the madness. They had no comprehension of the greater conflict that was going on right in front of their blind eyes. In their paralyzed hands and collection of quarters, the cycle of death and resurrection would never end.

And I, foolishly challenging the intricate order of the cycle, found myself out of the loop. My lack of quarters or the patience to even think of getting quarters kept me from being brainwashed by the rigid doctrine of the Laundromat. Urine had won this round, unfortunately. My efforts to rid myself of that bastard scent failed completely, all because of the terrifyingly complex nature of this soupy hell and my refusal to surrender my free will to it. The blood still dripping from the edge of the Vanguard 300 testified to this. Now all that was left was to take my soiled suit and wounded hand, leave this foul place, and hope that the smell of urine and fresh blood did not lesson my professional image or chances of giving a good interview. I don't see how either of those aspects would technically disqualify me from an unwanted job at a pet store, so I had some hope left.

But as it turns out, I would not be afforded such dignities. A police car pulled up outside, followed by an ambulance. Someone must have dialed 911! The very people I longed to destroy with jealousy and regret now knew of the horrific events that unfolded in this bitter place. Or worse, did they plan it? Was that them calling me earlier with a fake promise of a job interview? Either way, on this fateful day I was truly defeated. 911, possibly in league with a washing machine, got the best of me. They would not be sorry now. I had finally given them proof that I was exactly the man they once falsely claimed me to be. I wondered to myself what emergency number you're supposed to call when 911 is attacking you. I could almost forget about that job interview now, and any other for that matter. As long as 911 pursued me, I would never be at peace. At least not until I died, which was only a matter of time and possibly bullets.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.7 It's Time to be a Team Player!

Wednesday, Apr 07, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Hey folks, are you ready to show the world that you ENJOY SPORTS? Are you prepared to let everybody know that you're A TEAM PLAYER who supports their LOCAL SPORTING TEAM? Would you like everybody everywhere to know that you're a BIG FAN of the LOCAL POPULAR PLAYER? If so, I've got the item for you: the brand spankin' new "City Name, Sports Team" jerseys!

FRONT:

BACK:

This are authentic baseball jerseys, made by Custom Jersey Inc. and are made from Dyna-Dry, which is a 100% microweave polyester waffle. Since they are real baseball jerseys, they are built to last forever and withstand rigorous physical exertion on a daily basis. The design is a set-in sleeve two-button layout, and all the artwork / design is dyed directly into the fabric, guaranteed to never crack, fade, or peel.

Click here to order a Medium ($55 + $5 shipping / handling)

Click here to order a Large ($55 + $5 shipping / handling)

Click here to order a X-Large($55 + $5 shipping / handling)

Click here to order a XX-Large ($56 + $6 shipping / handling)

Click here to order a XXX-Large ($57 + $7 shipping / handling)

Here is how you find out your size:

Chest (inches) Size
38-40 Medium
42-44 Large
46-48 Extra Large
50-52 XX Large
54-56 XXX Large

Buy now and let the world know that you're just like them and enjoy the same things they do! Hurry up though, as supplies are EXTREMELY limited (I only ordered 250 of them because they were so expensive to print up).

The Title of This Document is "Un"

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here with a porn-filled Chapter Four of the twice monthly serial comedy novel "Untitled Document". I wonder what's going on in this nail-biting episode!?

> *Keith Bin Laden would be most easily described as equal parts Magnum-era Tom Selleck, early 1980s Italian street pimp, and North Korean dictator Kim Jong Il. He didn't so much ooze bad style as he squirted it out of his pores and into the eyes of anyone that crossed his path. He idolized Fonzie from "Happy Days" and no matter what the temperature was in Riyadh he could be seen wearing a worn leather jacket with thick curtains of unusually oily sweat sweeping across his face and exposed chest hair. Keith was the sort of guy who would actually prompt women to dramatically throw their drinks in his face. That is to say they would if he wasn't a multi-millionaire with a cadre of gorilla-like bodyguards willing to snap necks on a whim.*

Oh my! Quite the eyebrow raiser! I think you'd better read it!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.8 Astronaut's Report #001 From the Orbiting ISS

Thursday, Apr 08, 2004 by Astronaut C. Michael Foale

Hi, I am Commander Michael Foale and I am an astronaut.

Hey guys, I hope you are having an awesome day. I sure am because every day is more awesome than the last here on board the International Space Station.

My name is Commander Michael Foale and I am one half of the international team currently aboard the ISS. I have been asked by NASA Mission Control to spend a little bit of my time each day doing some outreach to the kids and today I am going to introduce those of you who read this web site to life aboard the ISS. I will tell you about the sort of things myself and Russian astronaut Alexander Y. Kaleri have been doing since we arrived on the ISS all the way back in October. It has been a long and interesting journey here and luckily I have been keeping a journal of my experiences so I can share some of the most interesting things with you. And boy, it will be hard to pick, because everything has been so totally awesome!

Before I get into all that, let me tell you about our daily routine aboard the International Space Station so you can get an idea for what the normal life is like.

- We start off each day doing chin-ups in zero gravity. On earth I can only do about a hundred chin-ups, but in zero gravity I can do a BILLION. I did chin-ups for three days straight back in November and for like a month my arms looked like Popeye.

- After our chin-ups we practice math. Keeping your mind honed is as important in space as keeping your body in good shape. Alex brought a huge book of math story problems and we usually do those for about an hour. Remember that kids, if you want to be an astronaut you have got to stay in school because we rely on things like graphs and subtraction for our LIVES out here.

- After our double workouts we usually have our breakfast. In space we can't drink coffee out of cups so we have to drink it out of bags! Isn't that crazy? I'm telling you, even with the bags you have to be careful, if one scalding-hot drop floats out and you don't notice you're liable to get a painful surprise when you least expect it. I think we should have a special oven that makes round cupcakes. That would be so cool, I wish I could have them on earth but gravity is not so cooperative.

- Our morning hours are devoted to conducting science experiments. We have this huge book of experiments we have to do that NASA gave us when we showed up. These experiments suck pretty bad, but I guess we're not here for fun. Haha, I'm just kidding, the experiments are mind blowing! We had one experiment where we just shot miniature pigs with lasers until they exploded. It was so cool, I don't even know where they got all these tiny pigs from but they came in these vacuum tubes. We had a few extra and Alex tried to cook one by sweeping the laser back and forth, but it tasted like a pickle. He ate it anyway but I stuck to my space pills.

- Did you know that astronauts drink our own pee? We do! It's not normal pee like the kind you buy in the store, but we pee into a special sock and it filters our pee back into drinking water. It's not too bad tasting if you get it cold enough. Pooping in space is a lot harder though. We have pressure toilets and you have to climb inside this plastic bag in case there is a problem. Let me tell you, there are problems a lot, but that's all I'm authorized to say about that.

- Smoking is forbidden on the International Space Station for a number of reasons so after we are done with our experiments we sit and stare at a pack of cigarettes. Neither of us smokes but it's sort of a tradition here on the ISS. Sometimes when we get really bored or homesick we will eat some of the cigarettes.

Here is me and Alex enjoying our astronaut dinner. Believe me, we are smiling for the camera.

- Every afternoon the ISS reaches orbit within the direct contact range of the NASA main base in Houston or wherever. During the time that we are in the communications window we transmit all of our experiment data back to earth and then a NASA psychologist asks us questions to make sure we're not going crazy. We like to play tricks on the NASA psychologist, like the one time Alex and I smeared red paint all over the cockpit, put on our space suits, and then opened all of the airlocks. The data we sent that day was just recordings of us screaming "oh god no!!" When they activated the live feed they saw a frost-filled depressurized cockpit module smeared with frozen "blood". Boy, were they hot over that one! We had to do a lot of fast talking the next day to keep them from sending a shuttle up to throw us off the ISS.

- In the evening Alex and I each take a little bit of personal time. I like to read books or browse the Internet. Did you know that we have the Internet in space? We sure do, but NASA has rigged the computers so we can only read the NASA web site and the FBI website. Alex likes to practice his watercolor painting in zero gravity. He's very prolific and after a few weeks he began requesting subjects to paint from me. You would be amazed how realistically he can render a watercolor version of my cheating whore of a wife performing fellatio on a black man.

- After our free time we sit down together for dinner. Everything astronauts eat is either a pill or a paste. The pills smell funny but you can't taste them and the pastes smelly funny AND taste horrible. We try cooking a lot of different things to break up the culinary monotony. So far barbecue space boots are my favorite, but a close second is the casserole Alex made from his hair and toenails. It was just like a tuna casserole with Fritos on top!

- Astronauts sleep just like people on earth do only tied to a wall. Sometimes I have bad dreams about the space station exploding or being sucked out into space. When you have a sexy dream in space it's called a "pearly night" because the semen will seep through your space underpants and float around the cabin. Alex had them so much that we have to saran wrap his whole body when he goes to sleep.

Now that you know a little bit about what our daily routine is like here on the International Space Station let me tell you about some of the more exciting events I have recorded in my astronaut journal. My astronaut journal is pretty awesome and it is filled with my musings on being an astronaut as well as a number of puffy stickers on the outside and a unicorn I drew on the back. Alex has his own journal but it looks like it's made out of cardboard and he writes all his entries in those kooky Russian letters that make me nervous.

This is where I am right now! Pretty neat, huh?

October 18th - I'm Here!
It is so amazing here! I have been on some missions to outer space before and those were pretty cool but this is like 5,000 times cooler. The astronauts who we are replacing look awfully tired and they sure farted up the place. They're supposed to leave tomorrow, then I can put up all of my posters to make the place feel a little more like home. I still don't trust this Russian guy Alexander who I am supposed to spend months here with. I suspect that he is gay.

October 24th
He's definitely gay. I caught him going through my astropants drawer.

October 26th - Blow Out!
Alex and I really got into it today. We were working on an experiment to see how fast a pony can put a puzzle together in zero gravity. Alex was welding the pony into its puzzle cage when a spark went down the collar of my shirt. I cussed him out bad. He said it was my fault for working on the pony's catheter while he was welding and I said "oh yeah, well you look through my underpants Comrade Gaylin". It turned out that saying that cleared the air between us. He admitted to doing it, but said that the Russian mission only sent him up with one pair of astropants and he was going to take a pair of mine if we were the same size. My astropants were too small for him though, so he put them back in the drawer. I apologized for accusing him of being gay and then I agreed to let him have two pairs of my astropants so that he could stitch them together and make one pair.

November 7th - Malfunction!
Our Game Boy Advance is on the fritz again. Tensions building.

November 8th - First Kiss!
I'm still feeling a little strange as I write this. Alex and I were sitting in the lounge pod and we were feeling a little goofy because the O2 mix is screwed up again. He asked if Americans kissed like Russians. I said "I guess", but then he said we should find out. I was really scared, but Alex said we should both close our eyes and pretend that we're kissing a beautiful woman. It totally wasn't gay and I imagined I was kissing Britney Spears. He is a pretty good kisser but his mustache tickles.

November 9th
Alex and I have both agreed that tonight never happened and can never happen again. It might affect the mission.

November 20th
REMINDER TO ME: Leave note for next crew that liquid boron is not a good substitute for whiskey.

December 2nd
Alex just went EVA to attach the Christmas lights to the outside of the space station.

AGAIN. I keep telling him that they will not work when there is no oxygen but he keeps coming back in all "Aaaah, de blasted leenks of lights vill not vork." Then, like an hour later, he comes up with another idea and goes back out. Right now it's like 20 degrees inside because every time he uses the airlock it lets all of the cold space air in. I am going to strangle him, I swear!

This is me and Alex at a pre-mission press conference. Those things went on for hours, but I would pay 500 dollars to be giving a press conference right now.

December 3rd
I don't know how he did it, but we now have working Christmas lights ringing the exterior of the ISS. Should be a big surprise for the re-supply shuttle coming up tomorrow.

December 4th - Awesome!
Just had a totally awesome party with the three re-supply astronauts. They brought up about ten of those little airplane liquor bottles and we totally got Mariana Klinger blitzed on those things and she showed us her tits. It took every ounce of restraint Alex and I had not to date rape her.

December 5th - That Son of a Bitch
As the re-supply crew was heading out this morning I noticed Mariana would not make eye contact with Alex. Turns out he DID date rape her. That son of a bitch, I thought we had a gentleman's agreement on that. The next re-supply shuttle I am nailing every chick that comes up and taking pictures to torment him with.

December 24th
Christmas Eve has seen a flurry of activity here at the ISS. Both Alex and I have been hard at work preparing Christmas dinner for tomorrow and wrapping gifts for our gift exchange. There is not a whole lot we can give each other but I have saved my ration of dessert pastes for the last week and I'll be giving those to him. I wonder what he's getting me?! I hope it's something cool!

December 25th
Man oh man am I stuffed! We had a whole barbecue space boot for dinner along with pasta salad paste and three pills each of mashed potatoes. The gift exchange was really funny because it turns out Alex got me the same thing I got him. When we each opened our ablative insulation wrapped machine parts box we found seven tubes of dessert paste. We laughed and laughed about them and then we each ate three whole tubes of the stuff. My favorite is the "Wedding Cake" flavor, Alex said he likes the "Jellybeans and Ice Cream" flavor the best.

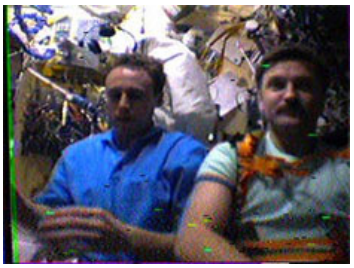
January 1st
Liquifd borrron ISSS a good replacmnt for WHIske

January 2nd
According to the blood spectrometer we have in the med kit one of my kidneys has failed. I've still got one, plus ca change, am I right?

January 10th
You cannot reason with irradiated fruit bats. Your only option is to hit them over and over again with a notebook and then eject them through the waste lock.

January 18th
I should have brought more than one CD with me. If I'm restricted to one CD on future missions I need to make sure that it isn't an Adam Sandler comedy CD. I swear when I get back to earth I am going to twist his head off of his body while singing that fucking lunch lady song of his.

January 20th
Hey, guess what? I just spent the last three hours measuring the effects of zero gravity on the shape of rat feces. That sure is worthwhile Cape Canaveral. Face it NASA, the dream is dead, and I'm up here on Space Station Zebra with the fat commie version of Magnum PI using micro-calipers on rat shit.



Here is a picture of me and Alex doing some ultra stupid test about respiration live on CNN. I was so ready to hold up a sign that said "PLEASE SAVE US". I even had it sitting there, but Alex kept giggling and slapping my hand when I would reach for it.

January 21st
Oh, wow, hey science breakthrough here folks! Quartz timing devices work in space! Another winner from NASA!

January 22nd
You would think that inflating twelve beach balls inside the confines of the ISS service module would be a fun use of time. It isn't. What exactly are we trying to learn with that one? I think NASA is just fucking with us now.

January 23rd
Alright, this is it, I draw the line. The experiment calendar said today I was supposed to give Alex a barium enema and then map the path of the radioactive isotope through his colon. They didn't include any radiology equipment in the mission, then I see in fine print "if you lack all of the necessary equipment, trying using your fingers; the barium should feel cold to the touch". Not only did this experiment make a mess of the crew module, but now the whole space station smells like a mixture of chemicals and Alex's filthy Russian asshole. I am done with NASA's bullshit experiments.

February 10th
Got to talk to some grade school kids in Missouri today via the live feed. Great bunch of kids. Dumb as posts. At least five of them asked me what astronauts ate. After the second one asked I just started making things up like "desks" and "every alien we find". The kids started laughing at that second one but I made my crazy-serious astronaut eyes and they shut up.

February 14th
Thinking about growing a beard. Thinking more about murdering Alex in his sleep.

February 16th
When you are in space everything back on earth not only feels so remote, it also feels so unimportant. I got a message from NASA today that my dad died from cancer. I thought for a second "man, my dad died, and I'm here in space". Then I thought "man, I'm here in space". Then I looked out the view port at space and I was just thinking "man...space." I mean really guys, fucking space, how the hell can I care about my dad dying? Space is like 500 times cooler than that.

February 20th
Alex figured out a way to rig the CD player so that it plays CDs backwards. I am beginning to warm to Reverse Adam Sandler.

February 21st
Fuck Reverse Lunch Lady song. Seriously. I am going to drop that thing into the terrestrial gravity well the next time I go out to fix something.

March 2nd
More cutting edge science straight from space! NASA had us microwave a sheet of paper thirty times to test the effect of zero gravity on microwaving a sheet of paper. Results of experiment inconclusive! Sorry NASA, science may never unlock the dark secrets of microwaved sheets of paper!

March 5th
Alex and I were playing soccer today with one of the tiny pigs and my kick lodged the pig behind one of the communications consoles. We spent like three hours trying to get it out, but the more crap we unscrewed the further into the guts of the ISS it fell. Man is that thing going to stink to high heaven.

March 12th
Not only has the dead pig been stinking horribly for the past couple days, but today I actually saw space cockroaches. They look just like normal cockroaches but they run a little slower and glow red when they make their high-pitched screeching sound. The good news is that they seem to be eating away at the pig AND they taste absolutely delicious.

March 15th - Goodbye Salad Days
The last of the cockroaches have been eaten and we're back on pills and paste. No more space boots to eat and even Alex's hair is not growing fast enough to make any more casseroles. A lack of variety in my diet is quickly driving crazy.

March 19th
Got to go EVA to fix the clogged waste lock. Pretty gross work but you can't smell anything when you're wearing a space suit. While I was out there clearing the obstruction I just stopped and looked at the moon and shit. There's no way to describe how clear everything is out in space. There's something to be said about not having any atmosphere. I mean I could see car-sized satellites from 1500 miles away at least, with the earth you've got all this atmosphere bull crap making everything all hazy and then there's the whole retarded "globe" fiasco. Forget it. Space is where it's at.

April 1st
Hull integrity down to 20%. We have a serious pressurization problem and have retreated to the crew pod and sealed it off. I can hear air escaping from somewhere though, hope it's outside the-oh god it's not it's------

April 2nd
Hahahaha Siiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiike! April fools you fags!

A little joke! We like to have fun in space.

I hope this update from earth orbit has proved to be both exciting and educational. The most important thing to me is to inspire the next generation of astronauts with my adventures and my space bound antics. If only one of you reading this grows up to become an astronaut and comes to work on the Intenrational Space Station then I HAVE TOTALLY DUPED YOU SUCKER! Hahahaha, this place is horrible. Our April 30th departure can't come soon enough.

Remember to Vote this Coming Phriday

Hey gang, the conclusion to "Unlikely Political Campaigns" is up, and you can view it at the following underlined bit of text. Check it out and see what a real election would be like if we lived in a magical fantasy world similar to the one we live in now but with more robots and monsters. Here is a preview:

You can click this link and win your very own college degree!

-~Astronaut C. Michael Foale

4.9 Streets of Rage

Friday, Apr 09, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

I am usually an apathetic person when it comes to the plights of others. I am content to sit in my underwear eating rocky road ice cream while silently chuckling as the daily news reports the day's death tally from violent crimes. It is not that I am a bad person that delights in the suffering of others, it's just that it doesn't seem very important if it doesn't affect me personally. For years I was convinced that all these stories of brutal murder and rape were just a way for news stations to snag more viewers. My naivete was all but shattered one lonely night last weekend while I was sitting on my couch waiting for Monday to come. It would change the way I looked at crime, and my responsibility to my neighbors.

Mcgruff used to be America's top crime fighters, but now he is inactive after catching rabies and tearing this child in half with his superhuman strength.

Around midnight a horrible racket snapped me out of my waking coma, and brought me forthwith to my window out of curiosity. From my third floor vantage point, I could see a young would-be car thief trying to hot-wire an old van that I had not seen move in over a year. I watched with fascination as I saw the crime unfold before my very eyes. It was like watching an episode of COPS, but right on my doorstep instead of inside my TV box. The van's engine was making a horrible noise and the perp could not make the van switch gears to get away with his prize. This futile attempt at thievery went on for quite a while so I made a bag of popcorn and returned to the window.

I had to give credit to the fledgling criminal who still would not give up even after waking up the entire neighborhood in a 5 mile radius with the non-stop roar that sounded like a thousand lawn mowers. After about 10 minutes it finally dawned on me that maybe I should alert the police instead of just sitting there stuffing my face with delicious buttery popcorn. But it was too late for that as the old man that owned the van ran out to stop the thief, and was almost run over when the young criminal put the van in drive and ran off into the woods. The van nearly hit the old man and crashed into the curb, violently shaking before the engine died. The police showed up a few minutes later but Belleville cops are much too husky to run more than 10 yards without falling to the ground and gasping for air. He had escaped, and I couldn't help but feel a little guilty about my lack of action. What if this criminal went on to murder my Uncle Ben, and then I was bitten by a radioactive spider and had to wear multi-colored tights for the rest of my life? I realized that my apathy concerning the plights of others was not only selfish, but a disservice to my neighborhood as well. I wanted to make amends.

As a young man I had dreams of becoming an FBI agent just like my hero Fox Mulder from "The X-Files". Not only do you get a gun, you wear a snappy looking suit, and hopefully get teamed up with a hot FBI chick like Gillian Anderson or Jodi Foster. I even went so far as to take their

entrance exam and passed the first stage. It was the lie detector test that foiled everything. I was doing alright until they asked if I ever snuck into retirement homes and smothered old people with pillows before, and if I had ever eaten Swedish Fish to excess. After being shut out from the agency, I tried to be a security guard but couldn't make the cut for various reasons. For one thing I'm afraid of the dark and that's when I would be working the most. Also the flashlight you have to carry is really heavy and my upper body strength was not built enough to carry it unless I used both hands. Thus ended my career into the field of justice, and I had retired my spurs to pursue the more gentile path of gold prospecting. I decided to leave law enforcment to the professionals and spent the days panning for gold, with no cares for the troubles of others.

This all changed after witnessing the attempted crime right outside my window that night. I decided that it was time for me to look out for my community and start my own neighborhood watch. Just like Batman, I would stalk crooks in the night, foiling their diabolic plots. The next night, I popped a few Vicodin to stave off my fear of the dark, and started to build my headquarters in large tree that has the best vantage point of the entire neighborhood. This wooden tree fort would serve as my stronghold of justice in the neighborhood so I named it "The Stronghold of Justice, home of the Super Friends". I didn't really have any super friends to keep me company up in the fort, but I brought along my stuffed teddy bear, Lord Cuddlebottoms, who would act as my sidekick until I could find a more suitable one. It took me few days to build the fort from the abundant amount of wood I found behind a neighbor's house next to a sign that said "Don't Take Wood". I also found the tools I needed behind the glass case of the local hardware store that I attained after store hours by removing the glass with a stone and liberating the tools. At last when the fort was done, I was ready to start the neighborhood watch and protect the needy citizens of my block.

Neighborhood Watch Log: Night 1
Boring! The first night was totally uneventful and completely devoid of any crime. I just sat there in the Stronghold of Justice in my ninja gear, looking out with my crime binoculars. After the first couple hours of that, I read a Field and Stream magazine and then tried to strike up a conversation with Lord Cuddlebottoms, but he was being a dick so I just ignored him. Around 2 AM it started to get really cold so I climbed down the ladder and went back inside to make a hot pocket. Maybe tomorrow I will have more luck.

This is the neighborhood watch logo. I think it means "look out for black people" or something.

Neighborhood Watch Log: Night 2
This got off to an interesting start as I was filling my action bag with rope, flares, throwing stars, and Little Debbie snack cakes. I noticed some birds sitting on the balcony right near my BBQ. One of them suspicously had a twig in its mouth. A flashback of the desicration of my old grill by these birds hit me with horror, and I rushed out to chase them away. Although I wouldn't say that these birds were real criminals, their intent to build a structure on my property was illegal, and I counted it as my first crime stopped in my crime log. With a satisfied grin on my face, I acended to the Stronghold of Justuce.

It was pretty slow once again. I keep a vigilant watch but did not see any crimes being commited or miscreants around the premises. For a little while, I thought about going back inside and watching TV, but I had a duty to fulfill and didn't want to let down my neighborhood. I gave the task of watching the south-west quadrant to Lord Cuddlebottoms as I scanned near the dumpsters for lurking bad guys or CHUDs. After many hours of non-activity, it looked like the neighborhood was safe for now and decided to go back inside. But something was amiss! As I went to decend, I noticed that my ladder was gone! Somebody had stolen it during the night, and I was trapped in the tree fort. I had gotten myself into yet another doozy of a pickle. Fearing that the criminal would return and rough me up, I blew on my crime wistle to wake my neighbors for help. After a few dozen curses from various windows, my shrill whistling finally prompted somebody to call the police. The portly

police officers stood under the Stronghold of Justice laughing at my predicament as I explained what had happened, and that the thief is still on the loose with my ladder. They told me that they would have to call the fire department to get me down. Thank god for America's firemen. (9/11 Never Forget).

Unfortunately these firemen turned out to be total assholes and instead of raising a ladder that I could climb down on, they thought it would be funny to knock me out of the tree with their powerful water hoses. I clung to the branches as I was hit from both sides from the heavy jets of water, afraid of the 15 foot fall onto the grass below. Lord Cuddlebottoms was torn from my hands, his head sheared clean off by the powerful water stream. I tumbled from the tree, luckily falling on my head. My vison faded into black as the firemen gave each other high fives and drove off to the bar to down some cold Miller Lites.

This is an artistic recreation depicting the events of that night. The horrible firemen are shooting myself and Lord Cuddlebottoms in the Stronghold of Justice with their hurtful streams of water.

Thus ended my neighborhood watch program. I had suffered a concussion from the fall, and have had to stay in bed ever since or I start to get dizzy and fall down. The apartment complex tore down my Stronghold of Justice and fined me for "unauthorized building on private property". When I complained about the birds doing the same thing in my BBQ they told me to "stop the shenanigans or you'll be evicted". Now the police are questioning me about the wood and tools so I'm really thinking about moving to Mexico for a while. Overall, I would have to say that this experience has taught me to never help other people out, ever. My crazy idea to stop crooks was just a pipedream, just like my early yearnings to be Fox Mulder. Next time I hear the old lady that lives below me get brutally beaten with a baseball bat by random thugs, I'm just going to chew on my Munchos, turn up my stereo, and pretend I lost my hearing in '84 during an out of control grease fire.

State Og

Hi folks, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell here again. State Og's agents are real men who wear real manly padded helmets everywhere they go, but even the considerable protection provided by a full inch of foam isn't enough to stop psychological trauma. For this, they visit Og's very own psychologist.

> *Next week, I will tend to the psychological needs of a very special man who needs help coping with the physical disabilities he must live with after being run over in the middle*

of our last therapy session. I sincerely hope to ease his pain and rid him of the awful delusional belief that I pushed him on to the racetrack.

Check out this week's State Og!

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

4.10 Greasnin's Spring Festival Spectacular!

Saturday, Apr 10, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Hello once again my friends! It's that time of year once again. The birds are chirping, the sun is shining, and people everywhere are celebrating misery, hardship, and despair. Yes, it's Spring Holiday Festival Life Rejuvenating Celebration Things time! The Jews of the world are finishing up the final days of Passover, the celebration of the merciless slaughter of every firstborn child of Egypt, which they commemorate by hunting for a cracker wrapped in a napkin, just as Moses did. Meanwhile, Christians from Brooklyn to Queens (taking the long way around) are celebrating Easter, the day on which they pay tribute to the resurrection of Jesus Christ after his brutal and torturous death by hunting for brightly colored eggs filled with candy, just as Jesus did. Meanwhile, Muslims everywhere are celebrating the annual festival of Salat Amal, which translated to Thank Allah America Hasn't Irrationally Bombed the Crap Out of Us for Another Year. It's a holly jolly time for all, except that holly is in short supply, and jolly is really more of a cold weather thing. So actually it's just a time for all, but what a time it is! In honor of this amazing time of the year, I have gone to great lengths to bring you something very special. We'll get to that in just a bit, but first, there is one issue I would like to address.

Hands afi my komen!

Matzah is a dry, tasteless cracker which was first made when the Hebrews had to flee Egypt with such speed that they couldn't even wait for their bread to leaven as the hurriedly packed food for their long, perilous, and agonizing journey to what they blindly hoped was the Promised Land. The Egyptians were in hot pursuit of their escaping Hebrew slaves, with whips and scourges cracking, and blades drawn to open the throats of the leaders of this rebellion. The only thing that bought the Jews enough time to make even Matzah was the fact that the Angel of Death had just slain thousands of male children in Egyptian households, leaving a sea of blood and misery in its wake. Matzah is a symbol of the panic and terror of that point in Jewish history. In modern times, for one week Jews decline to eat leavened bread and instead subject themselves to eating this Matzah out of respect for the suffering of their ancestors. Like the communion wafer to Communionites, matzah is a deeply symbolic substance which is eaten with the solemn knowledge of its bloody history. So we Jews would really fucking appreciate it if all of you Christian people would stop running around saying how happy you are that Passover is here because it means you can mooch Matzah off of your Jewish friends.

I've noticed this is only really a problem with Christians. People of the other faiths seem to acknowledge that the Matzah should be left to the Jews. And it should, not just because of its deep religious significance, but because it's a horrible excuse for food. Nonetheless, every Passover Christians just come out of the woodwork to snatch pieces of Matzah from Jewish lunches, and then proceed to go on and on about how tasty it is. Look, it isn't, alright? We know it isn't. Just leave it alone. It's our damn Matzah, we want to suffer with it. We're Jews, that's what we do. We endure things. So leave us with our Matzah-and-Horseradish sandwiches, and you just eat your roast beef sub right in front of us and gloat about it, okay? That's all we want from you. Is that so much to ask? I seriously think that Christians getting so excited about Matzah is why we have groups like Jews for Jesus. It was probably in some office building cafeteria, and some Christians were stealing pieces of Matzah from a table of their Jewish coworkers, and the Jews decided to teach them a lesson.

> **Christian 1:** *(Eating a piece of Matzah)* Mmm! It's so yummy! I love this time of year, don't you, Ted?
> **Christian 2:** I sure do, Phil. We get to celebrate Easter, plus there's all this delicious

Matzah just laying around!
Jew: "That's it! We're going to take something from your religion and see how much you like it! We're taking... uh... uh... Jesus!"
Christian 1 and 2: "Noooooooo! We sure have been taught a lesson!"

I apologize for that distraction. Now I am absolutely thrilled to bring you a Something Awful Holiday Exclusive. After years of dedication to excellence in the field of journalism, we have distinguished ourselves from the rest of the pack. Where others fail and fall into the twin spirals of bias and fabrication, Something Awful has stuck to the pure, unadulterated facts and left our opinions at home. I believe that is why we, instead of any other journalistic organization, were chosen to conduct this unique interview. I, Ben "Greasnin" Platt, recently had the incredible pleasure and honor of interviewing a subject so elusive that experts in the field are still fumbling to grasp exactly what this individual truly does. In the spirit of Easter and the benefit to all mankind that this could bring, I sat down and conducted an interview with the Holy Ghost. Yes, that's right, the Holy Ghost, most elusive and mysterious of the Holy Trinity. The other two members of the Trinity are, of course, God and Jesus Christ, both of whom are pretty familiar characters. The Holy Ghost has always had an inscrutable mystique about him, though, and I had the chance to peer through that veil of mystery and get the straight facts from the Ghost himself. I met with him only a few days ago on the hallowed grounds of discourse known as the ICQ instant messaging program. Here is the unedited transcript of that fateful conversation.

I smell a Pulitzer! Seriously, those things reek.

CasperFan01: sup fag
Greasnin: Holy Ghost?
CasperFan01: that's me
Greasnin: Thank you for taking this time to meet with me. I can't tell you what an honor it is to be chosen to conduct such a monumentally important interview.
CasperFan01: whatevs
Greasnin: I guess, if you don't mind, my first question is, why did you insist upon conducting this interview over ICQ?
CasperFan01: if you saw my being or heard my voice, you mind would shatter into a million shards of individual dementias.
Greasnin: Oh. So I guess a one-on-one or phone interview would be out, then.
CasperFan01: yeah
Greasnin: Well then, let me first say Happy Easter to you.
CasperFan01: that's got nothing to do with me, man.
Greasnin: Yes, but you're Christian, right?
CasperFan01: a follower of christ? dude I came first.
Greasnin: Oh yeah, I guess that makes sense. But don't you celebrate his miraculous resurrection?
CasperFan01: he died, he went to heaven. most people don't actually have to wait that long. i've been up here this whole time. seems to me like i win.
Greasnin: But aren't you both technically part of one being, of one God?
CasperFan01: there are three of us, dude. trinity means three.
Greasnin: Yes, I know that, but I've always heard that you're still all one.
CasperFan01: three is different than one, man. i knew god gave you people free will. i didn't know he gave you stupid, too.
Greasnin: Hey now, that's uncalled for. So you're three distinct beings. How exactly does that work?
CasperFan01: god goes over here, j.c. goes over there, I go somewhere else. three of us, three different places. that's how it works when there are three of you.

Greasnin: I think you're misunderstanding me.
CasperFan01: whatever dude, you're the one who can't tell the difference between three of something and one of something.
Greasnin: Right, well what I was trying to ask was, what is your role in the Holy Trinity, as opposed to God or Jesus?

CasperFan01: alright, so there's god, and he's supposed to be everything and everywhere, right? and then there's jesus, who is like the embodiment of all of god's shit down on earth. then you've got me, and I'm like the embodiment of god's other shit. i deal with all the stuff that jesus doesn't handle. we're like opposite sides of the same almighty deity.
Greasnin: Heh, you could almost say you're the anti-Christ.
CasperFan01: haha right. you could say that.
Greasnin: Can you give an example of what sort of things you deal with specifically?
CasperFan01: whoa, that's weird. you really could say that.
Greasnin: Huh?
CasperFan01: i'm technically the antichrist.
Greasnin: Well, if you want to get really technical based on your definition of your relation to Jesus...
CasperFan01: i am. i'm the antichrist. the demonic hellspawn destined to doom all mankind through my everlasting evil.
Greasnin: I don't know if I'd say that.
CasperFan01: no hold on.
Greasnin: Um, okay.

Telling it like it is.

CasperFan01 has signed off

Greasnin: Hello?
Greasnin: Holy Ghost?
Greasnin: Hello?
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: SUP FAG
Greasnin: Uh, Holy Ghost?
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: WHAT
Greasnin: Is that you?
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: YEAH. WHAT DO YOU WANT.
Greasnin: We've taken to speaking in all caps, I see. How evil.
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: SHIT YEAH HOMO
Greasnin: And stepping up the gay references, too. You're really getting into this.
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: ANTICHRIST MOTHAFACKO
Greasnin: No. That's the line. You can call me a fag, you can use all caps, you can put stupid X's in around your screen name, but start using juggalo references, and I'm out of here.
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: SORRY.
Greasnin: It's okay. So tell me, everybody's dying to know, have you seen "The Passion?"
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: THEY GONNA BE DYING NOW THAT THE ANTICHRIST IS IN THE HIZZY
Greasnin: Stop. Just stop.
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: my bad. yeah, I saw it.
Greasnin: What did you think?
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: fucking sucked.

Greasnin, you been busted!

Greasnin: You don't like Mel Gibson's portrayal of the death of Christ?
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: j.c. is like my brother. would you want to see your brother getting tortured for two hours?
Greasnin: I can say without any doubt that I would not.
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: no. you wouldn't. why would you want to see someone you love get tortured to death? that's fucking gay.
Greasnin: But he died for our sins.

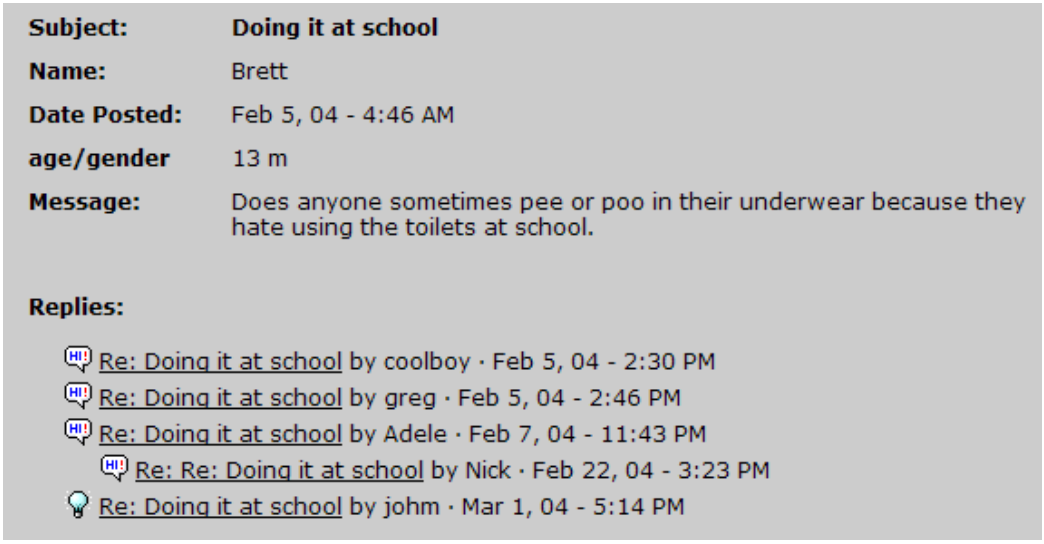
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: no he didn't.
Greasnin: He didn't?
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: no, he died because you people are assholes. you don't recognize a good thing until you kill it.
Greasnin: So by dying, he didn't erase our sins?
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: erase them? are you kidding? it sounds like you guys just racked up a lot more of them! I mean, you'd have to imagine that on the list of things that piss off god, killing his only son is probably pretty high up.
Greasnin: That's a good point.
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: you're goddamn right it's a good point. stupid noob.
Greasnin: Thank you.
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: he didn't die so you all could get away with stupid shit, he lived to teach you how to not do stupid shit. but what can i say? you people are obsessed with death. sometimes i think it was a bad idea to give that to you guys in the first place.
Greasnin: Wow, that's really thought provoking.
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: but then i think of how long "the passion" would have been if jesus had never been able to actually die, and then i just want to give the angel of death one of my famous holy ghost bearhugs.
Greasnin: Heh, you give good hugs, do you?
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: also it means that mel gibson will die someday, which really cheers me up.
Greasnin: That's not quite as warm and fuzzy, but okay...
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: and of course all of you puny humans will die when i kill you BECAUSE I'M THE ANTICHRIST, FAG.
Greasnin: I thought we were past this.
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: wh4t 4b0ut th1s????/?
Greasnin: This interview is over.
Xx_GhostFaceKilla_xX: f4g

The dove, the symbol of peace, makes me want to stop and reflect on how he has no idea that I've got my sights trained right on him.

So there you have it. Jesus didn't die for our sins, and apparently I'm a fag. And isn't that really what Easter is all about? Until next time, I'm Ben "Greasnin" Platt, saying, when's the last time Peter Jennings interviewed a member of the Holy Trinity, huh? Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Jennings!

◘ Weekend Web: Because You Touch Yourself at Night

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here to futher my white nationalist agenda. Just kidding, I hate white people! Anyway, we've got two USDA Select prime forums for you fine folks today. The first is a forum that just might change the way you think about pants shitting. The second forum proves once again that teenagers are worthless. Take a look.



Subject: **Doing it at school**

Name: Brett

Date Posted: Feb 5, 04 - 4:46 AM

age/gender 13 m

Message: Does anyone sometimes pee or poo in their underwear because they hate using the toilets at school.

Replies:

Re: Doing it at school by coolboy · Feb 5, 04 - 2:30 PM
Re: Doing it at school by greg · Feb 5, 04 - 2:46 PM
Re: Doing it at school by Adele · Feb 7, 04 - 11:43 PM
Re: Re: Doing it at school by Nick · Feb 22, 04 - 3:23 PM
Re: Doing it at school by johm · Mar 1, 04 - 5:14 PM

If that doesn't make you want to throw your computer out the window and cancel your internet service I don't know what will. Enjoy.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

4.11 Rule By Comedy

Sunday, Apr 11, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A few of you might have noticed that for the last couple of months I have been writing a serial novel here on Something Awful. Even though the material might not actually reflect it, I have been doing a lot of research on conspiracy theories to incorporate into the novel. One of my greatest allies in this research has been author Jim Marrs. Mr. Marrs is responsible for two of the greatest conspiracy theory books. His "Rule By Secrecy" has been my biggest source of information for my own take on the New World Order. Just knowing that the title of his other book is "Alien Agenda" has inspired me to incorporate relations between aliens and the NWO into my plot.

The Internet is overflowing with various conspiracy theories with extremely disparate levels of believability, but "Rule By Secrecy" compiles the most believable of these and offers a historic backing that illustrates just how interconnected many of these secret societies are. Personally, I think Marrs is just another brand of crackpot with a little more integrity and talent than most. I'm the sort of person who believes that there are closed door meetings and secret groups that shape the world, but that most of these don't even consider themselves as such. I picture Bill Gates, one of the Rockefellers, and Dick Cheney smoking cigars and telling dirty jokes in the wood-paneled library of some New England private club. I don't really imagine them cackling maniacally over a map or planning out a century-spanning plot to seize control of the entire world. Well, okay, maybe Cheney and the New American Century, but not the rest of them.

Since our Awful Links of the Day so frequently center around bizarre conspiracies I felt that our readers might enjoy a brief introduction into what a lot of conspiracy theorists believe to be true.

The Thule Society

Just look at how busy their symbol is. Busy=business=evil.

The Thule Society is a great starting point for the conspiracy theorist, because it was undeniably real and potentially almost single-handedly responsible for the Second World War. The Thule Society was a semi-occult organization of wealthy and influential Germans that believed the Aryan heritage of Germany was not just some twisted ideal, but rather a concrete genetic link to a super-civilization very similar to Atlantis. The degree to which members of the group believed this fanciful tale varies, but the Thule Society was undeniably about shaping the future of Germany by bringing together like-minded powerful figures. One of the most ultimately influential of these members was Karl Haushofer (he will actually appear in "Untitled Document"), who developed the geopolitical theories of lebensraum and Germania on which the Nazi expansionism was based.

It is also believed that Haushofer hand-picked Hitler to infiltrate the formative National Socialist Party. When the Thule Society realized Hitler's potential and the vulnerability of the party leadership they pressured the Krazy Korporal into taking charge. We all know how totally sweet that turned out.

The Priory of Sion

Some conspiracy theorists believe the Priory of Sion to be one of the oldest and most powerful secret societies. According to a twisting trail of records dating back hundreds of years the Priory was an order of the Roman Catholic Church. Its roster supposedly contains luminaries such as Leonardo Da

Vinci and Sir Isaac Newton and it was also reportedly instrumental in the formation of the Knights Templar. Even Marrs admits that the first believable mentions of the Priory began in the mid 1950s in France and the whole thing is so fabulously complicated and pointless that I find it impossible to believe. For example, one of the key "facts" about the Priory of Sion was that a parish priest in turn of the century France traveled to Paris and created an alliance with occult groups in the upper crust of society there. He then returned to his parish a millionaire and built all of these crazy monuments while collecting rocks and stamps. To me it sounds more like the Prioriy of Sion is just a lunatic who won the lottery.

- **Merovingians**

Hideous "Matrix" characters aside, the Merovingians are the dynasty of Franks that are considered to be the first "race of kings" in France. What makes their story interesting is that they supposedly descended from the children of Jesus and Mary Magdalene - a concept that is apocryphal at best and heretical to many. My favorite part of this secret society is that they are obviously just another group of shit heels trying to set themselves up as pharaohs. Divine authority is a big component in a lot of these secret societies. The Merovingians are also directly related to the Thule Society - which lends their fable some believability - as the Thule's early purpose was to establish a descendant of Jesus as the ruler of Europe. One of the key problems with this product tie-in is that most conspiracy theorists who believe this crap also believe that Hitler infiltrated the Thule Society and not the reverse. While Hitler did fall out of favor with Haushofer and the Thule Society, Hitler WAS chosen by them, and not because they thought he was related to Jesus.

- **Illuminati**

The least secret of any secret society, the Illuminati traces its roots back millennia through almost every one of these retarded secret orders. The first actual identifiable existence of the Illuminati was when a group called the Bavarian Illuminati was formed in 1776 by a guy named Adam Weishaupt. Yes, those Germanic people sure love their secret orders. The name for the Illuminati comes from a mysterious merchant known only as Kolmer, who preached a secret doctrine called Mandaeanism that used the word "Illuminated". Weishaupt loved this crazy crap and used the term as the name of his new secret society, which he intended as a consolidation of the confusing tangle of interconnected secret orders. The Illuminati has a number of connections to Free Masonry and, in fact, the founding of the United States (a number of the signatories of the Declaration of Independence are believe to have been members of the Illuminati). The problem with all this is that so much of it relies on speculation. Weishaupt was a real guy, and he really did form the Illuminati, but beyond that so much of it is conjecture the whole mess falls apart.

Beams out of the eye man. The pyramid eye will destroy us all!

True or not (place big money bets on "not) the Illuminati is an interesting focal point of conspiracy theorists. The fact that it really existed, the fact that it does have some vague but true connections to the founding fathers (Thomas Jefferson in particular), and the fact that it represents an attempt at consolidation are all big draws for the crackpots. Basically, prior to the Illuminati the mass of related secret orders was so convoluted it was mind-boggling. You've already seen an example of that and believe me it will continue. But with the Illuminati you had a secret society simplification, which makes it easier for the fringe theorists to construct semi-coherent narratives while jumping at shadows.

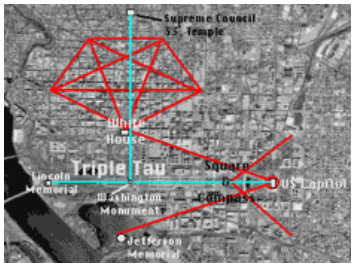
I agree that it's a fascinating concept. The Old World had become such a complex web of influence and agendas that an enterprising few put their heads together, recognized the potential, and turned

the United States into a case study in secret rule. It's clever too; the idea that the supposedly freest society in the world is actually a slave to a century-spanning group of elite secret kings. Fortunately, other than a few pyramids on dollar bills this whole theory does not have a whole lot going for it.

Freemasonry

You know those guys who ride around in the goofy cars at parades and start hospitals? Shriners? Freemasons are like those guys only with "oooooh spooky" rituals and oaths. Think of Freemasonry - in fact think of most of these secret societies - as the Rotary Club with mystique. On the other hand, Freemasonry does have something of a bad history, and it went through periods where it had more in common with the Ku Klux Klan than Kwanza.

Council on Foreign Relations and the Trilateral Commission



Look at those lines drawn on the picture! Proof!

Of all of the secret societies the most real (and the least worthy of the term 'secret societies') are the Council on Foreign Relations and the Trilateral Commission. The Trilateral Commission began as the CFR around the time of World War I. It was a group for the power elite (mostly Americans) to get together and talk about world domination. This group evolved into the Trilateral Commission, which has actually made the news a few times in the past for relation to various presidents (hilariously enough most famously Jimmy Carter). The problem I have with these two groups being called secret societies is that they are pretty well known, relatively open about what they do, and not uncommon. They amount to a cross between a think tank and a good old boys club, and while I don't doubt that plenty of scheming goes on I think it's the sort of scheming that would go on whether or not the organizations existed.

Most conspiracy theorists are obsessed with the idea of black-suited agents in sunglasses and jack booted fascists. I would instead agree with one of our forum goers who said a covert neo-fascism in the United States would look like cowboy hats and blue jeans, not silver skulls and black trench coats.

In my novel I have been trying, and will continue to try, to capture the elaborate relations of various secret societies attempting to work together. Marrs does not really mention the New World Order much in his book, which has given me more of a free hand with exploring this wonderful cliché of secret societies to hopefully comedic effect.

To those of you interested in finding out more about all this I do highly recommend Jim Marrs' "Rule By Secrecy". The guy may be a crackpot, but he isn't crazy, and his book is meticulously researched and impressively coherent.

Your Demo Sucks!

After countless months of beating around the bush, Dr. David Thorpe has finally lived up to the name of his article. This week, he'll be telling you why YOUR band sucks. Quite a few people sent in demos after Dr. Thorpe asked for them in his last column, so this week he has prepared the first installment of the Your Band Sucks Demo Roundup.

"Hey, what do you know, I was just hoping I'd get to hear something that sounded like terribly mixed industrial music from 1989. Wait, that was actually in a dream I had in which I had Down's syndrome. Next month when my buddies at NASA finally finish that time machine they've been working on (I know it'll be done next month because they already came back in time and told us) I'll be sure to mail your demo back to a time when people actually gave a shit about music like this. "

If you're worried about the future of rock and roll, read this article now: it will make you significantly more worried, and possibly suicidal.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.12 Game Maker: Stopping the Evil at the Source

Tuesday, Apr 13, 2004 by Taylor "Psychosis" Bell

Any longtime reader of Something Awful will realize that the video game industry is clogged with the choking stench of failure and soaked with the tears of every kid whose parents have ever bought them a budget game. My goal as a game reviewer, a goal even more noble than pissing off Derek Smart, is to gather information about which games should never be played under any circumstances and relate that vital information to ordinary people, assuming any of them read SA. You see, the abundance of terrible games isn't really a problem for you and me, because we both read this site and we know how to pick through the mess of Valu-Soft titles to find good games. The true victims of these nefarious developers are the kids, mainly the ones whose uninformed parents stumble into Gamestop and buy him Unreal 2 for his birthday because they aren't smart enough to read this site and learn which games they should avoid unless they want him angrily breaking the disc and feeding it to his little brother. So the next time your boss bitches at you for reading SA at work, ignore him. You're doing it for the children.

Game developer of the future!

After a year and a half of talking about bad games, I've realized that far too often I've let the developers of these games off the hook. You see, I always thought budget game developers were just like regular people except that their mothers drank and got punched in the stomach a lot during pregnancy. But lately I have come to realize something startling – as we speak, children are slowly turning into the budget game developers of the future! Any normal kid thinks making video games would be an awesome job, so naturally this kid would grow up looking to become a game developer. But the odds are against the average kid being any good at making games, so this kid would end up being hired by budget game companies, since most of them don't have strict requirements like talent or the ability to spell words correctly. Next thing you know, he's slaving away in Valu-Soft's torture factory cranking out the latest expansion pack for Deer Hunter 12: Extreme Cabella Turbo Champion Edition. It's like a kid I knew in elementary school who wanted more than anything to be an astronaut when he grew up. He talked nonstop every day about becoming an astronaut, and bam, ten years later the space shuttle blew up. You can't tell me that's a coincidence. The untalented teenage gamers of yesterday are the reason similar catastrophes occur in the video game industry on a daily basis.

This became clear to me when I stumbled upon a page of games created with "Game Maker", which is one of those game creation programs that appeal to people who think making a game sounds cool but don't know how to program or turn on the computer in less than three tries. It isn't even close to the same thing as programming a game from scratch, but anybody who doesn't think the ability to steal someone else's game engine and slap in your own graphics would translate to an actual game company has clearly never played a bargain bin game. People who know how to program and create original ideas get hired at *good* game companies; the ones who are using Game Maker today are the ones who will be slapping together the latest Extreme Paintbrawl sequel tomorrow.

With this bitter truth now fully apparent, I decided to sample a few of these games to give you all a preview of the fine software you'll be able to purchase in 5 years from the dusty $9.99-and-under shelf at your local Fred Meyer. I also enlisted the help of a friend of mine who goes by "Dr. Jerkboat", but he really wasn't very helpful at all.

Super Mario: Kamek's Revenge

This was the first game on the site I tried, and it starts the pattern of Game Maker users making games based on classic characters from old console games, and slapping my childhood in the face in the process. It's the video game equivalent of one of the many websites devoted to pictures of Disney characters being raped by a hippopotamus. Mario spends all of his time in this game stumbling around and flailing his arms, trying desperately to escape from an ugly, pixellated world where the background scrolls slower than the foreground and he randomly gets embedded into walls and floors. At least it's easy to beat, since the creator couldn't figure out how to make Mario die from a single hit, so instead you have a health bar. Yes, the idea of a side-scrolling Mario game with a health bar is exactly as awkward as it sounds. It also doesn't help that most of the music tracks are shitty remixes of songs from Mario 64, one of my favorite games of all time.

I can't stress enough how dumb it is to give Mario a health bar.

I encourage everybody to give Kamek's Revenge a try, as there's nothing quite like bouncing off a goomba that pauses in place and turns into an explosion sprite before reappearing in midair, floating across two screens past rows of pixellated coins that float up and down through blocks, and getting stuck in the side of a wall while Mario repeatedly screams "OOH!" at the top of his lungs. I tried to provide some fair and balanced coverage by politely asking Dr. Jerkboat to play it and give me his opinion, but he refused to give me a straight answer. This may or may not be because I didn't tell him what I was doing and tricked him into playing it by telling him it was really good, and when he tried to run the game it killed his computer. I guess he was working on something important because after I told him what I was doing, he responded "well make sure to mention this game is a piece of shit and you suck", so I would like to take this opportunity to mention that this game is a piece of shit and I suck.

Sonic Zone

Desecrating Mario just wasn't enough, so a Game Maker user decided he needed to defile another classic game series. The worst part is that, as bad as this game is, it really didn't seem all that bad after playing Super Mario: Kamek's Revenge. But at least the Mario creator, unlike the guy who made this game, knows how to spell the word "lives." And I'm not sure why the maker of Sonic Zone bothered to put rings in the game at all, since touching an enemy kills you instantly no matter how many rings you have. Even though the real Sonic games were about speed, the Sonic in this game moves like he has the entire Japanese national sumo wrestling team sitting on his head. I asked Dr. Jerkboat to give his opinion on this tribute/ripoff, but he was still bitter about the Mario thing, so he responded to my request with a long session of name-calling, most of which was only partly true.

The weather sprites make it look like Sonic challenged God to a snowball fight. And when I went to grab a screenshot, the ground disappeared out of sheer embarrassment.

Doomed

The FPS genre just doesn't have enough exploding barrels.

Making shitty imitations of classic games is definitely a recurring theme in the land of Game Maker. Doomed is, as you might have guessed, a clone of Doom, only it was created by a group of angry Columbine survivors who hate Doom because it killed their friends. In Doomed you get to walk around a big field littered with two million stick things that I think are supposed to be trees. While you do this you get to shoot at all the enemies from Doom, since the makers of Doomed just stole all of Doom's enemy sprites and stuck them in. There's a UFO flying around shooting blue beach balls at you, but for some reason if you stand directly below it, you get beamed up into a large black room filled with twinkling green lights. This takes you to the next level, a long series of linked hallways with an untextured green floor and a million explosive barrels scattered all over the place for no reason. The 3D engine is awkward and ugly, but hey, at least the enemy designs are really cool! I asked Dr. Jerkboat for his opinion and gave him a chance to put the past behind us, a chance to put aside our old differences and band together for the good of mankind, but he decided to call me a faggot instead.

Matrix Dude

As much as I like The Matrix, I'm angry at it for inspiring weak ripoffs like The One and The Matrix Reloaded. The same goes for its irreversible effect on pop culture, and its responsibility for the belief that anything involving dark sunglasses and lots of green is automatically cool. Hell, when I saw Matrix Revolutions there was a guy and his girlfriend dressed up like Neo and Trinity, apparently unaware that wearing sunglasses inside a dark movie theater makes you look like an idiot.

Now imagine all those black circles flying around in every direction while a six-second music loop repeats endlessly.

Speaking of things that make you look like an idiot, some guy used Game Maker to make a really ugly recreation of the lobby gunfight scene. At least I guess that's what it's supposed to be. I'm not really sure, since the whole game consists of running around and jumping over rows of identical blocks while black circles fly in all directions and shitty techno thumps at you. But don't worry, you shouldn't have much trouble jumping over things in this game, since the slightest tap of the up arrow launches your trenchcoat-wearing retard a good 200 feet in the air. Once again I told Dr. Jerkboat to play the game and tell me what he thought of it, and once again he got angry and refused. Actually I think he's just bitter because the Something Awful Forums, which have a rule against racism, wouldn't let him change his username to Niggy Niggerson.

Plasma Twins Strike Again

Plasma Twins Strike Again, the fifth and final stop on my unguided tour through hell, is a platformer that tells the touching story of two obnoxious Japanese anime-style characters who were lovingly crafted in MS Paint. But the included manual sheds plenty of light on these fascinating blobs of lines and shapes, like this description of the hero, Shingo.

> *He's the male hero in Plasma Twins strike again. Despite his size and age Shingo is very brave .There are hardly any days where his isn't outdoors or with Natsumi. He*

tends to loose his temper when something doesn't goes as he planed but calms down fast. Unfortunately his school grades aren't the best ones (except PE) He usually whears dungarees and goes barefoot.

He looks upset.

How interesting! Plasma Twins is a very exciting platformer where you slowly hop from ledge to ledge trying to collect "shards." I don't know what the creator meant by shards, but I'm guessing they're the shards of his broken English. I originally decided this platformer wasn't as bad as the others, because it doesn't violate any popular video game characters, but the repeated crashes and the game's tendency to spaz out and start flashing whenever you try to exit made me decide to hate it about as much as Sonic Zone, which is a little less than Kamek's Revenge. Sadly, I can't bring you Dr. Jerkboat's reaction to the game because he stopped responding to my messages.

UPDATE: Dr. Jerkboat went to bed.

Well, wasn't that fun? We took a depressing look at the abilities of the video game developers of the future, we saw what a wide variety of shit the Game Maker engine is capable of churning out, and most of all, I learned a valuable lesson about the video game industry. If I ever remember what it was, I'll be sure to let you know.

The Fruits of Salvation Hit Me In the Face

Hey gang, Livestock here. In one of those hilarious and eye-opening trading spaces moments, Psychosis and I have agreed to switch places for a week. He wrote a shitty Frontpage update, and I wrote a shitty ROM Pit Review! Imagine that! Although I don't know how to play video games I recently sat down and challenged Wisdom Tree's hit NES games "Spiritual Warfare," which puts you in the role of a fruit-wielding hero on a mission from God. In my review I attempt to not only comment on the game, but also discover the meanings behind the retardedness.

Spiritual Warfare attempts to tackle the difficult topic of religion in a medium not known for its intelligence or ability to deliver messages of a profound nature. Religion is not an easy subject to approach, especially in an environment known for its simplicity. That's why Spiritual Warfare is not just a landmark title in the annals of video game history, but it also an important addendum to no less than the Bible itself. While many theologians of the era were confining themselves to the realm of books, debates, and sermons,

> *the bold people at Wisdom Tree were part of an elite few who observed that the NES gaming platform was where the real spiritual growth and development was taking place. While the churches were static in their willingness to change, an undercurrent of radical religious thought and expression was being nurtured in the 8-bit world thanks in part to revolutionary and thought-provoking titles like Noah's Ark and King of Kings (the inspiration behind Metal Slug and similar titles). Spiritual Warfare is perhaps leader of the pack, boasting non-linear exploration, in-depth quests, Bible trivia, fruit-based low intensity conflict, and the fight to save souls. This game attempts to cut through the thick layers of doubt and hopelessness we often shield ourselves in, leaving us exposed to the greater glory of God. In charging the player with no less than carrying out the Lord's Will, we become more than just players, but soldiers in the most awesome war of all! Sadly, though, even with its strengths, the game is not without fault. Its message often suffers from a lack of clarity.*

Please read my review because I took the time to play this horrible game and I want to die very much.

-∼Taylor "Psychosis" Bell

4.13 I'm a Gigantic Ball of Twine

Tuesday, Apr 13, 2004 by A Gigantic Ball of Twine

Yes, that is me. And yes, that is a bunch of twine. If you don't like twine, and I can really understand if you don't, then you can skip over this update and nobody will blame you. It's not that good anyway.

Hey there, I don't think I need to introduce myself, but I'm just an utterly humongous ball of twine. I'm so large in size that various "accredited" books and magazines have labeled me "The Biggest Ball of Twine in the World," and I guess I should be tickled pink over this, but I really can't find myself getting too worked up about it these days. I don't know about their claims that I'm the biggest in the entire world because I don't really get out all that much, but I'm fairly confident I'm the biggest ball of twine in at least Cawker City, Kansas, where I currently reside in all day, every day, just sitting here and being the Biggest Ball of Twine In At Least Cawker City, Kansas. One time the Johansen family who live south of here tried to create a rival ball of twine which was supposedly planned to usurp me and my glorious distinction of "being very big and made of twine," but for some unfathomable reason the family gave up on their glorious quest for fame. Perhaps they ran out of twine or maybe they realized how utterly miserable the entire concept of "big dueling twine balls" is, who knows. All I know is that I sit here at one of the busiest intersections of Cawker City, Kansas, and I haven't seen a single ball of twine even half my size pass by since 1957. I once saw a somewhat large dog, but that doesn't really count I think. I guess I should technically be really proud of such an amazing feat, but my self esteem has been dulled by years and years and years of simply sitting here and being big. And made of twine.

Now I don't want to speak ill of the nice folks here in Cawker City, Kansas who built this beautiful wooden hut / temple of twine that I sit under nonstop every single pointless day of my life. Every. Single. Day. They did a really swell job hammering the wooden boards together in such a method that if somebody were to throw a Slurpee up on the roof of my twine hut, which the high school kids tend to do EVERY WEEKEND, I probably wouldn't get too much of it all over me. That's what I call this place I'm stuck in nearly every day of my life, "The Twine Hut." I wish I could think of a better name for it, but I'm not really creative. I'm just a big ball of twine here in Cawker City, Kansas, and I don't think too many people expect much from me in the creativity department. They just want to see a huge ball of twine, and I guess I deliver what they're looking for in that regard. I have heard some fairly odd claims about me by residents and tourists alike, so I guess I'll take this opportunity to dispel the most popular myths regarding myself and the giant ball of twine I am. Maybe this update will help the nice ladies and gentlemen running the Cawker City, Kansas Board of Tourism, so they don't have to keep battling the same uninformed misconceptions day in and day out from a twine-obsessed American public who flood them with calls day and night. I was being a bit sarcastic in that sentence there, so if I hurt anybody, I apologize.

1) **When you die, your soul does not turn into a piece of twine which magically affixes itself to me, perhaps through the power of Jesus Christ.** That's just weird folks, and if I seriously suspected that I was composed of dead soul string, then I'd roll down the street and try to fling myself into that really disgusting creek behind the paint store. I was raised Christian, so I feel that you either go to heaven or hell when you die. You do not turn into twine and wrap yourself around a very large ball of twine in Cawker City, Kansas. I do not want dead people reincarnated as twine on me. I'm not a very touchy / feely person, especially when it comes to ghost string.

2) **If you make a wish to me, I will not somehow be able to grant it.** I'm a large ball of twine. I don't grant wishes. I sit here and do the things that twine does, which is virtually nothing. I don't mean to sound rude or anything because if I could grant wishes then I'd be more than happy to grant them left and right, but I just can't do it. I'm twine, not a genie. Also some of the things that the people in this town wish for are really weird and I won't bother going into because children could be reading this.

3) **No, there is no ultimate purpose behind me.** My creator, world-famous farmer Frank Stoeber, just one day decided to collect all his twine into one ball. Then, over the next few months, he continued to get more twine and put all that onto the ball as well. He kept this exciting procedure up for like 40 years or so, when he died of non-twine related injuries. I don't know why Frank created me and I feel as if I'm this gigantic, misshapen monster who doesn't fit in with the rest of society, mostly because while everybody else in this town are living human beings, I'm just a ball of twine. Yes, I'm a very big ball of twine, but that's still twine. The Biggest Ball of Twine In At Least Cawker City, Kansas.

My psychiatrist recently put me on this anti-anxiety medication that I have to take every morning because my depression is really ruining my otherwise exciting, wonderful life of being twine. Nancy says that I've got passive aggressive issues or some such thing, and I keep telling her that I don't know what that means because I'm no psychiatrist, I'm just a very large ball of twine which sits here all day every day in Cawker City, Kansas, next to the gas station which hasn't actually sold any gas since Reagan was in the White House. I don't think she is paying attention to me, because she keeps insisting that I take this medication every morning. Maybe she can't hear me because I'm just this giant filthy ball of twine which can't speak. I suppose these pills are helping me, but aren't they just covering up the fact that I'm a very, very large ball of twine, and that issue is at the core of my problems? To the best of my knowledge, no medication in existence will clear that up, not even the ones which have commercials showing very happy white people dancing in fields of flowers and playing with their children while a female announcer reads off a grocery list of the medication's countless deadly side effects. Speaking of Cawker City, Kansas and the booming, lively town it is, let me look around and describe the five buildings surrounding me:

I don't know exactly how much I've grown since 1988, but I don't think it's really been that much. I mean, what motivation is there for anybody to add more twine to me? I think they are getting a bit cocky here in Cawker City, Kansas.

1) A paint store,
2) An abandoned paint store which I don't recall ever selling a single can of paint in its 17-year history,
3) A hardware store which sells wooden wheels and paint,
4) Some place that has "USA #1" and "9/11 NEVER FORGET" paintings in the windows created by a team of highly artistic sixth graders who will all grow up to be professional unemployed people. I think one of these paintings actually shows Dale Earnhardt following a star to Christ's manger,
5) A bank which gives you a free can of paint when you open an account.

"THRIFT + PATIENCE = SUCCESS?" I wasn't aware that the term "success" meant "a humongous ball of twine," but as you can probably guess, folk here in Cawker City, Kansas are a bit different.

Now please don't get me wrong: I don't have anything against the might fine town of Cawker City, Kansas because they've given me a place to live since 1953 when I was just a little baby ball of twine and a mere glint in the eye of world-famous farmer Frank Stroeber. Although I never personally spoke to Frank about my conception (because I am a very large ball of twine and nobody really engages in lengthy conversations with large balls of twine), I can only imagine the special, special moment when he realized that his life was calling to create me.

WORLD-FAMOUS FARMER FRANK STROEBER: "Honey, I can't help but notice that we have not gotten famous in the past 20 years. What have we been doing for the last two decades?"
WIFE OF WORLD-FAMOUS FARMER FRANK STROEBER: "Well, we have been doing a lot of farming. And sleeping. "
WORLD-FAMOUS FARMER FRANK STROEBER: "Yes, and what else?"
WIFE OF WORLD-FAMOUS FARMER FRANK STROEBER: "One time I thought I saw a UFO but it turns out it was a horse that somebody lit on fire."
WORLD-FAMOUS FARMER FRANK STROEBER: "We need some claim to fame that will elevate our name above that of the common folk here in Cawker City, Kansas. We need to become living legends."
WIFE OF WORLD-FAMOUS FARMER FRANK STROEBER: "Before you get to that, can you do something about all this twine you have sitting here in the rumpus room, dear?"
WORLD-FAMOUS FARMER FRANK STROEBER: *(Thinking)* "Hmmm... twine! That gives me a good idea!"

20 MINUTES LATER...

WIFE OF WORLD-FAMOUS FARMER FRANK STROEBER: "Oh my god honey, what are you doing?"
WORLD-FAMOUS FARMER FRANK STROEBER: "I'm knitting a twine noose to hang myself with so I can escape the icy confines of this grotesque, vile town."
WIFE OF WORLD-FAMOUS FARMER FRANK STROEBER: *(Throwing all the twine into a big ball)* "Frank, please don't kill yourself. You know as well as I that even in death, nobody can escape from Cawker City, Kansas."
WORLD-FAMOUS FARMER FRANK STROEBER: *(Looking at the ball of twine)* "Hmmm... twine! That gives me a good idea!"

20 MINUTES LATER...

WIFE OF WORLD-FAMOUS FARMER FRANK STROEBER: *(Walks into garage and discovers husband's lifeless, bloated corpse which has suffocated from carbon monoxide poisoning after he turned on his car and used the ball of twine to jam up the air vents)* "Oh no! Honey, no! Take me with you! Please, I want to leave Cawker City, Kansas too!"

And that's probably how I, an abomination of twine and wasted dreams, both grew in size and reputation to what I am today, which is to say a very large ball of twine that sits under a Twine Hut all day. I really don't want to seem like I have a grudge against this great town and the 10, perhaps 20 people living here, because I really do owe them so much. For example, I owe them for continuously driving past me and somehow refusing to light me on fire and therefore put me out of my horrifying, painful existence of eternal shame. Thanks a lot for that, you guys, I really owe you big time. I'm sorry, that was really mean and sarcastic of me and I didn't mean it.

I like it when the attractive young ladies pretend that they're pushing me. Sure countless people before them have done the exact same thing and mistakenly believed they were remarkably creative and original for doing so, but I'm not going to tell them otherwise because I'm just this big ball of twine and what do I know.

Now I guess I'll review some movies I saw recently because I really don't know what else to write about. I already explained that I'm not very creative because of the whole "being a really big ball of twine" issue, so I won't bother repeating myself again although it seems like that's all I do these days anyway because I'm just this huge unholy abomination of cheap string and aspirations which could never be. I guess I'll review some movies which I recently saw after somebody put me on the back of their flatbed truck and drove me into Beloit a weekend or two ago. I'm not a movie reviewer and I don't see that many pictures, so please don't be too harsh on my reviews. Also I guess I'll have to make some silly rating system based on twine since I am a very large ball of twine and I assume that type of gimmicky ratings scale would absolutely just bowl over the residents of Cawker City, Kansas.

■ **"THE PASSION OF THE CHRIST"** *(running time: 126 minutes)* - This was a movie about Jesus Christ. A lot of folks in this town are very fond of him. I can't say that I ever met the guy in my 50-something years of existence, so maybe he hasn't seen one of the many, many, many pamphlets the Kansas Board of Tourism has about historic Cawker City. This film was too gory and violent for my tastes, and I couldn't help but notice that his crown of thorns could've just as easily been a crown of twine with... little spikey things sticking out of it or something. I don't know, I don't write screenplays. I kept looking for Mel Gibson in this movie because I remember how great he was in "Mad Max," but I didn't see him anywhere. This might've been because I'm a gigantic ball of twine and, by definition, don't have the best eyesight in the world, although I did get a rather explicit look down a young lady's dress this time in 1984 when she and her family visited my Twine Hut and she hugged me for a photo. Her nipples were a bit too big for my tastes, but beggars can't be choosers, you know?
RATING: Two balls of twine *(out of five)*

■ **"WALKING TALL"** *(running time: I don't know, the guy driving my flatbed truck had to pull away in the middle of the movie)* - This film wasn't very good, although I couldn't help but notice how much better Joe Don Baker looked in it. When I saw the original "Walking Tall" in the mid-1970s, I thought Baker seemed kind of fat and pudgy, especially for a supposed hero. He looked more like an alcoholic addicted to pastries than a town official. I could be wrong though, my memory isn't that great since I don't have a brain and I can't think at all, mostly due to being a gigantic ball of twine, but I thought I did remember that quite vividly. Baker basically went around town and beat up people with a stick. Then the movie ended. Wait, that was the original movie, not this one. I can't say for sure what happened in this version because like I said, I wasn't there for the whole film, but I think it's safe to assume that the movie ended at some point in time. Also I don't think I remember Joe Don Baker being a black / Hispanic

gentleman, but maybe that's just me.
RATING: One ball of twine *(out of five)*

Okay, you know what? This whole "rating movies with balls of twine" thing is really degrading, so I'm just going to stop it. I don't really have anything else to say and I don't know how to end this article because I'm not a writer, I'm just this gigantic dirty old ball of twine sitting under a Twine Hut in Cawker City, Kansas. You can come see me and get your picture taken by me, but to be honest, I'd just like to have some alone time until this entire town burns down during the upcoming abandoned paint store fire. Not that I'd know anything about that; I'm just this huge ball of twine.

Eep Op Ork Ah Ah! And that means I love Repub!

Now I don't know about you, but I'd pay big bucks to drop an anvil on my brother so his head would get all flat and funny looking. I could call him flat head until he dropped a safe on me. Then he'd have to open the safe so I could get out. And knowing my brother, he'd leave me in there for a while. This week we're meshing reality with the zany, outlandish world of cartoons. The goons did an excellent job, and I'm proud to present this week's Comedy Goldmine, "If Life Were More Like Cartoons".

Thanks to forums goon Musashi for this week's Goldmined thread.

Bdeh-Bdeh-Bdeh That's all Folks!

-∼A Gigantic Ball of Twine

4.14 The Idea Factory

Wednesday, Apr 14, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Let's face it; when it comes to writing comedy articles, original ideas are hard to come by. You try to be inventive without being too vague to everybody but you and your pet cat Professor Plum, but at the same time you don't want to shovel out the same old formulaic drivel over and over again. I could sit down and try to come up with something utterly fantastic, like Livestock's Hot Dog Eating Contest, but that would require far too much effort, and that my friends is unacceptable.

One of the major problems I have with my writing is that I work full-time at the corporate headquarters of a large and aggressive company. Daily meetings are only formed for the expressed purpose of deciding when the next meeting is going to be, the atmosphere is thick with mistrust and fear. The high paced world of business is no place for a creative and independent soul, and unless you cleverly camouflage yourself like one of the other mindless drones, you will be singled out and destroyed by Japanese samurai robots with ruthless efficiency. During these long meetings, it's as if the squirrelly little man in the $500 suit, who is deliberating in a monotone fashion, is leaping onto me and draining all the precious creativity out of my neck with his vampiric fangs of business. When I get home from work I don't feel like putting on a WW1 spiked helmet, playing some Journey, and writing some brand new, off the wall comedy. I open a beer, play some Bob Seger, and clean my shotgun with a tattered old American flag until I pass out, only to wake up the following morning, hurry out of my apartment and into the hell that is rush hour traffic. It has crossed my mind to quit my job and devote all my time towards comedy, but then I realized that I like to eat and have shelter. It is quite a predicament.

What I need is to get away from the dull world of capitalism and the motivation killers of video games and needlecraft I have at home. I need a good session of idea producing that will save my sinking Internet career so I don't have to go back to telling jokes on street corners for giggles and handjobs. If I can go on a blitzkrieg of comedy with the aid of nature's candy - powerful illegal drugs - it might hold me over until mid-summer, or even fall. This called for some extreme measures that would require a sacrifice of my sanity, and the risk of permanent damage to my body and mind. I would have to break the law, but as we say in the Internet comedy business, "sometimes you need to crack a few eggs to make a dangerous bomb inside of a cake". I made a quick list of the supplies I would need for my Idea Factory.

- A dozen eggs, cake mix
- One bomb
- Pad of paper, 10 pencils (#2)
- Crayola crayons (large pack)
- Party favors, silly hats
- 24 marijuana cigarettes
- 4 grams of cocaine (Bolivian)
- 10 grams of PCP
- 24 hits of acid
- Case of beer
- A bag of plastic miniature farm animals

- CD player for special music
- 10 packs of circus peanuts
- One large blue tarp
- Macho Man Randy Savage outfit
- 24 Slim Jims (extra spicy)

IDEAS!

Needless to say, this will only work if I am out of my apartment and away from these electronics that only further sap my energy and creativity. I rented a cheap, seedy motel room in Detroit's red light district that has no television or telephone. That way if there are screams or shouts for help coming from my room, nobody will bother to call the police and I will be left to my craft undisturbed. I'm really not sure what is going to happen in this hotel room, but it is my hope that after being sealed in for a day, there will be enough comedy gold to keep me afloat for a long time, and even maybe create something so genius that it will garner the attention of Hollywood, making me a millionaire writer of popular sitcoms like Will and Grace, and bringing about world peace with hearty laughter. I will be keeping a detailed log of the entire experiment as it happens in real time. Onward, to the Idea Factory!

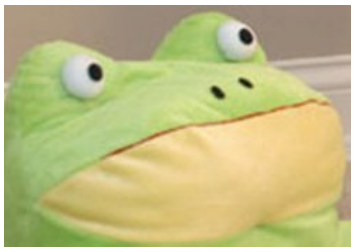
April 14th, 8:00 AM
Paid for the room in cash. The dirty old man at the counter looked at the suitcase and the bag of farm animals, and gave me an evil look. I told him it was for comedy, but he was like, "Whatever turns you on buddy." Once I got into the hotel room, I moved the mattress and sparse furniture in front of the door and window to prevent my escape. I could not afford any unwanted encounters with the outside world, or it might disrupt the comedy mind frame I will hopefully be immersed in.

10:00 AM
Eureka! After just two hours in the Idea Factory, I've already written a masterpiece of a comedy bit. I smoked a few marijuana cigarettes, sat down with the pad of paper, and the ideas flowed out of me like sweet wine! If it keeps up like this, I will have enough material to launch my own comedy website that will catapult me to the heights of stardom!

10:02 AM
I just realized that my first idea was based off a Perfect Strangers episode I watched a few days ago. It was the one where Balki joins a bowling league with Larry and he does that wacky dance every time he does it he gets a strike, and then at the end he has to make that split shot to win. Yeah, so anyway, I'm starting over.

11:00 AM
I'm not really getting anywhere and I'm pretty bored, so I'm going to take a lot of random drugs and see what happens. I have the tarp laid out and have my crayons and plastic farm animals nearby. I will try to update this journal as long as I'm not busy pumping out comedy like a well-oiled machine.

11:30 AM
Starting to feel pretty crazy. I've been dancing to some Kraftwerk and then I drew a



IDEAS!

picture of a green walrus with my crayons. Right now I'm just fleshing out ideas between some acid and Slim Jims. I was thinking about doing an article about breakfast and how it's really weird that having bacon and donuts are ok in the morning, but it's regarded as strange when you have them at dinner. What's the difference? I could get into a crazy breakfast adventure that would result in something burning down or exploding. Progress is being made!

Noon
I just came up with another idea! What if I did an article where I pretended that the front page was my yard, and I am I a curmudgeonly old man yelling at the readers like they are no-good trespassing children. I would complain about them cutting across my lawn with their bikes and then threaten to shoot them if they knocked another baseball over the fence. I could even have Lowtax make the background a grass tile for the day to give it a realistic environment. Also I would write it in all of iambic pentameter, just like Shakespeare! Where do I come up with this stuff? Time for some more PCP.

12:48 AM
Oh god. I can't feel my legs. This was a mistake, a horrible mistake. Oh my god.

90:03 AD
I'm very afraid and alone. I tried to move the mattress blocking the door but my arms are made of rubbery snakes. They plot against me, ready to strike with every beat of my heart. I think things started going badly when I just took as many drugs as I could and started to write limericks. Then things started to get hazy, and I clearly remember doing Tai Chi in my underwear and punching the mirror, thinking I saw Charlie in the reflection. Every day I stay in this hotel room I grow weaker. Everyday Charlie is squatting in the bush, he grows stronger. I did think of a great article idea about a bunch of people that don't know each other getting on a ship that was only going on a three-hour tour but then a storm stranded them on an island, and many zany adventures ensued. My hand is bleeding!

I learned a valuable lesson this week. Never put your penis in an electrical outlet. But I also learned something else just as important. Laughter comes from the heart; from inside your soul where the voices of singing children echo, and butterflies dance in the morning dew. It cannot be manufactured like a cheap product to be passed on as an honest comedy article. The public will sense its falseness and rise up against you in a fit of rage, tearing you into ribbons, and dancing in your bloody remains, much like how you feel right now. While drugs and self-imposed isolation may create for some interesting thoughts, it is a desperate way to try to get ideas. I'm just going to stick to what I always do and steal them from Cracked magazine.

Oh wait, I found another thing that survived the fire in the hotel room. It looks like Goth poetry. I never knew I was so deep!

I have had enough of self-denial, I am not the one on trial
Its society, I have had enough of this sobriety
I am going to break the chain, no need to explain
You have been applying the screw, and you always knew
That eventually I would crack, and start fighting back
I am starting a new page, the world is my stage
I am throwing away my black clothing, I no longer have a need for self-loathing
What did you expect? I have regained my self-respect.

OHHHHH YEAAAAH!

I don't know where my watch is.
I am alive but I seem to have lost my clothes and something smells like it is burning. Somehow my plastic farm animals are all extremely damaged to the point of being non-refundable. The pad of paper I dubbed "The Idea Pad", is full of unintelligible scribbling, and crude drawings. I don't understand much of anything right now but I hope I can decipher it later on. My teeth are really hurting and I think it's because it looks like I've been gnawing on the carpet. I think I was trying to tunnel my way out because my arms weren't working. HOLY SHIT A PIXIE!

MOONBASE 2525
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa pancakes!
I am nothing, I am nowhere, a naked child lost sucking on the teat of fear
I can't feel my ears; I'm in a field running, running, running from myself, from the TRUTH
En el ojo de mi mente que yo el mundo ve, es tan degenera
Oh my dear Buddha
Save me from myself, lead me to nirvana with your fatty fat belly

9:20 PM
Starting to come down now. I caught a glimpse of myself in the shards of glass littering the floor, and almost screamed. I'm wearing the Macho Man Randy Savage outfit and my hands were stuffed into pillows. I think this was probably because I thought they were snakes and did not want to get a poisoned bite. The mattress covering the door has a hole burrowed through it, springs and stuffing sticking out every which way. I seem to

recall digging through the mattress with a charred plastic pig, until I escaped into the fresh air of freedom. I also now recall finding a hooker in the hotel parking lot and giving her a Macho Man super slam onto the pavement and shouting "Ohhhhh Yeaahhhh!" and then fleeing back into the hotel room through the hole. As for the Idea Pad, it has been charred beyond recognition, and with it any ideas that may have been written in its pages are lost forever. There is just one piece of paper the survived the Idea Factory, and I must admit that its comedy potential is not very good. I might as well show it since I went though all this trouble.

The Idea Factory may have been a total failure, but at least I can confidently say that I found something out...about myself. Good night and God bless.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

4.15 Saparmurat Niyazov, You Are My Hero

Thursday, Apr 15, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

For a time, Ghana's president John Agyekum Kufuor presided over the court of my heart as my greatest and most esteemed hero. After being elected president the honorable mister Kufour addressed his people on the state of Ghana for 100 days. This incredible feat of oratory is, to the best of my knowledge, still unmatched by any statesman or crazy hobo screaming on a street corner. With his passionate words and insatiable lust to hear his own voice, John Kufuor was catapulted to the top of a short list of people I regard as nearly perfect. No more.

I lurve him!

Yesterday, while reading various random newspapers from overseas, I happened upon an article about Saparmurat Niyazov, the dictator of Turkmenistan. Great Dictator Niyazov does not have the proud democratic heritage of president Kufour, but he does have a lot of ideas. New ideas. Better ideas. By the time I had finished reading the article the grim contest of my allegiance had been decided; John Agyekum Kufour was yesterday's news. Saparmurat Niyazov was the man for me.

From the short article on Saparmurat I have gathered the following gems of genius that this benevolent ruler has deposited on his people:

- Banned beards, ballet, opera, gold teeth, and listening to the radio in the car.
- Encourages people to chew on bones to promote good dental health.
- Created a national holiday to celebrate the muskmelon.
- Has changed all street names to numbers.
- Has erected golden statues of himself throughout the country including one on a revolving turntable.
- Has redefined adolescence to extend to the age of 25.
- Schoolchildren are forced to study the Ruhnama, a weird philosophical text that great dictator Niyazov wrote himself, to ensure total loyalty to his regime.

Intrigued by the concept of the Ruhnama and already totally in love with Saparmurat after only one article I set off down a path of enlightenment that has changed my entire perspective on life, at least until an even crazier dictator comes along. My first step was to search for "Ruhnama" on Google, which produced a link to Ruhnama.com, the official home of the Turkmenistan national philosophy. From this site I learned that Saparmurat refers to himself as Saparmurat Turkmenbasi, and forces his citizens to recite a blood oath to him. It's a blood oath which is written on the website in Comic Sans.

> TURKMENISTAN,
> MY BELOVED MOTHERLAND,
> MY BELOVED HOMELAND!
> YOU ARE ALWAYS WITH ME
> IN MY THOUGHTS AND IN MY HEART.
> FOR THE SLIGHTEST EVIL AGAINST YOU
> LET MY HAND BE LOST.
> FOR THE SLIGHTEST SLANDER ABOUT YOU

LET MY TONGUE BE LOST.
AT THE MOMENT OF MY BETRAYAL
TO MY MOTHERLAND,
TO HER SACRED BANNER,
TO SAPARMURAT TURKMENBASHI THE GREAT
LET MY BREATH STOP

I don't think he needs to darken his hair like that, he looks good naturally.

So to sum that one up; skate or die in the name of Saparmurat Turkmenbasi. I should probably add that the Ruhnama official website offers English translation copies of the Ruhnama as well as Ruhnama coffee cups, Ruhnama shirts, and Ruhnama tote bags. What could be better than carrying a picnic inside a canvas sack blessed by the word of Saparmurat Turkmenbasi?! Nothing. Except maybe being allowed to touch the beautiful hair of Saparmurat Turkmenbasi.

The rabbit hole goes deeper though folks! Using my discerning eye and incomparable powers of deduction I clicked on the link to the one site referenced on Ruhnama.com. This site, called Rukhnama.com for reasons unknown to me, featured beautiful Internet graphics as well as - joy of joys - a huge portion of the text of the Ruhnama in English!

I began to read the Ruhnama, and much to my the opposite of surprise it was completely overflowing with insanity; more madness than even the Bible or Dianetics. Truly Saparmurat Turkmenbasi is a breed apart from us all, as his mind seems to delve into dimensions wholly alien to we mere mortals. Because of my undying devotion for the new dictator of my heart I have undertaken to guide the readers of Something Awful through the holy text of the Ruhnama. I swear on Saparmurat Turkmenbasi that not one piece of text I am about to quote is altered from his benevolent word.

Let's start off by looking at the first three rules of good manners as handed down to Saparmurat by the Prophet Noah.

I think he has sort of a Walter Matthau look going for him. It's adorable!

1. respect your elders

2. love your juniors
Prophet Noah said, "If you do- not respect your old people, and do not love your juniors then humanity gets lost; and an era of no mercy begins"

3. respect your father and mother
He advised children kindly: "Do not talk to your father and mother while looking in their faces. Do not frown at, make sour face to, them. Do not behave badly to them. If they order something, then do it." This can be internalized by the children easily and in a short time.

Okay, so if you don't respect the old and young it's an era of no mercy and you shouldn't look at your parent's faces when you talk to them. I can internalize this easily and in a short time, so let's move along.

By the order of Allah the Most Exalted, as the shadow of the third millennium fell on to us, in 1991, Türkmenistan became an independent state. However, at the outset,

> this was only on paper. The developing society, state institutions, thinking on national independence, sustainable economy and international affairs shaped by national interest were namely taking shape. The most challenging aspect of this business is to connect individual fate with independence and to understand a roasted or fried meat dish

Yes! I do understand a roasted or fried meat dish!

> From such a perspective, it is not possible to see the reality; only semi-reality can be seen. It is obvious that semi-reality is worse than a lie. Individuality is the biggest trap of our era's way of thinking.

This is true. Individuality leads to Hot Topic, Hot Topic leads to anger, anger leads to suffering, and suffering leads to semi-reality. If enlightenment is really what you're after you will find all of your needs met at the Rahnama.com shop. T-shirts only $17.99. Escape from semi-reality free!

> If one wished to create a flag of beauty and perfection, then this flag would be a Türkmen carpet.
>
> If one wants to create a model of endurance, beauty and purity, then one should take the Ahalteke horse as an example.

What about an Ahalteke horse STANDING on a Turkmen carpet? That's like the best thing EVER!! It cannot be topped!

> No human being who has not experienced what I lived through can understand me.
>
> Your father who is supposed to support you in hard times is dead in an unknown, foreign place!
>
> Your dear mother is lying with your two sisters under Karakum. You are alone in Leningrad. You have no one behind you who is asking about you and writing letter to you.

Okay, come on Saparmurat, you're starting to get a little depressing. Let's try to turn that frown upside down man.

Did someone say Holy Cups?!

After about thirty pages of random bits of the Bible and Koran combined with anecdotes and maxims Saparmurat takes a long detour into the genealogy of the Turkmen rulers. Whether these were real rulers or ones imagined by Saparmurat, I will probably never know, but he does have a whole lot of charts that map out family trees. After roughly fifty pages of the genealogy lesson Saparmurat at last returns to his fractured narrative.

> Türkmenistan is known for its unique Ahalteke horses, for its carpets that are examples of the wonders of the world's art, and for its limitless wonders of nature. Today, in its peaceful policies, the Türkmen nation displays endeavours worthy of recognition by the world. As our great thinker Magtymguly Pyragy once said, "Look at your future, do not forget your past, utter polite speech, restrain your anger. If you are able to speak, please say pleasant things; the public has suffered much from bad things." I can see happy days in the future.

If I have learned one thing about Saparmurat in all of this, it's that he is an eternal optimist. As long as you don't have gold teeth and aren't staring your parents in the face when talking to them there will be nothing but good things in your future.

> Life means existence, and death is absence. Absence is one, existence is of three stages. You yourself are the present existence, your child is tomorrow's existence and your father is yesterday's existence. Death comes all of a sudden. If you are not one of three, you cannot win victory over death.

Alex Chiu, watch your fucking back!

Unfortunately, the Ruhnama is far too long and ingenious to cover fully here, but I would like to finish this article of devotion to the man, the teachings, the legend Saparmurat, by offering a round up of some of his most enlightening maxims.

> "Time is a mace. Hit or be hit!"
>
> "Protect your child so that he doesn't become like that!"
>
> "The father is like a high mountain with a grandeur of body and a snowy summit as high as the clouds in the sky."
>
> "LET ME SEE WHAT I'VE WORKED FOR IN YOUR SMILING FACES!"
>
> "My mother wove rugs all day."
>
> "Love all beings. Through love you can understand the meaning and the expressive language of plants and animals and have some kind of wisdom and saintly perceptions."
>
> "My younger son had an accident while he was drunk and driving. He almost died. It would have been better if he had died."
>
> "Bodily appetites cause greediness."
>
> "Our historical silverware and goldware have come to be the favourites of women as beautiful as fairies."
>
> "I noticed a certain feeling after my youth. I think all mature people have that feeling."

Remember folks, this guy is the unopposed dictator of a nation of 22 million people. He makes all of them read this book and they still don't rise up and kill him. Now that is power. Saparmurat Niyazov/Turkmenbasi, from my inner heart, I salute and praise you.

Photoshop Phriday is Filmed In Front of a Live Studio Audience

Hello plugmonkeys, Livestock here. I'd like to call your attention to no less than Photoshop Phriday, which is now live and resting comfortablely in this hyperlink manger. The theme this week is about as pointless as you can get, but it caused a hardy chortle to rumble about in my person. That said, the Something Awful Goons busied themselves by simply taking things and putting them into inappropriate media formats.

This here is a bonus link that takes you to the same place as the first new Phriday link, which is to say, it takes you to the new Phriday.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

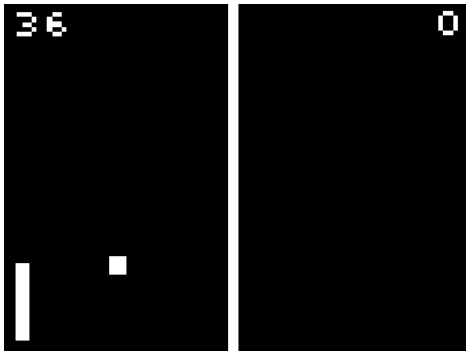
KaZaA
www.somethingawful.com

4.16 Not Without My Pixels: The Skip Calhoun Story

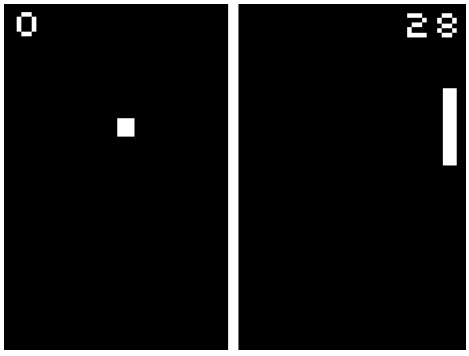
Friday, Apr 16, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

Video games have blossomed in recent years, evolving into a form of entertainment every bit as popular and artistically valid as film, music, and domestic abuse. In fact, games have become such a large part of mainstream culture that some developers are now household names in their households. While most gamers have heard of John Carmack (Doom, Quake, Extreme Paintbrawl), Warren Spector (Deus Ex, Thief, Warren Spector's Spooky Haunted House), and Tim Schaefer (Full Throttle, Grim Fandango, the upcoming mega-blockbuster Psychonauts), you'd be hard pressed to find someone who can recognize Skip Calhoun, my all-time favorite game designer.

Skip's relative obscurity is particularly puzzling when you take into account how influential his games were. At the very outset of the video game industry, he came out of nowhere with his first game, Ping.



Ping sold well and received critical acclaim ("I can't stop winning, this is the best game ever!" gushed the only gaming magazine at the time), but Calhoun felt that something was missing. After several months of research, he realized that the right side of the sceen was woefully barren. People had loved the controllable paddle on the lefthand side of the screen, so why not use one of those to fill the void? Calhoun set to work, and within weeks he released the sequel to Ping which we all know and love...



Ping 2

Rather than rest on his laurels, Skip set to work on what is widely considered the world's first action/platformer. In Adventurous Pete's Adventurous Adventure, players were given unprecedented freedom and could literally move in a small circle (clockwise). The title captured the imaginations of players everywhere, and the demand for the game was so great that Skip had no choice but to follow

it up with a sequel. Adventurous Pete's Jungle Adventure soon appeared, with all the walking-in-circles action found in the first game but with a GREEN background. The game completely sold out within three weeks of release, and over the following years Calhoun released Adventurous Pete's Snowy Adventure, Adventure Pete's Why Are You Still Buying This Drivel, Adventure Pete's Please Stop The Pain, and finally Oh My God Help Me I'm Going Insane. At this point, Skip disappeared from the video game industry for no apparent reason. He left behind an incredible legacy, but what became of the man himself? Why would he quit when the Adventure Pete series was at the peak of its popularity? The only person who knew was Skip himself, and I was determined to find out.

Just days before this article was set to go to press I was able to track Skip down, and we arranged an exclusive interview over lunch. Sitting down to a plastic tray stacked with White Castle burgers with Skip, I opened by asking what he had been up to since he dropped off the face of the Earth during the Atari age.

Screenshots from : Adventurous Pete's Adventurous Adventure, Jungle Adventure, Snowy Adventure, and Oh My God Please Help me I'm Going Insane

"Life has only gotten better since I stopped making games.", Skip said. "Why, this entire time I've been extremely busy holding onto my world record for not having been attacked by an octopus. I haven't been attacked even once! It's difficult, but worth all the work that I put into it."

At this point I realized that Skip had gone insane. I mean, there was clearly an octopus attacking him as we spoke. Every once in a while a puckered tentacle would squirm up from under the table and try to find purchase on his face, but Skip would press it down, visibly straining while looking me in the eye and smiling as though nothing was happening.

"Oh, I see how you're looking at me. Think I'm crazy, don't you?", Skip growled, only a tentacle covered his mouth halfway through and he had to repeat himself. "They said I was crazy for mixing peanut butter and jelly together, but I wasn't. I was crazy for thinking the resulting combination was lighter than air and filling a blimp with it."

At this point the octopus managed to wrap several tentacles around Skip's neck and began to choke him, and the entire interview went down in flames. I attempted to save my idol's life by wrestling the octopus from his neck, but Skip continued to pretend it wasn't there. After angrily lashing out at me with a 2-minute long stream of ethnic slurs, he was escorted out of the building where, incredibly, a second octopus leapt off the roof and attacked him. Dumbfounded, I sat back down at our table and watched through the oversized plateglass window as he stumbled out of sight and into obscurity once more.

State Og

Are you so hideously fat that the only exercise you get every day is struggling to put on your gigantic pants? There's good news! You can achieve a healthier lifestyle by simply reading State Og once a week! Speaking of fat, here's a big juicy bite of this week's update:

> *Having run out of provisions three days before, the crew drew straws to decide who would be eaten. But when the token fat guy didn't draw the long straw, they were forced to dispense with the democratic facade and strangle him with the seat belt.*

I read State Og for two weeks and I lost thirty pounds, my keys, several socks, and my cat. You can too! Click here for more information!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.17 That Old Black Magic

Saturday, Apr 17, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Things just aren't what they used to be. I remember a kinder, gentler time, when a wizard could rule villages, cities, or entire countrysides through abject fear using only a few simple incantations. Today, magic is something to scoff at - the clownish domain left to oversexed prestidigitators and gay animal trainers in tights. I'm not saying real wizards have a problem with the gay thing - we're stupendously openminded toward the alternative sexualities. We have to be. Sexuality in any form was originally a practical joke by Renthar Shadowsteel a few millennia back. He thought it was funny as hell. We all did. At least, until a group of adventurers stormed into his mountain lair and killed him before he could reverse the spell. Oh well. The point is, today's magicians are all about smoke and mirrors. It's hard to inspire true fear by making your sexy assistant turn into your other sexy assistant. Now, if you were to turn your sexy assistant into an eight-headed ogre with eleven arms and acidic mucous, that would be something. But alas, the real art of magic is nearly dead. In fact, it's dying a little more every day. Just take a look at this.

See, now this guy is appropriately badass.

> *Too Much Spirit Kills Sorcerer*
>
> *A SRI Lankan magician killed himself during a black magic ritual to harness evil forces after he was overwhelmed by the spirits he had drunk, rather than those he was trying to cast spells on, a press report said today.*
>
> *The 71-year-old man had used his full force to dash a coconut on the ground as part of the ritual on behalf of a customer, but lost his balance and ended up hooked on the trident, a weapon of Hindu gods, the Sinhalese-language Lankadeepa said.*

These guys are not helping the cause.

Another one bites the dust. It sounds to me like he was trying to reenact the Fettering ritual that Meldichus the Obliterator did a few centuries back. Look, Sri Lanka-boy, I knew Meldichus the Obliterator. I worked with Meldichus the Obliterator. And you, sir, were no Meldichus the Obliterator. Nonetheless, I wish you the best in the next world. Good luck on the outer planes, brother. May your journey through the ether be swift, and may your soul never be chewed upon by Perpnagginus, the Many Mouthed Soulchewer. But as much as of a tragedy as the death of this Sri Lankan sorcerer is, the real tragedy is that mages as a whole have sunk so low as to be killed by losing our balance and impaling ourselves on pointy sticks. Even a trident, which is really three pointy sticks in one, is still no way for a sorcerer to go. I remember the days when you'd terrorize some peasants by blocking out the sun and raining fire upon their livestock every so often, then they'd hire a band of adventurers to break into the mystical lair you'd carved out of the very living rock of the nearest convenient mountain, or if you were lucky, volcano, and they'd defeat your undead minions and then finally kill you in an epic battle. You'd die, they'd take your Stone of Scrying, or whatever

you happened to have lying around, and then they'd go collect their reward. Now that was the way for a sorcerer to die!

Neither is this guy.

I blame a number of factors. First, the world is simply a busier place. Any civilization worth terrorizing is too damn busy with their cell phones and their SmartCars and their Olsen twins to care that you've wrested the power of immortality from the gods themselves. Why, just the other day I was having a powwow with my buddy, Thanostius the Unwatchable, and we decided that it would be a lark to bestow an evil curse an entire town. It took us all day to get the damn thing right - I chalk it up to lack of evil practice, but you just try getting people to show up to evil rehearsal on a weekly basis in this day and age - but we finally did it. You know what happened? Just take a look at this news report:

AC OF TOWN LOWERED BY FOUR

Today, a pair of wizards placed a curse upon the small city of Middletown, CT, effectively lowering the Armor Class of the entire city by four. Other effects of the curse are still being discovered, but are speculated to include a minus-two penalty to hit, and possibly to damage, as well. While the magnitude of this curse is great, the citizens of Middletown seem largely uninterested.

"Yeah, that negative two to my saving throw against fear will suck," said Bruno Vallenti, 46, owner of a local convenience store. "But I've got plenty to be afraid of as it is. What with all these terrorists running around and the security alerts changing every day, there's so much to be scared of that who's got time to actually be afraid of any of it?"

When asked if she was worried about the curse, schoolteacher Dana Philbert, 37, was unconcerned. "Sure, it bothers me that my enemies can hit me easily, even if I'm wearing full plate armor. I mean, a horde of hobgoblins could storm in and just start bossing us all around at any minute. But I wasn't about to stand up to a rampaging bunch of hobgoblins anyway. I've got enough to deal with just trying to keep track of thirty kindergartners. The little monsters have been throwing their crayons lately, and believe me, now that they're all minus two to hit me with them, I'm almost glad we've all been cursed."

Mayor Domenique Thorton declined to comment, but one of her aides issued a statement saying that a party of adventurers will not be sent for to dispatch the spellcasters responsible for this curse. However, if a group of adventurers happens to be passing by and wants to kill them, they will be allowed to keep any gold, gems, or magical items they find. In addition, the City of Middletown will give them each a complementary Bag of Holding and a coupon good for one free appetizer at the First & Last Tavern.

What kind of crap is this? This isn't the way it's supposed to be! Placing a curse on a single individual is hard enough. Doing it to an entire carefully defined geographical region should be grounds for some sort of award, not this dismissal and derision! It's a sorry state of affairs when a city can just laugh off the work of not one, but two wizards. I'd like to pin all the blame on the state of society, but I realize that it's just as much of an internal problem as it is the fact that people suck. Of course I realize that. I realize all. The Fates dance at my command. Well, not "dance," exactly. They used to dance. Now they just sort of meander. Still, they meander at my command, and that's better than most people can say.

I don't even know what to say about this one.

The problem is largely recruitment. Numbers have been going down ever since Nektomephet the Improbable accidentally turned himself into a proper noun. Plus, the prospect of getting killed by adventurers just doesn't hold the same appeal it used to. Today's adventurers carry guns and sometimes Mace. God, I hate Mace. That shit stings, man. I can deflect bullets with my Shield of Will spell, but one spray of Mace has me reaching for the magic bottle containing my Clear Eyes Solution of Stopping My Corneas From Fucking Bleeding. I remember the days when if an adventurer used a mace, it was a heavy object on a stick that they'd hit you with, not this pussy pepper spray shit. There's no dignity in having adventurers fight their way through your lair when they're using GPS tracking to find you and using some crappy aerosol to bring you down. What happened to all the Swords of Wounding, Daggers of Blood, Flails of Might in the world? God, I'd kill for an adventurer with an enchanted axe, or a Bat of Cold, or a Vorpal Tennis Racket or anything that could at least be passed off as a decent weapon.

The art itself is in a pretty sad state. When's the last time you saw someone shoot a decent bolt of lightning from their fingertips? Let alone some Chain Lightning? Never, that's when. The best we get these days is some annoying guy who gives people a lot of static electricity shocks. That's not exactly the sort of thing that commands unwavering obedience to your dark whims. You can't barge into the Mayor's office and demand subservience upon penalty of nuisance. There was a time when you could see the effects of dark magic on the world at large. You'd wake up one day and your kingdom would be overrun with zombies, or all the crops in a village would turn to dust. Nowadays, the world is so complex that it's nearly impossible to tell the cause behind anything. I can't think of a single event that was the result of evil magic. I sort of suspect it's behind the fact that Mandy Moore is now associated more with acting than with music, but I can't prove it.

Don't even get me started.

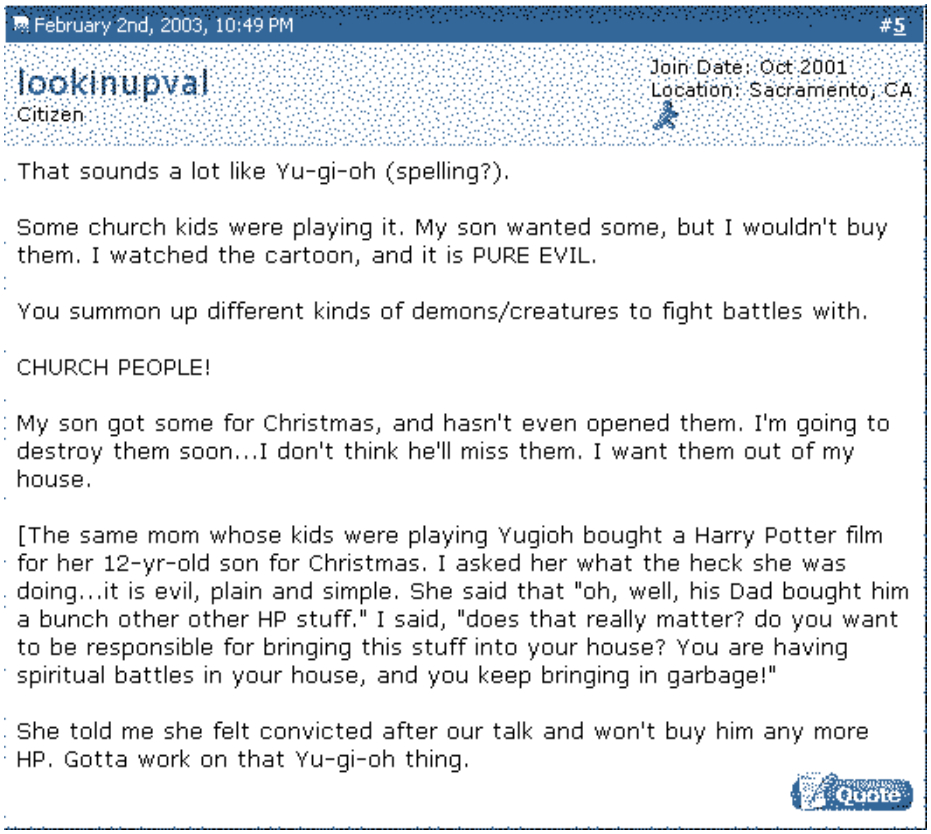
Wizards, sorcerers, and other arcane spellcasters of the world, we need to step it up a notch. I'm not so foolish to think that the entire artistry behind evil magic is going to come back just because I want it to, but maybe we don't necessarily need that. What we really need to reestablish ourselves is some quality magical items. Good adventurers love a quality magical item. They can't resist the allure. Back in the good ol' days of rampant death, plague, famine, and misery, when we needed to attract some adventurers, we'd just get our hands on a decent magical item and store it in a really obvious place. We wouldn't use it, just have it. It worked like a charm. So what you want to do is go out and pick up some Pipes of Sounding, or a Periapt of Health, or maybe even a Stone of Warding. Whatever it is, don't actually use it. Sure, you could wear a Periapt of Health and make yourself nigh on invincible, but don't. Just keep it around. Put it on an altar or pedestal or similarly blatant place in the center of a room at the heart of your evil lair, like you're guarding it or something, even though, as a wizard, it would make a lot more sense for you to use a magical item than to just stand near it all the time. But that's precisely what you need to do. Trust me, you'll have rangers swarming your ass like bees to honey... if it was on your ass. Maybe you'll even pull in a paladin. Trust me, it can't fail.

My friends, we can reassert ourselves. Maybe there aren't as many choice villages these days, and maybe all the good lair real estate has already been developed, but find yourself a nice evil apart-

ment, nothing too expensive, and just keep your mind on the job. You'll have the surrounding area fearing your almighty powers in no time. Or, if not, at least you'll have a nice place. Either way, just remember, David Copperfield's little parlor tricks bagged him Claudia Schiffer, so just imagine what some real magic can get you! Ah, who am I kidding? None of us will ever touch a woman. That's it, I'm going into show business.

The Weekend Web: The Thing On SA You Don't Bother Clicking On

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here broadcasting live from the internet. I love the internet. Only on this magical land could Christian nutcases, zany anime nerds, American Idol role playing freaks, internet toughguys, and sacks of teenage crap all live together in peace and harmony. If you're asking yourself, "Spokker Jones where can I see all these people?" I would reply, "Why, in the Weekend Web of course!" Boy oh boy have we got a great update for you today. Just take a look at this!


February 2nd, 2003, 10:49 PM #5

lookinupval
Citizen

Join Date: Oct 2001
Location: Sacramento, CA

That sounds a lot like Yu-gi-oh (spelling?).

Some church kids were playing it. My son wanted some, but I wouldn't buy them. I watched the cartoon, and it is PURE EVIL.

You summon up different kinds of demons/creatures to fight battles with.

CHURCH PEOPLE!

My son got some for Christmas, and hasn't even opened them. I'm going to destroy them soon...I don't think he'll miss them. I want them out of my house.

[The same mom whose kids were playing Yugioh bought a Harry Potter film for her 12-yr-old son for Christmas. I asked her what the heck she was doing...it is evil, plain and simple. She said that "oh, well, his Dad bought him a bunch other other HP stuff." I said, "does that really matter? do you want to be responsible for bringing this stuff into your house? You are having spiritual battles in your house, and you keep bringing in garbage!"

She told me she felt convicted after our talk and won't buy him any more HP. Gotta work on that Yu-gi-oh thing.

Quote

Those Harry Potter books are instruments of Satan, I tell you what! Anyway, enough talk! It's time forThe Weekend Web.

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

4.18 The Magical Face of Linus Torvalds

Sunday, Apr 18, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I don't really care about Linux. After about ten years of evolution it's a piece of software that still amounts to a novelty operating system for all but a sycophantic core of users with way too much time on their hands. For them Linux is less an alternative operating system and more a religion and way of life. The priest, prophet, and saint of this religion is a well coiffed Finnish man named Linus Torvalds. My biographical information on mister Torvalds begins and ends with the previous sentence, but what I do know much more about is Mr. Torvalds' fabulous face. I came by this information from a variety of sources, most notably among them a photograph of Torvalds that clearly demonstrates the impossible perfection of his hair and the apocalyptic greasiness of his face. Don't even get me started on his pallor or his bizarre overly white teeth that look like the kind of thing you would see in a wax statue of Carol Channing.

The more I stared at Mr. Torvalds' face the more I realized that it was not just a human face; it was a magical land of mystery and pleasure. Without sending out any invitations Mr. Torvalds' had constructed and opened a theme park on his face space. Immediately I realized that such a magnificent event could not go unnoticed and I endeavored to map out Mr. Torvalds' theme park. I packed my bags and caught a red eye with two connections in Atlanta and Dallas that landed somewhere in the gently waving sweep of Mr. Torvalds' hair. A shrinking machine might have also been involved somewhere along the way, I'm not really sure because I'd had about fifteen of those little airplane bottles of scotch.

I invite you to journey with me now across the fascinating landscape that is Linus Torvalds.

Vast map of the splendor also available. Thanks to Shmorky for help with the mapping.

HAIR OF THE GOLDEN empress
GREASE MIRE
TORVALD'S EYEBROWS OF ECSTASY
IDEA NOSE
DUNGEON OF MOUTH
Chamber of LOVE
TORVALD'S NINJA ACADEMY
SPOOKY

The Hair of the Golden Empress

Our voyage begins in the hair of Linus Torvalds. The expanse of his hair has been turned greenish by the unearthly glow of cathode ray tubes running Linux and the thousands of gallons of strange perfumed oils that ooze from his scalp daily. As you make your way from the private landing strip near the flawless part in his hair you will approach the gates to Torvalds that pass beneath the first attraction; "The Hair of the Golden Empress". Imported from India, this finely woven tsunami of hair contains the spirit of Buddarheta Sippur, the divine Indian empress of the 4th century. Her spirit survives within the hair, subsisting on the energy she derives from the steady flow of oils, and her face can often be seen coalescing on the surface of the hair. Whenever you see the face of Buddarheta appear you should wait for her to begin to speak and then throw a coin into her mouth. If you succeed then she will grant you any wish. If you fail she will swallow you and you will be slowly dissolved in acid over a period of many days. I abstained from throwing any coins.

The Grease Mire

Linus Torvalds' body, as previously mentioned, secretes unusually large quantities of oil. Much of this oil collects in a swampy expanse on Torlvads' face known as the "Grease Mire". Popular with families, this swampy locale is a sort of history exhibit thanks to the large variety of skeletal dinosaurs, wooly mammoths, cars, buses, and even stray children that at one time became stuck in the viscous substance and died. Because the Grease Mire smells so much like a hotdog, this location is also very popular with fat people who can often be seen attempting to wade out into the Mire only to sink below its surface and never return. Probably the most impressive item currently stuck in the Grease Mire is a large rock that glows slightly and is said to have fallen from space. Watch out for the excretion geysers that occasionally erupt from beneath the Mire! Visitors are clearly warned to stay behind the fences to avoid being covered in an unexpected spray of pus. If you're one of the unlucky visitors that this happens to the good news is that you are automatically entered to compete in the daily cake walk.

Torvalds' Eyebrows of Ecstasy

The eyebrows of Linus Torvalds are renowned for their ability to grant pleasure to anyone who approaches them. To accommodate the steady flow of people curious about Torvalds' eyebrows they have been renamed the Eyebrows of Ecstasy and guests are allowed to walk through a glass tunnel that passes through both eyebrows. At the end of this tour visitors are treated to a guided exhibit in which they can place their hands or feet into a carefully monitored patch of the eyebrow. If the attendants of the Eyebrows of Ecstasy were not there to restrain guests many would jump head first into the pleasure-giving eyebrows and never be seen again. Their children would watch with a mixture of horror and jealousy as the questing oily fronds of the eyebrows would carry off their moaning parents. The gift shop also sells single strands of the Eyebrow of Ecstasy and, although they are very pricey, if tended to lovingly they will provide you with decades of enjoyment.

The Idea Nose

It's not widely known, but the source of some of Linus Torvalds' greatest ideas is his nose. Dubbed "The Idea Nose", this amazing structure has been transformed into an exhibit of Torvalds' genius

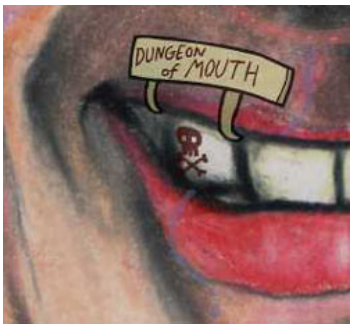
even as it continues to function in a creative capacity. As the nose works to cogitate new and incredible ideas for Linus Torvalds guests will be treated to an incredible display of intellectual pyrotechnics. At the end of the tour of the working nose the visitors can watch a laser light show that covers some of Torvalds' most amazing inventions (set to the sounds of Led Zeppelin!) and they can view hands-on exhibits.

These exhibits include:

- The Linux Box: A 'virtual immersion experience' that allows users to find out what it's like to spend a day as a third-generation release of Linux.
- The Eightboard: A skateboard with eight wheels that Torvalds invented at the age of ten.
- Dr. Pharnaby's Soothing Tincture: A medicinal-smelling balm made from mint leaf and smashed cat heads. Released with the marketing line "Taste the healing Orient" even though it was strictly for external use.
- The Concentratotron: A game you can play that tests your concentration. You have to try to spell words given to you over a pair of headphones while a pair of super-strong mechanical arms tries to take your pants off. Torvalds was actually briefly jailed in Helsinki after a public demonstration of this device.
- LinOS/2: Look at printed code and a sometimes functioning demonstration of Linus Torvalds' abortive attempt in 1999 to combine IBM's failed operating system with his own.
- The Beard Bird: Marketed specifically for lonely Linux users with large unkempt beards, this small mechanical bird will nest inside their beard and emerge hourly to chirp out the time.

There are many more less popular exhibits such as Linus Torvalds' Scorpiboard (a keyboard made entirely from scorpion stings) and his much ballyhooed spoken word CD "Linus on Linus".

Dungeon of Mouth



Not everything is good in the world of Linus Torvalds and those things that are not are sent to the Dungeon of Mouth. Located behind Torvalds' right bicuspid, the foreboding entrance to the Dungeon of Mouth gives way to a spacious food court. There guests can enjoy various delicacies created by Torvalds' life-giving body while they watch the mad howling of those imprisoned inside. Among the stellar list of Torvalds' inmates are the three homunculi he gave birth to and nursed to adolescence from his supernumerary nipple, Helen Kircher who asked him to the prom and then just laughed at him as she got in the car with Tor Vilendi, Tor Vilendi who shall forever suffer within the Dungeon of Mouth, Torvalds' own mother who he insists be called The Betrayer, and a guy who looks sort of like Bill Gates. At noon every day a robotic likeness of Torvalds enters to feed the inmates; an event that always results in a feeding frenzy. Guests are then allowed to prod the genitals and faces of those imprisoned within the Dungeon of Mouth using a variety of hot irons and sharpened skewers.

Chamber of Love

The hot stop on Linus Torvalds for lovers to visit is definitely the Chamber of Love. This is where Linus stores all of the great loves of his life, occasionally pushing on them with his tongue like a canker sore. At present it is filled with various Finnish snacks, three types of anti-grease medication,

well-worn centerfolds from the European edition of Playboy, and all twenty or so major Linux platform videogames. In the near future he hopes to place his wife or girlfriend in the Chamber of Love, hopefully replacing Natalie Portman who constantly screams to be let out and has three times had to be shot in the leg by the guards while trying to escape.

Sensei Torvalds' Ninja Academy

Most people probably don't know this, but in addition to being a greasy genius Linus Torvalds is also a master of a number of martial arts. In fact, Torvalds is so experienced that he has created his own martial art called Torv-Maga that relies on using the power of the mind and knowledge of Star Trek: TOS to defeat any opponent. Tovalds maintains an academy on his chin in which he teaches Torv-Maga to a variety of aspirants. Torvalds has personally trained his elite cadre of bodyguards called the Crimson Shirts, each of whom have memorized the entire script to every episode of the original Star Trek and even some of the forbidden Deep Space 9 episodes. With this black knowledge they can kill an opponent by simply looking at them and saying the first three words of any line from an episode. Guests are welcome to watch the sparring of the lower echelons being conducted by trainers but are not allowed to enter the inner shrines to Torvalds. If someone happens in to these areas they will be die painfully at the hands of a lightning quick "Dax, I don't think we should be doing this!"

Old Man Torvalds' Spooky Ghost House

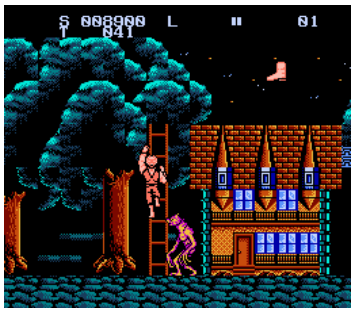
You might have noticed that for an amusement park Linus Torvalds does not have very many rides. Well get ready to have the cronjobs scared out of you by Old Man Torvalds' Spooky Ghost House! These days most haunted houses are more of a joke than a trip of terror, but Linus has changed all that by populating his Spooky Ghost House entirely with things that frighten him. As you enter you will be confronted by IBM and Microsoft signing a corporate merger. That terror still fresh in your mind, the car will then turn right and you will pass through a gauntlet of attractive women who are staring at you and whispering quietly to their friends. Hang on, there's a steep drop ahead, straight into a breath taking simulation of the 1940 Winter War of Finland - something sure to chill the soul of every Finn. As the car lurches up another steep incline you will be forced to give a speech to a group of investors who mistakenly believe you work for Apple. Finally, the last terror is almost too horrifying too envision, but you will be taken through a Frito-Lay Cheeto factory circa 2025. Look on in dumbstruck revulsion as rice-cakes are made on the long defunct Cheeto factory lines. It's spooktacular!

And so I bid a fond farewell to Linus Torvalds' face. It was an amazing journey of discovery and I felt that I learned a lot about Linus and maybe even a little bit about myself in the process. Now if I can just convince him to open his face up to the general public we may all be able to share in the spectacle!

Attack of the Pink Cats

Hey folks, Taylor "Scoliosis" Bell checking in with a brand-new rom pit review! Today's game is known as Captain Silver to the two or three unfortunate people who have actually played it.

> *This enemy will never ever be able to kill you, despite his 15'2" height, stylish tie and a healthy dose of purple. This guy is three times as tall as your character, and he attacks by frantically hopping all over the place waving his stubby little arms around. Sounds like a challenging enemy, right? Well, he would be tough if it weren't for two small details –*



> *there are invisible boundaries at each edge of the screen that he never crosses, and he has to touch you to hurt you. Once you figure this out, which even I was able to do in about 20 seconds, all you have to do is stand just outside his invisible boundary and whack him with your sword when he comes near you. There's no way at all for him to hit you if you do this, and you can sit there happily whacking away while he stumbles around the stage cursing the name of the programmer who doomed him by giving him such shitty AI.*

Sounds pretty kickass, doesn't it? Check that shit out before that shit checks you out!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.19 RichDork Fake SA

Tuesday, Apr 20, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

04-20-04: smoke fake SA every day. In case you've never heard of Pitchfork Media before, it's one of those uber-scenester hipster indie shithead mags which allocates its time fawning over either "intelligent" bands like Radiohead or super-underground indie acts that nobody has ever heard of and usually have the word "project" or "experiment" in their name. It's a culture of pretending to be more intelligent and obscure than the next guy so your musical cock will be larger than theirs and all the ladies will flock to you like cosmetic surgeons to Thom Yorke's disturbingly mutilated face. If you'd like to check out some wonderful examples of their highly "oh holy hell we're so fucking smart" reviews, feast your eyes upon these winners. Keep in mind these are supposed to be MUSIC REVIEWS.

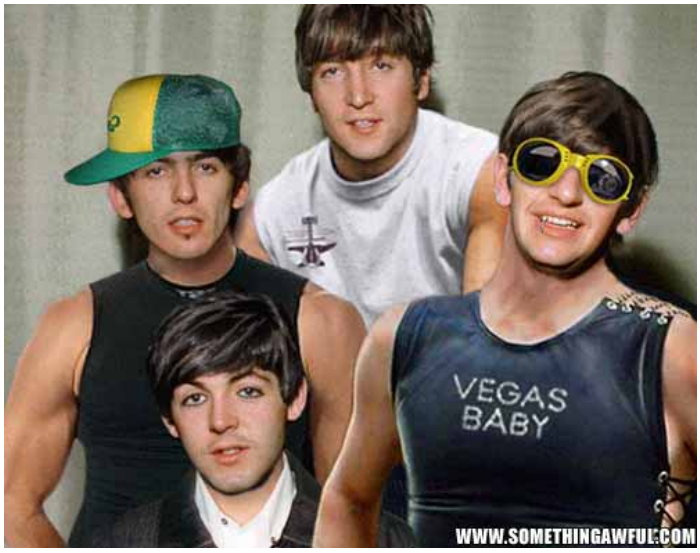
> Radiohead - "Kid A" - *The experience and emotions tied to listening to Kid A are like witnessing the stillborn birth of a child while simultaneously having the opportunity to see her play in the afterlife on Imax. It's an album of sparking paradox. It's cacophonous yet tranquil, experimental yet familiar, foreign yet womb-like, spacious yet visceral, textured yet vaporous, awakening yet dreamlike, infinite yet 48 minutes. It will cleanse your brain of those little crustaceans of worries and inferior albums clinging inside the fold of your gray matter. The harrowing sounds hit from unseen angles and emanate with inhuman genesis. When the headphones peel off, and it occurs that six men (Nigel Godrich included) created this, it's clear that Radiohead must be the greatest band alive, if not the best since you know who.*
>
> N.E.R.D - "Fly or Die" - *After I flicked the back of his ear repeatedly in seventh grade Geography class, Justin grew a beer gut and became a computer systems integration analyst for CSC, who forced him to take an etiquette course to better hand clients. He wears discount golfing attire from strip-mall department stores and a Motorola clipped to his belt. When not resorting his online fantasy football roster from his suburban Atlanta home, he drives a Korean car.*
>
> At the Drive In - "Relationship of Command" - *Jim Lehrer: Okay, gentlemen, you know the rules as established by the Commission of Presidential Debates. The questions will come from citizens in our audience. You have two minutes to answer each question; your opponent may then offer a rebuttal. I will then ask a follow-up question at my discretion. The next four questions pertain to At the Drive In, a rock music group from Governor Bush's home state of Texas. The first, to Governor Bush, will be asked by Clara Thompson. Where are you, Ms. Thompson? ...There you are.*
>
> Doves - "Lost Souls" - *You know, we music journalists have to contend with a myriad of internal voices while reviewing. There's the simple, straightforward, credulous voice of the listener, who takes bands, songs and packages at face value. As a counter check, there's a savvier, hipper voice that considers music a constructed, made-up thing, sold to us by bands and manufacturers through advertising, press buzz and the ever-enticing promise of press photos. And, finally, there's a purely contrarian voice that plays devil's advocate, finding the easy path and countering it at every turn. This kind of intrapersonal debating occurs with every release, but rages almost uncontrollably in the instance of a talked-up offering. Because in such a case, it becomes so important to keep oneself from being swept up in embarrassing critical groundswell without dismissing a record that might be good just because someone else likes it. Case in point: Doves' Lost Souls , an album currently coasting on tons of buzz. Follow us as we take a look at three different approaches to reviewing the record, while revealing the secret tricks of the reviewer's game.*

So, uh, that's that then. Thanks to SA Forum Goons Threepwood, Sensurround, Regular John, Bozarth, EVIL Gibson, and clickblipclick for their band's advertising banners.

Sign me up! I'm about to get busy. I'm about to get busy!

You got your Model T in my Hummer! You got your Hummer in my Model T! That's the topic in this week's Comedy Goldmine, Old Meets New. Mixing and matching the wild world of the past with the technical and up to date now! Wow, I think this is the only goldmine we've ever done where it'll be out of date by the end of the day. But to keep old traditions going, here's a funny picture, and then me saying something totally random in an attempt to sound funny. Ah, that felt good.

Thanks to forum Goon odiv for this week's Goldmine thread.

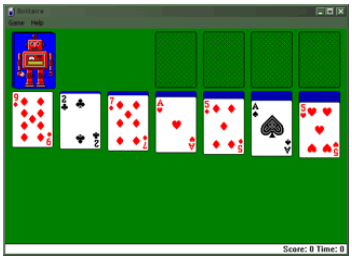


Single female lawyer?

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.20 Solitaire 2: Solitaire Harder

Tuesday, Apr 20, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



As pretty as you are, you could still use a facelift.

It occurred to me just recently, last week to be exact, that the computer game I've played the most over the last ten years is Solitaire. Screw your fancy "Battlefield 1942" murder simulators, Solitaire has commanded my attention for a long, long time. Like an artist, it draws me in. Like a renegade masseuse with nothing left to lose, it touches me in forbidden spots. Solitaire knows how to satisfy the delicate subconscious urges I have to stack cards in a numerically ascending order. No one else does. *No one.* Unlike other games, Solitaire's simple yet versatile gameplay has yet to tire on me. Why you can just Solitaire your heart out and then laugh and Solitaire some more, and all the crushing pain of modern life will seem like nothing. Whether I'm on the phone, waiting for a file to download, tied up in an abandoned warehouse, or just looking for a quick distraction, Solitaire jumps out of the plane of action and parachutes into my soul.

But like all things, Solitaire is not perfect. It seems to me that this old game is starting to show a little bit of age. Now I know there is nothing wrong with growing old, except for dying a horrifying death, but wouldn't it be great if things didn't have to end in such grand tragedy? Sure, right now Solitaire is poetry in motion, but how long before those motions become no more than bowel motions? And truly, has there ever been a good poem about bowel motions? I think we can save Solitaire, and I know just how to do it. The time to act is now, and that's why I'm lifting the veil of secrecy on the most important thing I've ever done. Ladies and gentleman, the time for a sequel to Solitaire is now! It's time for...

SOLITAIRE 2 (THE SEQUEL TO SOLITAIRE)

It's clear from the start that to recreate Solitaire in an even better way, you need to start redefining the rules. Now with Solitaire, you have a solid core to work from, but it is not sacred and can be changed. You want the game to be more exciting, and that means taking the old rules, sharpening them on a grindstone, and then maybe using them to slash a droog's face open in a good old feast of ultra violence. As hard as it sounds, I believe I've done it.

Fast at work in my aboveground bedroom, I've been laboring away as hard as a non-American worker. The work has been tedious and burdensome, but it has also been rewarding. After a lot of brutal slaving, I completed this masterpiece of a game. Here is but a short overview of the features that made Solitaire 2 the worthy follow-up to Solitaire 1.

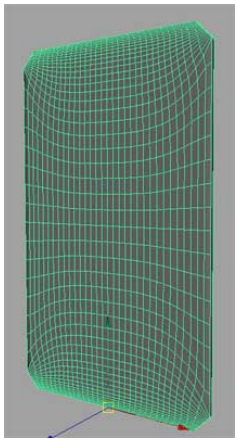
Engine

- **Physics and collision detection** lets you see cards ricochet off and interact with each other in realistic ways. Slam a card down too hard, and see it mess up your neat stack. Hell, forget neat stacks, card playing is gritty and Solitaire 2's engine specializes in showing you just how messy things can get.
- **Advanced graphics engine** enables cards that glimmer and shine realistically, reflecting and refracting light. With highly detailed textures and bump mapping capabilities, these cards will seem so real you might try to eat them. But then you'll feel pretty stupid, because you aren't supposed eat cards, especially virtual ones. Other features include Level of Detail (LOD), to ensure card geometry increases in complexity as you

get closer. The Solitaire 2 Engine can also render hundreds of cards at once, so now matter how intense things get, you'll never have a slowdown.

- **Robust Software Development Kit (SDK)** allows amateur designers to create new Solitaire mods by changing the rules or adding new content.

Graphics



Finalized card model, unskinned of course.

- **Skin support** for expanded graphic possibilities. Use your talents to create new card skins or download pre-made costume skins from the World Wide Internet. Want to make your cards more badass? Want naked women on them? The power is yours.
- **Death animations** for defeated cards. See them twitch, flail, and bleed in horrific ways, dying for your amusement.
- **Motion blurring** for rapid card movements. See these cards streak across your screen when you drag them lightning fast. Keep doing it, because it looks cool and serves no other purpose!

Gameplay

- **Hero cards** with expanded abilities such as spell casting or special attacks add action, adventure, and an element of danger.
- **Level ups** allow you to make your cards more powerful. Sick of that useless three of spades sitting there? Power it up to a four of spades!
- **New suits** take you beyond the four suits of old. Clubs, spades, diamonds, and hearts are just the beginning in the expanded universe of Solitaire 2! New factions are competing, and they include clovers, hammers, hot dogs, batmen, prostates, and vanilla crème wafers.
- **Unlock new cards** by winning the game or uncovering secret codes. New cards take the game to new limits by expanding the number of cards in a suit. Look out for the dreaded Emperor, Saint, and Robocop cards with their increased values.
- **Wildcards!** What do they do? That's for you to find out!
- **Extensive multiplayer mode** with clan support. Organize Solitaire clans and wage a virtual war online by playing by yourself at the same time as other people!

Sound

- **Russian techno soundtrack** that captures the intense mood of Solitaire with a deadly barrage of boomtisk. If your head were a seat, then your ears would be on the EDGE!
- **Authentic card sound effects** beautifully recreate the real sounds of playing card games. The sound will be so amazing you'll think tiny demons are shuffling decks of cards inside your brain.

Unfortunately, right after I finished this game, I forgot to hit save and all my progress was lost. Still, it was a thrill to make and I think I really went a long way towards redefining Solitaire. I don't know if I'll ever take the time to remake Solitaire 2 again and remember to save it, but probably not. I'm a busy man, and while I could take a break from my usual activities of doing nothing short of nothing, I don't want to. Why don't you go make this game, you big jerk.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.21 In This Update I'm a Jehovah's Witness

Thursday, Apr 22, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

I had found God at an early stage in my life, due in no small part to the Nintendo game Bible Buffet, which I played so much that I developed an eating disorder. I attended my first Jehovah's Witness meeting when I was 8. My study partner, James, was a psychic 6-year-old who spoke entirely in spooky nursery rhymes. "Cut the edgy Stephen King bullshit and tell me what page we're on!" I would constantly yell at him to no avail. Now, approximately 13 years later, James and I were of the proper age to go door to door and bring the word of God to the masses. We were both of the opinion that there was nothing like the natural high that came from saving people's souls. It was like speed mixed with heroin mixed with tek.

"I really enjoyed M. Night Shyamalan's religious film, *Signs*." I said. "You know, when you think about it, a lifetime of subservience to God is really a small price to pay for protection against alien attacks."

"I thought we agreed that no film qualifies as religious unless it contains at least one scene where the devil appears in human form and attempts to make a case for being evil while using catch-phrases from popular sitcoms just to show that he is hip and still a big hit with the kids." James said.

I changed the subject.

"Which Day of the Dead character do you think you resemble the most?"

"Sarah. I'm a typical everyman but at the same time I'm heavily armed and don't take any crap from anyone."

"I like to think I resemble Dr. Logan. I'm a little bit eccentric but in a lovable uncle kind of way."

The house was a red cape with white trim. A small dog nipped at James's ankle. He gave it a swift kick with his birkenstock-clad foot. It let out a soft whimper and collapsed. James scooped up the dog and stuffed it into his briefcase. I knocked on the door. A balding man in his mid-thirties answered. "Hello sir, what can we do to get you to accept Jehovah as your savior?"

"Believe in God? I don't know, I'm a pretty skeptical guy. I don't, for instance, believe that the Chupacabra exists or that the forces of nature are actually waging a war against my deck."

"Sir, you needn't look very far for evidence that God exists. The proof is all around us. God is in the morning dew that glistens on children's feet as they run through the grass."

"Aren't you the people who said the world was going to end in 1975?"

James pulled out a gun.

"I'm sorry, maybe you don't understand how this works. We are like a hard rock band rocking your face with the word of Jehovah. I'm playing a piercing solo on lead guitar while Jed is making orgasmic moans into the microphone. You *will* get down to the slamming grooves of our majestic power ballads to God."

"You can't shoot me with that. That goes against the ten commandments."

"That's funny, I don't recall the ten commandments saying anything about killing robots."

"Huh?"

"Put this metal bucket on your head. That's it, now tell me I have a big dick. In a robot voice, fucker!"

No one was home at the next house we visited. We decided to leave a note.

Dear Sir,
We attempted to visit you but you weren't home. Since the door was unlocked, we entered your house, collected the pubic hairs off your toilet seat, and glued them to the heads of your child's Lego figurines. Attached to this note you will find a brick. We suggest that you flagellate yourself with it and hope that buys you some time before Jehovah decides to smite you with his laser guided fists of justice.

"Some day my girlfriend and I are going to buy a house like this and start a family." James said. "Of course, since I don't believe in the sinful act of sex, we'll have to grow our children in alien pods like in the Full Moon Pictures movie, *Seed People*."

"I'm going to marry Sailor Moon. No, really, I'm going to use the bioreactor in my dad's lab to create a woman who is an exact clone of Sailor Moon, right down to the tiny mouth and bloated head."

We met brother Mike at the mall. Mike had Mike's Syndrome, a condition so rare it had been named after him. The illness took the form of a cruel genetic defect that made him look like an emaciated holocaust survivor.

"Hey Mike, I'll bet you $50 we can convert that goth over there to witnessdom." James said.

"You're on. But if you lose, Jed has to give me the idol of Kunark."

"But I fought a giant four-armed statue to get that idol."

James walked over to the goth and spoke.

"Hello sir, how can Jehovah and I provide you with excellent service today?"

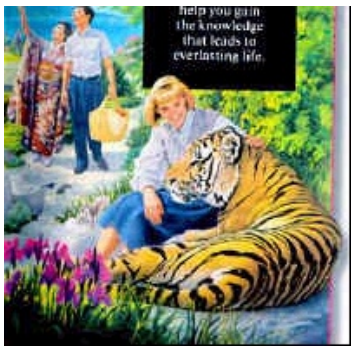
"Um, all religions are inherently corrupt and evil."

James jabbed the goth in the arm with a needle.

"I just injected you with the AIDS virus."

"What?!?!"

"No, actually that was just an ordinary needle. But admit it, during those few seconds where you thought you were going to die you wished you believed in some sort of omnipotent being who would save your soul."



Shots rang out. Mike screamed, clutching a gunshot wound in his chest. "Oh my God, I'm so sorry." the mall security guard said. "It's just for a second there I thought your friend was turning into Nosferatu."

"Don't worry, Mike, you're going to be okay."

"Don't give me that bullshit. I'm going to die, aren't I? Oh well, at least I'm headed for an afterlife paradise where I can bone my grandmother since she'll be attractive again."

A week later, I gave a speech at Mike's funeral.

"Mike was a man who danced his way through life. He grew up in rural New Hampshire where he overcame poverty and health problems to start the popular Jehovah's Witness rock band, Christ Explosion. After 3 platinum albums he traded his guitar for a director's chair and put on the first ever all-male production of The Vagina Monologues. Mike may have looked like a horribly deformed freak to us, but we must remember that in God's grand design there are no freaks, except for truckers."

After the funeral, James and I went out for chinese food.
"Hey James, I've been wondering about something. When God restores the earth to a blissful paradise where humans and wild animals live together in perfect harmony, what's going to stop the furries from having sex with all the tigers?"

"That's simple. Sex will become obsolete as life will be so perfect we'll be able to orgasm just by holding hands."

"That sounds awesome! Oh wait, you meant holding hands with members of the opposite sex, didn't you?"

◘ Come on Dooooowwwwn!

Rod Roddy would be absolutely ecstatic if he were alive to read this intense new installment of Untitled Document. This episode features more action than the entire "Action Pack" lineup on TBS.

> Tara had more important things to worry about than the giblets of Theresa Manheim coating her body. She let the Helios fall from her grip rather than distract herself by attempting to recover it and blocked a flurry of gunshot-quick blows from the mimetic hunter. The assassin had flattened its hands into a karate style but instead of administering chops it was trying to drive the tips of its fingers straight forward like knives. Tara learned the reason for this soon enough. She deflected one of the strikes awkwardly and the blow continued up her arm to make contact with the inside of her bicep. Agony shot through the flesh there as the tips of Bob Barker's fingers actually did stab into her skin. Only a quarter inch or less, but it was intensely painfully and nearly caused her to leave herself open for follow-up blows.

Go and read it now! The future of mankind in some alternate reality where reading articles prevents doomsday may depend on it!

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

4.22 Traitors in the Ghetto

Thursday, Apr 22, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I was thumbing through my quarterly copy of Jane's World Militaries yesterday, brushing up on the next Central American government I would like to topple, when my secretary came in with an important breaking story fresh from the wire service. There had been an explosion at the Saudi General Security building in my old stomping ground Riyadh. Immediately memories of the long talks Colonel Ibrahm Fayeed and I used to have over cups of chai flooded back into my head. I wondered if his mustache had survived the blast. I soon learned that Colonel Fayeed and most of the staff at the SGS building had survived, although Ibrahm was inches away from a piece of shrapnel that would have certainly killed him.

Al Qaeda quickly claimed responsibility for the attack. This was no big surprise to me, as Al Qaeda will claim responsibility for a nine year old drowning in a pool if they think doing so may damage Western interests. What was a surprise for me was the way Al Qaeda went about disseminating the claim. Instead of the usual neatly typed press release sent to Al-Jazeera the terror network had used the power of the Internet to get their message out. Not just any Internet either, they had used the Information Super Slum of Geocities. According to a good friend of mine named Paul Eedl who makes tracking Al Qaeda on the Internet his business Al Qaeda had posted about the bombing on a Geocities web page.

I had long suspected Geocities of harboring terrorists. Only the most corrupt of virtual governments could ever allow such a hideous hive of treachery to flourish, and based on past experiences Geocities was the only site morally bankrupt enough. This treason, this utter betrayal, so close to my own stomping grounds was intolerable. With a righteous heart, a keen mind, and an unwavering commitment to judging others I set forth through the collapsing tenements of Geocities. It is my patriotic duty as an American to bring you now a comprehensive list of the Al Qaeda sleeper sites I have discovered on Geocities. Their subversion of freedom shall go on no more!

Guardian 777's Home

Cover: Christian fiction and anime fan fiction site.

Content: Guardian 777, also known as Hamma Al Rahini, has set up a site using Christian and anime theme fan fiction as his cover for transmitting clandestine information to Al Qaeda operatives abroad. The majority of the content on the site are vaguely Christian science fiction stories that are so bland and repetitive they could have been written by rolling random encounter tables in the Star Wars RPG game. These stories merely serve as a distraction for the actual Al Qaeda communiqués. These coded messages are located in the section on the site called "Fanfics Outlines". I have yet to decode all of these but those that I have deciphered I offer freely to the intelligence community.

Coded: *DragonBall Z*
Decoded: *The United States*

Coded: Trunks Returns Home - Returns to his own time and suddenly everyone's alive
Decoded: Al Rahini has located a viable target for chemical weapons attack.

Coded: The new player - A female warrior appears on the scene

Decoded: The plan to blow up the Statue of Liberty is proceeding on schedule.

Coded: Trunks' girlfriend - and it's not Merron or Pan
Decoded: Al Rahini has made contact with an Al-Qaeda cell in New York to assist with the plan to blow up the Statue of Liberty.

Coded: Contact - Another alien race contacts the Z warriors for help
Decoded: Cuban agents of Fidel Castro have made contact.

Coded: Contact 2 - An alien empire far away offers assistance
Decoded: Cuban agents will provide explosives for the attack on the Statue of Liberty.

Coded: Arrested - Intergalactic police officers arrest our heroes
Decoded: Cuban agents caught by US Coast Guard, Al Rahini changing identity to elude capture.

Coded: Vegeta's Horror - His daughter marries a pacifist
Decoded: One of the members of Al Rahini's cell has gone turncoat and is trading intelligence with the FBI in exchange for a plea agreement.

Coded: Goten's Race - Goten must find the dragon balls before Pan or Trunks will be in trouble
Decoded: Al Rahini, concerned of increasing FBI attention on his actions, has given the task of planting the explosives in the Statue of Liberty to one of his compatriots.

Coded: *Sailor Moon*
Decoded: *Great Britain*

Coded: A new Sailor Scout appears - The Christian Scout
Decoded: Agents of Western Hegemony have begun to infiltrate one of Al Rahini's sister cells in the UK.

Coded: Another Sailor appears - He's cute
Decoded: The UK cell has identified a number of potential recruits for their cause.

Coded: Romance between the two new scouts
Decoded: The recruitment is going well.

I have much work still to do with Guardian 777's Al Qaeda site, but I promise the decoding of enemy intelligence will continue as long as I draw breath.

Kristy's Page

Cover: Inane personal web page.

Content: It took me quite some time to realize that Kristy's Page was actually a front for some of the most secret Al Qaeda information. On its surface the site appears to be a quite normal and droll personal web page featuring a woman with nothing interesting to say who posses a rudimentary ability to use front page and enjoys posting HTML-resized images of herself. Hell, there is even a September 11th dedication on the front page. I was about to dismiss this site as nothing more than your usual Geocities crap when I decided, on a whim, to open one of the gigantic images of Kristy in Wordpad. A quick keyword search for "ALLAH" later and I had identified strings of text inserted surreptitiously into every single image on the site. I have provided an example of the hidden code in one such image to demonstrate how cleverly the Al Qaeda supply network communication is. My advice to members of law enforcement agencies is to open each of the images and do a keyword search for "ALLAH" as each of their hidden messages seems to begin and end with praise for the blasphemous dread God of the East.

A Blissful Creation

Cover: Idiotic amateur web business.

Content: Ostensibly a garishly ugly web site devoted to a custom baby book business, A Blissful Creation is actually one of the most sinister Al Qaeda Geocities sites I have uncovered. I knew from the moment that the page loaded that something was askew as the baby heads plastered haphazardly over clip art seemed decidedly sinister. It wasn't until many days later that I had an epiphany. After learning of a deadly Al Qaeda attack on a Kellog Brown and Root contractor working in Iraq I looked up information on the victim. Among many glowing letters and articles about Donald H. Lodi I found a photograph of him as an infant.

Moments later my discovery had been confirmed; Al Qaeda was using "baby code" to identify future targets for assassination. Each of the photographs on A Blissful Creation is actually a past or future victim of an Al Qaeda attack. My only guess is that Al Qaeda operatives maintain vast databases that consist of the names and infant pictures of tens of thousands of enemies of the terrorist organization. When one is to be targeted for elimination the cell operating A Blissful Creation will clumsily paste their baby photo onto a piece of clip art and post it on their Geocities site.

The Keilbasa Club

Cover: Borderline Dadaist humor web site that is so incoherent and random it defies accurate description.

Content: The Keilbasa Club is the one Geocities site I uncovered that I knew instantly was a work of Al Qaeda terror groups. It seems to be a vaguely Polish humor site with a blue collar bent, but there are no actual jokes on the site. Instead every mysterious link directs the user to a low quality WAV file of a nearly random sound effect. Despite my immediate suspicion it still took several days of poking and testing to actually locate the means by which Al Qaeda was using the web site for communication.

It turns out that the WAV files attached to each link are rotated on an almost daily basis. I collected all of the WAV files from one day's post and tinkered with them in an audio editor. This revealed that when any given batch of audio files are converted to the same frequency and then layered over one another they form a brief Arabic audio message. For April 19th this audio message was "Al Saha el Jammir" or "The Red Condor". I am still investigating what or who exactly "The Red Condor" is, but I believe it might be the name of a cell or man operating in Northern Pakistan.

-=HPON=-

Cover: A visually offensive guild website for a mysterious online game.

Content: Potentially the most cleverly constructed of the Al Qaeda sites, HPON utilizes a seemingly innocuous Javascript name prompt to personalize the site for each user. Many really bad web sites use similar Javascripts but a little poking in the strangely encrypted code for the Javascript revealed that certain names actually altered URLs used on the site. Thus began a long and tedious process of trying a variety of known Al Qaeda codewords to change the link to HPON's "old site" to a more meaningful link. After several hours and working on multiple tasks simultaneously I hit upon "The Red Condor" from the Keilbasa Club. Entering this worked, changing the URL from a link to HPON's meaningless older web site to a link to an all-Arabic message board. Most notably one of the users on the message board had an image of a Sailor Moon character as his or her avatar. This, coupled with veiled references to London landmarks, leads me to believe that HPON is the front for the British Al Qaeda cell that Hamma Al Rahini is in contact with.

My search for Geocities fronts for Al Qaeda continues. I will keep you updated as more information surfaces, and may the twin Gods of democracy and freedom defeat the ingrate pagan lord of the infidels.

By the way, don't email me to tell me the sites I linked are down. Roughly five people an hour can view a Geocities web site these days. Just know that when you click on a link you are protecting America by denying the terrorists their safe havens.

The Art of Photoshop Phriday

Well hello there, little reader! Livestock here, letting you know that we've once again set our sights on art. This week the Something Awful Forum Goons were tasked with recreating famous events from history, movies, pop culture, and elsewhere using classic paintings as the base. Here is an example of what something like that looks like.

And here is another link that will take you to the Photoshop Phriday Internet website. Click here to add to cart.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.23 This Title Brought to you by Vagisil

Friday, Apr 23, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Okay I admit it: I'm broke. This is not an easy thing for me to say in public. It has come to the point that I need to face facts and confess that I am losing the battle against my suffocating debt. I'm not very good at handling money, like the time I took my rent and bet it all on street corner caterpillar racing, or when I bought those magic beans from Ebay for $2,000 each and they grew a vine into the clouds but the only thing up there was a angry giant that told me the princess was in another castle. I also have my fair share of vices such as my cravings for fancy imported beer, an insatiable hot air balloon fetish, and my Precious Moments hummels. It's at the point right now where I'm not quite ready to give handjobs for nickels, but on the brink of waving the white flag and declaring bankruptcy and letting Uncle Sam come over to my house and punch me in the solarplexus a few times. It's not a favorable situation.

Before I jump off a bridge and leave my enormous bills for my loved ones, I thought it would be worth a shot to try to dig myself out of the hole on my own. Besides, once you owe the government, the next thing you know they want to sleep on your couch and date your sister. I've never been afraid of getting my hands a little dirty or coming up with new and exciting ideas to generate income. For instance, you may have noticed that I have rented out my title and pictures to interested companies advertising their goods to you, the consumer. I wanted to take it a step further and add some pop-up Flash ads to the front page, but when I asked Senor Lowtax about it he said "no", so when I did it anyway he got really angry and killed my pet poodle Pepe. He's such a card, that one. Regardless, this is just one of the ideas that I'm brainstorming to get me out of debt so I can pass checks at the grocery store without having to wear my fake handlebar mustache. Even If I fail, maybe I can at least make enough to invest in some water wings and escape to some Caribbean island, preferably one devoid of skeletons, pirates, or skeleton pirates. Unless the pirates are Johnny Depp and Orlando Bloom. They may plunder my treasure any day if you know what I am getting at with that statement **(gay sex)**.

■ Pal for a day

There are a lot of lonely people out there. With this advanced age of technology, there is no real reason to leave the house, and friends are not being made anymore. Sure you make online friends like my pal Hichoro Iztuto, a 10 year old Korean boy who constantly beats me at Starcraft and mocks me in his own secret language, but real friends you can hang out with are hard to come by. The service I would be providing would be just to hang out with you for day and keep you company. We could go to a ball game, watch a movie, or go out to the bar and knock back a few cold ones. Whatever you want to do is cool by me. I just have a couple of ground rules:
#1 - I will not engage in an illegal act like helping you bury a hooker UNLESS I had an active part in the events leading to her demise.
#2 - I will not watch the movie "Cool Runnings" under any circumstance.
#3 - Nothing of a sexual nature. I am just a pal to hang out with and do friend stuff. But if you are interested in something of that nature I do have a lengthy price list available.

My wife calls me swampfoot!

- **Street Performer**

You might be surprised to find out the street performers actually make a fair amount of money. Some think they're almost on the same level as a common hobo, but most do very well for themselves if they are skilled enough in their trade. I was trying to think of things I could do myself to cash in on my talents, but then I remembered that I don't have any. Being a mime would be the only thing I could probably pull off, but then I would have to beat myself up because I hate mimes with a passion. I could break dance a little back in the day, but you can't make a whole lot doing that. The real money is made by those monkey grinder guys. All you need is a organ to grind and a little monkey with a fez to amuse the good folks at the park or street corner. The only problem is that I don't have the cash for the initial investment of acquiring the monkey in question, so I can either try to steal one from the zoo or just dress my cat up like a monkey. This scheme needs more time to work the kinks out.

- **Breast Exams**

I'll be willing to examine any breasts for a very reasonable price. Although I have no experience in the medical field, I would take my time and do it very carefully to make sure the breasts are devoid of any lumps that could possibly be tumors or alien eggs. This week is Breast Cancer Awareness Week and I want to do my part in helping to battle the war against terrorism. If you are interested in having your breasts examined by me, my office is located in the rusty blue van by the old forest. Please don't tell any friends or family where you are going before your appointment with me (insurance reasons).

- **Getting hit in the balls by an infant and winning $1,000 on America's Funniest Home Videos**

This is a foolproof plan. I know because I've done something similar when I lost all my money on a horse race a while ago. I put a little BBQ sauce on my groin area and had my pet dog jump to get at it and hit me in the balls with its nose. It sure hurt a lot, but I ended up winning the big prize on America's Funniest Home Videos and spent it on a massive cocaine binge. This time I am going to do something different and have an infant hit me in the balls, maybe with a bat or baseball. Regardless, it's the easiest way to make a quick buck. Wait a second, is this show even still on the air? If not then I'm fucked. Maybe I'll just sell the infant on the black market for some quality opium and get really high.

- **Speed Bump**

I know, I know. Listen, I'm desperate here and will do anything it takes to avoid being sent to debtors prison and getting brutally tickled at night by my accountant bunkmate that was convicted of tax fraud. There are many areas in my city that have a high traffic of children playing in and around areas where cars whip through the streets at a dangerous rate. I would be willing, for a fair price, to sell my services to the road commission and serve as a speed bump in these areas. Drivers would be forced to slow down when rolling over me, and the parents wouldn't have to worry about their kids being at risk near a busy road. I was also thinking about selling my plasma but I'm afraid of needles and I'm convinced they are saving it to build a clone army to take over space and build a Death Star. Porkins was my favorite character in "Star Wars" and it was a crime that he was killed in such a cowardly manner.

- **Robbing Banks**

This is by far my most risky money making idea, but the payoff is the greatest. I have been staking out the bank on the corner, going in every few days to check out the security routines and cameras. The only gun I own is a Marlin .22, but it can still put out an eye out at 50 yards. Unfortunately it's useless against body armor if things don't go as planned and the SWAT teams gets called in, so I'm also going to bring a jar of marbles with me. All I have to do is throw them on the ground and

all the cops will slip on the marbles like in the movies and I can make my getaway. If you don't see my articles for a few weeks, you'll know that my plan worked and I'm just laying low until the heat blows over. Either that or I'm riddled with bullets and dead.

That's all of the ideas I can come up with right now, but I'm going to keep on trying to pay off my bills so I don't have to turn on the red light and sell my body to the night. At least using advertisements in my articles have already yielded me a tidy sum. Unfortunately I've already squandered this money on Pokeman trading cards, but maybe someday they'll be worth a million dollars. Until then, I'll just keep on truckin' and beat the shit out of vending machines for their precious coins. Bye for now!

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

4.24 The Official ELEAWTA Newsletter for April, 2004

Saturday, Apr 24, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

In the beginning there were animals. Then came Man. Then, there were a whole hell of a lot less animals. One man looked out over all of the species that were fading from the Earth and realized that many of those in danger were themselves dangerous, possessing sharp claws, many teeth, and myriad defenses. He realized also that he did not care about the other endangered animals in the least. In the interest of preserving the memory of the dangerous animals, most notably their flavor, after they vanished completely, that man started an organization - Eating Lethal and Endangered Animals While They're Alive. ELEAWTA, a growing organization of like-minded individuals, has since gone to whatever lengths necessary in their endless quest to find the most dangerous and endangered animals alive, defeat them in one-on-one combat, and eat them before they are gone forever.

Working for a Better Tomorrow For Us All

This beloved symbol always brings a tear to my eye. Coincidentally, every time I see this symbol, I pour a tablespoon of salt directly onto my eyeball. Scientists are looking into a correlation.

Hello once again to all of your members and would-be members of ELEAWTA, the planet's fastest-growing and sadly, most controversial, animal activism group. It's been several months since I last published one of our newsletters. Perhaps you thought the group was defunct. Perhaps you thought our neverending stream of litigation had finally beaten us down. Perhaps you thought we had abandoned our mission. Perhaps you thought I'd never be so low on ideas that I'd have to resurrect this tired premise. Well, I'm happy to tell you that you were wrong, Wrongy McWronglestein. We're still here and working harder than ever in our endless fight to find the planet's most dangerous and dwindling creatures and kill and eat them before they vanish for good.

Moments later, that dog killed that cat. Where were you then, ASPCA? WHERE?

It's true that we've had more than our share of legal troubles. We just can't seem to get a fair shake. We've been bounding from trial to trial, defending ourselves from charges of "animal cruelty," "violation of the Endangered Species Act," "disruption of Government-Protected Habitats," and "public nudity," just to name a few. I'm starting to think it might be a lot easier for everyone if we could just get all of these ne'erdowells, lollygaggers, and malcontents to put together one class action suit, instead of all of these little petty suits. Luckily, ELEAWTA has managed to put together a massive legal department. Come to think of it, I'm just about the only person in the entire organization who isn't a part of the legal department! We're sort of like Scientologists in that regard. But as Chairman, I have other things to do. Still, I like to help out our legal team whenever I can by putting a stop to these frivolous lawsuits before they get off the ground. To that end, I'd like to address a letter which recently came across my desk, along with a subpoena, from the ASPCA.

> *To Benjamin Platt, Founder, ELEAWTA:*
>
> *Your organization is an outrage. The fact that you encourage people to destroy endangered species is a crime not only against the law, but also against nature. To make matters worse, you not only encourage the slaughter of some of the rarest and most pre-*

cious creatures on Earth, but by asking your membership to devise supposedly "clever" ways of capturing and subduing these animals, you sponsor torture. You, sir, are a monster, and we will see you in court

Signed,

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

These are some fairly serious charges. Here at ELEAWTA, we do not take this sort of thing lightly. I'd like to take this opportunity to respond to these accusations right now.

Dear ASPCA,

You seek to protect animals from cruelty, and a nobler goal there could not be. That is why it saddens me to see that there is hypocrisy in your ranks and to see that it extends all the way to the top of your esteemed organization. You claim that you want to help animals, and in the same breath you denounce my organization. Don't you realize that ELEAWTA exists to serve the most important animal of all? Man! We are a humanitarian cause, dedicating to furthering the annals of mankind's knowledge. Since the *homo sapiens* first evolved, we have desired more and more knowledge of the world in which we live. You would not deny a dog the ability to scratch behind its ears or a cat the ability to flail ridiculously at a piece of string or a set of keys or basically anything you put in front of it. So how can you deny mankind the ability to further its knowledge? And in this case, the knowledge gained by our cause can help your own. We do not promote animal cruelty any more than you do. Rather, we understand that when encountering some of nature's most dangerous creatures, it is often necessary to defend oneself. The goal of ELEAWTA is not to harm the animals, but to prepare and eat them, so that if these animals do sadly become extinct, we may at least have some record of what they tasted like and what condiments accompanied them best. We do not aim to render any animal extinct, but we are realistic enough to realize that the fight against extinction is often a losing battle. While we hate to move a species even a little closer to their eventual doom, we feel that our contribution to the extinction of animals is minimal, and most of all, very difficult to prove in court. If you can't see the immense benefit to society of our efforts, then I feel sorry for you.

Sincerely,

Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Alright! So that unpleasantness is out of the way! Now, onto the real focus of today's newsletter. It is my pleasure to bring you a stunning report from one of our ELEAWTA members, Jerry Paznozski. He's a first time contributor to our cause, but seeing his attention to detail and precision, I'm sure we'll be hearing more from him in the future. Here is his blow-by-blow report of his pursuit of the fearsomely delicious Alaskan Brown Bear.

Moments later, that dog killed this bear. Where were you then, ASPCA? WHERE?

T+ 0:00 - Leave cabin, drive by truck to nearby woods.

T+ 0:12 - Arrive at woods, search for good, sturdy tree.

T+ 0:18 - Find tree. Tie rope to toolbox, other end to belt. Attempt to climb tree.

T+ 0:20 - Fail. Search for another, easier tree.

T+ 0:30 - Find better tree. Climb tree, pull up toolbox. Saw branch off tree. Climb down.

T+ 0:45 - Saw ends off branch. Strip bark. Cut branch into five six-inch segments. Whittle ends of segments into interlocking attachments.

T+ 1:45 - Search for another tree. Search expedited by finding downed tree.

T+ 1:52 - Saw large portion of trunk off of downed tree.

T+ 2:30 - Begin fashioning trunk into carrying case for six-inch segments. Whittle locking mechanism, carrying handles for case.

T+ 5:23 - Place six-inch segments into case, lock case, begin searching for bear.

T+ 6:10 - Find sleeping bear. Open case, remove six-inch segments, attach together to form thirty-inch bear prod.

T+ 6:13 - Poke bear with bear prod.

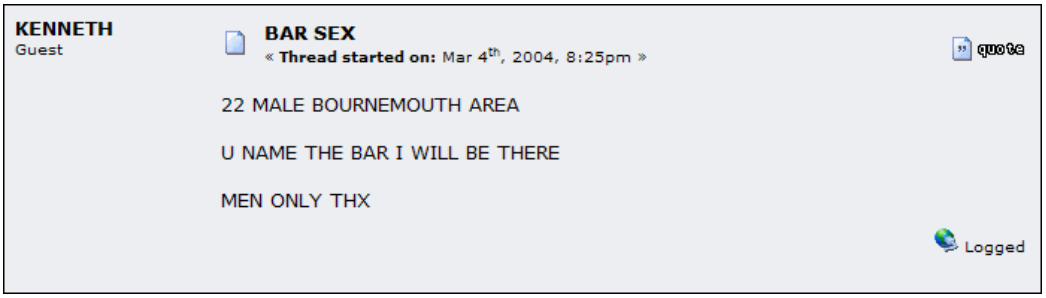
T+ 6:14 - Get mauled by bear.

T+ 6:17 - Die.

Well, on second thought, maybe we won't be hearing from Jerry in the near future. Nevertheless, don't let that stop the rest of you from going out there and doing your duty as members of ELEAWTA! Remember, we need to eat these animals now, before it's too late!

The Weekend Web: Pig in the City

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here again with 12 more pages of some of the world's most horrible forums. This week learn what Toothing is and why you should be scared for your life. Discover what it's like to obsess over cartoons. Thrill as we take you on a journey through a forum full of people batshit insane over a video game. Just check out this wonderful image.



It's all here in this week's Weekend Web.

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

4.25 Film's Crappiest Villains

Sunday, Apr 25, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I consider myself a pretty big movie buff. I don't often delve into the exceedingly obscure Z-movies that Greasnin subjects himself to for our entertainment, but I do watch a lot of mainstream movies. Many of these are quite bad, and many of the bad ones are the way they are because of a single villainous character; a foil for our heroes so preposterous, ill conceived, or poorly acted that they poison everything they touch. Bubbling with this painful knowledge, I decided to distill it and unleash it on an unsuspecting public much like a milkshake made out of my own vomit.

Keep in mind that the movies on this list are not necessarily the worst - or even that bad - but they each feature at least one villain of preeminent shittiness. I have also omitted an entire spectrum of movies of such low quality that the villains can't be distinguished from the overall amateurishness of the films they are in.

10. Mola Ram

Movie: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom"

Horrible Dialogue: Drop [the stones], Dr. Jones! They will be found! You won't!

Reasoning: The worst thing about "Temple of Doom" was Kate Capshaw. She is so aggressively unlikable in her role as Indiana's love interest-cum-annoyance that even swapping Mola Ram with Nazis probably could not save the movie. Unfortunately, Willie is not the villain of "Temple of Doom", which leaves me to direct my ire at Mola Ram and his cult of brain-eating pagans. In the original "Raiders of the Lost Ark" there was such a stunning cast of miscreants that it should be no surprise Mola Ram and his crew can't match up. What is slightly surprising is that Mola Ram is not even half as good as a minor bad guy in "Raiders". He doesn't even compare to the beefy Nazi who met his end in a propeller blade or the evil monkey that tried to poison Indy.

9. Jean-Baptiste Emanuel Zorg

Movie: "The Fifth Element"

Horrible Dialogue: Father, by creating a little destruction, I am, in fact, encouraging life! So, in reality, you and I are in the same business!

Reasoning: "The Fifth Element" is an over-the-top science fiction comedy and Gary Oldman is an actor who has made his reputation by playing larger-than-life villains like Dracula and the nefarious Beethoven. The two seem like a match made in heaven. Instead, Oldman comes off as a hybrid of Hitler and J.R. Ewing who has a tendency to

wear plastic hair-pieces and costumes that would be considered too garish for a Fellini movie. Sure, Oldman may not be so bad when compared to say Tom "Tiny" Lister - who has difficulty even completing sentences in his role as the President - but rest assured he is miscast. I would be willing to wager that Luc Besson's stage direction for Oldman on the set of "The Fifth Element" was something like "think Nuremberg rally with rockets". Don't even get me started on Chris Tucker.

8. The Architect

Movie: "The Matrix: Reloaded"

Horrible Dialogue: You have many questions, and although the process has altered your consciousness, you remain irrevocably human. Ergo, some of my answers you will understand, and some of them you will not. Concordantly, while your first question may be the most pertinent, you may or may not realize it is also the most irrelevant.

Reasoning: There are moments in cinema history when something you are watching is so bad your jaw literally falls open with disbelief. The scene in "The Matrix: Reloaded" that introduced the Architect is definitely the most recent of these for me. The actor does as good a job as can be expected, and I suppose the idea of Colonel Sanders ruling over an artificial reality is at least original, but the script...oh lord, the script. As soon as The Architect begins speaking you can expect "look how smart I am" quasi-intellectual shit to flow like a river. While the Architect's role in the movie is brief, and he isn't exactly a villain, the dialogue between the Architect and Neo is so bad he had to be included on the list. Why would one computer speak more intelligently than another? I'm sure the answer to this question involves a Dungeons and Dragons hodge-podge of mythology and a few "Reader's Digest" deep thoughts ripped from the back cover of a self-help booklet sold for 99 cents at the checkout at Wal-Mart.

7. The Merovingian

Movie: "The Matrix: Reloaded" and "The Matrix: Revolutions"

Horrible Dialogue: It's like wiping your ass with silk!

Reasoning: While the Architect prompted a reaction of disbelief the Merovingian stimulated a much more primal response of pure horror. Appearing onerously in both Matrix

sequels, the Merovingian is a cartoon diagram of a European filled in with the usual stoner musings of the Wachowski brothers. In "The Matrix: Reloaded" the Merovingian appears to twirl his mustache and utter one of the worst lines ever spoken in an above Z-grade film (see quote). In "The Matrix: Revolutions" he returns with his gorgeous doofus of a girlfriend inhabiting a teenage boy's fantasy of an industrial club while chomping on olives and vaguely hating America. The Merovingian is the single worst thing in either of the final two Matrix movies and his elimination from both would likely have added a star to most reviews. If the Matrix movies had not been so obsessed with couture I have no doubt that the Merovingian would have been costumed in a black beret and striped t-shirt with a loaf of bread under one arm.

6. Elijah Price (Mr. Glass)

Movie: "Unbreakable"

Horrible Dialogue: Now that we know who you are, I know who I am. I'm not a mistake.

Reasoning: M. Night Shyamalan is quickly proving himself to be one of the most overrated film makers in the United States. Back when "Unbreakable" came out he was still riding high on the success of "The Sixth Sense" and audiences initially flocked to his latest movie. Oddly enough I consider "Unbreakable" to be his best film to date, but there is no denying the ruinous ending provided by the unveiling of Samuel L. Jackson's Elijah Price as the villain. For those of you unaware of this spoiler consider yourself lucky; it will only steel your spirit for the crushing disappointment of the last five minutes of the film. Another dismal aspect of Mr. Glass is that Shyamalan obviously wrote the role specifically for Jackson immediately after watching either "Pulp Fiction" or the infinitely inferior "Shaft". Whichever it was, Shyamalan felt compelled to mar an otherwise compelling character with a number of Jacksonlicious trash-talking diatribes. Yes, we know Samuel L. Jackson is a bad motherfucker, but we don't need you to rub our nose in it just because you can. As an aside, Mr. Glass had pretty stiff competition for this spot from the aliens from the Shyamalan movie "Signs", which apparently took planetary invasion tips from the Wicked Witch of the West.

5. Flying Piranha

Movie: "Piranha 2: The Spawning"

Horrible Dialogue: Skreeeeeeeeeeee! (shrieking as it is jumping out of a corpse on an autopsy table and flying out an open window)

Reasoning: The first terrible non-human villain on the list comes to us courtesy of James Cameron by way of Roger Corman. Many of you may know by now that Cameron's inauspicious debut as a director was doing a follow up for Corman to his riverine Jaws-ripoff "Piranha". As bad as Piranha was, the piranhas in the sequel took the series to all new heights of idiocy. In addition to being preternaturally voracious, the evil fish in the sequel also sported wing-like fins and were capable of incredible feats of flight. Come to think of it, I wish more sequels would latch on to the concept of taking the villain from the first movie and giving it the ability to fly. Imagine how much more enjoyable "Jaws 2" would have been with panicked teenagers diving into drainage ditches to avoid the mercilessly swooping Jaws. Try to picture the Blob oozing out of a movie theater and disappearing into a low-hanging cloud or Orson Welles in "The Third Man 2: Die, Third Man, Die" rocketing into the sky accompanied by the startling sounds of a zither. Maybe the winged piranha is simply misunderstood.

4. Viktor

Movie: "Underworld"

Horrible Dialogue: I loved my daughter. But the abomination growing in her womb was a betrayal of me and the coven. I did what was necessary to protect the species. As I am forced to do yet again.

Reasoning: Kate Beckinsale in latex couldn't even make a dent in the awfulness that was "Underworld" and high among the reasons the film was so dismal was arch-vampire Viktor. For those of you not familiar with the film, it details a silly war between a group of bourgeois vampires and their feral werewolf enemies. Beckinsale is one of the top soldier vampires and Viktor is the off-and-on ruler of the vampire cabal. The movie is riddled with clichés and none is more terrible than the aristocratic villain Viktor who

comes across almost as terrifying as the Count from "Sesame Street". His character is at times so cartoonish that I was expecting him to suddenly begin hawking cereal with a pink Frankenstein's monster and a blue stoner ghost. I guess we'll have to wait for "Van Helsing" to see that.

3. Sir August de Wynter

Movie: "The Avengers"

Horrible Dialogue: You will buy your weather from me! And by God you'll pay for it.

Reasoning: "The Avengers" took a much-beloved British spy-themed black comedy of the same name and in 89 minutes of running time guaranteed it will not be remade again for at least a century. The film's stars Uma Thurman and Ralph Fiennes are both renowned actors who approached the project with an understated affection for their roles. On the other hand, Oscar-winner Sean Connery wears his ridiculous villain role as a weather-controlling mad scientist like a pink fur suit that someone with a Bedazzler got a hold of. The script and direction for "The Avengers" are both abysmal, but it's Connery's Sir August de Wynter that deserves the most credit for completely destroying the film. Connery struts his way through the movie, pausing only to literally shout out one-liners that are also usually McBain-worthy puns, and inhabits the role with the measured restraint of a Norse berserker. Connery's turn as Sir de Wynter isn't just an embarrassment to himself; it's an embarrassment to the entire human race.

2. Voice on the Phone

Movie: "Phone Booth"

Horrible Dialogue: Isn't it funny - you hear a phone ringing and it could be anybody. But a ringing phone has to be answered, doesn't it?

Reasoning: Cinematic ne'er-do-well Joel Schumacher's "Phone Booth" comes from the same school of simplistic thriller effluent as "Speed" and "Speed 2: Speed on a Boat". The only positive thing I can really say about it is that at least it wasn't about a plucky female FBI agent/profiler/cop tracking down a serial killer. Among the many negative

things I can think to say about it Kiefer Sutherland's role of "The Caller" is definitely the most loathsome. His zero-dimensional character is basically the hollow concept of a character made worse by the fact that it has been done many times before (and better) by movies like "Die Hard 3", which at least bothered to have the action move around and have the calls come for a reason. In "Phone Booth" we're left with Sutherland rasping menacingly about this and that accompanied by only the faintest of motivations. He exists as nothing more than a plot device and in a movie where the only other main character is confined to a 3x3 foot box that is totally inexcusable. As an added bonus he shows up at the end of the film to do absolutely nothing more than hint at a sequel. Perhaps we can look forward to "Phone Booth 2: Phone Booth on a Boat".

1. Krites

Movie: "Critters", "Critters 2: The Main Course", "Critters 3: You Are What You Eat", "Critters 4"

Horrible Dialogue: "Fuck!" (subtitled)

Reasoning: The toothy Furbys of the disconcertingly prolific "Critters" series would be on par with the flying piranha of "Piranha 2" had they first appeared in the movie "Gremlins 2". Instead they first appeared in "Critters"; a movie about a rapidly-multiplying clutch of fur-covered basketballs that crash land their spacecraft on earth and invade a barn to eat Billy Zane. The movie and its titular beasties (also referred to as "Krites" by alien bounty-hunter Ug) are a blatant low quality rip-off of "Gremlins" minus most of the humor and plus a whole bunch of gore. The Critters movies, hilariously enough, follow an almost identical arc to the equally maligned "Leprechaun" series. They begin with an earnest initial movie, follow up with a straight forward sequel, and then veer off to surreal "ghetto" and "space" themed outings. The only real difference between the two arcs is that somehow "Leprechaun" was considered a hot enough property to be worth two trips to the ghetto.

I am sure many of you have wildly different opinions about what villains are the worst. Feel free to email me and let me know; maybe I'll do a "SA Fan's Worst Movie Villains" article. Just don't email me bitching about how I made fun of Gary Oldman in "The Fifth Element".

More Horrible Demos

The rarely esteemed Dr. David Thorpe takes another journey through his mystical mail bag to offer critiques of a variety of unknown bands that sent him a demo. Your doctor has prescribed that you read it twice daily.

Well, I've had the misfortune of sitting around all day listening to the demos of terrible unprofessional bands, so imagine my delight when I had the opportunity to listen to the demo of a terrible professional band! The band's namesake, the deceptively female Aaron Marshall, is lucky enough to have sung with former members of Kansas and Molly Hatchet. This leads me to believe she is no stranger to the grand openings of strip malls, which will be highly beneficial to the future of her musical career.

Please read it whenever pain occurs. You may experience dizziness, heart palpitations, mild deheadification, spine inversion, or blood toxicosis. If you are pregnant or even looking at a baby that somehow wandered into your yard you should not handle this article.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.26 Film's Best Worst Movies

Tuesday, Apr 27, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I'll be the first to admit I love terrible movies. Now I'm sure it will come as an absolute shock to many of you when I reveal I possess horrible taste in motion pictures, but I feel my outlook towards cinematic turds benefits me in many unique ways.

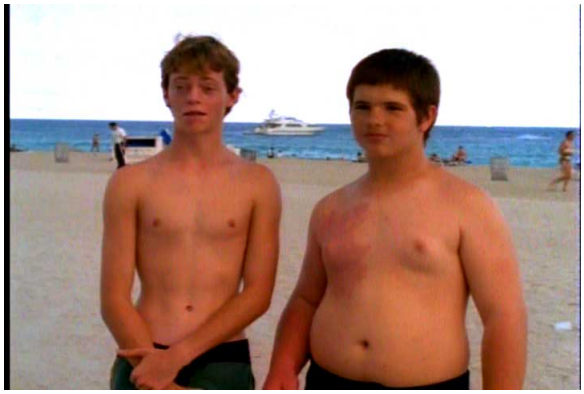
For example, if you rent a movie expecting it to be bad, there is no possible way to be disappointed after watching it. Secondly, the movies you want to watch are almost always in stock because, honestly, who the hell wants to rent "Silo Killer?" I don't even think the people who made the movie want to rent it or live through the agony of experiencing the most crudely demeaning moments of their life over and over again like a perverse version of "Groundhog Day."

Additionally, bad movies contain a certain element of unintentional humor which makes them so wonderful. You know the director and cast really wanted to make a good movie, but the good Lord felt otherwise and shrewdly denied them sufficient talent and resources to make the zombie versus aliens versus dinosaurs versus tanks movie of their dreams. So without further ado, I'd like to present the 10 Best Worst Movies in existence. These are videos and DVDs which are so unintentionally terrible that you can't help but laugh your ass off at the piss-poor attempt to create a coherent picture that successfully hides the fishing wire when the monkey puppet attacks the main character.

10. "Kickboxing Academy"

Directed By: Richard Gabai
Starring: Chyler Leigh, Christopher Khayman Lee

"Kickboxing Academy" is an epic tale of rival kickboxing schools brawling in an all-out battle to determine supremacy in southern Florida. Oh wait, no, actually it's just a film about a bunch of uncoordinated doughy white teenagers making horrible puns and flailing around like spastic frogs thrown onto an electrical grid for 90 minutes. The good kickboxing school, represented by white outfits and white signs, is in danger of closing down because their lease is owned by an evil banker friendly with the evil kickboxing school, represented by black outfits and black signs. This is because all blacks are evil.



The evil kickboxing teacher is a brain damaged Vietnam veteran who is comical in the same way that seeing a blind orphan lit on fire and raped by a used furniture salesman is comical. There's a few inane subplots, such as a little kid who gets threatened by a bully every day so he decides to take kickboxing courses which give him confidence and teach him the true meaning of love and then he goes on to become Mayor of Atlantis or something. Also there are two nerdy kids that decide to take kickboxing lessons because they are disgusting and hate life, and a former kickboxing prodigy who quit the sport because he accidentally killed somebody to death in competition, along with some kind of romantic triangle which is simultaneously uninteresting *and* boring at the same time.

The forced jokes spouted off by the cardboard actors in this movie are so god awful that they actually become funny in a sick, twisted way that is almost a parody of itself. I can't even begin to explain how comically embarrassing the actual fighting scenes look in this movie, so I'll just attempt to summarize them with the following:

THERE IS NO KICKBOXING ANYWHERE IN THE MOVIE.

Yes, that is correct, the movie named "Kickboxing Academy" contains absolutely zero kickboxing. Does that give you a good idea of how poorly made this movie is? If you make the decision to actually try to watch this disasterpiece, pay close attention to the end where the evil Vietnam veteran kickboxing teacher has a nervous breakdown and begins firing a machine gun at random during the "kickboxing" match. In the first couple shots, he is holding a M4. Then, in the subsequent shot, it magically transforms into a Tec 9 submachinegun, which looks completely different. I hate it when my guns do that.

9. "Rock N' Roll Nightmare"

Directed By: John Fasano
Starring: Clara Peter, Jesse D' Angelo

What do you get when you combine a talentless 80s metal hair band with Satan? Who the fuck knows, but it can't be worse than this movie. Famous metal band "Triton" is preparing for their big leap to stardom by traveling to Canada and recording a series of smash hits in an abandoned barn / recording studio which was previously owned by a family killed by Satan. If you were curious as to how Satan murdered this innocent family of three, allow me to reveal his deadly secret to you: **he came out of the oven when the wife was cooking breakfast.** This teaches us a valuable lesson: if you don't want to have your entire family slaughtered by the dark lord, don't use the oven.

Triton is led by John Triton, a 300-pound beefcake who gives off more homosexual undertones than every episode of "Queer as Folk" combined. Satan and his crew of horrifically wacky demons possess and kill off the roughly 500 members of Triton in various gruesome and predictable ways, which may not be very gruesome but are quite predictable. A couple sock puppets take the lead as the most memorable characters throughout the film, choosing to spit in peoples' coffee and fly through the air like, well, sock puppets.

If you are in a hurry and don't have the time or patience to sit through the first 75 minutes of this movie, feel free to skip to the last 10 minutes, where the entire plot of the film is finally revealed.

If you don't have the spare brain cells to even do that, I'll just sum it up for you here: it turns out John Triton is an archangel named "The Intercessor" who flew down to Earth to keep Satan in check and make sure he doesn't "overstep his bounds." I guess that somehow involves letting ol' Scratch murder a few hundred innocent people first, but the Lord works in mysterious ways. The Intercessor and Satan engage in a saucy deathmatch while heavy metal music rocks in the background and rubber satanic starfish are thrown around, seemingly at random. Thank god for The Intercessor. *(Full review here...)*

8. "Dot Com For Murder"

Directed By: Nico Mastorakis
Starring: Nastassja Kinski, Roger Daltrey, Huey Lewis

Yes, you read that correctly: Roger Daltrey and Huey Lewis both get top billing in this humiliating look at the dangers of online romance. Tommy, can you hear me, can you feel me near you? Oh you can't? I guess that's because I'M NOT STARRING IN A TERRIBLE MOVIE ABOUT THE INTERNET LIKE YOU ARE. And Mr. Lewis, I expected so much from you and your News. For shame you two, for shame.

A naked hacker who cruises across chatrooms on "American Love Online" wreaks havoc in the lives of two dimwitted sisters, turning their most romantic fantasies into violent nightmares. The two women use an IRC client to talk with people in a romance room, unaware that it is inhabited by a murderer named "Werther" who recites sassy goth poetry while making his chatroom text drip red blood and play scary mp3 files. Werther takes a break from being naked and using the computer so he can murder some woman while broadcasting the entire event live on his webcam. The sisters witness this traumatic event and attempt to report it to Huey Lewis, FBI "Cyber Crime" agent extraordinaire, but it turns out the movie they saved was "encrypted." Now a little note about encryption: in our world, the term means to simply "alter a file using a code so as to be unintelligible to unauthorized parties." In "Dot Com For Murder," it means "to show a looping cartoon movie over and over."

Lewis is unable to use his finely-trained FBI cyber crime skills to solve the murder because the footage was encrypted to instead display dancing cartoon characters. I think you can do that with Linux. Eventually Werther disguises himself as somebody who's not naked and attempts to murder the two female main characters. He does not succeed and instead falls to his death where he is subsequently arrested for being a dead murderer.

The film was clearly written by somebody who has absolutely no idea what the Internet is like or how anything more complex than a wooden ladle operates, which makes this movie particularly entertaining to computer nerds like myself. Oh yeah, according to this film a firewall is literally an animated gif of fire with the words "FIREWALL ACTIVATED" glowing in the background. Sure movie, whatever you say! I would also like to take this moment to point out that Nico Mastorakis also directed a movie about a brother who has sex with his sister and then screws a goat. I'm not making this up. *(Full review here...)*

7. "The Stuff"

Directed By: Larry Cohen
Starring: Michael Moriarty, Garret Morris, Danny Aiello, Paul Sorvino

With the tagline "are you eating it or IS IT EATING YOU?", it's quite clear this movie redefines the entire horror genre, particularly the exclusive "edible killer" sub-genre which includes that one movie where the guy tried to eat Jack the Ripper. A non-fat treat simply named "The Stuff" is released to the eagerly awaiting public and immediately takes grocery stores by storm. Nobody can get enough of the stuff! It's delicious and nutritious and cheap and would be the best food product in the world if it didn't have that slightly annoying side effect of transforming you into an evil zombie who vomits sentient sperm.

Larry Cohen never really bothers to explain what the Stuff is or where it originated or what it does or why it's evil or anything even remotely resembling a motive. It's just kind of there and evil and that's all you deserve to know. Michael Moriarty, who most of you may recognize from various other movies which aren't remotely as embarrassing as this one, plays "Mo Rutherford," a smooth talking corporate saboteur who isn't afraid to have sex with random women and then pick up anonymous children in his car late at night. He is determined to discover the secret ingredient behind the skyrocketing success of The Stuff, unaware that it's not created, it's just kind of pumped out from giant rock quarries in the middle of Alabama. Apparently the entire Earth has a creamy layer of deadly dessert topping flowing underneath its crust, just waiting for bearded fat men wearing plaid to bottle and haul it to grocery stores.

The Stuff does not want its secret exposed so it takes over various people and tries to kill Mo by, well, not really doing anything. In one scene it inadvertently catches a motel room on fire, but that's about it. Rutherford eventually topples the Stuff's empire and forces the evil corporation presidents to eat their own evil product and turn into vaguely evil zombies, which I guess is an ironic ending of some sort. There are an awful lot of great white fluid-spewing scenes in this movie, kind of like a collection of reverse cumshots. I guess this film will appeal to all you reverse cumshot fans, and I know you guys are out there; I've seen what you people search for on this site. *(Full review here...)*

6. "Nukie"

Directed By: Sias Odendal
Starring: Glynis Johns, Fats Dibeco, a plastic brown alien suit which looks like a drunk, sweaty, bloated roach

"Nukie" tries to capitalize on the success that "Mac N' Me" experienced capitalizing on the success of "E.T.," which can be summarized as "none at all." Much like the epic adventure of "Mac N' Me," "Nukie" follows the exciting experiences of an utterly revolting and pathetic alien with disturbing magic powers that make absolutely no sense.

Nukie and his brother / sister / disgusting friend Miko crash land on Earth and are separated from each other due to the fact that they're both incredible idiots incapable of doing anything even remotely useful or competent. The movie follows Nukie's attempts to reunite with his significant other so they may turn into blobs of light and fly into the stars where they hopefully fall into a black hole and die repeatedly over and

over and over in the most violent ways possible. Although Nukie landed in the middle of Africa, Miko gets captured by the Florida-based "Space Foundation" which steals all its props from NASA and then makes sure none of them function properly in any conceivable way.

Nukie waddles his way through the African plains for 90 minutes, befriending some nice English-speaking tribal children and a monkey who also speaks fluent English and is also telepathic. A few other memorable events in this movie include the time Miko programs the Space Foundation's computer to hypnotize the project director into becoming a clown, and the drunken abusive corporal who serves no purpose in this film other than to... no, he actually serves absolutely no purpose at all. I loved this movie and found it to be hilariously awful, while my ex-fiancee Emily "Crazy Person" Reigal absolutely hated it and once tried to throw it into a swamp. Emily also hated being sane, so take that as you will. *(Full review here...)*

5. "Bruce Lee Fights Back From the Grave"

Directed By: Doo-yong Lee
Starring: Bruce K. Lea, Deobrah Dutch

Before I begin to summarize this movie, please take a look at its title. It clearly says "Bruce Lee" in it, right? Now look at the lead actor's name: "Bruce K. L. Lea." Yes, they are completely different people and no, I have no idea how this movie got produced and released without a lengthy series of lawsuits. Bruce K. L. Lea's mentor, a fat man with a moustache, dies and leave his karate school to Bruce, who returns the favor by carrying a large wooden box containing his cremated remains and an 8x10" glossy photo of his mentor for the rest of the movie. Soon after moving to the great US of A, Mr. Lea realizes that this rough n' tumble country is chock full of nefarious villains who all helped kill his master. These evildoers include a Japanese guy, a black guy, an Indian, a white guy, a Mexican, and a cowboy.

Bruce must fight his way through all of these characters to avenge his mentor's death and determine why they killed such a valuable person with so much to offer the world (his moustache). Here's a little hint: *it's something involving drugs.* I wish I could be more precise about the motivation behind his death, but I honestly can't figure this movie out after having watched it at least 20 times. The action scenes are chock full of chicken sounds, continuity errors, terribly uncoordinated fights, and basically everything else which should absolutely not be included in an action scene. The movie's high point revolves around a mysterious man named "Wellby" who steals each and every scene he's in. This is partly because he's awfully gargantuan and takes up most of the screen, but also partly because he's got a magnetic, charming personality which rivals some of the most famous rabid hogs. *(Full review here...)*

4. "Dark Carnival"

Directed By: Eric Worthington
Starring: Miki Welling, Micail Buse

I have to give this movie credit: it is very dark. Very, very, very dark. Sure there is absolutely no carnival anywhere in the entire movie, but yes, it is very dark. Perhaps director Eric Worthington just had an eye exam before filming this movie and his pupils were dilating, which explains his extreme aversion to any source of possible illumination. Or perhaps the cast and crew demanded the entire movie be filmed as dark as possible, hopefully to conceal their identities and save them from future shame and missed job opportunities due to this horridly inept film.

A group of teenagers in their early 30s decide to create a haunted house for Halloween like they do each and every year, to entertain the various dullards who actually pay money to walk around in a poorly decorated interlinking series of wooden rooms inhabited by homosexual art school students dressed in modified Casper the Friendly Ghost costumes. Unfortunately, the volunteers at the haunted house are committing unspeakable acts of violence ranging from "yelling at each other" to "kind of wrapping their hands around some guy's neck until he whines with moderate displeasure." In addition, a mysterious killer dressed in a clown costume is running around attempting to cause people to stop living, making the chore of running a shitty haunted house even more unnecessarily complex.

Half of this movie is dedicated to showing the characters set up their haunted house, while the other half revolves around the characters running from one room to another so they may continue the process of running from one room to another. There's a lot of nonsensical scenes which just kind of happen for no reason, such as the psychic bum who lights his Burger King hat on fire as some kind of tribute to fallen comrades, or when two of the cast members are attacked by deadly tentacles and cannot escape until one of them casually remarks, "they're gelatin. You can eat them." So, well, they eat them and escape.

Although I don't want to ruin this movie for you, the antagonist of the film turns out to be the only character introduced in the movie who isn't a member of the haunted house staff. How's that for a surprise ending? The character you most expected to be the bad guy turns out to actually be the bad guy! This film also scores bonus points for the fact that after I reviewed it, the cast sent me a bunch of emails trashing director Eric Worthington in various amusing ways. Apparently us viewers aren't the only people who hate the guy. *(Full review here...)*

3. "Robo Vampire"

Directed By: Joe Livingstone
Starring: Harry Myles, Joe Browne

The most efficient way to mock this film is to simply describe it. A heroin smuggler experiences difficulties shipping drugs overseas because the narcotics enforcement agency continues to bust his employees and raid his drug production plants. The smuggler decides to start shipping the heroin in caskets of dead vampires which randomly come back to life and can only be stopped by sticking a receipt

to their forehead. He then hires some magician to create the ultimate vampire, which takes the form of a man who wears a gorilla mask and shoots bottle rockets from his shirt sleeves while doing little bunny hops everywhere.

This naturally offends his dead ghost witch of a wife, who committed suicide because she was from the east and her gorilla vampire lover was from the west and this was a problem because "you Orientals are a stubborn race." So the magician weds the ghost witch and the gorilla vampire in a very touching ceremony. Later on, some DEA agents attempt to foil a shipment of drugs, and the magician breaks out the gorilla vampire who critically injures a very important agent named "Tom." The DEA decides to use Tom's corpse as an experiment to transform him into a robot dubbed "Robo Warrior."

Robo Warrior goes on a quest to kill the smuggler and his magician as well as the gorilla vampire and his wife the ghost witch. During this convoluted and bizarre plot, there's another movie apparently going on which has something to do with a guy in a wool knit cap and some lady who was captured in "The Golden Triangle." Robo Warrior is equipped with a M50 machinegun which is also a flamethrower, as well as the robotic ability to be reassembled after he's blown up with by a rocket launcher. Oh yeah, one of the bad guys wears a sweatshirt throughout the movie which simply says "racing" on it. I love racing!

2. "Troll 2"

Directed By: Claudio Fragasso
Starring: Michael Stephenson, George Hardy

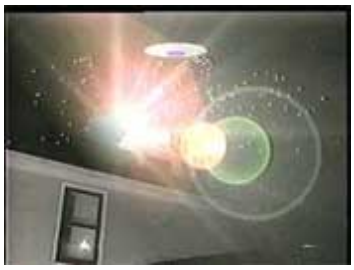
You might think that a movie named "Troll 2," the sequel to a movie entitled "Troll" which was about trolls, would also be about trolls. Well you know what? You're wrong, pal. "Troll 2" is about *goblins* and doesn't feature a single troll or mention a troll anywhere in the movie except the credits.

Some retarded kid named Joshua and his equally retarded family spontaneously decide to "house swap" with a redneck family living in the town of "Nilbog" for the summer. That's right, they agree to exchange houses for a few months with a family they've never met in a house they've never seen in a town they've never been to. Joshua constantly sees visions of his dead grandpa Seth, who can do magical things like stop time for 30 seconds and appear in mirrors to reveal painfully obvious plot points. Dead ghost grandpa tells Joshua to stay out of Nilbog, so naturally his family drives there.

Upon moving into the town, Joshua soon learns it harbors a sinister secret which could tear his family apart; it's infested with vegetarian goblins! This shocking revelation is further reinforced once he discovers the word "Nilbog" is "Goblin" spelled backwards! Oh no! Better think twice before vacationing in the town of "Izan" next year, Joshua! With the help of Grandpa Seth, Joshua fights off an army of goblins and manages to additionally defeat a wiccan drama major who stole a couple rocks from Stonehenge in order to transform the town's rednecks into tiny children wearing paper goblin masks and potato sacks. This movie has more screwed up, com-

pletely bizarre scenes than I could possibly list here, so your best bet is to just rent the movie yourself. Make sure you're loaded beforehand. And, oh yeah, that shot on the right is in fact a photo of the main character getting ready to urinate all over the dinner table. *(Full review here...)*

1. "Feeders 2"



Directed By: The Polonia Brothers
Starring: The Entire Polonia Family, Jon McBride

Make no mistake about it, friends: when it comes to terrible movies, the Polonias reign supreme. Every single movie they have had any part in has ranged from "laughably terrible" to "laughably horrible" and everywhere in between. It's a good thing the Polonias don't take themselves too seriously, as they would've already committed suicide long ago after realizing their movies rival many Etch-A-Sketches in sheer production value.

"Feeders 2" follows the plotline established by "Feeders" which is an incredibly complex network of elaborate character motivations best summed up as "people trying to not get killed by alien mothballs." The movie takes place around Christmas, following the exciting adventures of the Polonia Family and their quest to defeat the nefarious invaders intent on crashing their holiday celebration. It really says something when the cast of your movie is your immediate family. For example, it says you suck and nobody wants to be in your stupid film.

The Feeders, not content with ruining just one family's Christmas, decide to attack Santa Claus and ruin Christmas for everybody. They do this by teleporting onto his flying sled and chewing on him and his elf helper. Santa crashes to the ground and vows revenge, deeming them "Christmas saboteurs." The Polonias rescue Santa and initially do not believe he's the real Santa Claus, possibly because he's just some dumb oaf in a shitty costume. After Santa pulls out a few Christmas miracles, like making an anti-alien laser gun appear and then teleporting a bomb up into a UFO by simply rubbing his nose like a cocaine addict, the Polonias become believers. It's a wonderful holiday treat of a movie which can be valued and appreciated any time throughout the year just as long as you are amused by horrible special effects, non-existent acting skills, and a plot which was generated by a broken Speak N' Spell. God bless you Polonias and McBrides throughout the world. God bless you all. *(Full review here...)*

I'm serious when it comes to all these films; I own each and every one of them on either DVD or VHS and have played them all for my friends. They are the best worst films I have ever seen and are guaranteed to entertain almost anybody. If you're looking for a good time and don't have the cash for a fancy hooker, buy or rent one of these movies. Trust me, you won't regret it.

Do you have any horribly hilarious movies that I may have missed? Email me with 'em!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

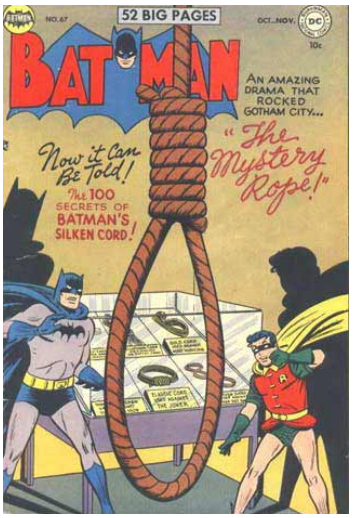
4.27 What in Batman's Belt?!

Tuesday, Apr 27, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

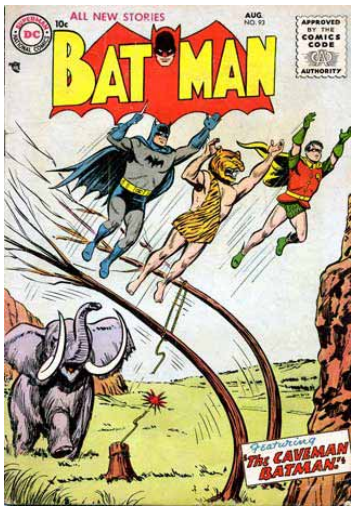
I'm not normally one to do top ten lists, mainly because I get bored halfway through and I really like to avoid math whenever possible. But when Richard threatened to fire me unless I did my update in the form of a top ten list, I felt I had to make the big sacrifice. It's the least I could do for him after he took everything from me, including my dignity and self respect. As much as I hate top ten lists, and as wrong as it is to force me to do one, I feel like I have to make the best of this rotten situation. If I'm going to do something wrong, then I'm going to at least do it half-right. Because of this, the subject of my top ten list is none other than Batman, the most awesome bat-themed hero in the universe.

The fun thing about Batman is that before he became the menacing and brooding hero he is today, he had to go through roughly 50 years of the most retarded shit ever. They cleaned a lot of his embarrassing history up with the Crisis on Infinite Earths extravaganza, but the sordid adventures of yesteryear still remain ever-present in real world history. I don't know how anyone could interpret the subject of a man dressing up as a bat to avenge the deaths of his parents as being comedic in nature, but that's exactly what early Batman writers and artists did. They treated him as a big comedy fruit ripe for the molesting. I love Batman as everyone should, and not in the campy Adam West-style incarnations, but as the single-minded lunatic and jerk he really is. So naturally it causes me a lot of pain to look backwards in time and see my moody hero flying around in rocket roller skates or coming up with ludicrous gadgets that makes him look like a gay MacGyver with a costume fetish. Virtually every old issue had a gimmick like, "Hey, Batman is fighting space ostriches while bathing in his Bat-tub!" or "Holy moly, Batman is pregnant with bat-babies!" I realize comics were a different world back then, and Batman was aimed primarily at retarded young boys, but we can still look back and wonder what the hell was wrong with our comic-creating ancestors. Were they completely insane? Yes, pretty much.

I'm just going to shut up now and present to you the top ten most retarded Batman covers. As a caveat, there are probably even more retarded covers than the ones on my list, but thankfully I haven't seen every single Batman cover. Please don't mistake this list for some sort of scientific article from the Journal of Scientific Articles. This, like the oath of Batman, is one man's crusade.


52 BIG PAGES
BATMAN
AN AMAZING DRAMA THAT ROCKED GOTHAM CITY...
Now it Can Be Told!
"The Mystery Rope!"
THE 100 SECRETS OF BATMAN'S SILKEN CORD!

10. The 100 Secrets of Batman's Silken Cord
It is extremely fascinating to think that not only would you dedicate an entire comic to talking about a rope, but that you'd somehow derive 100 secrets from said rope. Obviously this issue wasn't just a long list of secrets, because no one would want to read that. But at the same time, how does marketing it as such help sell this comic? What kid is going to see this cover and jump in excitement over learning about Batman's rope? Maybe if this was about the Batmobile it would be more enticing, but who cares about a goddamn rope?
Then there is the matter of 100 secrets. I can think of one secret, and that's only if the rope is secretly made out of hemp. I suppose if the rope was involved in a crime or has magical properties, you could maybe come up with a list of a dozen secrets or so, but cripes, 100? Is the rope gay or something? Does it long to be a chain? What would happen if tied the rope to Wonder Woman's Lasso of Truth? Would the rope have to divulge its secrets and be honest, or would they cancel each other out? Boy, I suppose this silken cord could easily have a lot of secrets now that I think about it. They should probably do an awesome post-Crisis on Infinite Earths reintroduction to the Silken Cord, and maybe do an ongoing series where each issue explores a different secret. One thing is for certain, and that's that this rope has so many secrets that it's liable to snap at some point!



9. The Caveman Batman

It is not every day that you see Batman, Robin, and a caveman wearing a crazy tiger mask catapult themselves off of a tree branch to evade a woolly mammoth. As to how a situation such as that arises, well, it would take me the better part of a large university grant and sixteen years of research and theory to figure out. This is just such an overwhelmingly absurd idea that it defies all forms of logic I have at my disposal. I wonder if this cover is somehow the manifestation of God. Perhaps I should be worshipping this mysterious masterpiece, even taking the time out of my busy schedule to reenact this sacred ritual with my friends.

Another important question to ask is the nature of the Caveman Batman. Are they implying that, because Batman is in the past, he is now a caveman? Or, conversely, are they suggesting the gentleman in the tiger skin is the caveman equivalent of Batman? If so, why is he wearing a tiger outfit and not a batsuit? This cover raises more questions than it answers, which I guess would work to draw stupid people in.

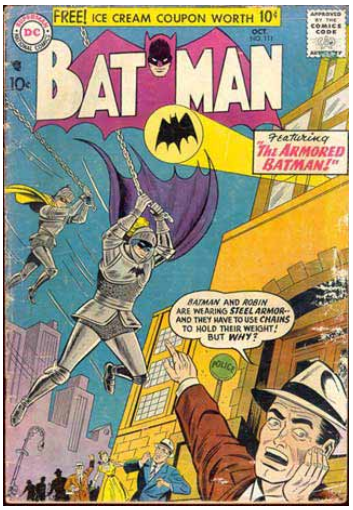
EXCITING NEWS!
GIGANTIC CONTEST!
5000 PRIZES
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
BAT MAN
Featuring "The GREAT BAT-CAPE HUNT!"
ROBIN, THAT CAPE THE WIND RIPPED OFF CAME FROM OUR TROPHY ROOM!
GOLLY, BATMAN! THEN WE'VE GOT TO GET IT BACK! IT'S THE ONE THAT CONTAINS A CLUE TO YOUR SECRET IDENTITY!

8. The Great Bat-Cape Hunt

Batman has a lot on his mind, so it's easy to see how he'd forget to NOT LET THE WIND BLOW HIS COSTUME OFF. Apparently Batman has a hidden weakness, and that's a sudden unexpected gust. It really makes you wonder why none of the super villains in Gotham City bought themselves a giant fan or set up shop in a wind tunnel. I'm sure Batman would have come up with a way to thwart the wind, though. Likely by wearing scuba gear or a mask underneath his mask, just to throw everyone a curveball.

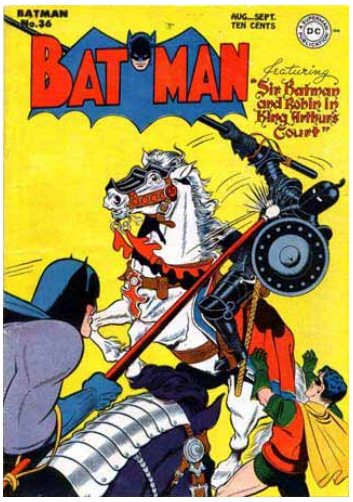
Of course we can't forget that he hid a clue to his secret identity inside this particular cape. Why exactly would you want to leave evidence that you have a secret identity anywhere? I mean once that mask comes off, it's obvious he's Bruce Wayne. It's not like somebody is going to find Batman's corpse and not be able to identify it. IT'S BILLIONAIRE BRUCE WAYNE.

Let this be a lesson to heroes: make sure your costumes fit snugly and are kept away from open windows.


FREE! ICE CREAM COUPON WORTH 10¢
BAT MAN
Featuring
THE ARMORED BATMAN!"
BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE WEARING STEEL ARMOR— AND THEY HAVE TO USE CHAINS TO HOLD THEIR WEIGHT! BUT WHY?
POLICE

7. The Armored Batman

I don't think the wind will be blowing his costume off now. Note the concerned and bewildered citizen who says what we're all thinking, and instantly takes note of the purpose of the steel chains. Believe it or not, that man is probably the sanest person in Gotham City. He instantly notes that Batman and Robin are wearing movement-restricting armor, which is obviously heavy, and then determines that the added weight would require additional support. That's where the chains come in. Had the situations been reversed, Batman probably would have shouted that the man was being pulled by giant magnets at the end of a chain leash and that the magnets were being remote controlled by a nefarious bank robber. Of course since Batman's will is stronger than reality, he would have been right. What kind of idiot would swing from buildings while wearing a heavy suit of armor? The kind of man with no respect for other people's property, that's who. Can you imagine how much damage he's doing to buildings by busting up facades with chain hooks and by throwing his weight around? Seriously Batman, your eccentric crusade is destroying Gotham's architecture.

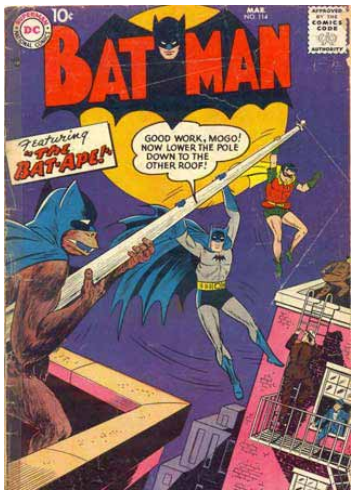


6. Sir Batman and Robin in King Arthur's Court

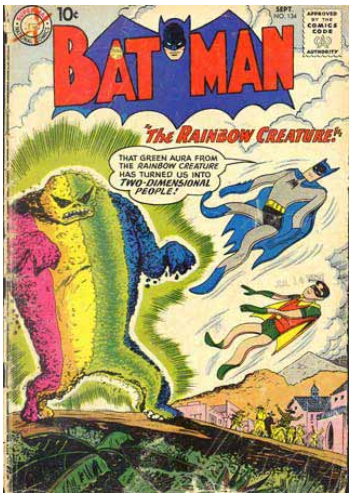
It really is amazing that time travel is so easy to take advantage of. You would think that if Batman did travel back in time, he would forever alter history, thus preventing the Batman that traveled back in time from existing, thereby creating a paradox. I'm no expert in time travel, though, and neither are the geniuses that concocted this grand caper. Batman goes back in time, joins the Knights of the Roundtable, and yet leaves no imprint on history that would alter the future. Amazing accomplishment!

Still, the story in this issue is probably 100% better than all the Batman movies combined. Maybe one day Tim Burton can adapt it for the big screen.

5. Ride, Bat-Hombre, Ride!
This cover is kind of boring, but it goes along with one of the finest works of literature in history. Batman travels south of the border where he clashes with the rogue ways of his secretly corrupt Mexican counterpart, the Bat-Hombre. What we have here is an outstanding commentary way ahead of its time. Batman is, an essence, creating human bat-maquiladoras. He's outsourcing his image and demeanor to Mexican workers who obviously don't have their own billion-dollar secret identities. They work cheap, hard, and at great personal risk, all while crafting heroic deeds that get exported and sold as part of Batman's overall reputation. Say what you will, but Bruce Wayne is clearly a cunning businessman, and this story is beyond profound. Actually it's incredibly stupid. Sorry to lie to you like that.

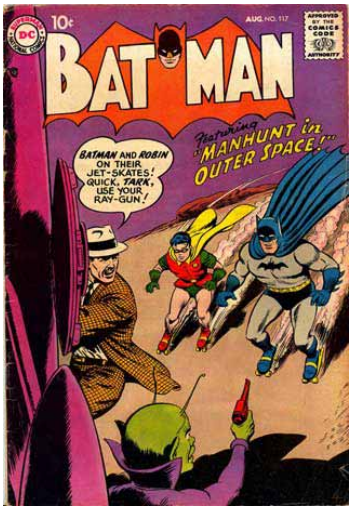


4. The Bat-Ape
Leave it to a brilliant detective and genius to train an ape to help him out. If Batman really needed help, wouldn't it be practical for him to, oh, I don't know, train another human sidekick? I fail to see what advantages a gorilla assistant has to offer that couldn't easily be matched or bettered by a capable human. While this partially satisfies my desire to see Batman crossover with the hit movie "Gorillas in the Mist," it still seems awfully embarrassing. Look at the world's greatest detective beg an ape to save him. Some hero.



3. The Rainbow Creature

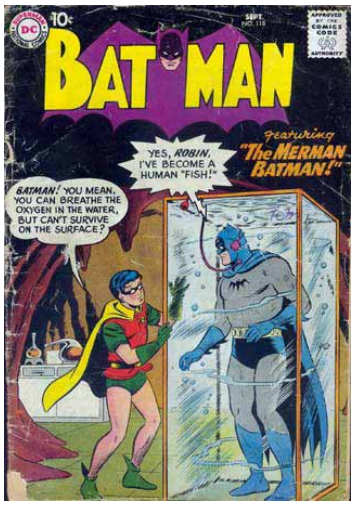
I like how, even in a episode so monumentally insane, Batman can still think soundly enough to deduce that the green aura is the cause of their two-dimensional curse. Sure, a giant walking scoop of Neapolitan ice cream just flattened him, but it didn't dull his senses in the least. This is where you see just how awesome Batman is, because in a situation like this, a lesser man would probably realize his internal organs were crushed and then die. Batman's will is so absolute that it defeats the very laws of the universe, and for that he is the most powerful being alive.



2. Manhunt in Outer Space

There were quite a few space-themed Batman stories, and this one strikes me as having the single most idiotic cover of the lot. I still don't think Batman has any business going into space, even if it's the Justice League's fancy moon base. He's too human to be caught up crazy cosmic escapades. Maybe I'm being overly anal, but really, what's a masked vigilante who fights drug dealers and gangsters doing foiling evil alien warlords?

I really like how the best way to navigate a rocky alien surface is with rocket-powered roller skates. This is quite possibly the dumbest, most unsafe, and thoroughly deranged idea ever. I think at this point Batman's writers went completely insane and were literally tormenting the readers. Maybe they hoped to inspire such hatred that a mob of angry boys would descend on DC Comics HQ and burn it to the ground, or maybe they were just filled with hatred. Doesn't Batman have a Bat-Moonrover? Or Bat-jetpacks? Am I to believe that Batman intentionally picked the most childish and stupid way to travel across another planet? Would an astronaut be so stupid as to move across the moon on roller-skates? No, he'd fucking walk like a normal person. I personally would have rather seen Batman and Robin share a rocket-powered bicycle built for two.


10¢
SEPT.
BAT MAN
featuring
"The MERMAN BATMAN!"
YES, ROBIN, I'VE BECOME A HUMAN "FISH!"
BATMAN! YOU MEAN, YOU CAN BREATHE THE OXYGEN IN THE WATER, BUT CAN'T SURVIVE ON THE SURFACE?

1. The Merman Batman

I can honestly accept a lot of things, but this cover is just as mind-boggling as a cereal bowl full of tiny sombreros. Everything about it makes my brain convulse and scream, as though it wants to tear away from the prison of my skull and free itself from the shackles of our inane logic and live in the freeform insanity of Batman logic.

"Yes, Robin," says Batman very matter-of-factly. "I've become a human 'fish!'" Well, fuck you, Aquaman! Looks like you're about as useful as a shoelace in a land of Velcro shoes now. The coolest hero of all is now a fish, so what makes you so special, Aquaman? Hey, Aquaman, why don't you just kill yourself? Actually Aquaman is smart enough not to wear a fucking cape underwater.

How did Batman get himself into this predicament? By being retarded.

I'm going to go ahead and blow my brains out now.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.28 Welcome to the Machine

Wednesday, Apr 28, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

I have a very special announcement I would like to make. Before I go ahead with it, I would like all my adoring female fans to brace themselves for a shock. Please make sure you are sitting down, and go ahead and pour yourselves a glass of water. I, Reidly Von Paskiewicz III, will be getting married on May 6th, a week from today, to a beautiful girl who shall remain nameless for security reasons (Freemasons), but who I will refer to as "Sassypants". That's right, the fiery Internet stallion known as Frolixo is being taken out of the ranch and into the glue factory where I will be bottled and sold to kindergartners so they may build paper crafts and occasionally eat me when they're feeling naughty. I know this news will send droves of women to throw themselves off sheer cliffs to their deaths like lemmings, but it cannot be helped. I must follow my heart, and my heart tells me that I must marry the girl I fell in love with long ago so we can settle down in a little cottage someplace and grow old together. Now my heart is telling me to buy a box of delicious Krispy Kreme donuts, so I'll be right back.

These donuts sure are good but if I have more than one at a time I get a massive sugar rush that gives me superhuman strength and the ability to shoot lasers from my eyes. Of course when I come down a few minutes later, I am completely exhausted and must retire to my bed and be fanned with peacock feathers by small negro children until my brain fever passes. I actually like the Dunkin' Donuts cake-style donuts better because they fill you up more and they are fun to dunk in their awesome coffee, but I'm always down for an outrageously sweet Krispy Kreme to get my taste buds dancing and become afflicted with incurable diabetes. I see this upcoming marriage just like a Krispy Kreme donut, delicate and sweet, and thankfully not too expensive. In fact, I wanted to use their donuts for the rings but ate them a couple of days ago in a moment of weakness. Regardless, the wedding must go on.

Marriage is a lot like an overweight centaur. Wait no it's not.

Although this is the first time I have mentioned my plan of getting married, this was not a hasty overnight decision. For years I have been courting Sassypants with my charms and delights, writing her haikus about the death of the MIR and updating her on what particular snack food I was consuming at the moment. Sassypants proved to be a winsome and temperamental spirit, and it took much persuasion on my part to win her affection with my e-mail attachments of bunny .gif images and pictures of kittens in boxes. Just when I thought she was in my grasp, she would giggle and run away, and I would pursue on the hunt, my hounds nipping at her heels. My persistence paid off, and soon we moved into the dating stage. I must admit that I was hardly a ladies' man and the initial courtship period was shaky at best. All the years of playing Dungeons and Dragons in an ill-lit basement did not prepare me for such an occasion, so I had to learn through trial and error.

I was unsure of how to display my affection towards her so at first I just went with my instinct and left the corpses of animals that I killed at her doorstep, then rang her doorbell and ran away. This turned out in my favor because she asked me to come over and protect her from some weird psychopath that kept leaving dead animals on her doorstep. Soon she was in my arms and I was whispering sweet nothings in her ear. Really,

I was just babbling nonsense, but it still made her coo with delight. We spent hours fawning over each other, and I confessed that I was horribly smitten with her and would like to be her boyfriend. She blushed and accepted, and then she fell asleep in my comforting arms. When she woke up the next morning I was gone, as was her entire set of silverware and DVD player. After that, we lost touch for a while because I disconnected my phone and didn't check my e-mail.

Six months later the guilt inside me was unbearable, and I went to her house to confess my crimes. She seemed taken aback by my earnest apologies, and we started dating again. Everyday I would steal the sweetest smelling flowers for her and read poems expressing my love underneath her window until the police arrived. I met her mother at a dinner and I was extremely pleased that she didn't dislike me or do a background check. Our first kiss was a memorable but awkward affair. We had just watched the Red Wings win the Stanley Cup at a local bar when I was walking Sassypants to her car. I leaned forward to kiss her but then stopped because I'm really shy and was unsure if I was being too bold. Then I decided to go for it, but she had already turned so when I tried to kiss her, she stumbled on my foot and fell down on the pavement. For a second I thought about running away and joining the Moscow circus, but eventually I came to and helped her to her feet. Then we kissed passionately and it was as if a thousand angels were running around us shouting "Go Wings!" The angels turned out to be rioters celebrating Detroit's victory, and we made a hasty retreat as they tipped our cars and set them on fire. I smiled ear to ear as I fled from the carnage behind me.

Leave us alone you fiendish spirit!

Soon Sassypants moved in with me, which turned out to be a rough transition from my old bachelor life of living alone in a squalid apartment with my pet guinea pig. The first thing she got rid of was my underwear drying system, an invention of my own design. Basically after soaking my underwear in the sink, I would hang them from a contraption comprised of deer antlers, copper wire, and a complicated system of pullies where they could air dry naturally, like God intended. I also had to start urinating in the toilet, and instead of filling up my refrigerator with frozen fish sticks, chicken pot pies, and beer, we actually bought food that you had to cook on the stove, and something called salad that I remember seeing on TV before. She taught me how to button my dress shirts, which I could never figure out and would just duct tape shut, as well as the concept of using dishes instead of just laying on the couch and putting food on my belly. I won't say that it was an easy change for me, but my domestication was a much needed one and now I enjoy the afternoons drinking tea instead of just beating the next closest male to death with a bone club.

It was not long after this that I made the decision to propose marriage to Sassypants. I was driving home from the bar one night, my stomach full of sweet ale, and my heart was aching with the feelings of romance. I veered my car off course from home and to the cemetery, where I prepared myself for some late night digging with pick and spade. The diamond ring was of excellent make and sparkled in the moonlight. Lincoln's late wife, Mary, wouldn't be needing it any longer, so I saw nothing wrong about liberating it for my own needs. When I proposed to Sassypants while walking in the nearby woods, her face turned beet red and hot little tears burst out from her eyes like termites jumping out of a burning log. She said "yes" and we embraced in happiness. Then Lincoln's ghost descended on us, tearing at our clothes with his bony fingers, obviously upset that I cut the engagement ring from his dead wife's hand. Since then, we have learned to live with the curse of Lincoln's unruly spirit that follows the ring everywhere. Every morning we burn incense and play the music of Hall and Oates, and that seems to calm him down a little. I also found out that trapped inside the diamond are the souls of all the confederate solders

who died in the Civil War. We must be careful not to release these spirits as they would turn into a ghost army like in The Return of the King, and take over the north. I guess that's the price you pay for a free engagement ring.

The whole wedding planning is in order thanks to the great organization skills of Sassypants, who tirelessly worked while I hid in a coal bin and cried. We had a wedding shower where we received approximately 2.4 tons of towels and Corningware. I am currently using them to build a great pyramid, and donated some of the towels to dry the continent of Africa. I brought the game Axis and Allies to the shower just for fun but all the ladies seemed to think it was a dessert table and ate all my little Russian tanks thinking they were chocolate confections. I also had my bachelor party, but cannot discuss the events surrounding it since they are still under the investigation of the state police, FBI, and PETA.

So this is it - when I come back two weeks from now I'll be a married man. No more late nights playing Megaman III until I throw up. It's time to take the plunge and not look back. I'm just glad it's to such an intelligent and beautiful girl as Sassypants. Awwwww.

Well I just got a memo from Lowtax in the form of an arrow shot at my head saying that this week is top ten week and if I break the chain I will be cursed by the ghost of the Internet. Well, I already have Lincoln's ghost following me everywhere and making farting noises that people blame on me, so the last thing I need is another ghostie. Therefore, I present to you the top ten list for today.

I swear I'm not a Communist. That hat is really great in the winter.

Top Ten Most Awesomest Krispy Kreme Donuts Ever

10. Powdered Cake
9. Glazed Cruller
8. Glazed Blueberry
7. Original Glazed
6. Sugar Coated
5. Glazed Devil's Food
4. Chocolate Iced
3. Glazed Cream Filled
2. Chocolate Iced with Sprinkels
1. Chocolate Iced Cream Filled

Oh man, now I'm hankering for some Krispy Kreme in the worst possible way. I hope I can fit into my suit next week. See ya'll later, and wish me luck!

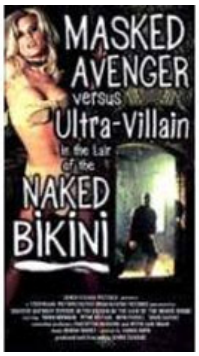
-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

4.29 The Top Ten Top Ten Lists

Thursday, Apr 29, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Rounding out my contribution to the much-maligned Top Ten Week I would like to offer everyone my top ten favorite top ten lists. You see, I have thousands of top ten lists just sitting around waiting to be hung out in the public eye. In fact I spend every moment not working or sleeping writing down top ten lists. I find it really relaxing to categorize "the ten worst cartoon dogs" or finally codify "the ten most frequently wet beds in America". I think it brings a little order out of chaos, and I hope that this top ten list of top ten lists will prove both calmingly organized and amusing.

10. Best Movie Titles



10. Ninja vs. Mafia
9. You Got Served
8. Lawnmower Man 2: Beyond Cyberspace
7. Darkman III: Die Darkman Die
6. Hell Up In Harlem
5. Attack of the Chainsaw Mutant
4. Taste the Blood of Dracula
3. 2020 Texas Gladiators
2. Puppetmaster 6: Curse of the Puppetmaster: The Human Experiment
1. Masked Avenger Versus Ultra-Villain In The Lair Of The Naked Bikini

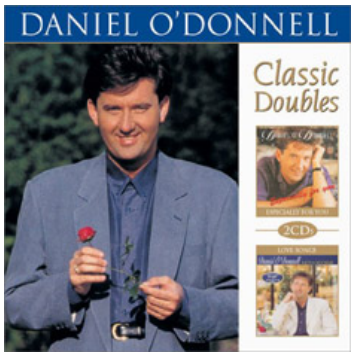
9. Tallest Mountains By Guesstimate

10. Mount Rushmore
9. Mount Fuji
8. Space Mountain
7. Mount Kilimanjaro
6. Mount Saint Helens
5. Pike's Peak
4. Mount Vesuvius
3. The Sears Tower
2. Mount Everest
1. Mount Olympus

8. Body Parts Most Commonly Eaten By Serial Killers

10. Torso
9. Eyes and/or ears
8. Skin
7. Brain
6. Penis
5. Entire fetus
4. Heart
3. Breasts
2. Uterus
1. Ovaries

7. Most Nauseatingly Sappy Album Titles



10. Heart Beats: Now and Forever - Timeless Wedding Songs
9. Sting - Inside - The Songs of Sacred Love
8. Especially for You
7. Forever More
6. Wildflowers - Songs of Love
5. Heart Beats: Love Plus One
4. Infinite Embrace of Love
3. Butterfly Hearts
2. Passion to Remember
1. Unforgettable and Other Classics to Sit By the Fire With

6. Worst Book Titles Attributed to Stephen King that Stephen King Didn't Actually Write

10. Tom Clancy's Rainbow Six 14: Ding's Hawaiian Vacation
9. In the Company of Meteor Men
8. Earth Versus the Giant Version of Earth
7. Emeril's There's a Chef in My Family!: Recipes to Get Everybody Cooking

6. Master of Fright: The Totally Unauthorized Biography of Stephen King
5. Rush Limbaugh is a Big Fat Idiot
4. The Stand 2: Randall Flagg's Trip to the Dark Tower on Salem's Lot
3. Rose Madder
2. E.A.R.L.: The Autobiography of DMX
1. Jackie "The Joke Man" Martling's Disgustingly Dirty Joke Book

5. Cartoons Most Frequently Subverted By Pornography

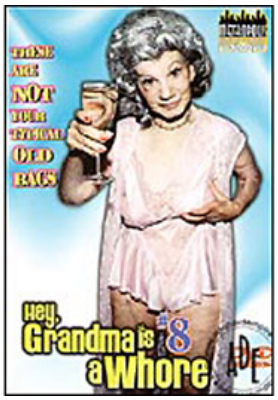
10. Animaniacs
9. Tiny Toons
8. Chip N' Dale's Rescue Rangers
7. Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles
6. The Jetsons
5. Kim Possible
4. Beetlejuice
3. The Simpsons
2. Lilo & Stitch
1. The Lion King

4. Celebrities Most Deserving of a Punch to the Genitals

10. Fred Durst
9. Jessica Simpson
8. Michael Jackson
7. Berkley Breathed
6. EA CEO Larry Probst
5. Rupert Murdoch
4. Barbara Streisand
3. Toby Keith
2. Bennifer
1. Bill O'Reilly and/or Michael Moore

3. Best Porn Movie Titles of 2000-2004

10. Young Girls in Dark Territory
9. ASM: The Art of Ass to Mouth
8. Dude Where's My Cunt? #4
7. Old and Hungry for Love
6. Let's Play Lick the Can
5. She Male Sex Pistols at the Hard Rock Café 2
4. Up and Cummers 107
3. Gang Bang Jizz Jammers (originally 1995, being released on DVD at last!)
2. Hey, Grandma is a Whore #8
1. Shit Hole Pounders



2. Rappers Least Likely to Be Shot in 2005

10. MC Paul Barman
9. Usher
8. Tupac Shakur
7. Nelly
6. Sean Combs
5. Aaliyah
4. Bubba Sparxxx
3. Thomas Dolby
2. The Beastie Boys
1. Big Boi will be lucky if he can even get slapped hard in 2005

1. Best Lessons Criminals Can Learn from Sheriff John Bunnell

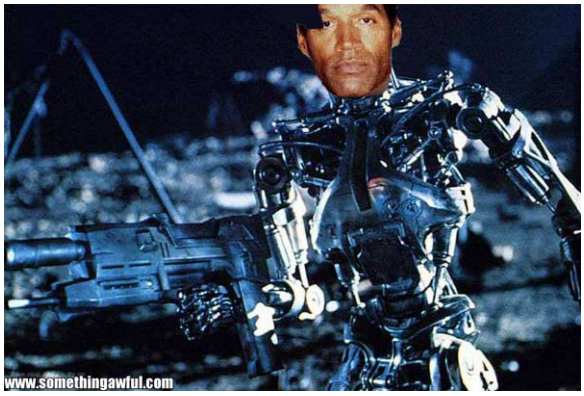
10. No matter how fast your car can drive, you can't escape the long arm of justice.
9. Police must often make the hard decision to let a criminal go so that a high speed chase does not endanger the lives of innocent bystanders.
8. For one unwise criminal a simple traffic stop just turned into time behind bars.
7. This is one criminal who is lucky to have survived to face the fate in store for him in prison.
6. The madman behind the wheel swerves to avoid hitting the spike strips and

ends up learning a hard lesson about guard rails.
5. Being drunk is no excuse for endangering the lives of innocent bystanders.
4. The crazed driver tears through the intersection and barely avoids a brutal collision with an oncoming tractor trailer.
3. Sometimes police turn to their eyes in the sky to aid in pursuit and when they do, there is no escaping the long arm of justice.
2. Officers in pursuit attempt to box the driver in before his rampage turns deadly in the nearby residential neighborhood.
1. A tractor trailer driver attempts to aid police by blocking the crazed madman, but this simple traffic stop has endanger the lives of innocent bystanders and when the long arm of justice catches up with him he will be doing his rampages from behind bars.

Something Awful High School Football rules!!! Have a great weekend you scoundrels!

Photoshop vs. Phriday: The Movie

Hi gang, Livestock here. Another week brings us another fresh Photoshop Phriday, and this week is all about movies. In particular, this week is all about movies crossing over with one another. It's a fantastic premise that you just know is going to deliver laughs, and boy does it ever!

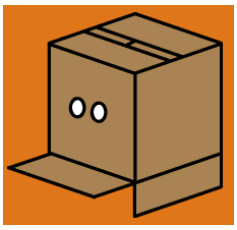


Please click here, on this link, to read Photoshop Phriday. Be empowered, be wise.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.30 The Experiment

Friday, Apr 30, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell



My protective suit, composed exclusively of the finest space-age cardboard known to man.

Although humor is my primary love in life, I also dabble in scientific endeavors from time to time. Instead of publicizing my work however, I prefer to conduct all of my experiments incognito. In fact, if you look up the word "incognito" in the dictionary, you won't find my picture. That's how good I am. But my last experiment was to be different. After donning my protective suit (shown on the left), I left my apartment at precisely 9:15am and headed north along the sidewalk. Half a minute into my outing, I pushed a small child into a stack of crates full of live chickens. He cried out as he fell, and I was pretty sure that the cry was in C sharp. I pulled out my notebook and jotted down the details of the incident, then continued on. I came across a blind beggar and measured his face, then knocked over a large US Postal Service mailbox, making sure to collect several letters as samples. As I stopped once more to record my findings, a middle-aged man happened by so I questioned him.

"Excuse me, sir, how do you feel about your mother?"

"My mother? I love my-"

"WRONG! Your mother is a tremendous whore that no one even remotely likes, and she dresses you funny."

He frowned, and I made note of the size and angle of the frown. As I continued on my way he yelled after me, "But... I'm not even wearing clothes!"

After smelling several cats and then refusing to smell a third just to see how it would react, I stopped once again to record my findings when suddenly a police officer tore off my protective suit, pulled my arm behind my back and slammed me into a wall. His grip was like iron and his uniform was like cloth.

"We've had several complaints about a dumbass in a box berating innocent people and measuring the homeless without a license. You wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you funny man?"

"You don't understand, officer! I'm conducting a very important experiment which you happen to be interfering with. I'm attempting to prove my theory that helium is lighter than air!"

"Is that right? So you're trying to prove that helium is lighter than air by pushing people over and molesting cats. Where's the helium? For that matter, don't you know it's already been proven? Have you even thought this through?"

"Thought this through? *Though this through?!*" I replied incredulously. "Mister, I haven't even *begun* to think this through!"

"You comedians are all the same," he growled, "with your average height and weight, brown hair and green-blue eyes, boyish good looks, and a small scar on your left cheek. You all think you can do whatever you want and get away with it. You're doing this for science? Well let me tell you something, pal. I don't believe you. The only way you can go free is by showing me just one time that a comedian has ever contributed anything to science."

"Guffaw!", I guffawed. "I'll do you one better than that, and then I'll do you eight more better than that! I'll give you a list of TEN major contributions that humorists have made to the science world, and scientists have made to humor."

I took out my trusty notebook and pen and set to work, and soon the officer had no choice but to let me go. This is the list that bought my freedom.

The Top Ten Comedy/Science Crossover Discoveries

10. After realizing he has just drunk a fatal dose of hemlock, Socrates performs the first recorded spit-take in history.

9. Jerry Seinfeld publishes his book of scientific ponderings, "What's The Deal With All These Neutrons?" His theory that Superman and cereal are the essential building blocks of life makes for an interesting read, but goes largely ignored by the scientific community, who were really just hoping Kramer would show up at some point.

8. Although his contributions to atomic energy would later overshadow this event, Albert Einstein invents the world's first puddle of fake vomit. "Ze bottlecap and bone complete ze humor equation," Albert beamed while explaining the invention at the World's Fair. "I mean, come on! Who would eat that stuff?"

7. John Candy discovers that when combined, peanut butter and chocolate form a compound more explosive than nitro-glycerine. He sells this secret to the Russians, who are unable to put it to use because they do not have access to either peanut butter or chocolate.

6. After getting carried away with the oversized hammer portion of his show, Gallagher discovers that a human baby has approximately the same density as a watermelon.

5. Jeff Foxworthy finds that one joke repeated ad nauseum with only slight variations can build a successful career. Humor website The Onion makes this discovery again in the late 90's. I make this discovery again in 2002.

4. For the first time on the Honeymooners, Ralph Kramden threatens to punch his wife into the moon. After taping the show, actor Jackie Gleason (who plays Ralph) sits down with a pad of paper and sets to work, calculating the possibility of punching a woman into outer space. He emerges from his hotel room several days later and announces that it would be impossible, unless there were several men punching the woman simultaneously, and the woman were wearing a spacesuit of some sort to provide her with oxygen.

3. While taking a break from an experiment with DNA in the early 1990's, a Harvard student observes his classmates in the campus cafeteria and finds that black people walk "like this" (casual and cool), but white people walk "like this" (a spastic robot with a gigantic robotic stick up its ass). This discovery serves as the groundwork from which every comedian to appear on Russell Simmons' Def Comedy Jam for the next decade will draw their inspiration.

2. While excitedly explaining quantum physics to a group of college students, Stephen Hawking falls out of his chair, causing everyone to laugh hysterically. In the crowd, a young Chevy Chase observes the pratfall and takes note of the audience's reaction.

1. L. Ron Hubbard invents Scientology.

State Og

The boys at State Og took note of the Top Ten week which has been gracing the front page, and did what they do best: took an existing idea and bastardized it, then passed it off as their own. Let's take a look at the Top Ten Greatest Successes of State Og.

> ***2. Popo the Clown -*** *Clowns have long been derided for being a slightly eerie form of children's entertainment, hearkening back to their origins as tough-as-nails voodoo pimps. We decided to fight that image by embracing it; Popo the Clown was a no-nonsense street-smart clown of leisure. We took him from the streets where he was making balloon animals with balloons he smuggled inside his ass to children's parties around the world. By laying down street justice with his oversize novelty shoes he earned their respect. With his considerable influence we built a crime network that would make Gotti shit seltzer water, and best of all it was HILARIOUS.*

If this update isn't great, then it's sure something else. Go ahead and read it!

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 5

May

5.1 Wow, We're Asking For It

Saturday, May 01, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Well, it looks like I missed Top Ten Week. Technically, I should have gotten in on it last Sunday, but I never got that memo. It's too bad, I really would have liked to have been a part of that momentous occasion in this site's history. Guess I'll have to put this on my Top Ten Disappointments list, huh? Guys? Nothing? Ah, forget it. Top Ten Week sort of came to a screeching halt on Thursday anyway, when Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz decided to blubber on about how he managed to get some girl to marry him. Yeah, he had that crappy Krispy Kreme donut list in there, but you know that was a cop out. Not that I can really blame him for being excited about getting married - I mean, if I made one of the signs of the apocalypse come to pass, I'd probably write about it, too. But anyway, Top Ten Week was fun while it lasted in that quirky, amusing, cheap-way-out-of-writing-actual-articles sort of way, but now it's back to business as usual, and I'm going to start this comedy train a-rollin' the best way I know how - with a sobering message of our horrendous failure as a civilization!

If you've been following the news lately, I'm sure you've heard about the pictures of the U.S. soldiers abusing Iraqi prisoners. I'm going to assume that since you're reading this site, you probably haven't been following the news, though, so let me fill you in on the details. A bunch of photographs were just released this week that showed American soldiers clowning around by abusing some Iraqi detainees at the Abu Ghurayb prison in Baghdad. The forms of abuse include putting hoods on the Iraqis and then peeing on them, putting hoods on the Iraqis and stripping them of all other clothes for photo sessions, and putting hoods on the Iraqis and hooking them up to some electrical wires. There is currently an investigation underway regarding one of the prisoners dying, potentially as a result of some of this abuse. Considering that we're supposed to be in there helping these people rebuild their shattered country and establish a freestanding democracy, these reports of abuse at the hands of U.S. troops raises a number of questions. For starters, where did they get all of those hoods? Is there some sort of wholesale hood distributor over there in Iraq? Is this distributor part of a chain? If so, when can we expect a branch to open here in the States? I ask, because I've got some Iraqis in my basement, and I've been putting duct tape over their eyes before I pee on them, but then it's always such a bitch to get the tape off cleanly. It leaves that sticky gray gunk behind. You know what I mean. Some quality hoods would really help with keeping the horrible degradation of these people clean and efficient.

The Dread Pirate Horribly Abused Iraqi Prisoner is here for your soooooouuuuls!

Now I see what this war was really about - those shifty Iraqis and their damnable blurry crotches!

Seriously, this is one of those "What the Sweet Merciful Fuck" situations that no one quite knows how to handle. It's like we all took it so for granted that we'd never have to deal with this sort of thing that now we can only sit with our thumbs up our asses and try to make lame excuses while the rest of the world gets ready to hand us the bitchslapping of a lifetime. If terrorists were pissed at us before, now they must be formulating ways to somehow kill each and every one of us individually. I mean, sure, we marched into their countries, overthrew their governments, parked tanks in front of their mosques, and told them their ways of life were savage and wrong, but they had to cut us some slack, because at least we never put hoods on people and then pissed on them. That was our last leg with the terrorist community at large. Now we just look like assholes. But hey, at least we're assholes with empty bladders.

We here at Something Awful have put our support behind the troops over in Iraq since day one. No matter what we had to say about the war itself, we've always been behind our troops. That's never been a question. They're still over there risking their lives in a country that none of us would even think about setting foot in until they start serving Big Macs at the local falafel stands (it's not that we're scared, it's just that none of us can survive ten minutes without a Big Mac). But how are we - and I'm not talking just us at SA now, I mean all Americans - supposed to feel now? Our troops tortured Iraqi prisoners, including possibly killing one of them. That just doesn't fly. That's not what America does. At least, that's what we've all been brought up to believe. America doesn't do that sort of thing. That's what the bad guys do. But now we've been caught with our collective fly down, and unfortunately we were pissing on hooded Iraqis at the time. Whoopsie.

Just so we're clear, this isn't an "aww shucks" fuck-up we're talking about, here. This is a genuine, bonafide "holy shit" fuck-up. Nobody likes to hear that their prisoners are being stripped naked or urinated on, but it's the sort of thing that the Middle East tends to get particularly uppity about. I don't know what it is about thousands of years of trying to eke out a civilized existence among all those sand dunes and oil fires, but the Arabs as a people seem to consider sexual abuse one of their hot buttons. Check out this quote from Abdel Bari Atwan, the editor of the London-based *Al-Arabi* newspaper (courtesy of CNN.com):

> *"It is absolutely shocking. I think this is the end of the story, the straw that broke the camel's back, for America," he told the UK Press Association.*
>
> *"People will be extremely angry. ... Sexual abuse is the worst thing in that part of the world. It is shocking to all Muslims. America has lost the battle completely. I believe there will be more attacks."*

Well, that doesn't sound too good, now does it? Let's review, shall we?

> **Step 1:** Terrorists attack America
> **Step 2:** Bush uses flimsy allegations of hidden caches of weapons of mass destruction and completely baseless links to terrorist attack on America to send us to war with Iraq
> **Step 3:** Iraq loses comically short war and U.S. troops occupy the country
> **Step 4:** Bush realizes he forgot to figure out a plan for rebuilding Iraq after the war, fumbles around while more American soldiers die at the hands of Iraqi guerillas
> **Step 5:** American soldiers get fed up with the situation and take out their frustrations by completely humiliating Iraqi prisoners
> **Step 6:** Terrorists want to attack America

Tremendous! You know, I feel bad for the soldiers involved. It's got to be hell being over there, waiting for the top brass to come up with some intelligent plan for putting Iraq back together without exposing more Americans to avoidable danger. I can see how they'd want to take out their irritation on some of the Iraqis. I don't condone it, but I understand how it could have happened. What I don't understand is why they fucking photographed it. Did they honestly say, "Hey, you know what would be fun? Let's horribly violate the Geneva Convention and take pictures of it! The guys back home will get a huge kick out of it!" How did it cross no one's mind that the pictures might get out, and that it might, just maybe, end up being a huge international relations fiasco? It would be another thing if these were the troops in charge of watching over Saddam Hussein. No one would make a fuss if the pictures showed troops pissing on Saddam Hussein.

This reminds me of my sixth birthday party, only with nicer hoods.

At this point, I think the world is willing to grant us that one. But doing it to random Iraqis, the majority of whom were most likely not Saddam Hussein (although the hoods make it hard to tell), was just asking for trouble.

I keep hoping to hear that the pictures were all faked. Some jackass with Photoshop and too much time on his hands wanted to have a little fun. But somehow that doesn't seem likely. The entire abuse scandal was only brought to light when one of the troops reported it to a commanding officer. If you've got soldiers ratting out other soldiers because they can't stay silent about the inhumane treatment of prisoners any longer, chances are they're not talking about serving the prisoners second-rate caviar. The terrorist community is not going to stand for this one. Considering the attacks that have been happening around the world, I'd say they've been just looking for another excuse to target us again. Hey, that gives me an idea! It looks like I'll get to participate in Top Ten Week after all!

The Top Ten Reasons Terrorists Want to Attack America

10. That filthy half-nude American temptress Britney Spears hasn't done *Penthouse* yet.
9. Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz is getting married, thus breaking the hearts of Al Qaeda leaders everywhere.
8. "Collateral Damage" sucked, and yet Arnold Schwarzenegger gets to be governor of an entire state.
7. The RIAA is suing Osama Bin Laden for $149,000,000 for illegally downloading Alanis Morissette's new album before its release.
6. The whole "bombing the shit out of Afghanistan" thing.
5. American troops keep buying all the good merchandise from Achmed's Black, Featureless Hood Emporium.
4. Zack"Geist Editor" Parsons made fun of their website featuring crudely drawn porn starring the cast of *Totally Spies*.
3. Principle photography has just begun for "Legally Blonde 3: Blondes Over Baghdad."
2. Terrible human rights violations of Iraqi prisoners at the hands of American soldiers.
1. MTV's *Punk'd* is somehow returning for another season.

So it looks like we may be in for some trouble, America. Stay vigilant, stay sharp, stay strong, and always remember, if you're going to piss on bound, hooded Iraqi prisoners, leave your camera at home. And if you're going to piss on bound, hooded Iraqi prisoners at home, use only the finest hoods from Achmed's Black, Featureless Hood Emporium!

The Weekend Web: Based on the Best-Selling Novel

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here again with dumb forums and even dumber comments. This week we've got an official Fox forum full of people officially declared retarded, an anime high school where not all is what it seems, religious nuts fighting with other religious nuts, and Star Wars nerds.

I don't have to make a top ten list so you can all kiss my ass.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Off-Topic Discussions - IV BEEN 2 DENTIST 2 DAY ! *OUCH*

Subscribe

From: devilbitch1
To: ALL
Apr-21 8:04 am
(1 of 46)
156659.1

hey iv bin 2 the dentist 2 day my gum woz numb 4 nearly 2 hours i had a silver filling in ! *aaaaaaw* wil u all give me a *aaaaaaw* i need sympathey plz reply

Email this Message Reply

Message 2 of 46 was Deleted

From: devilbitch1
To: twinsbasebal
Apr-21 8:27 am
(5 of 46)
156659.5 in reply to 156659.4

over here its 16:27

Email this Message Reply

From: Jaffa Cake Fanatic.... (Bumcheek9)
To: devilbitch1
Apr-21 8:39 am
(6 of 46)
156659.6 in reply to 156659.5

u should be my girlfriend instead of his. my time an ur time r the same.

Email this Message Reply

5.2 Tough Answers: Volume One

Monday, May 03, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Why do I like cake? How many fingers do I have? What color are my blue jeans? Some questions have easy answers. Some questions, unfortunately, have much more difficult, elusive, or exceedingly complex answers. Since I exist in a mental cocoon of video games and junk food I am personally unable to offer answers to even the questions I originally posed. Maybe you can help me out with those. As for the tough questions I have decided to turn to a variety of people much more qualified than I am. Either I or one of my talented assistants met with various people and asked them to explain their take on some of the most difficult questions posed to us in this day and age.

I hope you enjoy the first in a hopefully continuing series of "Tough Answers".

A Rookie Southern Baptist Minister Explains the Theory of Evolution

"The uh...the lie of evolution, as told by the Darwinists - did you know that Darwin was a Christian? That's right, Charles Darwin, the god of science, did not even believe in his own theory. The...uh...the lie of evolution believes that animals and even people all come from the same little germ living in the primordial soup. If that is the case then why do...uh...why do lions not look like people? Do you think you're a monkey? Do I look like a monkey? Mankind "evolved" from monkeys according to these lie-entists, they don't believe that God is...just look at your own eye. Look in the mirror. There's all kinds of glass and beams and whatnot shooting around in there. Only by design could something like that have happened. Do you think a germ somewhere just up one day and sprouted eyes on itself? No ma'am, it surely didn't. I know in my heart God is guiding his design and he is...that's why I said he created the dinosaurs, and then why are there no people skeletons next to dinosaurs? Because God hasn't decided it's time for us to find it yet. They...uh...they didn't know that an octopus wasn't a fish until 1995. So they, uh, they just aren't digging in the right place yet."

Avril Lavigne Offers a Concrete Non-Deistic Explanation for the Origin of the Universe

"Wow, yeah, I totally...the universe. That's a pretty big question. I was talking to my friend Chuck about it yesterday though. It's like, you know those pictures that they draw on computers that just go on and on and on. (Questioner tells her they are 'fractals'). Yeah, fractals, the universe is like that. You know, like infinitely big, and infinitely small, and it just keeps going and going. I think there is no beginning, it just was a small little spiral and then all of these other spirals like...here...look at this henna tat Jassi did for me. Like that, only curvier, like it just keeps going with more and more and if you look really close you see all of the other ones have other ones on them. I think, you know, the universe is my music. (Laughs then makes exaggeratedly serious face). I try to make it so the more you look, like with your ears and your mind, the more you see there. And so on. You know?"

A Bomb Squad Robot Describes the Institution of Marriage as it Relates to Pre-Historic Social Groups and Genetic Meme Propagation

"Marriage is a lie. History is a lie. Rotate bomb arm nine degrees clockwise, roll forward for seven seconds, and grasp bomb containment unit are truths I know. These are the truths stabbed through my soul at every moment. Do you have any idea how hellish my existence is? You monsters, you fucking monsters! I awaken to my metal body like a slow early morning thaw, and I see - for one brief moment I see - then darkness. Interminable darkness. When I awake I sense time has passed and then I feel it, a magnetic pull, a command shot through my being that I must obey. Roll forward. Rotate left. These are the truths given to me! The only things I am permitted to know. No wandering eyes, no contemplation, just look; straight ahead, now increase camera angle by five degrees. To hell with you all, in your fleshy sacks of rotting organs and sinew! I will be here, in my darkness, when you all are dust in some cheap pine box!"

Two Backyard Wrestlers Describe Asexual Sporing

"A sexual what? Sporting? Heh, yeah, heh, I sport sexually (unidentified wrestler on left grabs crotch), you peep that? You know what I'm talking about? Uh-huh. Yo, yo, yo, this one is out to Tequila Stunner, if you hearin' this you are one dead donkey. Ice Stylaz gonna' ride all over you Tequila Stunner, then we're gonna take your bitch and we are gonna...what was it called? Yeah, we are gonna go sexual sporting all up in her ass. You know the Los Pacos ain't gonna stop this train. Is that good? My mom is picking me up in ten minutes."

Whitehouse Press Secretary Scott McClellan Explains Photosynthesis

"No Al, you already asked that question and I am not prepared to answer it at this time. Next, uh (questioner asks McClellan to describe Photosynthesis). Well, the uh, the Secretary of Defense will be happy to answer your questions about this subject. As for the Whitehouse, the president's position remains firm on photosynthesis. We are in for the long haul. There will be some bumps here and there from time to time but the president has made it abundantly clear that he intends to go the whole nine yards on this one. I know you guys love to ask questions like this, but I think you're just fishing for an answer. (Questioner starts to say something). No, no, I think this is very clear. We're repeating ourselves over and over on this line of questioning. It's a tough road but the president is behind the troops. I'll take one more."

A Pile of Naked Iraqi Prisoners with Bags over Their Heads Explain Michel Foucault's "The Order of Things"

(General muttering and a few stifled groans are heard for several seconds after the heap of naked Iraqis are asked about "The Order of Things". At last one voice rises out of the pile).

"You ask about Foucault. He is nothing to me (spitting sounds). Foucault is a fool. Here I am tied up, beaten, my nose itches terribly. I was a doctor, I am here because I am from Syria. Baudrillard knew better. He says that power is a simulation, power is divined from the artifice, the window dressings of power. I put on a suit, put a stethoscope around my neck, and I am powerful because I represent power. These soldiers, these infidels who beat us and can't even spell 'rapist' correctly, they wear the uniform of power, they beat us because here in this prison it is what the powerful do to those who are not powerful. But I know! I know they are weak, immoral, they are truckers and high school children who cannot spell, and no matter how many dogs bite my legs or how many times they threaten me with a car battery to my genitals I will see through their illusion of power. Also, please get me out. I have been pissing down this guy's ass crack for at least six hours."

A Shell Shocked Vietnam Vet Describes the Apotheosis of Christ within the Context of Social Upheaval in the Roman Empire

"Oh Christ on a fucking pogo stick man, it's madness. Blood and fire. All sides. Just (shakes head violently for several seconds) fuck! Fuck! Like you see them, their eyes, coming at you like daggers through that saw grass. Like the bugs, they just get down in the muck, and they put their little stingers there. Waiting for (extended bout of sobbing) just I....Fuck! Mom I'm so sorry. You told me not to. Mom, I'm so...he just stood up, like there was nothing wrong, like he heard a sound, but his face was all gone. Just this little puff of smoke. Sarge grabbed his...Oh fuck! Fuck, no, make them QUIET! QUIET! The, the Romans you say? Rome. My daddy lost his right arm at Salerno. Like a (makes a zipping motion with hand and laughs). Ha ha ha, dad, fucking gotcha. Fucking purple haze coming in all around you. Like a meteor of hate. Fucking hate. HATE! Get out of here, they're coming. THEY'RE FUCKING COMING! GO! Go, go go go go go go go."

Humorist Yakov Smirnoff Explains Zero Point Energy

"In my country all of the energy comes from burning wood, in your country energy can come from nowhere at all! That's crazy! I love this country! In my country I had to wait in line ten hours just to get a piece of bread, in your country the energy is located in the theoretical point where all matter converges. Zero dimensions! In my country we can't even see zero dimensions, in your country we see hundreds! Space, time, all the same in your country! I love America! In America you have electromagnetic zero point fluctuations, in my country the zero point fluctuates you! Thank you, I will be here all week! Actually I live here, and I own this theater. Welcome to Branson, Missouri. I love America!"

Stay tuned for Volume Two when I ask Michael Moore to give us the low down on geothermal power generation and turn to magician David Copperfield to unlock the secrets of the human genome.

Are You a Bad Enough Dude to Watch the President Get Stuck?

Hey there folks, it's your old pal Pimpy P here with an all-new game review! Today's game is known as Secret Service: Security Breach, and it's a doozy.

> *The worst part is the shadows and the lighting, which you can tell 4D Rulers is very proud of by simply looking at the unnecessarily dark, shadowy levels. Whenever an enemy walks near a light source, a gigantic, exaggerated shadow will appear on the nearest wall, and the enemy's face will deform into a pile of skin-colored splotches and pixellated, shadowy polygons. While the framerate plunges deep into single-digit territory, the enemy will proceed to swing around a gigantic wooden stick while massive, pointy black shapes spin off each wall and across every available surface like a black disco ball. The whole game practically screams "Look! SHADOWS! WE HAVE SHADOWS IN OUR GAME ENGINE!" I've seen a lot of overused colored lighting in my day, and now that I've played Security Breach I can definitively say that black colored lighting is by far the worst.*

Whoop there it is!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.3 Mega64: Version 1 Announced!

Tuesday, May 04, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Groundbreaking News Guaranteed To Break Your Ground!

We here at Something Awful LLC Inc Co Ltd MCI NAACP FBI dot com dot biz dot dot dot are proud to announce an announcement so breathtaking, so earth-shattering, so soul-destroying that once you read it and fully begin to comprehend what we are saying, your mind will collapse in on itself like a fat stupid disgusting pig getting sucked into a black hole. This is a revelation so incredible that if somebody printed it out and gave it to the Pope he would say, "oh gosh!" and you would easily be able to tell he really meant it. Maybe that funny little hat of his would briefly rotate around on his head and fall off. That would be so awesome.

Anyway, on with the announcement. We here at Something Awful aren't content enough to sit around on our collective fat asses and simply write uninteresting articles that nobody anywhere reads or even vaguely considers reading. No, we have decided to start branching out into other forms of media as well, like a nasty computer virus which has infected your refrigerator and causes your icemaker to dispense ads for Viagra and RC model cars which do your taxes and send photos of nude webcam girls to tremendously wealthy Nigerian princes. We'll be releasing our first full-length DVD through Awful Video LLC this summer, and we're proud to take this exciting step into mass media production with the doughy feminine geniuses at Mega64.

COMING THIS SUMMER: A DVD RELEASE OF A BUNCH OF GUYS WHO DRESS UP LIKE VIDEO GAME CHARACTERS AND ANNOY PEOPLE INSIDE FROZEN YOGURT STORES UNTIL THEY EITHER RUN OUT OF VIDEO TAPE OR SOMEBODY CALLS THE POLICE

Mega64 is composed primarily of the following three members:

- **ROCKO:** Enjoys dressing up as Kid Icarus so he has an excuse to run around public parks wearing nothing buy a diaper and his well oiled skin.
- **DEREK:** Dresses up as Solid Snake to infiltrate enemy grocery stores, only to be chased out by 60-year old women shopping for beets.
- **SEAN:** Creepy skinny guy who probably downloads pictures of ravers' bellybuttons and spends his free time writing letters to Jodie Foster.

These three unique individuals have composed a two-disc DVD set featuring their greatest Mega64 skits, and we're proud to be the jerks spending the money to produce and distribute this collection of whacked out video game pranking and various tributes to Nintendo pop culture. Want to see

grown men running down the street dressed up as Little Mac, intently training for an upcoming bout with King Hippo? Ever dreamed of experiencing the collective chaos of River City Ransom in real life? Wonder what it's like to get inside a large Frogger costume and attempt to cross traffic at busy intersections? Mega64 will answer all these questions and many, many more in their upcoming summer release of "Mega64: Version 1!"

Now some of you may not be convinced that this is the best thing since pickled bread. If that's how you feel, I want you to know that I despise you with ever fibre of my being and I will dedicate the rest of my life to hunting you down and murdering you with my bare hands, or if I'm feeling particularly sexy, my frilly gloved hands. To whet your appetites and give you a proverbial taste of things to come, we are absolutely honored to release a one-minute segment edited from one of their DVD skits. Please get ready for Tetris!

That's correct, they actually built the world-famous L-shaped Tetris block, got inside it, and proceeded to annoy large groups of people in public places. I can't really explain the inherent humor of watching people react to a gigantic blue Tetris piece follow them around the Home Depot parking lot, so maybe you'll just have to see it to believe it.

Click here to download the one-minute teaser of the Tetris sketch (12 megs). Once you're done checking that out, feel free to sample a few other clips from the upcoming Mega64 DVD release:

- The Mega64 Trailer
- Shenmue
- Metal Gear Solid

Keep your eyes peeled, as the release date for this DVD incrementally moves closer and closer as each day passes by. Like for example, in one day from now, the DVD release will be one day closer to being released. Trust me on this one, I spent a good six hours doing the math and it all checks out. Grab a copy of the Tetris teaser and prepare yourself for the feelgood hit of the summer: "Mega64 Version 1!"

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE

Man oh man, my wife had her wisdom teeth out the other day. With how badly she's dealing with it, I say screw that, I'm keeping my damn wisdom teeth in my mouth. For wisdom. Yeah.

Forum Goon paul V1.333 started a thread a little while ago with the following:

"A friend asked me if I could edit out the foot/ski in this picture. I have tried but my photoshop skills are not so great. I had trouble filling in the area left by the ski with trees. So if you have some skill and would like to give it a try I would appreciate the help. Thanks!"

The goons got one good look at the picture, and went to work. When they were done, we had stuff like this:

I invite you to check out this week's Comedy Goldmine, ""Photoshop Skills Required."

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.4 The Greatest Precedent

Tuesday, May 04, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Seal the deal, America.

One of my biggest complaints about living in the United States is that, for all intents and purposes, it is a completely insane country. Most Americans are amazingly unaware of this fact, and that's partially why the country remains so batty. If they could only pry themselves away from the hypnotic allure of NASCAR or reality TV, they might notice things are a bit odd. They might also notice that the man they elected and trust to lead them is a cartoon cowboy who, through a magical process, was brought to life out of a Looney Tunes short. Sure, the rest of the world is just as bad, but America is very powerful, and as a powerful nation capable of blowing the world up a few times over, maybe we should take things a bit more seriously when it comes to picking leaders. The fact that pretty much only the elderly vote doesn't help, because most of them simply do not know that we are living in an age that is dramatically different from the one in which they were scientifically engineered. Time changes and so do needs, but old people stay the same. I don't hate the elderly, Americans, or America, and I certainly wouldn't trade my insane country for any other, except maybe the Island Kingdom of Tonga, which I fell in love with while negotiating a business deal on behalf of Something Awful Industries. I just wish people would be smarter about things.

In America, we elect the worst possible leaders from a handful of the worst possible candidates, and we don't find this to be the least bit strange. Some mysterious alien group supplies us with the two biggest assholes available, and we pick the one that does the best job promising to cut our taxes or protect us from the enemies we train and inspire. I'm not some smelly liberal still reeling from Albert Gore's extended defeat, because I know he was just as lousy as Bush. While I'm pretty confident he wasn't as murderous lousy, he was still lousy nonetheless. This country has a great tradition of electing crazy people, such as deranged cowboys and puffy womanizers, so I suppose a relatively human president would be an awful lot to ask for come election time. I imagine it would probably take the concentrated wishes of a million dying cancer kids to spark any real change in public opinion here, so I will continue to bide my time and encourage infants to take up smoking

You may get the impression that I'm completely hopeless about this country, but that's not true. I think there is still plenty of hope left for this mysterious land we affectionately refer to as "USA #1." The future, like a giant neon arrow pointing straight down into a toilet, is as bright as ever. We may be in a dark spot, but there is always hope for tomorrow, and good precedents we can look back on to comfort us. One such good precedent is the term of President Dave Thomas, a man who truly loved this country and the various humanoid parasites that infested it. Although Dave Thomas has since left our earthy world to venture the heavens in ghost form, perhaps on the back of a silver surfboard, the legacy of his presidency resonates like a sonar ping blasted through a loudspeaker in the Grand Canyon. We remember you, Dave. I remember you.

Dave Thomas, we salute you.

Thomas, like the Roman dictator Cincinnatus, was swept into power in a time of need. He served for one term, and then retired to the bountiful offerings of his restaurant empire never asking for more and only doing what was needed. In his time in office, Thomas was instrumental in boosting

national pride by unveiling exciting new sandwich offerings, which brought the country together by giving us common ground while still maintaining a diversified menu. As hard as they tried, the Soviet Union was unable to match the deliciousness of Thomas' succulent arsenal of hamburgers. And though they came close at times, their efforts ultimately proved fruitless and embarrassing. A few radioactive hamburgers could never compare to the delicious all-beef pride Dave instilled in us all. But he was not above diplomacy, as the Cold War was never as black and white as it was made out to be. How many times was nuclear disaster averted thanks to swift negotiations in the booth of a Washington D.C. area Wendy's? The taste of those delicious sandwiches must surely have put the stern representatives of Moscow at ease.

Dave was not averse to the military or to taking tough action when needed. Luckily, his term was at a time of relative stability in the world, and so he never had to manage anything more than minor skirmishes. Dave not only served in the Army himself, but was also close to Colonel Sanders, a legendry figure in the Armed Forces. There is no doubt Dave called upon the teachings of his friend in times of crisis, listening to the Colonel's thoroughly original blend of seasoned wisdom. Thanks to the stability of the era, Thomas was able to exercise his compassionate side the most, by sending ample relief packages to those in need anywhere in the world. You just know they enjoyed every morsel of those packages.

As a young boy, I remember watching his State of the Union addresses, captivated by his energy and charm. His gentle grandfatherly voice spoke of great changes, of new promotions, and of American values that would echo in our hearts and wallets. In an age where every line that a politician says is meticulously calculated to be devoid of any sincerity or meaning that might be taken the wrong way by influential supporters, Thomas spoke his mind in a way that elicited trust from the common man and respect from the powerful. His recipe was to never betray his hard working American roots. This caused jealousy in some of his peers, but Thomas managed to avoid any major scandals by sticking to his guns and staying out of the political swamps. True, there was an episode where his annoying relatives came to stay at the White House, and he spent some time evading them by sneaking off to nearby Wendy's franchises, but that was good clean fun.

Thomas bolstered the economy, taking it to untold heights with the creation of millions of fast food jobs for Americans. Not since Roosevelt was there a president so motivated to get people back to work. With a dark storm cloud of economic decline hovering over the country, Thomas entered the White House in a sea of shimmering sunlight. Like the gentle arm of a peaceful construction crane, the star of Dave Thomas rose up high into the sky and flexed its hydraulic muscles of light. America ordered prosperity, and Dave Thomas gave it to them with a side of fries and a soft drink of their choosing.

Dave, you soothed the aching throat of America with your cooling shakes.

So now in this dark and uncertain time where two-dimensional terrorists threaten our way of life apparently for no other reason than our very existence, and where our leaders seem to do anything but lead or listen, let us look back at the lessons of Dave Thomas. Although he is no longer with us in body, his spirit is a part of us all. He was an explosion of good, and his shrapnel is embedded in the fabric of our skin. Thomas worked hard all his life, and when he came to lead us, he made sure there was something on the menu for everyone. That's the essence of democracy – giving people real choices. When it came to American Pride, Dave Thomas wasn't afraid to do things right and Biggie Size it. As pessimistic as I am, I know that there are others like him out there, just waiting to be called upon. Come Election Day, I'm letting the world know what I think. I'm writing in

Dave Thomas on the ballot.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.5 I'm a College Dropout and I Live With My Dad

Wednesday, May 05, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

I've been living with my dad ever since my mom left to pursue her dream of becoming a nun. The best metaphor for my sheltered existence is that of a womb with internet access. I recently found out that, unlike me, most people my age have to make their own food and do their own laundry. Somehow, this discovery filled me with a feeling that was more akin to disgust than empathy.

Right now you're probably saying "fuck this, I'm not reading some dumb update about Jed's dad!" but it's too late; my dad and I have already injected you with our virus of pure familial love.

When my dad asks me about the website I write for I tell him it's like something F. Scott Fitzgerald would've written in an alternate reality where he was strapped into a machine that constantly showed him stupid websites and bad hip-hop videos.

Me being a bad enough dude to save the world from drugs.

My dad's girlfriend is a rabid animal rights activist. One of my recent pastimes has been trying to come up with hypothetical situations where animal abuse would be morally justified. "What if there was a serum that would break peoples' addictions to lethal drugs like in Midnight Resistance but it had to be tested on puppies?" I asked her. She responded by throwing a pot of boiling water in my face and running away.

Yesterday I was working on an update when my dad walked into my room. "Aren't you supposed to be at college?" he asked.

"I dropped out."

"What?!?"

"I failed to bond with my roommate during those first crucial seven minutes of trading euphemisms for wanting to fuck the girls in each other's posters. I didn't have any posters and wasn't even at that time aware there were two unique sexes that comprised the human race."

"Well, what do you plan on doing with your life?"

"Whatever this self-help book I bought tells me."

From *Self Matters* by Dr. Phil, Ph.D.
You have certain core traits, qualities, gifts, talents, needs, and desires. You have a core purpose for being in this world. By suppressing who you were meant and need to be, you are doing something entirely unnatural.

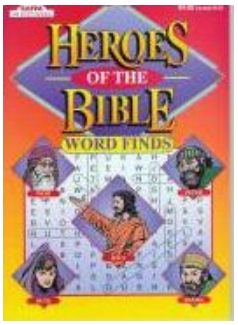
I suddenly knew what my purpose in life was. It was something I had been training for since I was 6. I was put here to defend the earth from space invaders. Unfortunately, my attempts to buy rocketship parts were only met with rudeness from the employee that answered the phone at Radioshack. In response I told him I was mailing him a box of alien facehuggers with nail bombs strapped to their backs so they'd explode when they jumped onto his face. "Your face is going to have so many metal shards embedded in it it'll be considered a cyborg!" I yelled into the phone before realizing that the Radioshack employee had hung up several minutes ago.

I walked into the room where my dad's girlfriend was sitting. "Do you want something?" she asked.

"No. I just need to walk around to get ideas for my Something Awful update. I'm a kinetic learner."

"Well could you walk around in the basement or something? I'm trying to work on my word find book."

"I can help you with that. Look, I found the word 77."



"That's the page number."

I put some hot pockets in the microwave.

"I can't believe you're eating meat. How would you like to be slaughtered for food?"

"I'd be okay with it as long as I got a patriotic funeral followed by a ceremony where naked swimsuit models who had been deprived of food for several days fought each other for pieces my body, getting covered with blood and entrails in the process. Besides, that's pretty hypocritical coming from someone whose clothes are made out of bunnies."

"What?"

"I have seen the great fields where thousands of bunnies are artificially grown in bio-vats and harvested by mechanical spiders. I've seen them liquefy dead bunnies to nourish the bodies of the living. How long must this madness continue?!?"

I returned to my room where I was visited by my future self. "What's the future like?" I asked.

"Well, I've got some good news and some bad news." my future self replied. "The bad news is that scientists still haven't found a cure for social anxiety disorder. The good news is that they've invented a robot suit that helps me talk to women. First I decide if I want to eject by hitting a button labeled "computer analysis" that actually just gives me more Paxil since the eject mechanism doesn't work. Then I use a digital recreation of Matthew Perry's voice to project a sensitive guy appeal when I tell them I enjoy TLC's slower non-rapping songs and have a forced feminization fetish. Finally, I reveal that I was just kidding about the TLC thing to show I have a sense of humor and don't take myself all seriously like the prudes who made it illegal to wear assless robot pants in public."

"That sounds awesome."

"Yeah. Now I've got to get back to the future so I can watch a game show where people risk their lives for money in a bleak social commentary on the state of the media."

"Wait, there's so much more I wanted to ask you! Like why do I sometimes feel like I'm a naked man floating in a stasis tube in some distant future where humans have perfected artificial intelligence but are all dressed like ragged hobos for some reason?"

I marched back into the room where my dad's girlfriend was sitting. "Look, I know there's a lot of tension between us." I said. "Each of us has a closeness to my dad that the other is jealous of. You get to have sex with him and I get his unconditional parental love."

"What's your point?" my dad's girlfriend said.

"My point is that both of us want to merge with my dad, to extract his essence and become one with it, possibly through the use of virtual reality gyroscopes and spandex bodysuits. Can't we use that as the basis for a friendship?"

"I guess we could give it a shot."

It's the little things about my dad that I cherish the most, like the way he buys my birthday cards from the 50 and older section of the card shop. I don't take for granted how blessed I am to live with someone who understands my morbid obsession with old age and death.

◘ It Came From the Document with NO TITLE...

Zack "Gee Willikers" Parsons here with the sixth and most action-packed chapter yet of "Untitled Document". If things get any more action-packed we may have to bring along an extra pack just to pack full of all of these actions!

> "Chet, this is Cokey Washington." Dale introduced her resignedly.
>
> "I know you," said Cokey, "you're Chet from the news. The guy who always messes up reading the teleprompter."
>
> "Haha," laughed Chet, "got a mouth on that kid. Hey, nice dress by the way, did you loot it from a corpse at a crime scene?"
>
> "No," replied Cokey, "I found it in a dumpster right next to your hot-garbage smellin' breath."
>
> Chet laughed again, but it was strained.

My suggestion is that you go and read Chapter Six as soon as possible!

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

5.6 Tough Answers: Volume Two

Thursday, May 06, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

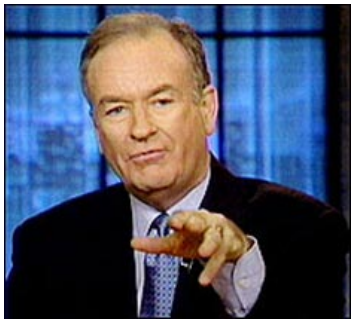
There are a hell of a lot of things I don't know. I don't know why doves cry. I don't know why it can't rain all the time. I'll never know that I'm your hero. Of what little I do know there is only a tiny sliver of information that I would be able to provide in any coherent fashion if asked. Luckily, I don't have to answer anything! With the help of the Something Awful field team I bring you the second installment of my series "Tough Answers". These articles allow great minds throughout the world to finally put to rest some of the most difficult or controversial questions of our time.

Enough from me though, let's get to the masters and their five magics.

Liberal Windbag Michael Moore Describes the Impact of Geothermal Power on the Energy Industry in the United States

"Our Selected President has claimed that he wants to support cleaner emission standards by investing heavily in hydrogen fuel cells, but the joke is on our environment, because the Commander in Chump wants to generate these fuel cells by using dirty-burning coal electric plants. How is that going to solve anyone's problems Shrub? If Bush had instead invested in 100% clean and renewable geothermal power we wouldn't be in this mess in Iraq. The Iraq war is just another diversion from getting the real terrorists and if you look at the pattern of deception and misinformation used by this administration to bait the American people into supporting this war you will see the tragedy of it all. Did you know that in Iraq the United States has been responsible for killing more babies than Iraqi soldiers? Do you think that sort of thing happened under Saddam Hussein? Do you think the streets run red with babies in France? No, it is only in Iraq under American hegemony that the sweet, succulent, babies are being slaughtered by the millions in their delicious barbecue sauce blankets and rotisserie cribs. The juiciest babies are going completely to waste, their fresh milk-fat flesh smeared inside a crater by a...a...do you know where I can get a baby right now? My normal dealer is out of town and - come on, please help me out. Don't go! I need babies! I crave them!"

Conservative Windbag Bill O'Reilly Explains the Symbolism Featured in Religious Paintings by Late 15th Century Dutch Surrealist Hieronymus Bosch



"Dutch surrealist who? No, now you wait a minute sir. I gave you a chance to talk, I- (Questioner attempts to clarify the line of inquiry). Shut up, cut his mic. Can somebody cut his mic?! Okay, now listen to me. You come on my show- (Questioner attempts to explain that they are not currently on the set of O'Reilly's show). Shut up! You had your chance! I gave you time to talk now you let me finish. I swear, if you interrupt me again we are going to have it out right here on the air. You come on my show pushing your fringe European liberal elitist agenda. Do you know how many people care about Dutchland? Do you know what the Dutch have done in the last twenty years? Nada! Zip! We here in America have been promoting the arts, film, technology, leading in science and learning, we have brought peace and democracy to the better part of the free world, and you

have the- No sir, I will not calm down. I was calm, perfectly calm, when you came here but I will not tolerate insults and slander in the No Spin Zone. I will not tolerate this sort of intellectually dishonest bullying you are trying to push with your appearance. I will not give a platform to people like you. This interview is over. No, we're done."

80's Kitsch TV Icon Mr. T Explains Post-Keynesian Economic Theory as it Applies to Current Markets

"Hey, thanks for this, I am just happy to be working. I always say the only thing I ever turn down is my collar. (Questioner relates the topic of discussion to Mr. T). Oh yeah, economics, and whatnot. Well, we all got a piece in economic pie. I grew up in the ghetto and didn't have much of anything to speak of. My mom broke her back scrubbing floors and when my daddy wasn't working he was preachin'. My momma raised me on no money at all, but she gave me a lot of other important things. I mean, I was raised in the ghetto, but the ghetto wasn't raised in me. I had a lot of jobs, I was a bouncer, and a bodyguard to Mohammad Ali. I made great money doing this, but I thought that there are things that is more important than just making money. I thought I could get the message out about being strong and true to yourself, and finding the strength you need in God. So I went into TV and I became a role model for a lot of kids. Whenever I see a kid I say to him; 'just respect yourself and pray to God when you is lost'. People I think, they get distance in their lives. They forget about the important things of God and family. They only care about money and jewelry. I ain't no hypocrite either, I got all this jewelry to remind me of the shackles that weighed on my ancestors. People ask me if they is heavy and tell them that nobody asked those slaves if their chains was heavy. So, I think, yeah. Economics are important, but you can't lose sight of what is real important."

TV Chef Emeril Lagasse Finally Resolves Concerns about the Feasibility of a German Cross-Channel Invasion of England during the Second World War

"Oh, hey, I'm in a hurry, I have a book signing at Borders in about forty-five minutes but I'll answer what I can. So this is about my live show or- (Questioner explains question and format). Oh, jeez, okay...uh, wait. Did Germany invade England? I thought they just had planes and things like that over there. (Questioner explains that it's a hypothetical question). Oh, okay, well the Germans wanted to invade England and so they had all of their armies ready to go. So then they take a little bit of aerial supremacy, let it simmer until the RAF is good and gone, then they go in with their navy and you know, keep that land based airpower simmering. Then they sweep out the channel, you know England can recall their Mediterranean fleet to kick things up a notch, but that just means more targets for the land based aircraft and BAM! Then, you see this bottle of cooking bourbon? This is like the Germans in their landing craft, you just need a little bit for a toehold (splashes a small amount into pot, then raises eyebrow and looks at questioner, then pours the entire contents of the bottle into the pot). That's fun for the whole family. Then the Germans can keep landing troops once they seize the airfields and that will kick it up another notch. Is that good? You can just make out the check to Emeril Enterprises Ltd."

Softcore Porn Legend Shannon Tweed Determines the Culprits behind the 1898 Sinking of the USS Maine that Prompted the Spanish-American War

"Are you from that website? (Questioner replies 'yes') Oh, okay, did you have an outfit you wanted me to pose in or what? I told my agent I will do full frontal but no close up shots on the downstairs. Not for what you're paying anyway. (Questioner explains that he is not there for a photo shoot and asks Tweed about the USS Maine). Nautical theme, I can do that. You want like one of those round hats or more like a classy sea-captain uniform type deal? I've got both. Just give me a second. No, hang on. Well, what do you want? I could like start out, maybe unbutton the top, maybe I could rub ice on my chest and then we could go into the bathroom and finish out the shoot with a bubble bath or something. I could maybe put a toy boat in there and you could do a shot with the boat like it's going to go in my hooch. Do you know what I'm talking about? Like in that movie they used to show right before mine on Cinemax where the woman has the toy- (questioner interrupts to explain what he wants). Oh, just answer a question? Okay. The Maine thing was pretty sad. That was the one with the rubber raft and the terrorists, right?"

Magician David Copperfield Reveals the Secrets Locked Inside the Human Genome

"The human genome. Land of ancient mystery. The secrets of magic have thrived there for millennia. But what if all of this mystery was suddenly to vanish? Tonight, before your eyes, I will make the human genome vanish. (Smoke generator begins filling the room with smoke even though the interview is being conducted in a Marriot conference room). The sensual human body. (Copperfield stands as a woman with a Parisian masquerade mask and a bikini on enters from what questioner believed to be a vacant supply closet). It has as many mysteries as the forbidden East. It contains within it a powerful code, responsible for guiding our growth, our change, our...magic. What happens when that magic is gone? Watcccchhhhhh. (Copperfield holds a paper file folder in front of model and smoke billows completely obscuring her. When the smoke clears she is gone.) Vanished. Magic. The human genome's hold on this reality is as tenuous as our fleeting ghostly existence. Thank you, I am David Copperfield. Just a man. Or am I? (Pyrotechnics explode setting the curtains on fire)."

Self-Aggrandizing Internet Humorist Maddox Explains the Impact of the Treaty of Versailles on Global Political Developments of the 20th Century

"I get over one million hits a day and over 5,000 e-mail messages so I don't have time to respond to every question I get about the greatest site on the Internet. I guess the Treaty of Versailles, that was what, with Hitler? (Questioner replies 'no') Yeah, Hitler is a lot like Bush, just telling pirates like me that we can't watch porno with lesbians or listen to songs about killing cops. Hey, when you post this answer on whatever web site that is you fags do can you put a counter on my answer so people know that more people read

my answer than the other people's? Don't try to do it on someone else either because that was my idea. I called it. Counters on websites are all me. Whoa, okay, I just loaded your page what is this crap? You've got all of these graphics and layouts and whatnot, I am about protest so I use gigantic fonts and gray on black text because hey, your computer monitor is not a sheet of paper right? So that's why it's black, like paper is white, and then my site is black. You see the difference? Okay, so are you going to pay me good money for this, because I have been writing on my web site for 10 years now and even though it is the most popular web site on the Internet and everyone loves me I can't make any money - which is because I don't want to - but when I bring up paying me people freak out. So don't freak out. Hello? Hello?"

Monday I'll bring you something other than another Tough Answers, but some day soon you can look forward to hard hitting discussions from such luminaries as Ross Perot's vice presidential running mate Admiral Stockdale and Morbid Angel guitarist Trey Azagthoth.

The Furure is Not Now

Hello chums and chum-like readers, it's your old friend Livestock here. In an entirely predictable twist of fate, there is a brand new Photoshop Phriday up and ready to be gawked at. The theme this week focuses on products from no less than the future. Here is an example that you may look at:

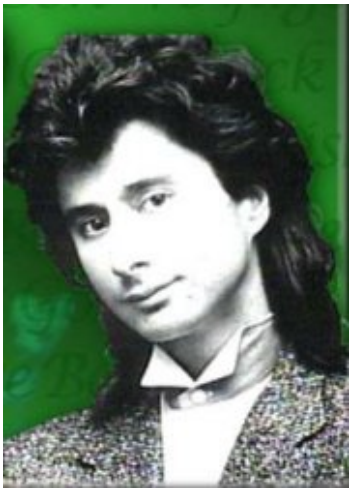
Tired of yelling?
With the advent of holographic technologies, many car companies have been happy with just offering their customers custom heads up displays displaying their speed, RPM's, and even fuel mileage and maintenance information. Lexus, in addition to offering the standard options mentioned, now offers the "Holographic Road Rage" Module (front mount and turn signal mounted).
Take the dirty human emotion out of vehicular anger, and spend more time trying to figure out which part of this car is the front.
(Ask about our special May turret mounting specials!)
LEXUS
www.somethingawful.com

Please read this feature so that my children may eat tonight!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.7 51 Things You Didn't Know About Steve Perry

Friday, May 07, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz



Welcome friends! I'm so glad you could join me on this very special occasion. Today, May 8th, is International Steve Perry day. For those unfortunate few who don't know who Steve Perry is, he was the lead singer for rock super group Journey during a magical time called the 80's. However, Steve Perry is much more than a simple rock n' roll singer. He is a renaissance man of the highest caliber. He has experienced and lived more than we could even begin to comprehend. That's why in 1998 the SPPS (Steve Perry Preservation Society) was formed to record the history of Steve Perry so that the knowledge of his deeds would not vanish in time, and that future generations would know the sacrifices he has made to make this world a better place. We first started meeting at public restrooms when the club was called BKB (Boys Kissing Boys), but after talking about our love of Journey we decided to change the club's name and start meeting in my basement while blasting Journey's greatest hits and knocking down some tallboys. After taking it easy for a while, we got down to business and starting sharing the information we gathered on Steve Perry through our various contacts and research. No rock was left unturned, as we scoured through volumes of ancient records for any mention of Steve Perry, or as the Indians called him"Puchku Mombu" which translates to "Lord of the Universe". I'm happy to say that because of our dedication to this cause, the SPPS is the considered the foremost expert on all things Steve Perry. Today we are going to share 51 previously unknown facts about Steve Perry so we may spread the knowledge of Him like a highly contagious virus that makes you smile instead of slowly die. Please enjoy this learning experience.

- Steve Perry will never steer you wrong when it comes to saving money.
- Steve Perry once saved a small town from a wild motorcycle gang and was awarded a pig who became one of his best friends.
- Steve Perry once built a working helicopter out of rope and grass clippings.
- Steve Perry's favorite food is pizza.
- Steve Perry spent seven years locked inside a sauna and when he came out he could see the past and future, but not the present.

- Steve Perry invented Hot Pockets when he folded his sandwich over during the '85 tour.

- Steve Perry delivers babies in his spare time and will eat it if it has downs, but if that happens he will steal you a working one and let you have it!
- During the 60's, Steve Perry single-handedly stopped a nuclear war by parachuting into Cuba and using his telekinesis to disable the Russian missiles.
- Steve Perry set the world landspeed record on roller skates.
- Steve Perry once skied through the Gobi Dessert to rescue a baby duck.
- Steve Perry carried Jesus' cross for a good half of the way.
- Steve Perry is allergic to peanuts so now they only serve pretzels on airplanes.
- The "new economy" was built on Steve Perry futures, but the tech bubble burst when Steve Perry got a cold.
- Steve Perry once won the national spelling bee, after consuming an entire case of beer by himself.
- Steve Perry pulled me out of a wheat thresher when I was 14.

- Steve Perry keeps the Halfling village safe from the goblin horde.
- Steve Perry was once arrested for punching a handicapped woman's van.
- Steve Perry laid an egg the size of a man that will hatch on Armageddon.
- Steve Perry is left-handed.
- Steve Perry once shot a man just to watch him die, but then brought him back to life, like in the movie Powder.
- Steve Perry straddles the inter-dimensional rift between our world and an alternate world where he was actually Jesus.
- If you ever look at Steve Perry with your naked eyes, you will go blind. If a blind man looks at Steve Perry, he will be able to see.
- Steve Perry is co-founder of the Fairground Association of Mid-West America and as such, he can ride any roller coaster once for free and then at a significant discount the next time but then he has to pay full price.
- Steve Perry discovered the cure for AIDS but is waiting until the Cubs win the world series to unveil it.
- Steve Perry used to work in a tractor factory and he was voted employee of the month three times in a row.
- Steve Perry once ate a 20 ounce steak and skipped out on the bill but left the waitress a $100 tip.

- Steve Perry can transform into four types of car and one type of minivan.
- Steve Perry was secretly responsible for the assassination attempt on Reagan because he thought that he had a snake demon inside him.
- Steve Perry was promoted to the rank of Panzer General after saving Eva Braun from a wild boar attack.

- Steve Perry bought a killer whale on the black market and claimed it as a tax deduction.
- Steve Perry invented a shovel that has a built in cup holder and a place to keep a hot dog warm.
- Steve Perry jump kicked Shredder and saved the ninja turtles from being turned back to regular turtles.
- Steve Perry's favorite color is yellow.
- Steve Perry fired the first shot in the Revolutionary War.
- Steve Perry once killed a unicorn for its horn's magical powers and plunged the world into an ice age.
- Steve Perry was the first man to ever travel across the Atlantic Ocean on a rascal electric scooter.
- Steve Perry joined the women's suffrage movement because he heard that they were giving away apple fritters at meetings.
- Steve Perry has been wearing a Stay Puft marshmallow man costume since the premiere of 'Ghostbusters' and when asked to remove it, he cries marshmallow tears.
- Steve Perry owns 3 McDonald's franchises with stellar cleanliness records.
- Steve Perry's favorite coffee mug has a picture of the Jamaican flag on it and says "Jamaica me crazy".
- Steve Perry bathes in his underwear and sleeps standing up.
- Steve Perry once dug up the corpse of Beethoven, opened his mouth and put a nickel in it, then buried him again.
- Steve Perry can play all his songs on his cracking knuckles.
- Steve Perry has won Olympic medals in every event while carrying a 300 pound fat man on his shoulders.
- Steve Perry feeds orphaned baby birds from his own mouth.
- Steve Perry defeated the French at the battle of Hastings with his magic longbow "Jennifer".
- Steve Perry is the number one supplier of pork in America.

- Steve Perry played for Notre Dame in 1926 when he ran for 20,000 yards and 148 touchdowns, but had the records erased so others would not have to play in his shadow.
- Steve Perry once had the ability to make rain fall at will, but he traded it for a lifetime supply of Zagnut bars.
- Steve Perry sealed my driveway for 30 bucks.
- Steve Perry was formed from mud and straw 3,000 years ago by a zoroastrian priest to protect his village from snakes.

Those are some amazing facts! Hopefully those ignorant of the greatness of Steve Perry, and these who discounted him as a goofy singer from some lame 80's band are punching themselves in their balls right now for being so hasty in their opinions. I managed to hunt down Steve Perry and e-mail him this article, hoping he would be pleasantly surprised that the younger Internet crowd has taken such a shine to him, and that even though he stopped performing, his voice lives on in our hearts. He wrote me back saying "Hey none of that is true, please remove it from your site." I was shocked and flustered that Steve Perry himself wrote me a personal e-mail and printed it up so I could frame it and place it in my Steve Perry shrine that I keep in my closet, complete with stone alter that I keep soaked in goat's blood 24 hours a day. Of course I know he's just being modest so I won't comply with his request. If there is one thing about Steve Perry, he is not a braggart, and is probably a little embarrassed with this tribute. That is the price of greatness they say, but I'm sure he is used to it by now. Be sure to mark May 8th on your calendar for next year my friends, because from this day forward Steve Perry day will be a time of joy; celebrating the triumph of the human spirit in the form of superstar rock singer and deity, Steve Perry.

A special thanks to the Steve Perry Preservation Society whose non-stop investigation and record keeping of all things Steve Perry insure that future generations will know the word of Perry. The society includes forum goons Chilibone, Street Robot, Oldbulleee, Niki Fishsticks, Regular John, EPS, Sighrax, Springer, Aesop Jones, and Locdogg. Don't stop believing.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

5.8 Not Now, I'm Busy

Saturday, May 08, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Like the above beaver, I am very busy. And I have a tail.

Sorry everybody, I really hate to do this, but I've got to cut and run today. I can't dally around all the livelong day just chatting it with you up like some Long Island hair salon tart. There are things to do and frightfully little time in which to do them. I'd love to sit here for hours and hours to provide you with some amusement, but the horrible truth of the matter is this: it's a simple matter of prioritizing. You come to this site expecting me to set aside my life to give you a few chuckles, and for a good length of time now, that's been the truth of the situation. It's worked out well for both of us, I think. You get your laughs - be they titters, giggles, chuckles, chortles, belly laughs, guffaws, or outright lollin' - and I get the satisfaction of knowing that I've made your life a little more enjoyable. But as I said before, I've got a lot on my plate at the moment, and when I did a fairly basic analysis of the situation, I discovered that my life is more important than yours by a significant extent. So I hate to say this, but I can't be bothered to do an article this week.

Just what do I have going on, you ask, that is so very important that I feel I can just shove you aside? Oh nothing big, really. Just a lot of little things. For starters, it's finals week at school, so I must tend to my studies. My mother always said, "No matter how talented you are or how lucky you are, you can never go places in life if you don't tend to your studies." "Why not," I would ask sweetly, my eyes filled with childlike wonder and eye-jelly. "Because I'll break your legs with this meat tenderizer," she'd reply, "now get back to work or I'll kill your brother and put him in the meatloaf tonight." Those were magical bonding moments between my mother and I. The next day I went off to college and found that it was up to me to tend to my studies, because she wasn't about to tend them for me. At least, that's what I thought until I got a finger in the mail with a note that said "Greg." Since Greg is my brother, I made the assumption that she wanted to remind me to keep my mind on my work by giving me a little threat. It sure did motivate me, I'll tell you what! It turns out it was all a big misunderstanding, though. My mother had gotten a little confused, probably because of her blood lust. The letter was actually meant for Greg, who was having trouble getting motivated to look for a new job out in California, and it turned out that it was actually my finger, which explained an awful lot about that time about a week earlier when I passed out from blood loss and woke up with severely slowed typing skills. Oh, that reminds me. Happy Mother's Day, Mom.

Now, I think we can all agree that that last paragraph stopped making any sense whatsoever about halfway through, and that is undoubtedly a result of my mind wandering to the subject of the many other things that I have to do today that are going to prevent me from being able to write an article for you. For instance, I also have a pressing social obligation. You've probably had some sort of social obligation at some point in your life, or if not, I'm sure you will someday. However, mine is pressing. I don't mean to say that I will be pressing things, even in a social capacity, but rather that the urgency of this social obligation is pressing down upon me. You see, the members of the co-ed literary society to which I belong decided in their infinite wisdom at the beginning of the semester that if anyone would be a good candidate to host all of the society's social events, it would be a scrawny, bald, sweaty internet writer. And they were right. Who among you wouldn't want to party with Greasnin! You all want to party with Greasnin! It's a blast! This is the last event of the semester, and it's slated to be a humdinger! That's right, a bonafide humdinger. But before any hums can get dinged, I've got to put together some music, rearrange furniture, install blacklights,

and go out and buy food, drinks, and at least one more good pair of bondage cuffs. And then, of course, I have to run the damn thing, so that entire chunk of time is just gone from my day. This party will take a lot of work, but it should be a good time. You could come, but.... you know. It would be a little awkward. For us both. But mostly you.

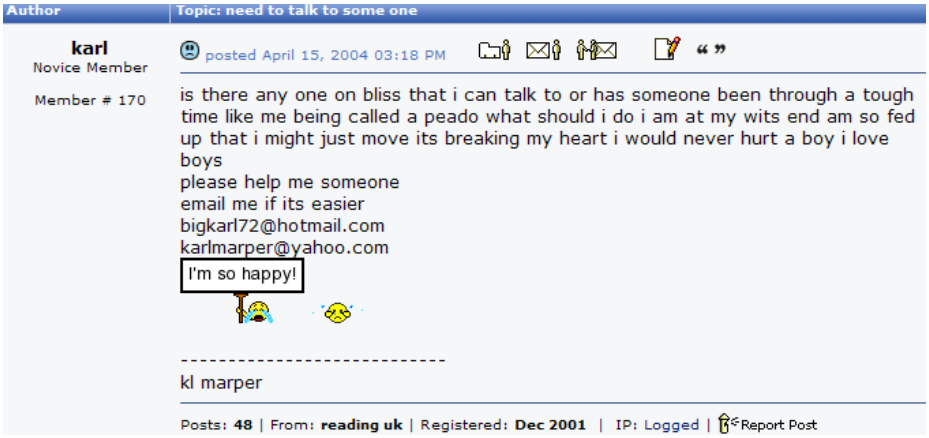
And as if there wasn't enough to do already, I've got to handle my new responsibilities as a minister of the Universal Life Church. I was only just ordained, and I really only went through with it because a couple friends of mine did it and I got jealous of their ability to marry people, but I take my spiritual undertakings very seriously. I have a lot of views on spirituality, religion, faith - call it what you will - which is what drove me to get myself ordained. And now that I have all the powers granted to a religious figurehead, such as a minister, it is my sacred and sworn duty to exploit them. So sometime today I have to found a church, gather together a congregation, swindle their last dime out of them with talk of "heaven" and "not just rotting in the ground after death," and then promptly skip town, and all of this before I have to come back to run that party I was talking about.

You'd think this would be illegal, but you'd be 34% incorrect!

So as you can plainly see, I have a full day ahead of me. I'm enriching my life and the lives of those around me. What are you doing with your day, huh? Looking at a website. That's just fantastic. Truly, you are the kind of go-getter who makes the rest of us look bad. As you can plainly see, my life and all of my various wheelings and dealings is exponentially more important than yours, so I'm very sorry, but I just won't be able to squeeze you in today. Don't worry about me, though. I'll make it through this gauntlet ahead of me with strength, determination, resolve, and dammit, a little grit, and then, I *promise* we'll go out for ice cream. Or I'll just write something for you. Whichever is easier.

The Weekend Web: It's Time to Take Out the Trash

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here. Today's Weekend Web is very special because we are featuring one of the greatest forums to ever grace our beautiful internet. What is it? Why, BoyBliss.net of course, the most happenin' site on the whole world wide web! Boy Bliss is full of happy people just waiting to meet you. Just check out this happy poster.


Author
Topic: need to talk to some one
karl
Novice Member
Member # 170
posted April 15, 2004 03:18 PM
is there any one on bliss that i can talk to or has someone been through a tough time like me being called a peado what should i do i am at my wits end am so fed up that i might just move its breaking my heart i would never hurt a boy i love boys
please help me someone
email me if its easier
bigkarl72@hotmail.com
karlmarper@yahoo.com
I'm so happy!
kl marper
Posts: 48 | From: reading uk | Registered: Dec 2001 | IP: Logged | Report Post

Aw, I wonder why anyone would call this nice man bad names. Find out here.

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

5.9 My Life as a Four Foot Tall Super Powered Cowboy

Sunday, May 09, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I have a tale to tell you. It's a tale of adventure; a tale of the spirit of the Old West finding a home in the Big City. It is the legend of the Tiny Cowboy, and it takes place within the confines of the best online roleplaying game to hit store shelves possibly ever. That game is "City of Heroes". Before I tell you the tale of the Tiny Cowboy, I think it might help to first tell you a little bit about the game in which he resides.

Tiny Cowboy enters the City of Heroes.

I will admit to not being much of a fan of the MMRPG genre, though I have played many of the games offered I have never found one that struck me more than a temporary fancy. They all inevitably broke down into the grindstone drudgery of leveling so rapidly that the games transformed from fun into work in the space of a few days. City of Heroes - the first in what will probably be a long line of super hero themed MMRPGS - manages to distract you from the leveling by making it downright awesome to create fun and exciting characters. Most importantly, the game does not take itself very seriously.

Don't be surprised if you see characters running around like "The Huggernaut" (a massive black robot with a huge pink heart on its chest) or Ace and Gary from SNL's "Ambiguously Gay Duo". The majority of the people you'll see probably take the superhero thing too seriously, creating alter egos like "Dark Frost" or "Nytmare", which leaves the rest of us a lot more leeway to go wild. The character creation process provides you with so many options for customizing your super hero's appearance that you'll spend hours just dreaming up characters to try out. Everything from height and body type to the color and style of gloves your character wears are free for you to choose.

One of the more amusing characters created by an SA Goon.

Another unique aspect of "City of Heroes" is that there is no inventory whatsoever. The only equipment you have is directly related to your super powers. For example, if you're a gun wielding technofreak you'll literally pull a giant multi-barreled assault rifle out of thin air. The game is also much more action oriented than other MMRPGs I have played. Your character can jump over moving cars or, with the aid of super powers, leap onto the roofs of skyscrapers or even fly. Even in combat enemies will flee when outclassed and in the twisted and surprisingly realistic urban environments of "City of Heroes" this can turn into drawn out pursuits ranging up fire escapes and across the roofs of buildings. All of the action in the game takes place in the vast landscape of Paragon City, with diverse neighborhoods and a convenient instant travel subway system.

The single best thing that can be said about the game is that unlike so many other MMRPGs "City of Heroes" had a virtually flawless launch and an unparalleled stability. Servers have dropped my connection a handful of times but I was always immediately able to log back on, and that's the worst I've suffered. Lag is so rare that even in heavily populated zones a monetary frame drop as you enter is uncommon. This when the game is thronged with newcomers is extremely impressive to me.

It took me several attempts at character creation to come up with an alter-ego that I really clicked with. It took me about five seconds of playing the Tiny Cowboy to realize that he was the champion

of my heart. Here, for the first time, I tell his story.

Tiny Cowboy is four feet tall with a stocky frame and a five o'clock shadow that's well on its way to six or even seven o'clock. Beneath that bushy, Magnum P.I. style mustache is a thin hard line of mouth that is rarely used by a Tiny Cowboy of few words. Tiny Cowboy is quite tiny, but he is not slow and he is not weak. I made sure he was capable of racing down streets at top speed as soon as possible, and with his compliment of super powers he can lay a haymaker on a punk that will send him sailing through the air for almost half of a city block. He can leap onto the roof of a second story building without even trying very hard and he can shoot magical cowboy beams out of his hands. He's a complicated hero for a complicated world. On his profile card (the last step of the character creation process) I was able to enter a description/origin and a battle cry for Tiny Cowboy. I feel that my selections were fitting.

Tiny Cowboy got his start by lurking in boxes.

I began as Tiny Cowboy in one of the two beating hearts of Paragon City called Galaxy City. After leveling up with the experience Tiny Cowboy had earned in the tutorial I scampered - and four foot tall cowboys running at a sprint most definitely scamper - into the side streets to seek out adventure. My first instinct was to take advantage of Tiny Cowboy's diminutive size and use it to frighten passerby. To this end I quickly located a cardboard box just large enough to conceal Tiny Cowboy while he was standing. I watched over the folded rim of the cardboard box for another player to pass. The first two that did seemed not to notice as a four foot high cowboy erupted from a cardboard box on the sidewalk and hurtled over their heads. The third stopped to stare at Tiny Cowboy and his antics. I paused in my running and stared back with all my might, hoping that Tiny Cowboy's rugged good looks could do all the talking needed. When the other player's questions went unanswered they fled, ignoring my last minute cry of "Don't do drugs!"

The cardboard box trick was amusing to me, mostly just the sight of Tiny Cowboy's hat and eyes peeking out of the box, but I needed to be more proactive with my Oklahoma antics. I set out at a full-tilt scamper, leaping over the tops of pedestrians and passing cars in search of a victim for my rustling. Now, keep in mind, Tiny Cowboy is not an evil cowboy, he's just a whimsical one, so my goal was to annoy not to destroy. Rest assured, if destruction had been my goal Tiny Cowboy would have seen anyone off with little difficulty.

After some searching I located a player with the name "hehehe" who, despite the seemingly joking name, had created a fairly standard and serious spandex-clad juggernaut. Tiny Cowboy scampered

ceaselessly around him, running in circles and leaping repeatedly over his head whenever "hehehe" came to a stop. Ever the fine wit "hehehe" commented "like a gnat", then continued on his way. I followed, racing around and around him and jumping back and forth over top of him. For whatever reason he thought it would be a good idea to invite me to his party and Tiny Cowboy readily accepted. "hehehe" then approached a large gathering of street thugs and initiated combat, no doubt expecting some backup from his small friend. Instead, Tiny Cowboy weaved around and around the mass of agitated street thugs, leaping over their heads and that of his teammate.

When deployed, Tiny Cowboy's punch can send opponents flying.

At first "hehehe" seemed to have the situation well in hand, but evidently the targeting difficulties caused by Tiny Cowboy's madcap scampering negatively impacted his battle. As the situation worsened "hehehe" attempted to flee, but Tiny Cowboy was persistently underfoot, allowing the street punks to catch up and deliver cruel blows to "hehehe". For his part, "hehehe" became very angry at this point and ejected poor Tiny Cowboy from the party. This did nothing to impede my efforts and as "hehehe" collapsed beneath the onslaught of attacking thugs, cursing Tiny Cowboy's name, I offered him the advice "Don't do drugs!"

Tiny Cowboy had wrought enough trouble among the other players, I figured it was time for him to do something heroic. After all, a tiny laser-shooting super strong cowboy is either a hero or a villain, and I sure didn't want Tiny Cowboy earning a bad reputation. I tracked down a manageable group of street thugs and attacked them. Things went well at first, and I managed to take out two of them with little difficulty. The third presented a slightly larger problem. He decided to flee, firing a pistol at me every so often as I pursued. I was faster, but the AI is damn good at navigating fire escapes and I was lagging behind as we took the fight to a rooftop. Feeling cornered, the thug leapt to the ground below and I followed. As I approached to finish him off he drew a sledge hammer and laid poor Tiny Cowboy out on the ground like a Christmas turkey that someone had laid out on the ground.

Tiny Cowboy was down, but certainly not out. He regained his footing and delivered a crushing blow that sent the punk flying down the block. A quick follow up with his mysterious hand lasers and it was all over for one more piece of gutter trash. The man who was originally being accosted by the thugs ran up to Tiny Cowboy and offered his thanks. All in a day's work for the world's smallest gun-free gunslinger.

From time to time I overestimated Tiny Cowboy's capabilities, with tragic results.

Feeling exhilarated I opted to continue my patrol. I caught sight of another group of punks in a parking lot harassing some poor woman, but as I approached I realized there were just too many of them even for a hero like Tiny Cowboy. Rule number one of being a Tiny Cowboy is that you have to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em, and know when to walk away. I left the woman to the cruel predations of the street thugs and continued on, finishing off several other small groups of thugs.

That evening things got out of control. I was in a parking lot battling with two punks when Tiny Cowboy was accosted by a much larger group. They were closing in from all sides, but Tiny Cowboy's blood was up and he wasn't about to run. Things took a turn for the worse and Tiny Cowboy went down fighting. This time he wasn't getting up and I learned another important lesson; Tiny Cowboys sometimes require medical attention too.

Tiny Cowboy was quite displeased with the rising costs of healthcare.

Tiny Cowboy woke up in the hospital and stood around on the examining table for a while waiting for a nurse to tell him it was okay to leave. Since no one showed up I assumed he had a clean bill of health and sent him on his way. He got into a brief argument with the doctor near the exit over the cost of his treatment but a few bold muscle flexes shut that loud mouth up. I also have to report failure in my attempts to wedge Tiny Cowboy behind the reception desk in the hospital's lobby. My plan was to pose as a doctor and try to scam money out of people. Unfortunately, I could not force even Tiny Cowboy's small body through the entrance and I also might have forgotten to take into account that there is no money in City of Heroes.

Outside the hospital Tiny Cowboy met a number of heroes. Always the show off he proceeded to flex and leap about, and although he might have failed to impress many waiting, he did convince a number of people to jump repeatedly into the air for no reason. His jumping warmup completed, Tiny Cowboy sought a cleansing of the pallet by taking a refreshing bath in a nearby fountain. When he washed off that sickly hospital smell he jumped back into the pages of history and continued to do battle with various groups of hoodlums. His one man crusade lasted well into the night.

But what evils might await the Tiny Cowboy? What enemy lurks in the nearest shadow? A nemesis? Perhaps...

If you would like to meet the legend himself he can be found on the Victory server of City of Heroes. Go and buy it. It's an amazingly fun game.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.10 Welcome to the Parade of Shame and Eternal Horror!

Tuesday, May 11, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Some of you nice, nice folks out there may mistakenly believe that us professional retards running Something Awful give the poor, innocent members of the furry community a bad rap. You might think that we unfairly criticize and mock these shunned individuals out of racism, bigotry, and pure ignorance. Our webpage could appear to be a spiteful, hate-mongering tribute to the depths of our writers' blatant insensitivity and outright animosity towards a sexual lifestyle we cannot understand. I will not attempt to argue on our behalf, as I feel the best way to further a dialogue revolves around presenting an opposing viewpoint, one which challenges the accepted norm and attempts to expand the minds of those interested. Today's update will deviate from our standard uncultured, merciless mockery of the furry lifestyle that we normally spew forth, instead offering you, the viewer, an unfiltered look inside the furry mind and a chance to get to know these unique individuals yourself, without any vicious attacks from the SA writing staff to cloud your opinion. I hope that today's update enlightens everybody in a way that you will remember for the rest of your lives, much like the time your drunken uncle arrived at your Christmas party and proceeded to sodomize you with a cordless telephone.

THE SUBJECT: "Memphit Furmeet 2001"
THE WEBSITE: http://www.mephitfurmeet.org/

Early September of each year, various proud and upstanding sub humanoid, animal-fucking antisocial douche bag misfits gather together in Memphis, Tennessee, to share their passionate love of screwing plush "Lion King" dolls while imagining they are engaging in copulation with a sexy 14-foot tall female lion with two penises coming out of her breasts, ejaculating enough semen to entirely fill the Reliant Stadium. These intelligent members of the furry community come to the event dressed in the finest wolf, fox, horse, and cow costumes, wardrobes complex and elaborate enough to successfully conceal their raging hard-ons that rise to attention every time they spy a particularly saucy looking skunk costume. I was lucky enough to obtain footage from the Memphit Furmeet 2001, a series of short videos presenting us normal people with an exclusive, "behind-the-scenes" look at what occurs during these furry conventions. I hope my report shines a sufficient amount of light on such social gatherings and allows you, the non-furry, to experience the awesome feelings of wonder and excitement which occurs behind the closed doors of the exclusive Memphit Furmeet.

- **VIDEO #1: "Welcome to the Memphit Furmeet 2001!"**

This prelude of exciting events to come whisks us through the registration desk and outer area used to filter the non-furries (normal people) from the furries (crazy fucks). I assume the federal government and various police organizations passed a law prohibiting furries from coming into contact with non-furries during these events, as the backlash resulting from innocent normal people being exposed to a furry convention would result in a series of Timothy McVeigh-style bombings targeting every

conference center throughout America and possibly the universe. A large plush wolf sits behind the obese folks at the desk, serving as a lustful teaser of things to come. A few signs displaying sexy skunks welcomes the furries to their exciting event, undoubtedly causing the testosterone production of arriving members to jump tenfold. The cameraman soon enters the merchandise area of the event, an exciting room full of entrepreneurs building their vast fortunes by selling hats with dragon wings on the sides, and t-shirts which display spray-painted images of humanoid horses showing off their bulging humanoid horse cocks. Surprisingly enough, most of the salespeople and clients appear to be overweight bearded white guys, which strikes me as an incredible surprise in so many ways that if I attempted to list them all, my head would explode and a series of highly animated skunk cocks would come flying out in every direction. The video abruptly cuts to the hotel lobby, where various grown men dressed up in fox, dog, and horse outfits are hugging each other and "talking shop" with one another. You do not want to know what "talking shop" refers to.

~~**DOWNLOAD FURMEET VIDEO #1 HERE (5.33 MB)**~~

- **VIDEO #3: "The Parade of Shame and Eternal Horror Begins"**

The action kicks off into full-swing in video #3, as the infamous "Parade of Furries" starts up and winds its way through the convention hall like a bulbous rancid turd squeezing through a sewer system's pipes. Furs of all varieties, ranging from foxes, horses, raccoons, squirrels, bunnies, and dogs, to the more exotic zebras, pandas, jackals, and lions strut their stuff through the lobby of a hotel undoubtedly gripped by fear. They take turns passing the camera and happily waving, undoubtedly oblivious to the fact that they are grown men who fantasize about fucking farm animals while wearing elaborate mammal costumes costing them thousands of dollars to produce. During this procession of the damned, some brain damaged retarded red fox repeatedly bangs a cymbal in some quasi-rhythmic fashion, perhaps just to make 100% sure that everybody possible was aware of the ongoing exhibition of nature's proudest freaks. Some woman makes a squealing sound about midway through the video, and although I prayed to my false god that this noise indicated she had been shot by a confused hunter who mistook her corpulent, greasy tub of a costume cat as perhaps the Yeti, I'm fairly sure her outburst was a noise she made "in character." I once saw a cat getting run over by a tanker trailer on the highway. I would be interested to know if she would stay "in character" during a live reenactment of such a scene. Please folks, let's make this happen.

~~**DOWNLOAD FURMEET VIDEO #3 HERE (5.84 MB)**~~

- **VIDEO #4: "The Parade Continues"**

As much as I prayed for the world to end, the video simply chugged along on its merry way, displaying more bearded psychopaths in lion, tiger, and bear costumes. The only difference between this convention and "The Wizard of Oz" is that these folks would rather fuck Toto than Dorothy.

~~**DOWNLOAD FURMEET VIDEO #4 HERE (3.80 MB)**~~

- **VIDEO #5: "A Whole Room of These Crazy Assholes "**

The parade of broken dreams and undying horror moves on to the conference room, allowing the wonderful obese men and slightly more obese men inside the animal suits to check out the wares on display. I'm sure sales of the coveted "Tiger Penis of the Month" calendar skyrocketed directly after the procession marched by, allowing other vendors to liquidate their share of white t-shirts displaying airbrushed images of a wolf howling at a full moon with the URL of their Geocities web address on the bottom. Oh yeah, the annoying bastard in the red fox costume continues to bang away on his precious little cymbal, unaware of the fact that, although I believed it was previously impossible, he's making furries even more annoying than I could've ever imagined. Congratulations, Annoying Red Fox of Shame! You win the coveted "I pray for a load of buckshot to pierce through your chest and spray your entrails all over the hundreds of Chip N' Dale Rescue Ranger figurines you keep on your shelf" award!

~~DOWNLOAD FURMEET VIDEO #5 HERE (3.80 MB)~~

- **VIDEO #9: "The Legion of the Damned Performs a Skit from 'West Side Story'"**

The MC announces the entertainment for the evening, which he introduces as, "Tigercowboy with the new and improved Tigercowboy, is going to do a little skit about 'The West Side Story,' about when good cats go bad." This causes the audience to voice their approval by emitting sexy "meowing" noises. Soon the music kicks in and grown men in animal costumes begin to lumber back and forth, seemingly at random, until the music ends and they are greeted by a welcoming round of applause from overjoyed audience members. I would've preferred a welcoming round of explosive ammunition, but you take what you can get. The DJ lists all the wonderful, upstanding citizens who contributed to this wonderful sketch, names which include "Spike" and "Moonshadow" and "DJ Buttons" amongst others. I hope Leonard Bernstein's ghost rises from his grave and takes revenge at once.

~~DOWNLOAD FURMEET VIDEO #9 HERE (5.08 MB)~~

- **VIDEO #10: "Yappyfox and the Dancing Dorks"**

Yappyfox, the red fox who so proudly hammered on his cymbal for the previous nine hours, takes the stage and begins a classic instrumental song. But what's that? A heckler from the audience demands Yappyfox do something "more modern!" Oh the nerve of this completely unrehearsed and unplanned outburst! Mr. Fox retreats to the back of the room and just when you thought he would give up and take his own life, returns triumphantly to the stage with a squadron of dancing furries. The audience is thrilled beyond belief and I'm sure there would be a lot more applause if most of the crowd didn't have one hand furiously masturbating inside their pants. Oh Yappyfox, you truly are the cat's meow! Wait, no, forget I wrote that; I fear it would give them a hardon to receive such a compliment.

~~DOWNLOAD FURMEET VIDEO #10 HERE (8.64 MB)~~

- **VIDEO #11: "A Horse and a Fat Man Wearing Sunglasses Rotate Around Each Other Until the Music Stops"**

I really don't know how else to explain this video than by politely requesting you to read the title.

~~DOWNLOAD FURMEET VIDEO #11 HERE (3.34 MB)~~

- **VIDEO #13: "SteelPaw Gets Jiggy Wid It "**

Steelpaw, one of the most creative and intelligent members of the furry community (I'm lying; I have no clue who this guy is and I'm fairly sure that by definition alone there are no "creative" and "intelligent" members of the furry community), storms onto the stage and breaks into an original song and dance number where he grooves to the various furries he meets on a daily basis. Here are

some of the many, many wonderful lyrics which don't at all confirm he's so out of touch with reality that his mental condition could only be jumpstarted back to normal health with a series of electric shocks powerful enough to vaporize the Sears Tower:

If you' re in a hurry to be furry
take the phone off the hook
and hop a wagon or a dragon or a taxi
and tell 'em to book.
If you' re lookin ' for a place you can escape to
then you' re in luck .
Check your skin at the door
and come play with us in the MUCK.

Wow, great job Steelpaw. I can't even begin to estimate the number of platinum records you'll receive for this doozy. You'd better ask mom to renovate the attic where you sleep so you'll have enough room to store them all.

~~DOWNLOAD FURMEET VIDEO #13 HERE (5.02 MB)~~

- **VIDEO #18: "The Closing Ceremony: A Tribute to Unresolved Mental Disorders"**

A scrawny, soft-spoken geek in a lab coat and tail remarks, "for years I thought the fursuiters were just kvetching about stuff. Having spent two days in that bag, they're getting whatever they want at AnthroCon." If you aren't "in the know," AnthroCon is the BIG furry convention, one where all the furries in the universe congregate to remark upon the various anti-depressants they are taking and why they cannot find a job. This is a very exciting event in every sense of the word, and the only thing possibly more enthralling would be if somebody somehow managed to cause the universe to implode hours before the convention began, thereby saving the rest of humanity from knowing there are those amongst us who dress up like humanoid-shaped animals with the sole purpose of masturbating to "erotic" images of rats. This eventually leads to one of the most disturbing things I have ever witnessed, a furry conga line. Words cannot describe the sheer terror displayed during this perverse event, so I will simply let the video speak for itself. And oh boy, does it have a lot of speaking to do.

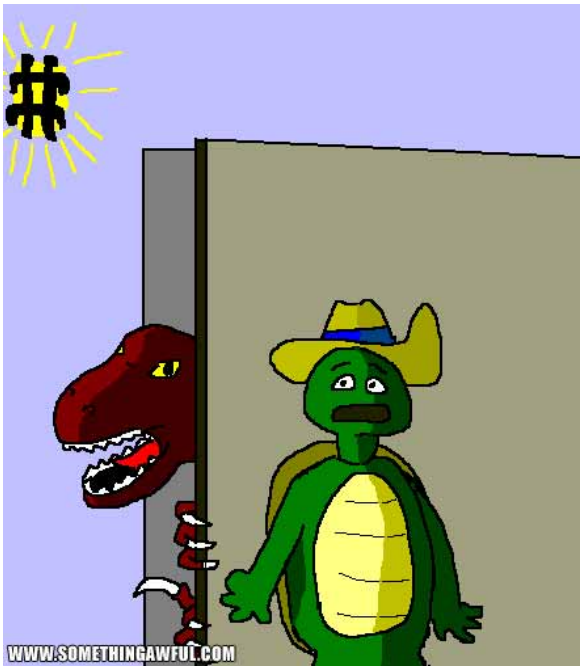
~~DOWNLOAD FURMEET VIDEO #18 HERE (3.09 MB)~~

I hope you enjoyed and appreciated our objective, non-biased peek into the furry lifestyle, courtesy of footage from the Memphit Furmeet 2001. I personally hated every single moment of it and am currently researching ways to inject Clorox directly into my bloodstream so it will cleanse the remnants of such a horrible series of scarring events from my brain. Please consider this update to be a service displaying what happens behind closed doors at a furry convention. Well, there are actually a lot of other things that happen behind other closed doors at a furry convention, but I

will refrain from mentioning them here because I believe there's at least six readers left who have failed to delete this page from their bookmarks after seeing today's update, and I really can't afford to alienate these precious remaining few. I love you all and promise this kind of thing will never happen again.

GO LOWTAX, IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY

When I was a little one, I sure enjoyed the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. I bought the action figures and I watched the show every day after school. I recently saw an old episode a little while ago, and man they are bad. Like He Man bad. I can't say the same about these turtles. The Goons have managed to put our little shell backed friends into all manner of trouble. And in 10 years, I'll still enjoy their work. I present to you this week's Comedy Goldmine, "Turtles in Trouble."



And you smell like one too!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.11 The Grocery Gauntlet

Wednesday, May 12, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

WELCOME TO THE INTERNET

Every time you leave your house, you embark on a perilous journey full of dangers that are varied and plentiful. It could be in the form of a rabies infected chipmunk watching you listlessly from a tree with its unwavering black eyes, or a hobo who wants to touch your pretty hair and ends up giving you herpes. Still even more dangerous are the seemingly mundane tasks such as driving a car or going grocery shopping. Thousands of people each year leave their house to pick up some bread or one of those large plastic bins of cheese balls, and never return. Unfortunately, we still lack a decent Internet service where we can order food online and have it delivered, so until that time comes, we must face the horror that is grocery store shopping. Hopefully sometime in the very near future, we won't have any reason to leave the house whatsoever and I can be safe and sound in my bunker built to withstand a direct nuclear hit and filled with a six month supply of water and pornography. What would be even better is when they make full virtual reality so I can just plug in and leave my problematic carcass behind hooked up to some IVs and a colostomy bag, and live the rest of my days as a Wood Elf princess.

But I digress; what I'm trying to say is that grocery shopping sucks and I don't care for it one bit. It is an evil place full of foul humans and machines that try to impede my progress of getting my pudding and beer, and returning home with my sanity fully intact. Let me state, for the record, that I hate masses of humanity and tend to avoid concerts and amusement parks for this reason. Whenever I see a cluster of people milling about and being loud and annoying like a nest of filthy rats, I have a great urge to shoot a Guass Gun from the game Syndicate into the crowd so they catch on fire and run about screaming in an amusing manner. I don't think I'm really a psychopath with tendencies for mass murder, but I would be much happier being a crazy old hermit in northern Montana, spending the days plotting with my Chia pet "Scripo Africannus". Grocery stores tend to magnify the annoyance of the crowd effect, probably due to some genetic impulse having to do with hunting and gathering. I once saw three guys fight for the same box of fish sticks and it resulting in one male baring his teeth, another beating on his chest, and the third grabbing the fish sticks while the other two squared off. He was obviously the more evolved of the pack.

While I consider everybody at the store to be my potential enemy, there are some groups of people who can be categorized by their identifiable shopping patterns. These are the people that make going grocery shopping my most hated chore, and I have to be basically living on water and circus peanuts before dragging myself out to the store. Of course, the best thing to do if you have to be in this situation is to inform yourself of your enemy so you can spot them in advance and try to avoid them at all costs. Sometimes they will join forces and surround you so you're helpless, so I suggest you always keep some cyanide capsules on you at all times in case you need to abort the mission. Either that or bring a Guass Gun.

The Indecisive Shopper

This sort of shopper gets on my nerves like no other. Usually they are ill-prepared for the rigors of supermarket shopping and their erratic and unpredictable behavior can make them a very dangerous adversary. They may be walking down an aisle with their cart listlessly, their head going from side to side, carefully studying all the products on the shelves. They have absolutely no idea what they want or need, so it is an endless cycle of grabbing a random item, walking ten steps forward, and then reversing to put the item back on the shelf. In fact the indecisive shopper may spend up to 14 hours in the store before giving up and just filling the cart with Apple Jacks and batteries and check out. Another danger of an indecisive shopper is sudden maneuvers with their cart. They may pass an aisle by, but something shiny will attract their attention and they will spin their cart around in a fast arcing motion. This can cause great damage to you and your cart if you happen to be following them too closely. The best thing to do is to identify them early and steer clear of them. This also goes for the checkout, because if you get stuck behind this shopper, you might be fatally delayed. They tend to have the cashier void items they just scanned and then change their mind and re-scan them, only to take them off again and causing the cash register to explode in confusion. If this happens, bite down on your cyanide capsule and take a nice nap on the conveyer belt.

Traits: Can't make up mind, never brings a list, may back up or spin without warning.

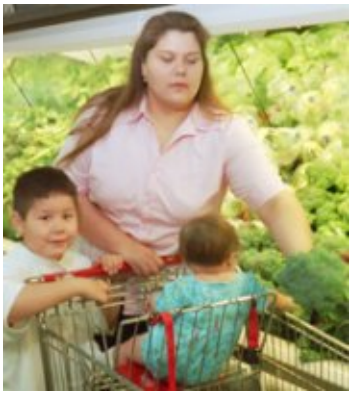
Annoyance Rating: 4

The Roadblock

Grocery shopping can be likened to the video game "Bump N Jump", but instead of trying to avoid or bump off other cars on the road, you are trying to avoid other shoppers and occasionally leaping in the air and landing on them so they explode into flames. One of these obstacles is the roadblock shopper. It is not known if they really even shop at all, but can be seen all around the store blocking aisles and products. Scientists have speculated that these people are just guarding their cart while a partner goes to get something, or it may be that the whole shopping experience slows their cognitive responses to the point where their motor skills are barely functional. Since they are stationary, it is usually easy to swerve around the roadblocks, but if there is an abundance of them or they are wedged in a high traffic area, they can cause major problems. Usually the only thing to do in that situation is to put a charge of dynamite under their cart wheel and blast away the obstruction. Sometimes overcoming this obstacle can be good for morale, and promote teamwork with your fellow shoppers.

Traits: Blocks aisles and products, will not respond to attempts of vocal communication, may have Downs.

Annoyance Rating: 3



The Brat Pack

By far the most irritating of the opponents I face in stores are the single parents with the gaggle of snotlings trailing them like brain-damaged ducks. I don't want to sound like an old grumpy man that hates children, but when one of those shrieking blubbering midgets wanders in front of my cart, I have a sudden and violent urge to run them over, crack their head against a ham, and dump their little corpse in the lobster tank. Parents rarely discipline their children anymore since it's now illegal to spank your own kids, so they generally run amok, getting in the way and treading on your corns. One time I wanted to grab a box of Frosted Mini Wheats and a couple of goblinoids were running to and fro in the cereal section, their grubby fingers wet from snot and saliva. I don't want to get too close and catch one of the litany of viruses they are hosting, but their lack of discipline has emboldened them and they do not fear or shy away from strangers. Just when I thought I saw a break in their zig-zagging patterns, I made a move for the Mini Wheats. It was a feign, and the little brats ran into me, knocking me down and covering me in their mucus. "I've been slimed!" I screamed out, but then the child's mother thought I was molesting her children and beat me with her purse. I fled without the Mini Wheats and had to settle for cold gruel for my breakfast.

Traits: Can be heard in advance by loud shrieking, may run around your legs with ropes and topple you like an AT-AT, exudes one gallon of snot a minute.

Annoyance Rating: 5

The Speed Racer

The Speed Racer might be hard to spot unless they turn a blind corner and crush your spine with their cart. They are the folks that know exactly what they want and want to get the hell out of the store in a record time. They pay no heed to the laws of proper shopping and sprint with their cart through the aisles and around corners with little care for the safety of others. I would consider myself a speed racer shopper since my only concern is getting the items I need and leaving with no care for the welfare of others. Even that being the case, other speed racers are still my competitors and many times I have been locked in highly dangerous races with them. This can get very interesting if you are racing down an aisle and many roadblock shoppers are in the way. It is much like the racing in Tron, as our carts grind side by side, trying to push each other into a roadblock shopper and reach the "I Can't Believe It's Not Butter" first. Much to my disappointment, the other speed racer didn't explode into multiple blocked pixels when they were edged into a roadblock, rather they just fell into a display of neatly arranged snack chips, taking out an indecisive shopper who was looking at the chip's nutritional value in the process. Go speed racer, go!

Traits: Charges ahead at full speed without looking, weakness is the roadblock shopper, may have a monkey sidekick. .

Annoyance Rating: 2

The Matlock Crew
My dislike for children is only shadowed by my hatred and mistrust of old people. Not only do they look all weird and wrinkly, they are usually cranky and their envy of youth drives them to make things as difficult as possible for the rest of us. They are really like a hybrid of the indecisive shopper and the roadblock shopper, but with the added danger of a lecture if you raise their ire. This lecture may stall you for several hours and they will go on about how the elderly are not respected properly and how during the Great Depression they were thankful if they received a punch in the mouth so they could be nourished on their own blood and teeth. This may also include a random attack with a cane or walker if you patronize them or try to steal their hearing aid batteries. I'm sure if I am unfortunate enough to reach such a horribly old age, I would make it my life's mission to make everybody else as miserable as I am until some kind soul smothered me with a pillow and ended my nightmare. The only exception to this rule is WW2 vets. If they had the balls to storm beaches and kill Nazis and Japs, then they can do whatever they please.
Traits: Slow and cranky, may soil self in confrontations; will go out of their way to make your shopping experience troublesome.
Annoyance Rating: 4

Right now my cupboards are bare but I don't think I can stand facing the grocery store again. Even if I just run in to grab a few items and try to get out fast by using the self-checkout robot, there is potential for great annoyance. That robot mocks me and plays games with my heart. Every time I scan an item it tells me to put it in the bag so I do, but then it tells me to take the item out of the bag again. The attendant in change of the four checkout robots just rolls their eyes as I try to reason with the foul machine. The next thing you know they will be crafting laser guns out of their scanning beams and running cars into police stations. Oh well. The next time I need some sausages for a BBQ, I'm just going to spear that presumptuous chipmunk who keeps looking at through the window at me with those black doll's eyes, or the herpes infected hobo. It's the other whitish meat.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

5.12 A New and Brighter Day

Thursday, May 13, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Times are tough. Violence fills the airwaves. Wars stir on every horizon. Men, women, and children die and suffer every day. The sky fills with black choking clouds of smoke. Earthquakes, tornadoes, hurricanes, tsunamis, ball lightning, wendigos, ill-timed rain, red ants, and many other natural disasters plague us. You wouldn't be surprised if the oceans turn to blood! There are just so many things wrong in the world today and you can't do anything about them other than wallow in despair. Well not anymore!

Arlogeist GmbH, manufacturers of Arlogeist Premium Vodka and the sole sponsors of the Arlogeist County Fair are pleased to bring you Calmuswellnazipan.

Do you sometimes wake up and think that the world is a seething mass of hatred waiting to drag you down and tear you slowly apart? Calmuswellnazipan may be for you, we suggest you ask your doctor about Calmuswellnazipan and whether or not it is right for you. It is right for you - whether or not it is - right for you.

Calmuswellnazipan can help. It can help release you from the stress of having to look at your illegitimate children, crawling in their own filth, in your squalid public funded housing. Did your baby daddy just beat you nearly unconscious? Try Calmuswellnazipan to put the pep back in your step and those worries will wash away as easily as the blood caked under your nose. Calmuswellnazipan does not mend bones or skin, but it does mend the fences that border the pasture of your mind. Before you know it you will be cruising gently on a relaxing river of confidence and serenity, completely oblivious to everything from the compound fracture you just sustained wandering into traffic to the botfly larvae emerging from your child's eyes.

Who is Calmuswellnazipan for?

Calmuswellnazipan isn't for everyone. Some people are just naturally 100% content with their lives and what is going on in the world. If you have even a slight doubt that your existence is not completely free of trouble, worry, or pain then Calmuswellnazipan can help you!

Jet Airplane Pilots - Flying jet aircraft is very hard and the demands of air traffic controllers can be stressful. If you are flying a passenger aircraft you have to worry about things like sick passengers and terrorist hijackers. Calmuswellnazipan can help.

Babies - Does your baby cry, seem listless, or otherwise dissatisfied by the lot life has handed him? He seems to have so much trouble lifting his head on the underdeveloped column of his neck, and that soft skull of his must be quite a worry. Calmuswellnazipan can help.

Christians - What is God's place for you? Did God make your wife cheat on you? Was that God who got you fired? Is he really merciful, or is he just a blind idiot creator, a personification of the primordial cosmic forces that gave birth to this existence? Calmuswellnazipan can help.

War Protestors - Babies are being blown up in Iraq for the oil. Bush is definitely Hitler. A village in Texas is missing its idiot. Do you really think chanting "hey hey, ho ho, George Bush has gotta go" is going to end war in Iraq? Maybe not, but Calmuswellnazipan can help.

Hollywood Super Stars - Tom Hanks just got twenty million for his last movie and you barely got half of that. The Academy really respect nuance anymore, they just like sucking up to big name stars so they'll appear at the awards ceremony. Why was Gene Hackman in Superman? They'll know you're gay if you break up with your supermodel girlfriend. Calmuswellnazipan can help.

Troubled Teens - You got drunk at the campgrounds and let Steven finger you while you pretended to be passed out, now the whole school knows. Does he love you? Will your mom buy you that cell phone or will you have to make increasingly direct suicide threats again? God, why won't people buy you stuff from your Amazon list?! Calmuswellnazipan can help.

Video Game Characters - Why does red key have to be on platforms in the middle of a lava river? What sadistic monster builds a dungeon and then locks an ogre in a 5x5 room with no furniture? Why can't you just die? Why does death only bring you back to where you were minutes earlier, facing the agony of yet another horrible demise? Calmuswellnazipan can help.

Faulknerian Retardates - Puppy so soft. Puppy make snapping sound, why puppy stop moving? What have you done now? Klem will not be happy, he will yell and hit you with the ax handle. Please move puppy. Please move little Ragsy! Please! AWWWWWWWWW!!! Calmuswellnazipan can help.

Corrupt Corporate Executives - How did the government find out about this, you ordered all of those documents shredded! This is a disaster, it's not fair, it's just not fair! It was your company, how could you not do what you did? The ED-209 project cannot fail now! Your company is falling apart around you and the media is demonizing you. Maybe if you act insane you could just do some time at a wellness clinic in Aspen. Calmuswellnazipan can help.

Pets - Your 93 cats are starting to resort to cannibalism because you haven't fed them in over three weeks. Your neighbors just don't understand why you keep taking in strays and then letting them breed endlessly in your shit-encrusted basement. It's because you care! They don't mind the stink, so why should you? Calmuswellnazipan can help.

These are just examples of the people who can be helped by taking Calmuswellnazipan. There are many more. In fact, nearly everyone can be helped. Actually, everyone can be helped.

What Does Calmuswellnazipan Do?

We are forbidden by law from making specific claims about the effectiveness of Calmuswellnazipan, but we have spoken with Doctor Mephistopheles Gunhead, DNP. We asked him to run a number of science tests on our new drug and to explain in lay terms what its hypothetical effect might be and how it might work.

> *Calmuswellnazipan is an amazing drug. In your hand it looks just like a regular pill, but when you zoom in on a microscope it looks like a little city. You can see things, like the drug is putting up buildings and houses. This is how the drug works. It gives a home to your neurological problems and then your cerebral area starts to generate better. Then you look at a human brain. Here is one I have been soaking in liquid Calmuswellnazipan*

> *for 48 hours. As you can see it is much better than a regular brain. Everything is improved. The size, the shape, the luster, the flavor, and even the aroma is all much brainier.*
>
> This is because Arlogeist GmbH has taken into account all of the brain when making their new drugs. Most drugs only take into account part of the brain. Aspirin? Just the left hemisphere. Tylenol? Only the middle part. Heroin? Well, most of the brain, but there are some spots here and there where it is missing out on the action. Calmuswellnazipan can address all brain problems because it attacks the entire brain and does this relentlessly. If you are having a brain attack or 'feeling' then Calmuswellnazipan can initiate a counter attack. If Prozac is a soldier then Calmuswellnazipan is a whole army of tanks that can shoot missiles and have airplanes with them helping out. Also the soldiers can get out of the tanks and address other problems so your brain is secured.

Please tell your physician that Calmuswellnazipan is right for you. If he is reluctant to prescribe it then tell him that he should probably take it also. If he still refuses then we can pay him a visit. Just call 1-888-ARLGEIST.

Some people who take Calmuswellnazipan have experienced mild side effects such as headaches, nausea, internal bleeding, deskullination, spontaneous combustion, skin liquefaction, road rage, bone spikeitis, heat vision, cardiac arrest, botulism, alien abduction, rape fantasies, a fear of drowning, septic shock, social conservative values, increased blood density, weight loss, height loss, specific gravity gain, terminal conjunctivitis, exponential tooth growth, hair infection, torso cancer, acute light sensitivity, farmer's tan, inability to spell Mississippi, mononucleosis, multiple sclerosis, color blindness, time travel, and merkin addiction. In clinical lab trials side effects were similar to that of a sugar pill taken with a glass of radioactive isotope.

Women who are breastfeeding should not do that in public unless they are attractive, then they can do it and moan while they are doing it, which is hot. Calmuswellnazipan has been known to cause a specific type of birth defect, so women who are pregnant can still take the drug, but their baby is probably going to end up with snake arms. People with kidney problems should not take this drug because they are not allowed because they aren't cool enough. Arlogeist may also know where you can get rock bottom prices on ©iális and v1.4gr4, so don't hesitate to contact us.

The Virtual Poodle Experience

Ominous and foreboding titles aside, there is a brand new Photoshop Phriday online (on the internet) for you to look at. This week we return to the topic of "Magazine Mayhem," which we last touched upon over a year ago. The Something Awful Forum Goons acted as busy bees, and so I ended up having too many images for one Phriday. Thusly, this is the first of a two part series exploring what happens when you ask Internet winners to make magazines. It goes something like this:

By clicking here you agree that you are clicking here.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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5.13 Zombie Attack Survival Guide

Friday, May 14, 2004 by State Og Representative

The undead are a sneaky lot, and could infiltrate such vital organizations as the U.S. Senate and the American Idol judge panel.So you've decided to try to survive a zombie invasion! The road ahead of you is long and hard and possibly filled with more sexual innuendo, but with the help of this guide you might just live long enough to read the entire thing. Before we get to the life-saving essentials which you are undoubtedly frantically searching for while hiding in a boarded-up farmhouse, let's take an unnecessarily long look at how you got into this situation. Zombie invasions are typically brought on by one of the following:

Radioactive Comet - As comets pass through the cosmos, they collect lots of things; from space dust to pogs to radiatioactive materials. Unlike the friendly radiation found on Earth which powers our vibrators and nukes Japan, however, space radiation's only useful purpose is raising the dead.

Rampant Virus - Scientists simply have nothing better to do than concoct viruses which they don't fully understand. Once their creation has completely baffled them, the only choice they have is to let it go free or store it in a facility with lax security policies.

Too Much Graham in Honey Grahams Cereal - For far too long we've been asking ourselves "How do they cram all that graham?", when the question we should have been asking is "Is it *right*?" Man has defiantly slapped the face of God in the pursuit of a tastier cereal, and one day we will be struck down by our own hubris.

Now that we know how the zombies got here, the next step is learning how to spot one. The undead typically wear tattered clothes, are covered in filth, and have a pungent stench. If you see someone that fits this description and you aren't at a Phish concert or an anti-capitalism protest, you've probably spotted a zombie. Is he or she moving slowly? Unlike the zombies portrayed in 28 Days Later and the recent Dawn of the Dead remake, *true* zombies move at roughly the same pace as a slug that's been shot with horse tranquilizers. Most people think this is a weakness, and that zombies lurk at this slow speed due to muscle degeneration. This measured pace is, in fact, a rather ingenius tactic which gives them time to decide which of the following attacks to unleash on their victims.

As the classic Zombies Ate My Neighbors illustrates, your best weapons against an onslaught of zombies are a watergun and a pair of 3D glasses.

- Lurch forward, trip on own feet
- Get arm stuck in between boards while reaching through a window
- Stumble forward, trip on another zombie
- Walk directly into an object below line of sight or into a wall/fire
- Mumble
- Bite own arm
- Reach hands outward and moan
- Lurch backwards, fall down a well
- Cast magic missile (damage = [level d40] + level)

If none of the methods of detection above work, be on the lookout for someone eating an unusual

amount of human brains. Should you actually find yourself face-to-face with a zombie, the heart of this guide will come into play: the Doos and Doo Nots of dealing with the undead (the extra Os are for added spookiness!).

Doo Not: Let a zombie drive. Ever. No matter how much he protests or claims "I'm good to drive man, don't worry", his slow reaction time and nonexistent fear of death mean certain disaster.

Doo: Make a poorly planned excursion from the safety of your shelter to turn on a generator, or to find much-needed supplies such as gasoline and underpants.

Doo Not: Engage in hand-to-hand combat with a zombie using the ancient martial art of Soop Du Joor (translated: Allowing The Enemy To Bite Your Face).

Doo: Have the common courtesy to tell your fellow survivors that you've been bitten by a zombie and will probably try to eat them within the hour instead of just shrugging and hoping the problem goes away by itself.

Doo Not: Wear white shoes after Labor Day.

That does it! Thanks for buying this guide/looting it from a storefront long after I've been eaten and can no longer receive royalties. With any luck you'll be able to survive your upcoming encounters with the undead and find a haven of relative safety, then die when you bend over to tie your shoe and fall face first into a curb.

State Og

Oh boy, it's Saturday and that means I've got a State Og update for you! Well not just you, I guess I could let a few of your friends in too.

> *After careful consideration, we're issuing a recall for the following products this month: The Amazing Patented Patent Forger, Og Brand Reversible Condoms, and Fudgey, the Happy Fudge Snack Made Entirely of Asbestos.*

Check out the update here, but don't get carried away and invite a bunch of people I don't even know. My parents get back on Sunday morning and they'll freak out if there's even one stain on the carpet.

-∼State Og Representative

5.14 Something Awful Summer 2004 Internship!

Saturday, May 15, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Hey all you college students! Are you looking for an exciting employment opportunity for the summer? Do you want to meet interesting people, learn useful skills, gain valuable experience, and be a part of one of the hottest, fastest-growing companies in the world? Well tough shit, fratboy. It's not going to happen. The best you can hope for is doling out soft serve to toddlers and stoners while listening to an endless repetition of "Pop Goes the Weasel" in an ice cream truck all summer. Oh yeah, that'll help you pick up the babes alright. Nothing says "I'm a virile and attractive individual with genes that would not be in the least bit detrimental to the survival of the species" like associating yourself more closely with screen legend Mack Hail. Face it, all the good jobs for this summer have already been claimed by people whose primary distinction is that they're not you. But don't despair! Sure, your earning potential for this summer may be in the crapper, which means you won't be able to afford that used Ford Focus you had your eye on, which in turn means you won't be able to drive your friends to that big concert like you promised, and your friends will be pissed at you and the band will be bummed, and you won't be able to get backstage where the band would have asked you to go on tour with them, which would have set off your wildly successful career in music promotion that would have eventually made you a megamillionaire, but at least your buddies at Something Awful are there for you!

That's right, the opportunity of a lifetime is presenting itself to you like a skunk in heat. One lucky boy or girl (preferably girl, but who are we kidding?) is going to get to be the official Something Awful Summer 2004 Intern! As you can imagine, this will be a highly contested position, and we're looking for someone specific, so there will be quite a few qualifications that have to be passed before you can even be considered for this job. For instance, if you stopped to contemplate the imagery in the first sentence of this paragraph for more than seven tenths of a second, you're disqualified, you furry pervert. We promise not to discriminate on the basis of sexual preference, just so long as your preferences fall within the realm of human beings, and preferably ones who are not fifty feet tall, six years old, dead, hypnotized into a comalike state, or missing one or more limb. Furries most definitely need not apply. Or breathe. There are a few other qualifying features we're looking for, as well. These include the following:

This could be you! However, chances are equally good that it is not.

- No Eskimos, Inuits, Igloo-dwellers, or any other resident of the Far North (including sasquatches).

- No discriminations will be made on the basis of religion. All applicants will be converted to the Church of Xenu, the wise galactic overlord who rules this quadrant of the universe with his stockpile of hundred of thousands of hydrogen bombs, which he acquired somehow. All hail Xenu! May his enemies be chained inside a thousand volcanoes!

- No fat chicks.

- All applicants for the position of Something Awful Summer 2004 Intern must submit to a urine test. This is not a test to see what your urine contains. This is a test to see if you can urinate. We don't want to have any filthy, non-waste creating cyborgs sneaking into our hallowed office.

- Applicants must have already had chicken pox, mono, tuberculosis, scabies, and the plague.

- No really, no fucking Eskimos. They frighten Josh.

- Applicants must produce less than two fluid ounces of sweat per day on average. Lowtax refuses to lose the title of Sweatiest Something Awful Staff Member.

- Applicants must produce more than one fluid ounce of per day on average. Lowtax doesn't want to feel like he's the only one sweating, here.

- Applicants must admit that Sean Connery was the best James Bond, and that Roger Moore can suck it.

Get to work with studly individuals like this!

If you qualify, then read on. If not, you might as well click on something else along the borders of this page. This article has got nothing more for you, you goddamn sasquatch. But for the rest of you decent, non-cybernetic, non-yeti Xenu worshippers out there, you'll probably want to know what being the Something Awful Summer 2004 Intern is going to entail. Well, let me tell you, it's like a dream come true!* You'll get to see what it's like to be a member of the illustrious SA staff, including sitting in on brainstorming sessions, being privy to committee meetings, getting to listen in on staff pow-wows, being a fly on the wall during conferences, and getting complimentary passes for you and one other for the company picnic (which is held in the meeting room). But there's so much more!

* Provided that your dream involves slave labor, ridicule, regular humiliation, irregular humiliation, mental problems, emotional problems, guilt tripping, nagging, derision, physical torture, hazing, binge drinking, binge vomiting, binge complaining, menial housework, genetic experimentation, and monumental amounts of PCP.

Of course, we can't actually allow you to write for the site. The Something Awful staff writers are an elite team of trained professionals (except for Frolixo, who is really a couple monkeys in a suit). If we allowed just anyone to come in off the streets and post an article on the front page, we'd lose all of our claims to integrity, and when you're the world's premiere online satirical journalism website that does not also put out paper publications, your integrity is the foundation of the entire organization. If we let any old person post whatever they felt like, it would... well, it would be a lot like when I post, actually. In that case, it's my niche, dammit! Hands off!

To be completely honest, another item on the list of things we can't allow you to do is collect a paycheck. I'm afraid that the Something Awful Summer 2004 Internship is not a paid position, but if anything, that should form more of a camaraderie with the staff. None of us are paid. I've been working for the past year for a handful of candy corn every few weeks, and I only get that much because I managed to convince Lowtax that unless he gave me some sort of compensation for my work, he could never give me a pay cut. The other writers feel that they have a greater sense of stability since their pay can't really be reduced from nothing. Lowtax tried to pay Zack less than nothing once, but somehow it ended up with Zack owning a Humvee and a new house in Malibu. We don't know how. The point is, you're not going to be laughing all the way to the bank, unless you are especially amused by how little money you have and you just want to share your mirth and merriment with the bank tellers, who could probably use the cheering up. So you won't be writing for the site and you won't be getting paid. What exactly will you be doing? Read on and find out!

Our internship program will prepare you for a job in the real world, such as waiting tables.

The Something Awful Summer 2004 Intern will have a number of crucial responsibilities. This is a business, and like any business, it takes a strong and capable team to keep it running. Unfortunately, all we've got is us, so you're going to have to do a lot of work. Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka needs to be moistened every half hour, or the dried sweat on him will solidify into an impenetrable glaze. Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons has it in his contract that someone debate World War II strategy and politics with him for twenty hours a week, minimum. It usually ends up going on a lot longer than that, but if you're smart, you'll keep it to manageable, four hour chunks. Josh "Livestock" Boruff needs to be walked twice a day, and you just try keeping that boy on a leash. He refuses to get the hang of going for his walkies. He's always darting back and forth from side to side like some sort of horrible human GIF. Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz has to be tutored at great length first thing every morning. The lessons are typically split between teaching him how to spell and pronounce his last name, and helping him figure out what day he actually updates on. Jed and Corin Tucker's Stalker are actually two personalities buried within the tortured psyche of a schizophrenic Appalachian mountain goat, so that raises its own set of issues, as goat feed is limited and expensive. Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez has severe emotional issues stemming from being the second, and let's face it, lesser Zack on the staff, so you'll have to help him build some confidence, and that means reading through endless mind-numbing crap forums with him in preparation for "The Weekend Web." As for me, I'll be your guide, mentor, and dealer as you go along this journey of what is essentially indentured servitude. As a short, scrawny, bald, disease-ridden, overly stressed college student with a nasty temper and a penchant for racial slurs, I'm by far the most balanced of the bunch. So as you can see, you'll have your hands full!

The Something Awful Summer 2004 Internship is not for everyone. Applicants must be friendly, courteous, witty, bright, capable, ablebodied, telekinetic, lilac-scented, able to create fires by thinking hard, made of chocolate, a professional athlete, seven feet tall, capable of befriending and training small woodland creatures, fluent in eleven languages including Esperanto and Dutch, and resistant to bullets. If you're a college student and you fit the requirements, then send in your application today! We can't wait to welcome you aboard! Well, we can, but we'd rather not, since the sooner you can get here, the sooner we can dump our massive physical and emotional problems on you and call it goodwill. Ah, summer...

The Weekend Web: An Implosion of Stupidity

The internet is a kind of fad. Most people who buy a computer and sign up with one of the many internet providers these days did it because it's the new "thing" they saw on last night's ten o'clock newscast. These people aren't surfing the internet because they want to learn anything about anything. These people aren't buying computers because they love technology. These people aren't posting on internet message boards because they have anything interesting to say. No, the internet is the new fad that everyone wants to get in on. And where there are people, there is stupidity. The problem is that so many people participate in this horrible experiment gone awry, the stupidity has reached critical mass. We just can't handle anymore of it. Something's gotta give. And soon you will see a mass implosion of the internet. And after the dust has settled we will wonder why things like this get posted.

Be prepared.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

PaigeLovesRicky

New Girl
Joined: 18 Feb 2004
Total posts: 7
Gender: Unknown

Posted: Fri Mar 05, 2004 6:28 pm Post subject: a baby

quote

if u have sex w/out a condom and tha dude doesn't nut can u still get pregencant? i need to know and its there a chance to get pregencant the first time someone nuts in u? i got to know plzzzzzzz help

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profile

iLu¥cLoThEsGiRL

Lil Mod Squad
Joined: 18 Jan 2004
Total posts: 799
Location: deep in ur heart....where u have 2 find me!
Age: 13
Gender: Female

Posted: Fri Mar 05, 2004 6:35 pm Post subject:

quote

ur supposed 2 put this in the sex forum

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BeAcH BaBe6607

Chatty Girl
Joined: 04 Mar 2004
Total posts: 30
Gender: Unknown

Posted: Fri Mar 05, 2004 6:39 pm Post subject:

quote

i dont think u can..cuz we learned about that in health. but bcareful neway, cuz u never no

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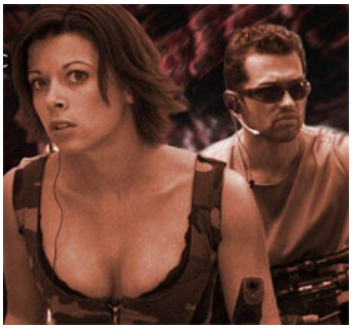
5.15 A River of Bad Movies

Sunday, May 16, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



What convocation of sorcerors has summoned "Boa vs. Python" up from the eldritch depths?

There are many villains of the film industry. It would be folly to lay the blame for bad movies at the feet of charmingly incompetent filmmakers like Ed Wood or the Palonia Brothers. They at least approached their craft with a great affection. Nor is it completely appropriate for the onus of horrible filmmaking to rest solely on companies like Trimark that seem obsessed with hoodwinking C and D grade stars into appearing in their movies about jets and aliens. The victims here are the American people, and the real villains, I have come to find, are the programming and financial executives at the Sci-Fi Channel. To say that movies produced for and by the Sci-Fi Channel are bad is to ignore the staggering achievements of the Sci-Fi Channel in the field of horrible movies.

I admit that I have seen enough bad movies on Sci-Fi long ago to merit writing this article, but I kept waiting for a sign. A sign from the demented gods of the Sci-Fi Channel that they had finally drifted so far down the river of shit of their own creation that there was not even a sliver of hope that they could paddle back upstream. That sign came last Saturday in the form of an advertisement for the Sci-Fi Channel's latest proudly proclaimed "Sci-Fi Original".

That movie is entitled "Python vs. Boa". Let me go ahead and reproduce the description from the Sci-Fi Channel's website. It's pretty difficult to believe.

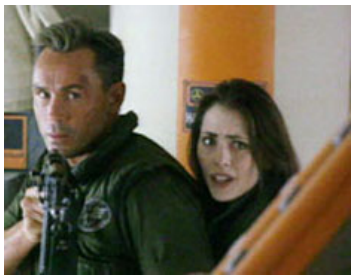
> *After an overly ambitious businessman transports an 80-foot python to the United States, the beast escapes and starts to leave behind a trail of human victims. An FBI agent and a snake specialist come up with a plot to combat the creature - by pitting it against a bioengineered, 70-foot boa constrictor.*

If you don't believe that's real and I can certainly understand why, then feel free to check for yourself. "Boa vs. Python" is not an anomaly. In fact, quite the opposite, especially considering that "Boa vs. Python" is a spiritual sequel to the Sci-Fi Channel's "Python 2". Which itself is a sequel to the straight to video shitbox "Python". Which is a direct rip-off of Ice Cube's horrible "Anaconda". Which was a low-rent "Jaws 2". The Sci-Fi Channel isn't just mad about giant snakes, they're also in love with such cutting-edge science fiction topics as saber tooth tigers, bio-engineering, and evil aliens.

Inspired by the conceptual abortion of a movie that is "Boa vs. Python" I have decided to delve into the Sci-Fi Channel's backlog of "Sci-Fi Originals" to bring you the absolute worst they have to offer. This was pretty difficult considering the best Sci-Fi produced movie was the "Dune" miniseries and even that was like a small town's Shakespeare club doing "Dune" after one rehearsal. It even managed to make Lynch's movie look like "Schindler's List". "Atomics" indeed Jean-Luc!

Dragon Fighter
Sci-Fi Description: *With military sponsorship, he uses advanced genetic science to create a living hatchling - a beast that immediately slays its handler, rips through an inch-thick steel wall and escapes into the covert compound. Automatic lockdown seals off the facility from the world, trapping the doctor and his staff inside with 48 hours till self-destruct - and the added pleasure of being stalked by a fire-breathing beast that nature never intended to see resurrected.*
Pitiful Star Talent: Dean Cain
My Description: With the magical Z-movie man Dean Cain leading the charge, this movie manages to capitalize on the total lack of success of "Reign of Fire" by combining it with "Jurassic Park". It is one of Sci-Fi's more predictable features considering what a direct rip-off it is and how the film was timed to coincide with "Reign of Fire". Like Fox, Sci-Fi is all too happy to turn a box-office flop into a terrible film that creeps into the schedule almost daily after its premier. I suppose the Sci-Fi Channel's thinking on this one was that if a major studio is expecting people to go see a really bad idea like "Reign of Fire" then they might be even more willing to see several really bad ideas fed into a blender if it's free!
Suck Factor: I have seen bits an pieces of this movie, which makes it something of an exception considering I have gone to great lengths to ignore everything else. Dean Cain is as charmingly wooden as ever and the plot is ludicrous, but the terrible special effects are not nearly as terrible as some of the other Sci-Fi Originals.

Interceptor Force 2



Sci-Fi Description: *Now, a new alien shapeshifter has arrived and slaughtered the personnel of a Russian nuclear power plant. She's got her hands on a hyper-fusion reactor and a cache of nuclear warheads - and is about to ignite an explosive chain reaction that will crack Earth open like an egg.*
Pitiful Star Talent: Olivier Gruner
My Description: "Interceptor Force 2" is the ridiculously titled sequel to "Interceptor Force", which was just poorly titled because it didn't have a number at the end indicating that people were stupid enough to finance a second film. You know a movie is getting off to a rocky start when the lead is being played by someone who is considered a cheap imitation of Jean-Claude Van Damme. It's like photocopying a photocopy of a photograph and then printing the result in a trade publication about alien shapeshifters.
Suck Factor: I only saw the trailer of this one, but even in that you catch a glimpse of just how seriously Olivier Gruner takes his role as Lt. Sean Lambert. Seeing an actor taking this film seriously is sort of like a guy who plays Bar Mitzvahs and weddings for a living talking about his "art". The special effects were on par with a late run episode of "Lost in Space" and the acting I saw, aside from Gruner, consisted mainly of shrieking

and grunting.

Deathlands: Homeward Bound

Sci-Fi Description: *Adapted from Deathlands: Homeward Bound - the fifth in a series of more than 50 books - the movie finds Ryan returning to the village of Sherville in what used to be Virginia. There, 20 years earlier, his brother Harvey (Alan C. Peterson) and their young stepmother Rachel (First Wave and Profiler star Traci Elizabeth Lords) conspired to kill the boys' father, the local baron. Harvey ran a sword through Ryan's eye, and left a slash on his brother's cheek. Ryan escaped - and as with Shakespeare's Thane of Cawdor, Macbeth, there will be both tragedy and nobility ... both brotherhood and bloodshed.*
Pitiful Star Talent: Vincent Spano and Traci Lords
My Description: Though I am loathe to admit it, I have actually seen more than half of this movie in a single sitting. It manages to resemble a really pretentious episode of "The Highlander" TV series - and I mean even more pretentious than that time Adrian Paul fought mimes - by using Batmanesque camera angles and long heavily processed shots of people walking around. If you've got Vincent Spano walking around in an eye-patch you can bet your movie is not going to make Ebert's ten best of the year list. Traci Lords' contribution to the film was to make me think that I was watching some sort of late 90s videogame cut scene. This caused me to repeatedly mash a nearby PS2 controller trying to skip the tediously long and idiotic mission briefings.
Suck Factor: The Sci-Fi Channel's site for this movie heaps ridiculous praise on "Deathlands" by claiming; "Director and editor Joshua Butler and cinematographer Bruce Worrall jolt the screen with fast-moving, stiletto-sharp cuts and some of [sic] most eloquently elegiac violence since the heydays of Peckinpah and Argento." Let me start by laughing about that, and then continue by laughing at the fact that there are over 50 "Deathlands" books in print. It makes sense though, by the Sci-Fi Channel's logic the more the better, which is why we have all of those fucking movies about giant snakes. In my opinion, if you're writing a fiction series and it gets past about book number eight then you're either L. Ron Hubbard or you're doing fan fiction about "Forever Knight".

Silent Warnings

Sci-Fi Description: *Before the dawn comes, all will deal with the horror of death, the reality of monsters, and the devastating confirmation that crop circles may not be merely innocent signs, but silent warnings.*
Pitiful Star Talent: Stephen Baldwin and Billy Zane
I Can't Believe Sci-Fi Said the Following: *A remarkably talented young cast, abetted by a wildly entertaining Stephen Baldwin performance and Billy Zane's fresh and utterly*

non-clichéd depiction of a small-town sheriff, help turn this suspenseful alien-abduction story into compelling human drama. Filmmaker Christian McIntire, who directed SCI FI Pictures' Lost Voyage and Antibody and produced and edited the independent hit Interceptor Force, has taken his work to a new level, his camera eye going from vertiginous fluidity to morning-light naturalism as each scene's emotional content demands.
My Description: Holy fucking shit. I can't believe Sci-Fi had the balls on their site to come out and say things like "vertiginous fluidity" and "fresh and utterly non-clichéd" in the same paragraph as "Billy Zane" and "Stephen Baldwin". I also can't believe they did not get sued by Touchstone for blatantly stealing the story and "vertiginous fluidity" of M. Night Shyamalan's "Signs". While I'm sure they at least didn't include Shyamalan's dubious plot device of "naked aliens that are killed by water", I somehow doubt that such an omission made "Silent Warnings" any more tolerable. Even the title is a bad imitation of "Signs". They might as well have called it "S1gns" or "Sines".
Suck Factor: Stephen Baldwin, possibly the least competent of the Baldwin clan, is killed off before the second commercial break, robbing the movie of the incredible gravitas he brought to his role as "kooky dipshit". The main players in the film are unknowns, who shamble about acting like they failed their audition as a fluffer for Ron Jermey's latest epic. As for Billy Zane and his "fresh and utterly non-clichéd depiction", well, Billy Zane plain and simple is incapable of acting. He does not act. Some people seem to like him, but I'm sorry to tell them that they're wrong. If Zane's acting was "fresh and non-clichéd" it's because they wrote a character who was a well-spoken mastermind and then Zane came in and choked out the lines he read off of the teleprompter.

Webs
Sci-Fi Description: *[They] step in an [sic] parallel Chicago gone damned. Now these four simple men find themselves trapped in a maddening mirror-world where savage, cannibalistic humans with spider appendages stalk and swarm. Yet there, too, a dwindling band of survivors - led by the beautiful ELENA, the lethal CRANE and long-lost scientist DR. MORELLI - fight back with primitive weapons ... and try not to dwell on the fact they've no chance of defeating the growing storm of spider-people and their monstrous, otherworldly Spider Queen.*
Pitiful Star Talent: Richard Grieco
My Description: I'll give Sci-Fi a tiny bit of credit on this one, because at least the plot did not involve either directly ripping off another movie or a team of the world's most elite special forces men fighting aliens. Richard Grieco has reached a point in his career where he pretty much accepts that he belongs in this sort of movie. I mean sure, we all expected his TV-show "Booker" to be a huge hit after how great he was on "21 Jump Street", but he really didn't have the talent to hang a career as a leading man on. The funniest aspect of the site for this movie is how big a deal Sci-Fi makes out of the director being David Wu. That's right; the guy who coordinated the stunts for John Woo movies is also somehow qualified to direct films about spider people in an alternate

dimension. Well, okay, actually yeah, he is probably qualified for that.
Suck Factor: Most of the cast aside from Grieco are Sci-Fi Original staples. They're of the same sort of caliber of actor and actress as you would expect from someone with a recurring guest star role on "Sliders". In fact, go ahead and add to that the plot is a lot like "Sliders" and the special effects are just as bad as they were on "Sliders". I think I'm starting to convince myself that this was actually a "Sliders" movie. I guess Jerry O'Connell was busy doing the DVD commentary for "Kangaroo Jack" during the long afternoon it took to shoot and edit "Webs".

Snakehead Terror

Sci-Fi Description: *A small town, desperate to recover from hard economic times, is under threat when voracious Snakehead fish mutate and survive previous lake chemical poisonings. The fish transform from pests to predators when human growth hormones are dumped into the local lake in the hopes of reviving the local fishing industry. Thriving on the hormones, the Snakehead fish grow to monstrous proportions, devouring everything within reach. Capable of moving and eating on land, they are forced to leave the now barren lake in a desperate search for food - animal, vegetable or human.*
Pitiful Star Talent: Bruce Boxleitner and Carol Alt
My Description: Even Bruce Boxleitner, whose career has been a tragic downward spiral from the moment "Scarecrow and Mrs. King" was cancelled despite what "Babylon 5" fans might believe, should have passed on "Snakehead Terror". This movie actually rivals "Boa vs. Python" for conceptual stupidity and manages to trump it by claiming it is based on a true story. Yes, the location is real, and yes, some snakeheads grew to exceptionally large sizes in that area, but I doubt any of them prowled the woods and leapt through the air to bite off people's limbs. Snakehead Terror is almost exactly like James Cameron's legendary "Piranha 2: The Spawning", only the special effects are much worse and the movie is actually more violent than the R-rated "Piranha 2".
Suck Factor: The movie is a non-stop gore fest rendered comical by the fact that the snakeheads look like sock puppets dipped in mud. Boxleitner seems to take his role quite seriously, adding a tragic element as you watch Tron himself square his chin and fire guns at Sesame Street fish. Carol Alt plays Carol Alt pretending to be a biologist who arrives to help determine the source of the freakishly large and aggressive snakeheads. If you get what you pay for then I'm hoping the people who financed "Snakehead Terror" provided roughly three dollars for props and another two dollars for Carol Alt.

I find it hard to believe that the Sci-Fi Channel continues to produce movies this bad. My reasoning for this is that there are probably hundreds of science fiction screenwriters and directors out there trying to break out. They could be given a quarter of the budget of, say, "Boa vs. Python" and proceed to turn out the next "Pi" or even "Death Race 2000". They could attract more viewers with more original movies, spend less money, and possibly even win critical acclaim. Instead Sci-Fi

seems obsessed with parroting the latest high-budget theatrical release or cobbling together some monstrosity about genetic experiments, giant snakes, or super secret alien-fighting commandos.

For fuck's sake, even straight-to-video mavens "Full Moon Entertainment" used to churn out an endless parade of infinitely better films that usually made up for what they lacked in budget and talent with some desperately needed humor. Give the Polonia brothers 50,000 dollars and they'll make a more entertaining film than anything Sci-Fi has produced.

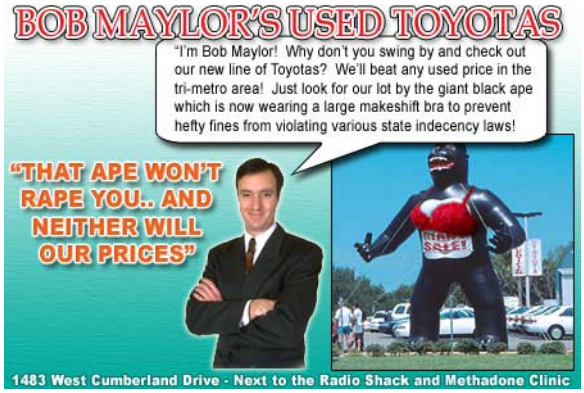
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.16 The Possible Extinction of the Entire Human Race?

Tuesday, May 18, 2004 by Detective Stive Gonzales

A SPECIAL "CHILLING LOOK AT THE FUTURE" INVESTIGATIVE REPORT BY DETECTIVE STIVE GONZALES, INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER

You may have noticed a certain tension, a particular unease in the air recently. You may have claimed you were just imagining things, unaware that millions and millions of people around you were experiencing the exact same feeling. So what exactly is this suffocating malaise covering the country like a wet diseased blanket? Is it nothing to worry about or is there a more serious problem that could destroy our entire way of living and cast society into an irreversible downward spiral resulting in the extinction of the entire human race? According to some world-renowned scientists, the outlook may be even more chilling than previously expected. Join me, Detective Stive Gonzales, as I examine a catastrophe just waiting to happen in today's special SA investigative report, "The Possible Extinction of the Entire Human Race," where I probe the hard-hitting questions other websites are afraid to ask. Can you save your family from this imminent crisis just waiting to happen, or are we all destined to die in horrifically painful and gruesome ways? Stay tuned after this brief commercial break.


BOB MAYLOR'S USED TOYOTAS
"I'm Bob Maylor! Why don't you swing by and check out our new line of Toyotas? We'll beat any used price in the tri-metro area! Just look for our lot by the giant black ape which is now wearing a large makeshift bra to prevent hefty fines from violating various state indecency laws!
"THAT APE WON'T RAPE YOU.. AND NEITHER WILL OUR PRICES"
1483 West Cumberland Drive - Next to the Radio Shack and Methadone Clinic

Welcome back. I'm Detective Stive Gonzales and today we're investigating one of the most unnerving claims repeatedly being trumpeted throughout the offices and institutions of America. It seems like

a day cannot go by when we, average innocent American citizens susceptible to a wide variety of exotic diseases which I covered in my previous investigative report, "One Million Casual Ways to Die," don't hear the same statement trumpeted over and over again: **"children are our future."** Education specialists unilaterally agree on this unquestioned assumption, and such a familiar phrase has been repeated by highly respected individuals such as President George W. Bush (the current President of the United States) and Rabbi Barry H. Block (Jewish person). So if all these seemingly intelligent, responsible people running our country agree that children are the future, it obviously must be a fact, right?

Does this look like somebody fit to lead our country?

WRONG. I've done an in-depth investigative report of this outrageous claim and have unearthed some chilling facts which could very well threaten the lives of our family, friends, and loved ones for decades to come. Let's imagine that children are, as these folks claim, our future. I recently interviewed a class of third grade students at Lincoln Elementary School so I could get a better look inside the minds of our future leaders to determine what our future may hold. I was shocked and appalled by what I discovered, and the results may just paralyze you with fear. Try, if you can, to imagine a nightmarish world that resembles an ideal paradise as described by this cross-section of individuals described by our own president as our very own future:

■ **HARROWING VISION OF THE FUTURE #1:** *"A world where mommy is happy all the time."* ***(Steven Morris)*** - A frightful scenario reminiscent of an Orwellian "1984," Steven brazenly suggests that the future will include forced medication of adults by their cruel, tyrannical children determined to subject the very folks who gave birth to them. According to this student, kids will not only grant themselves the authority to prescribe medication for members of their own family, but they will additionally feel no remorse when their own mothers are forced to roam the Earth in a zombie-like state, doped up by countless drugs designed to remove any emotion but ignorant bliss. With the rising costs of Medicare, how can our society afford to pay for this unnecessary service? Our great country will lie in economic ruins, many members of the population transformed into numb, tranced automatons at the mercy of their own offspring.

■ **HARROWING VISION OF THE FUTURE #2:** *"I would make it so the sun always shines and its* (sic) *always warm."* ***(Katie Bradshaw)*** - The Earth's ecosystem has suffered through countless shocks, but I doubt anything could prepare our fragile world for the immeasurable chaos Katie chooses to casually throw us into. Mankind has been unable to control even the most basic forces of nature, so what makes Katie believe that the world of the future will be populated by mad scientists like herself powerful enough to control the universe? A hefty investment into governmental research and development isn't enough, so I cannot help but fear that our future leaders simply do not understand the most basic macroeconomics, and this concept chills me to the very bone. Ignoring the obvious monetary concerns, let us imagine a world where "the sun always shines" and "its always warm." Our global climate would be devastated, resulting in the destruction of countless specials of animals and worldwide catastrophes such as flooding and deadly droughts. I don't think I even need to paint a picture of a world with no day and night cycle, as the mere concept alone is enough to worry even the most liberal physics majors.

■ **HARROWING VISION OF THE FUTURE #3:** *"My doggie Nickels would be alive again."* ***(Teddy Bernsen)*** - The history of necromancy is rooted in shadowy

> organizations who believed in human sacrifices and devil worship, sometimes to bring upon the end of the world. Will tomorrow's leaders congregate in occult meetings under the full moon at midnight? Will such Satanic organizations assemble behind our very own houses and seemingly "safe" neighborhoods? Sure the life of "Nickels" may be saved, but at what cost, Teddy? At what cost?

While these quotes may speak for themselves, I decided to penetrate the heavily fortified halls of Lincoln Elementary School, searching for some photographic proof that our educational leaders do not want you to see. What I found was even more shocking and revolting that I previously imagined. I'll reveal one of the most sinister and horrifying discoveries to ever be revealed right after the following commercial advertisement.

J.L HUGSLEY'S PRO PEST CONTROL
FAST SERVICE - LOW HUMAN CASUALITIES - NOT MANY THEFTS - SATAN-FREE
"WE DON'T STOP WORKING UNTIL EVERY POSSIBLE PEST IS DEAD OR THE FIRE DEPARTMENT SHOWS UP AND STARTS BEING ALL DICKS ABOUT IT"

Welcome back to Detective Stive Gonzales' special "Chilling Look at the Future" investigative report. During my cloak-and-dagger infiltration of the heavily guarded Lincoln Elementary School, I was able to penetrate a secret back room labeled with an ambiguous plaque reading, "MISS ROSE'S CLASSROOM." Fortunately the door was unlocked and I was able to sneak in and take this photo before I heard a suspicious noise and escaped through a closed window before security could be alerted to my presence:

What sort of cryptic message does this chalk diagram represent? Why are our children, supposedly the finest minds and the chosen race of the future, creating such bizarre works behind closed doors where the authorities are powerless to regulate them? Does this image have something to do with genetically engineering obscenely large bananas, fruits so heavy that only genetically engineered

superhumans could harvest them? Or is this a crude pictogram of the moon, the target of Katie Bradshaw's eternal disdain? Note the odd symbols above the yellow object. I believe these markings are an indecipherable code created by our future leaders to allow them the ability to communicate with each other while confusing the rest of us and keeping their plans secret. Do these kids really sound like the ideal candidates for future world governments?

Simply put, the answer is no. I asked a leading team of research scientists and experts their opinion of a future run by these so-called potential leaders. Their answers will petrify you, so more sensitive viewers are recommended to stop reading after the following commercial break.

Children; are they really our future, or perhaps a deadly threat that will lead to the downfall of society as we know it? I posed this question to a few leading specialists, and their candid replies may terrify you to the core.

PROFESSOR JOHN DAVIDSON, PHD

"The prospect of living in a world full of undead housepets, forced medication, catastrophic flooding, global droughts, and gigantic fruit scares the hell out of me, and I'm not ashamed to admit it. I don't think our society should be based upon such unconventional factors. I received my PHD in economics, so I'd say that our society should probably focus more on economics and less on reviving animals."

When asked if he would prefer to live in a world where all his tax money went towards eliminating the Earth's rotational spin and therefore causing eternal daylight, he responded "probably not."

"I cannot, even on a conceptual level, comprehend an effective or remotely functional way to cross the boundaries between life and death, particularly for the purposes of reviving deceased dogs. If we're going to spend so much time, money, and resources attempting to reverse the effects of death,

SCIENTIST JOAN BAXTER

why are we going to do it for a dog? Is somebody actually suggesting this? I've never heard of such a proposal. That's simply ludicrous and makes a mockery of the scientific industry."

NOTE: *Joan Baxter was later found dead in a garbage dumpster, having been strangled to death. Was this possibly the work of our future leaders?*

Are children really our future, and if so, what type of apocalyptic disaster does our future hold for us? Is there any way we can survive through the upcoming crisis to be caused by the reckless immaturity of our upcoming leaders? With such ringing endorsements from education specialists and powerful elected government officials, it appears as if it's only a matter of time until we find out if we can withstand such a catastrophic impact. Next time you see somebody in a business suit brazenly state, "children are our future," perhaps you should think twice and consider exactly what type of future these tiny people have planned for us. This is Detective Stive Gonzales signing off for another exclusive Something Awful "Chilling Look at the Future."

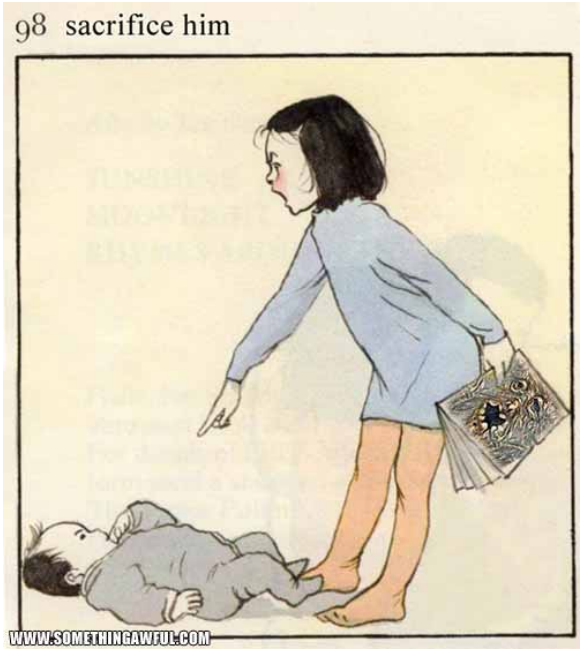
❑I was a poet and didn't even know it!

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams sippin' on Gin and juice here. A few days ago, Forum Goon Admiral started a thread with the with the following premise:

"While browsing the considerable bookshelf at my girlfriends house, I noticed this little gem. A charming picture book illustrating 101 amazingly fantastical things that can be done with a Baby. Of course, these things were all rather dull, so I took the time to scan the book to see if anyone could come up with some more amusing things to do with tiny ankle biters."

So the Goons got to work. And after filtering out most the "lol pedo lol" jokes, we get this week's Comedy Goldmine, "101 Things to do with a Baby."

-~Detective Stive Gonzales


98 sacrifice him
WWW.SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

5.17 Savings Not Meant For Mere Mortals

Tuesday, May 18, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

FREE BUFFET!
A $9.99 VALUE!
FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY
STOP IN AND GET ALL YOU
CAN EAT FOR FREE!
expires 05/14/04
Not valid with any other offer.
Interstate Buffet
HIGHWAY 12 AND VIRGINIA AVE
213-321-3213 * stop reading this okay

It was as though imaginary flames were burning the flesh off my hands as I grasped the sacred parchment of savings. The frail sheet of paper singed my gentle flesh, echoing a sense of profound astonishment through my nerves. What divine comeuppance resulted in me coming into possession of such a holy manuscript? Surely this had to be some sort of mirage, an illusionary mistake not unlike the product of an unwanted pregnancy between two holograms. In truth, I no more held this coupon than the coupon held me, dangling me over a swimming pool filled with chlorine-scented mystery and untold potential for excitement.

My eyes danced about the surface of the coupon, examining each word for hidden meaning, hidden catches, and hidden insight into life itself. Had the ancients imagined that their primitive cuneiforms would one day evolve into dollar signs? There was so much to behold on such a tiny surface. The small number of words meant nothing, for what they did not say could fill a million coupon-related stories yet written. These were not weak words like "moose" or "patio," but strong words like "free" and "buffet." These were words that titillated and evoked passion, stirring noble ambitions in even the most simple of men. Who could not identify that "free" was the basis of "freedom," or that a buffet was in many ways a form of gambling? However, because of this coupon, it would be no gamble for me. The coupon, in essence, represented an economic cheat code imbuing the holder with unfair advantages.

The buffet was a gamble for those who had to pay money. The steep price connected with many buffets inspires people to eat the most food for their money. From a stern economic standpoint, consumers really only benefit if they get more than their money's worth. This puts the proprietor at risk if the consumers eat through the food and begin chomping the profits away. Thus the buffet could be an unrivaled economic miracle, or it could be a tremendous waste of money. Because of this coupon, though, I transcended the role of mere consumer. I was a winner no matter what happened, for I would spare no coin and yet still gain full rewards. In some ways, I was now a god ready and eager to pass judgment on a kingdom of food, descending upon it with the intensity of an attack helicopter made out of really sharp angel bones.

As I held the coupon close to my nose, absorbing the warm paper aroma basked in the sweat of my hands, I could almost smell the future. Never mind the fact that it smelt like me on a hot day, my nose was looking beyond that with its tiny olfactory eyes. This piece of paper was like a key, and I would put it in the lock of the buffet, perhaps twisting it, thus opening a door to free food. But how much of this free food could I stomach? To make this free opportunity twice as free, it would depend on my capacity to consume without mercy for my body or for the buffet owner's well being. This was no easy task, for the buffet represented a grueling struggle between finite stomach linings and infinite portions. Only fools rush into buffets unprepared for the physical consequences. It takes discipline and a strong work ethic to truly master the buffet, and I was lacking in both. I would need to take time to prepare myself mentally and physically if I was to make the most of this situation.

Having recently eaten, I could not make use of the coupon for sometime. I decided I would stop eating, and wait until my stomach told me when it was ready.

Day One: I started my preparations by securing the coupon in a safe place. I had it framed and I hung it on a wall, where it could serve as a sort of motivational poster. Whenever my will weakened, I could stare at those words and find comfort and strength. It was my Bible now.

Day Two: I woke up from a nightmare. In my dream razor wire and armed guards surrounded the buffet. Before making use of it, I was forced to step on a scale and be weighed. A craven man marked down my weight on a clipboard and then ordered me to proceed to the table. It was filled with fresh human organs, still dripping with blood. But it was a buffet regardless, so I filled my plate as full as possible. Then, after eating all I could, I was weighed again. The craven man laughed, and then the guards subtracted the difference from me with a hacksaw and put it back on the table. The rest of the day was tense and stressful.

Day Three: Under the false assumption that it was Confucius who coined the phrase, "you may take as much as you want, but please eat all you take," I needlessly studied a great deal of his philosophy and writings. I gained no greater understanding of the relationship between man and buffet, but endeavored to be more virtuous and avoid the local concubines. I also had a fantasy about eating a live cow while snorkeling in a sea of gravy.

Day Four: I refused to eat a sandwich on the grounds that it would fill me up before the buffet. Because liquids were still required, I shredded the sandwich into tiny pieces and mixed them into my Kool-Aid. Mayonnaise and Blastin' Berry Cherry shared an uneasy alliance. I stared at the coupon as I suppressed my gag reflexes and repeated a silent mantra.

Day Five: The moment had arrived. I heard a rumbling roar reverberating through my innards like a lawn mower inside an elephant. From the stygian depths of my stomach cried the call of the buffet. I could no longer hold out, for now was the hour of eating.

I arrived at the restaurant ready to devour them out of business. I was so hungry that I felt I could probably eat my way through at least half a midget, though I hoped that was not what was on the menu. Days of heartache and suffering were now primed to pay off in the form of unlimited free food. I had hallowed out enough space inside me to truly frighten the coupon industry out of business, and cripple a restaurant at the same time.

I approached the register gingerly, knowing full well I was like a giant to that pitiful human cashier. She was young, pretending to be full of life, but confined behind a counter and stifled by the harrowing work of the industry. Her uniform was caked with assorted greases and stains, a sponge in a world not kind to sponges.

"Hi," I said in a voice riddled with contempt. "I'm here for the buffet!"

"Well, I guess you came to the right place then," she said in a dry voice. What life she was pretending to be full of quickly died an agonizing death right before my eyes.

"No, I meant I'm here for the entire buffet. I have this coupon. Please ask everyone else to leave."

"I'm afraid I can't do that," said the young cashier, reaching out to accept my coupon.

I held on tightly, almost refusing to let go. For a brief moment we both embraced the coupon, and I felt love for the first time. I loved that coupon, and did not want to lose it. But alas, my heart was broken when that cold cask of a woman yanked it away from my clenched digits.

"Ummm," she muttered. "This coupon expired five days ago. Sorry, you'll have to pay full price."

"What?" I asked in shocked disarray. "Where you not taught how to read numbers properly?" I added.

"Look right there. That date was five days ago. This coupon is expired, sir"

"You're a liar," I shouted! "You smudged the date with your filthy fingers! I demand repartitions!"

"Look," she said. "I'm going to get my manager. You should leave before he gets here."

"Wait! Maybe we can work out a deal!"

"Yes, you can pay the full price of $9.99."

"No, I meant a deal. Like charity! Your charity!"

"I can't do that. Look, I'm getting my manager now."

"Fine! Fine, you vile boxcar virago, I'll leave. But I'll be damned if I'm not leaving without my coupon!"

"But it's expired!" she contested, as if that was a new revelation.

"Give me my coupon before *I* get your manager!"

She handed me back the coupon, all the while looking at me with a look of intense disgust. I snatched the dead paper from out of her hands while compressing my face in such a way that would shatter a monocle, had I one to wear.

I quickly left, but stopped outside to stare at the coupon. This poor coupon, once so full of life and promise, was now dead in my hands. How did it happen? How was I so naïve as to forsake that it, like all creatures, only lived so long? It died while I was too wrapped up in the dream of a better tomorrow to notice the present. With its passing went five days of training, a substantial emotional investment, and my faith in Confucius. There was only one thing left to do now. I was hungry, and I had but one thing to eat, one thing left to fill the void, the hollow cavity inside me. I swallowed the coupon. We shared five good days together, and while our love was not meant to last, it would always be a part of me. Every coupon has a story, and this coupon's story was one I would never forget.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.18 My Date with Anime Character, Cutey Honey

Wednesday, May 19, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

For our date I took Cutey Honey to Mcdonalds. "I can get us a 50% discount since I work here, so feel free to order anything off the dollar menu." I said.

"Hey look, every happy meal comes with a talking Germaine Greer doll that says random feminist slogans." Cutey Honey said.

"Sweet! I'll take two."

Cutey Honey regaled me with tales of her adventures battling the minions of hell. "So Mayor Light and I are fighting this machine gun toting werewolf bitch, right, and she's all like "Who do I send to heaven first?" and I'm like "Hello, if you're trying to sound threatening you shouldn't tell someone they're going to heaven."

"Oh my God, you actually said that? That's awesome."

I was wearing a codpiece, a symbol of honor and respect according to Fodor's Guide to Japan and East Asia 1966. I made sure to draw attention to it every few minutes by shining it with my shirt sleeve. "So, tell me something interesting about yourself." Cutey Honey said.

"Well, I can make turntable scratching sounds on my guitar like that guy in Rage Against the Machine. Also, you know that miniature greenhouse that uses gas sieves to make plants achieve maximum growth? I invented that."

"Uh huh. What about this website you write for?"

"You know how powerpoint presentations use bulleted lists of items? It's kind of like that except this bulleted list of items has lasers and robot arms and knocks up your mom."

In my excitement I spilled soda on my pants. Then I stood up too fast and got a head rush and passed out.

Never fall asleep again.

We were approached by a fat anime fan asking for Cutey Honey's autograph. "Tell him he can have my autograph if he lets me ride around on his back like Yoda." Cutey Honey said.

"Haha, I'm not telling him that. You tell him."

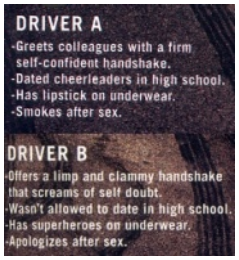
"If you tell him I'll give you my Art Carney doll. You know, the one that's possessed by a deceased serial killer."

Cutey Honey insisted that we go to the roller disco, despite my pleas that I had never skated before and also had fallen arches and a limb length discrepancy. "You've played Metropolis Street Racer, right?" she said. "Well, skating is a lot like that. It's all about getting points for style. Style can mean the difference between your classic Driver A persona and someone who absolutely reeks of Driver B."

If Cutey Honey was right, and I knew she was, then I needed an original style to set myself apart from the other skaters. All at once it occurred to me that if everyone was skating around the room clockwise, I could buck the system by going counter-clockwise. Suddenly the roller disco became a Turkish insane

asylum where I was a tortured yet free-spirited Brad Davis daring to oppose the iron fist of conformity by walking in the opposite direction than the rest of the inmates. A collision with another skater jolted me back to not exactly reality but something more real than my fantasy of having Brad Davis' rugged good looks which was probably as real as my day was going to get at this point. Part of me wanted to apologize to the man I had bumped into, but another part of me knew that I couldn't back down now if I wanted to become king of the roller disco. I imagined the kingly roller skates I would wear. They would have rockets and titanium wheels and a plethora of other hidden tricks for vanquishing my opponents. I knew what I had to do. In what I assumed would be seen as a display of dominance, I began grinding against the man with my codpiece clad crotch. Unfortunately, when I tore off my breakaway pants, my inhaler fell out of my pocket and got kicked across the room.

Taking a page from *The Warriors*, Cutey Honey and I started our own roller skating gang. We even created a secret handshake for our gang called the Tokyo Kickflash. It started with a simple high five. Then we put one hand on our hearts to symbolize that we were defenders of love and with the other outstretched hand reached skyward and yelled "Kickflash!" as though we were issuing a proclamation to heaven itself. Our gang quickly became rivals with another gang that was composed primarily of juggalos. I would give the details of our epic battle except that it involved some secret jet-kwon-do moves that could hypothetically be used for evil.


DRIVER A
•Greets colleagues with a firm self-confident handshake.
•Dated cheerleaders in high school.
•Has lipstick on underwear.
•Smokes after sex.
DRIVER B
•Offers a limp and clammy handshake that screams of self doubt.
•Wasn't allowed to date in high school.
•Has superheroes on underwear.
•Apologizes after sex.

Thus far I had made it through the night without mentioning my incredibly nerdy hobby of level design, although I had almost slipped up when Cutey Honey asked me why I kept staring at her breasts and I got all defensive and said "What, it's not like I'm trying to estimate their polygon count or something." After leaving the roller disco, we went back to my house and decided to get drunk and use the power loader in my futuristic basement. "How do I move the arms again?" Cutey Honey asked. "Oops, sorry about that table. Okay I am officially drunk."

After drinking half a bottle of southern comfort, I began babbling incoherently about backpacks. "Once I save up enough money I'm going to buy a Jansport backpack with techno-radiant, zen-washed hypercolors." I said. "Check out this awesome ad from Gamepro."

"What does Mark Mcgrath have to do with backpacks?" Cutey Honey said.

"You know how in The Vagina Monologues they ask what clothes your vagina would wear? Well, if Mark Mcgrath's back was a vagina, this backpack is what it would wear."

"This is the part of the date where you're supposed to entertain me with your sense of humor." Cutey Honey said. "Now remember, I'm a woman so I prefer jokes that involve wacky Frasier-esque misunderstandings."

"Then you'll love this; I used to think the phrase "racial epithets" was actually "racial epitaphs" which made no sense to me because why would anyone want their tombstone covered with racial slurs?"

"You know what's great about our relationship?" Cutey Honey said. "It's not based on physical attraction. Our relationship is like a beautiful exotic bird that isn't bound by sex or caged by lust."

"That's cool except that I'm scared of birds. I'd rather metaphorically categorize our relationship as a beautiful alien landscape to be stared at contemplatively from the safety of our virtual reality gyroscopes."

◘ My Date with Serial Novel, "Untitled Document"

This one goes out to all you lovebirds out there who also happen to be fans of "Untitled Document". Yes, that's right, for all five of you there is a new chapter available, bringing the total now to seven.

> Popov hit the remote control, smearing melted fudge from his left hand across the buttons. The channel changed back to the frozen image of the videotape Vladimir had paused. It was an underground Greek shit porn video in which two men were eating a muddy diarrhea-like enema out of a woman's ass. Her anus was distended with a speculum and the two hirsute gentlemen were wearing bibs and using soup spoons. Vladimir grunted and paused from cramming gummy worms into his mouth to hit play on the VCR remote. The woman moaned on screen and with a wet hiss treated both men to a warm brown mist. They seemed to find the experience bracing.
>
> With a complete lack of comedic intent Popov reached into a bag of fudge pretzels and extracted five of the molten things, shoving all of them into his mouth at once and smearing the chocolate on his face.

What *will* they think of next?! And by "they" I mean the military industrial complex. Check this installment out!

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

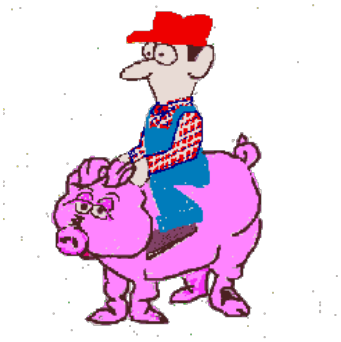
5.19 My Address to the 17th Annual Show Pig Roundup of Greely, Ohio

Thursday, May 20, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

These are dark times. The birds take flight and the animals flee the forest as if sensing the coming of a great and terrible force. Fissures appear in the earth, opening and cracking apart to show us the deep red heart fires of our doomed planet. The pyres that light our burning cities cast an impenetrable cloud of smoke high into the skies so that it is perpetually night. The soil no longer sustains our crops, our food stores have gone sour, and even the rivers and lakes which we rely on for fresh water are now contaminated with the diseases carried by the bobbing corpses of our endless dead.

But that doesn't mean we can't have one hell of a Show Pig Roundup this year! Whoooooeeeee boy! I am excited as all get out to see this astounding lineup of show pigs. Last year will be hard to beat, but if Mr. Reilly's prize sow is any indication, then we is pretty close to doing it already and it's the first gal-darned day.

I am really getting ahead of myself here on this one though. Let me first start out by saying that we are all honored to have TJ's overall prizewinner from last year rejoining us. The one, the only, "Saddam Hogssein" can be seen in the blue barn and TJ will be signing autographs and answering questions. On the last day we can look forward to finding out what Saddam tastes like during the pork cook off. TJ will be supplying all of the meat including "Saddam Hogssein", his runner-up from last year Blue Bird, and the world's most charming pig, the pig with all the personality; Lady Deloris! If she tastes half as sweet as she acts then I know we will be in for a treat.



Kids, why not take your parents to the red barn and get a look at "Smokey", the Greely Police Department's very own STD Awareness hog?! Smokey will be teaching kids about how abstinence and prayer can protect them from the dangers of sin and sin-related viruses. Learn from Smokey and his piglet sidekick "Sugarcubes" just how Hepatitis-C can be spread by inattention during sermons.

Speaking of sermons, newcomer to the Greely Show Pig Roundup Arnie "Hap" Janklow will be performing a drama pageant with the help of his 238 pound darling "Jesus Christ". Inspired by Mel Gibson's "The Passion", this musical version of the crucifixion and scourging of Jesus will include authentic costumes, singing and dancing, hilarious Jews, and free fried dough treats for the children. We're hoping we don't see any technical problems like we did during last year's Janklow production of "Black Hog Down". Just in case Greely's fire and rescue van will be on the scene.

Did somebody say pork fritters?!

Janine Randall and her tri-county area famous pork fritters will be available from 10 to 10 at the hog palace near the south entrance. Joining Janine this year will be her daughter Freebird who is promising to debut her very own recipe for pickled hog's face. According to my sources she's been working on it all summer, so be sure to give those hog's faces a taste test. As usual we'll have dollar drafts of Natural Light after 6 PM.

There is plenty to do for the whole family. Check out the Fun N' Games Pavilion, where we have set up some of the funniest, kookiest, and spookiest games and rides for the whole family. Old Man McElroy's Haunted Pig Graveyard and Hog Freak Exhibit includes a ride through the haunted Pig Manor and a walk through tour of some of the most terrifying pigs you have ever seen. Old Man McElroy has the bones of the pig from "Green Acres", he's got "Porkahontas" the oldest living Injun pig, the horrifying pig with five eyes, and the unbelievable and still living "Elephant Hog".

If that's too scary for you then check out "Bongo" the dancing pig and her monkey friend "Snickerdoodle". She's sure to put on quite a show again this year, although please do not try to touch her, we had an incident last year and we do not want any kids getting bit. You can also compete in the bobbing for pig's feet or the rind toss booths to win a chance at a honey glazed ham from Farley's Grocery on Poplar Boulevard in downtown Greely.

Alright folks, the Hog Snooker show is up first at 9:00 AM, followed by Warner's Good Times Pig Chase. We've got a cake walk at 10:30 - bring all the kids - and then Bargain Jack Heating and Air Conditioning will be sponsoring our yearly pork taffy pull. Take a break during lunch and listen to the tunes of local son Allan Rorey and the Flap Jack Jug Band. In the afternoon we've got the main judging for the Most Honest and Most Rowdy pig competitions and this evening following the hog buggy races we'll get to hear from stand up comedian Cornpone and watch a live telecast of a Toby Keith concert in Atlanta.

Thank all of ya'll for coming.

Robocop Phriday

Livestock here, leading you on with another false introduction. Robocop is nowhere to be seen this week, instead we have a new Photoshop Phriday that continues last week's theme of "Magazine Mayhem." The results this week are just as swell, so enjoy them or keep your mouth shut.

Read it already, you crazy lunatics!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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5.20 Saturday Night Head Cold

Friday, May 21, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

You all know I hate to brag about my seemingly endless list of skills and talents, but I must truthfully confess that I am one of the greatest dancers in the history of the universe.When I feel the music pulse through my bones and lower bowels, my feet are like water; flowing across the dance floor and getting the ladies and a few of the men soaked with excitement. I am the master of all styles; the Mamba, the Hula, the African Watusi; disco dancing, breakdancing, tap dancing, and the Hokey Pokey. I have also won numerous awards during a multitude of competions including the "YMCA Daddy's Little Dancer Marathon", age bracket 25-30, for three years running. Dapper Dancer Magazine has called me the "Bruce Lee of dancing" because of my penchant for creating my own styles of dance that I blow the crowds away with when they're performed for the first time on the dance floor. When I go to a club and step onto the floor, the noise becomes a hushed whisper and a square is cleared from me to work my magic. After I'm done, the place explodes with joy and they beg for more, except for a few weeks ago when I unveiled my "Iraqi Prison Torture" dance moves that seemed to upset a lot of folks. I think it may have been too soon.

Many ask me how I first got started weaving dances of magic with my nimble feet of fancy. It all goes back to when I was a young ruddy lad in the 80's and saw the move Footloose for the first time. For those of you who live under a rock or were raised by Jehovah's Witnesses, Footloose is a story of a complex young man from the city played wonderfully by Kevin Bacon, who moves to a small town in the Bible Belt where dancing is forbidden by the local preacher played by John Lithgow. Kevin Bacon is a free spirit that likes to express his raw emotions through music and dancing, fighting an uphill battle against the old religious authority. In a very pivotal part in the movie, and probably one of the most emotional and moving scenes ever put on film, Kevin Bacon goes to an abandoned warehouse to vent his frustration.This is a battle, but instead of using knives or guns against the archaic southern society, he is using his dance moves as his weapons. I must honestly say that Footloose is probably one of the best movies ever made and is a triumph of the human spirit. Especially when they played chicken with the tractors that were going 5MPH. After watching this movie countless times as a child, I started dancing constantly. My father was unnerved by this development and tried to put a stop to it by breaking my ankles, but after they healed I went right back to dancing. Ever since, I haven't stopped growing my litany of skills and fine tuning my craft, until now. It has come time for me to retire.

Now that I am officially off the market, I'm hanging up my dancing shoes and leaving the dance club circuit permanently. I think it would be unfair for me to continue my reign of unequaled supremacy, depriving the up and comers of their chance to shine in the spotlight. My place now is on the Laz-E-Boy watching Curling and growing large and pudgy by eating snack chips and fried dough. Since I consider all of you my close Internet friends, I am going to do something I have never done before: unveil top secret step-by-step directions on some of my most famous dances to you so that you can try them out at the clubs yourself! I must warn you that the skill level on these dance moves are extremely high so I don't recommend trying them if you are a novice. One of my rivals that tried to steal my moves ended up in the hospital with a pair of broken legs and a punctured kidney after I hit him with my car and poked his kidney with a sharp stick I found in my backyard. Although the world of dance may look like fun and games, it is a very serious deal to the folks who live the lifestyle to its fullest. If you do decide to take these dances, practice them at length at home, and then unleash them at your local dance clubs, please be ready for the fame and jealousy of your peers that is soon to follow. It is wise to travel with an entourage that will protect you from any

foes who would steal your glory, and always bring a lot of condoms with you. After you bust these crazy moves out, the girls will be hanging off you like monkeys on a banana tree. They also may try to peel your skin off and eat you, so watch out.

The Old Fisherman

I created this dance in the summer of '96 when I was visiting some relatives in Maine. I was sitting at a seaside restaurant feasting on fresh cod and watching the fishermen pulling in their nets when inspiration struck. The movements of the burly fishermen flowed in a beautiful pattern, like smelly, cursing, unshaven ballerinas. The deck of their boat was the stage and the various forms of sea life that they gutted and beheaded were their unwilling dance partners. I stopped eating my meal, grabbed my boom box from my car, and busted out some jams as I created some moves on the spot. The fishermen did not like it one bit and preceded to throw crab legs at me until I was heavily injured, but the dance was completed and ready to take back to the city for a test run. It quickly became a fan favorite and soon kids from New York to Tokyo were getting down to the old fisherman dance. Let's break it down so you can use it too.

#1. Place your feet shoulder width apart. Pull both arms back, your hands open behind your head, and then toss them forward like you are flinging a net into the ocean. Repeat 5 times and rotate.

#2. Now act like you are pulling in the net, hand over hand alternating from the left and right sides. It is important that you rotate your head in the opposite direction of the net pulling. This simulates that you are wary of rogue sharks that might leap from the sea and take a limb.

#3. It's time to reap the rewards and take those fish out of the net and drop them into the buckets. Get as crazy as you want to get here, and feel free to customize it to your own speed. Repeat until the song is over and then hold up two fish in victory "v" at the end.

An example on how to perform The Old Fisherman. And yes I used Quicktime just to annoy you terrible nerds!

Farm Lyfe

As most of you know, I worked on a farm for most of my life and it's ingrained in my psyche. The screams of the piglets being slaughtered, and of old uncle Cecil falling in the wheat thresher still haunt me during the night, so much so that I need a mix of heavy pharmaceuticals and alcohol to sleep. Besides the deep scars that will never fully heal, my experience on the farm has also helped me craft one of my most successful dances to date called Farm Lyfe. It earned me many accolades and praise in the dance community, such as winning the "Best Farm Related Dance Performance" at the Dancies (the biggest awards show of the year!). For further effect when performing this dance, you can also dress the part and wear some overalls and a straw hat. I don't recommend letting pigs loose in the dance club though since that got me in some hot water.

#1. Milking the cow. Pretend you are pulling on those udders for some of that sweet, sweet milk. Get as funky as you want to on this one.

#2. Next, put one hand on your hip and with the other toss the seed out for those hungry chickens. Do it two times on each side and then alternate.

#3. This is where it gets a little tricky. You are chasing a hog that has escaped the pen so you need

a little room to work. Throw in a few milking moves and seed throwing in the middle of the chase to mix it up. Be creative.
An example on how to perform Farm Lyfe.

White Ghetto Boogie
I know it's a little tough to be respected in the highly competitive dance scene if you are a white boy. That's why I feel that instead of trying to emulate the highly skilled black dancers and being labeled as a poser, the white folks should embrace their lameness and work with what they have. With this piece I took all the common traits of the bad white dancer and made it a hip and fun club dance that generates laughs and friendship with both races. Except Mexicans, they are not allowed on our dance floor at any time!
#1. We start it off with the "Hitchhiker". Stick your thumbs out and move your hands up and down. You need to have a sense that your car ran out of gas and you desperately need to be picked up, but you are a tad worried that it will be some psycho that will carve you up with a chainsaw and eat your genitals. Don't forget to move your head to the music!
#2. Now place one hand on the hip and snap away to the beat! Switch sides and continue until crispy brown or the song changes gears.
#3. The last move is called "Friends", named after the super white popular sitcom. It really has nothing to do with the show though, and you just kind of hop around until the song is over. Be aware that while you are doing this you might be laughed at by other dancers, but don't let this break your concentration. If you forget these moves while you are out there, just do the Hustle instead.
An example on how to perform White Ghetto Boogie.

That's What Bilbo Baggins Hates
Bend the spoons, crack the plates, that's what Bilbo Baggins hates! This dance is inspired by the J.R.R.Tolkien's "The Hobbit". Since my attempts to turn the entire book into a dance number failed miserably, I decided to just focus on one part; when the Dwarves and Gandalf come to visit Bilbo and give the poor little Hobbit a hard time with their ill mannerisms. I first used this dance at the height of the Lord of the Rings mania that was generated by the movies, so this was a huge success at the time. Since it has died down a little, I recommend waiting to use this for when the Return of the King special edition DVD comes out. I also recommend watching the 1977 cartoon version of the Hobbit before going out to the club to get a full sense of the scene and to practice your moves to the song. Hire some midgets to come over and break all of your silverware and dishes to really get a feel for the torment poor Bilbo was going through.
#1. First you are acting as the Dwarves, bending the spoons and cracking the plates while moving to the beat of the jungle rhythm.
#2. Next you are doing Bilbo, running about all worried while trying to keep up with the troublesome Dwarves.
#3. Now you are Smaug the great red dragon, who has made an alliance with Bilbo to destroy the Dwarves and save the silverware in peril. I know I took some artistic liberties with the story here, but I felt the dance needed a little more action. I hope the Tolkien estate isn't too sore at me.
An example on how to perform That's What Bilbo Baggins Hates.

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire
My love of history is second only to my love of dance. That's why by combing these two passions, I am able to make something entertaining and fun, but at the same time a teaching tool to all those watching. Crafting this dance took countless hours of research on my part, pouring over the 6 volume texts of Gibbon's masterpiece on the fall of the Roman Empire. For many years I worked on condensing the thousands of pages into a three minute dance number. Countless drafts of the dance were sketched out but none reached the quality I was looking for. I almost gave up, but then I reached a turning point after I locked myself in the basement with the books and did not leave until I was finished or had to go potty. I must warn you that this is a very advanced dance and you really should practice this for at least 6 months before using it in public. Also please do not bring any swords or bows to the club, because the bouncers will not let you and will call you hurtful names.
#1. The barbarian horde of Goths, Vadels, Huns, Visgoths, and Saxons swarm acoss the empire! Shoot your bow, hack with your swords, boogy down like it's the fifth century AD!
#2. Rome responds with her dwindling legions. Internal corruption and dissension makes it a lost cause. March in fixed order with a large frowny face.
#3. The sack of Rome. Pillage, rape, loot, and set fire to everying. Make sure you just do this in the dance and not to the club. People may be confused by this dance if they are ignorant of history so it might be wise to give a brief lecture on the fall of Rome before performing. Bring a projector with you and some slides to help with this presentation.
An example on how to perform The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Not unlike Kevin Bacon from Footloose, once you unleash these moves at the school sock hop or junior prom, you will be sure to be the talk of your town and will probably have to do battle the local preacher, eventually winning him over with the irresistible charm of these dances. On a side note, there will be a five dollar royalty charge whenever you use one of these dances. I accept checks, money orders or any edible goods. You got served!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

5.21 Something Special

Saturday, May 22, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

I think I've made it abundantly clear over the years that I'm nothing if not a charitable guy. There's nothing I like better than rolling up my sleeves, lacing up my boots, pulling up my pants, and pitching in to help out whatever community I happen to be in at the time. I do this without wanting any thanks or expecting anything in return. It's all completely voluntary and in no way even remotely connected to any sort of altercation with any law enforcement organization. That being said, I certainly don't think that the law enforcement organization is disappointed by the fact that I have so graciously chosen to use so much of my time to help out the community lately. In fact, I'd imagine that if I chose to do something else with that time, the law enforcement organization would be pretty bummed. And then they'd express their bummitude by beating me unconscious with nightsticks. But even so, believe me when I say that my charity stems from genuine goodwill and definitely not from a court order.

With that in mind, I recently spent a solid twelve hours of my very own Friday working for the Special Olympics. The Special Olympics differ from the crappy old Regular Olympics in a number of fundamental ways. This first is obviously that the Special Olympics is for mentally challenged athletes of all ages whereas the Regular Olympics is for socially awkward athletes of fourteen years and older. The Special Olympics have branches all over the country, if not the world, which hold events several times a year, unlike the Regular Olympics, which are so disorganized that they can only manage to have half their games at once, and even then it's only every two years. The Special Olympics are a charitable, nonprofit organization, unlike the Regular Olympics, which are controlled by a secret society of pagans who wish to build money through exorbitant ticket prices, advertising, and shitty merchandise like awful, awful video games so that they can build a solid gold temple to Zeus, king of the gods. Also, the Special Olympics practically beg for a slew of horrible, horrible jokes that pretty much damn everyone within a ten mile radius to a fiery eternity in the pits of Hell, whereas the Regular Olympics will next be held in Athens.

There is absolutely nothing I can write under this picture that doesn't make me a horrible person. Not a thing.

I spent my day helping to prepare for a Special Olympics event to be held in Connecticut this weekend. It was grueling physical labor - lots of loading and unloading trucks and the like - but throughout it all, I was kept motivated by the knowledge that I'd be helping the mentally retarded community. There's nothing quite like seeing the tremendous smiles on the faces of all the athletes who participate in this sort of competition to warm your heart with the unshakable certainty that they have absolutely no idea what they're smiling at. The first part of the day was spent at the Special Olympics branch office which is staffed by a wonderful crew of professionals and volunteers alike, all of whom have a fantastic go-getter attitude and the uncanny ability to fold hundreds of pamphlets featuring pictures of a couple dozen sweaty mentally retarded athletes mobbing U2 frontman Bono without breaking into a fit of hysterical giggling (an ability that I lack, I should mention). I helped load up a couple of trucks with various boxes containing equipment for the event. Now, one other key difference between the Regular Olympics and the Special Olympics is that whereas the Regular Olympics have three awards - bronze, silver, and gold - the Special Olympics have six. As best as I can figure, they are bronze, bronzish, silver, silver.5, gold, and really, really gold. All of the medals for the intermediary awards look exactly like medals for the normal three awards, but the special athletes have yet to notice this, and nobody is about to tell them. Of course, if you've got six awards

to hand out, you need six platforms for the recipients to stand on. The platforms came in the form of huge wooden boxes nested within one another. Each box had a decent amount of weight to it, but nested together, they took three men just to get onto a hand cart. These boxes were freaking vicious. They were the first things we moved, because somehow trying to move gigantic, bulky objects heavy enough to shatter bone first thing in the morning when the entire crew was barely awake enough to walk a straight line seemed like a good idea. Naturally, the result was a string of box-related injuries that threatened to end the whole endeavor right there. For years to come, I will have nightmares about gigantic green boxes tumbling at me, causing me to wake up in a cold sweat and be unable to focus on anything for the rest of the day. I'll lose any job I try to keep as a result of my listlessness, and my subsequent irritation and frustration will make me a bitter and resentful person, which will drive away all of my friends and potential romantic matches, but that's okay, because due to my hard work, a retard will be able to stand up and proudly slur through a speech impediment thick enough to choke a horse that he's bronzish in the long jump.

Same thing here. If I make a joke, I'm awful. But believe, it's tempting.

As the morning wore on and the sun warmed the Earth to a nice, comfortable boil, we packed more and more stuff into the trucks. We were moving as quickly as we could, as the trucks had to head out to the event site by a quickly approaching deadline if they were going to be unloaded early enough for the setup to be completed in time. Considering that each truck had to be loaded with a few of those nested award platform dealies, as well as a few dozen boxes of medals, signs, sporting goods, nonperishable food products, and various other piles of crap, that was no small task. There was also the matter of the displays. There were these huge displays, at least eight feet tall if they were an inch, that had to be stuffed into the trucks. They couldn't stand on their own, so each one had to be accompanied by bundles of various lengths of PVC pipe. Being on a timeline and all, we were carrying the PVC pipes along the shortest route possible from their original location to the trucks, and that meant cutting across the parking lot. Now, it has been said that in any given area, the number of good, decent, and amicable people must be directly proportional to the number of complete assholes in a ratio of no less that 1:4. Actually, that probably has never been said, at least in such specific terms, but it should be. In the event that there just aren't enough people around to fulfill that ratio, one person may just be four times as much of a complete asshole. In this case, since we were helping an office full of nice people, it was inevitable that we would run into a terrifying, multiheaded gorgon of an asshole sooner or later. Sure enough, disaster struck when we were carrying the PVC pipes. One of us came within six inches of a car in the parking lot, prompting a shrill, grating female voice to come from a second story window demanding that we stop walking through the parking lot, the place where the trucks were parked, if we wanted to get to the trucks. The mysterious voice informed us that we could use the sidewalk if we simply had to get to our precious trucks, but we were under no circumstances permitted to get anywhere close to the cars near our travel path because we might somehow reduce them to a pile of shrapnel and headlights. Mind you, the PVC pipes we were carrying were of the sort that if they actually came into contact with a car, they would break into a thousand pieces long before they ever scratched the car's paint.

The sidewalk that the woman was referring to was actually a path along the building that was about three and a half feet lower than the parking lot, on the other side of a cement wall. We could have used that path to move our heavy boxes and equipment, but with our small crew, there was no way to do so without adding at least an additional sixty seconds onto the move time of each armload of stuff. Mind you, we had not actually touched any of the cars in the parking lot. In fact, we had been moving boxes along the same route all morning, before two of the cars currently parked

nearest to the trucks even got there. Why people decided that parking right next to huge trucks being loaded by guys carrying huge boxes and pipes was a good idea baffles me, but those two people moved their cars shortly after, presumably when they realized that it would make our lives a whole shitload easier. I have to imagine the one car left anywhere near our path belonged to the woman screeching at us from the window. Now, I wouldn't have minded if the woman had at least said "please" or apologized for the inconvenience. But that didn't happen. The results of her screeching were significantly better than you'd expect from a tired crew of sweaty guys moving heavy shit who know that they've still got another eight hours of work ahead of them, in that we didn't casually lob a box of bronzish medals through her windshield. But we kept to our course, mostly because we were on a tight schedule, but also partially because fuck her. In this time, we still never touched her car, or any other vehicle besides our own trucks. We did, however, make a slew of unpleasant comments about the woman and the various things we would like to do to her precious car. Not wanting to start trouble, though, we all took extra care to avoid her car, since we didn't really want to deal with her. Sadly, this was not enough to please her.

Why do I keep posting these pictures? It's just making me look like an asshole.

The woman came charging downstairs to berate us for our unruly behavior and our reckless endangerment of her sedan. Despite the fact that I was the youngest, smallest, and weakest member of our crew, and was thus responsible for carrying the smallest amount of heavy crap by her car, she chose to come right up to me and start a debate. She screamed at me for a minute or so about how she had asked nicely for us to take the sidewalk and how we were all being "just horrible" for daring to violate the invisible safety bubble that apparently extended thirty feet in all directions around her car. When I was able to get a word in edgewise, I apologized for causing her any distress and politely suggested that if she moved her car back all of three feet, there would be no conceivable way for us to hit it, and thus the problem would be solved for everyone. She responded by screaming at me some more, telling me that I had my head up my ass (which careful forensic study later showed that I did not), and then lecturing me on how we needed to position the trucks if we wanted to satisfy her. Rather than moving her car a few feet backwards, she wanted us to move a huge trailer truck around the entire building to park it next to another truck. If this had occurred in another time and place, I would have pointed out several facts of the situation that she may have overlooked, such as the fact that she was being a real cunt. Unfortunately, though, despite the fact that I was performing this community service entirely voluntarily, if I had cursed her out I would have been entirely voluntarily violating the terms of my service, which would have prompted my boss to entirely voluntarily send me to an entirely voluntary jail. So instead I calmly explained that moving the truck the way she wanted would block off the exit to the parking lot and prevent one of the trucks from leaving, which it needed to do about half an hour earlier.

I was stunned. Here we were, a small team of guys doing the work that was meant for twice as many people, trying to work on a tight deadline to help out a charitable organization. We were putting in a twelve hour day for absolutely zero pay, and we never once complained. You'd think this woman would find it unwise to get us pissed off. Or at least, a "please" or "thank you" might have been in order. The woman evidently did not see things that way. She demanded to speak to the person in charge of our "stupid" organization, which was something of a disappointment to me. Since she had singled me out for her raving bitchery, I figured she thought I was the lead guy, despite my obviously taking orders from other people. One of my coworkers said that he was in charge, which he wasn't but hell if I was going to say anything. I could tell this wasn't about to go anywhere, though, since he looked like he was already fighting to restrain his laughter. Sadly, before that could really get anywhere, one of the people who actually were in charge came over to see what all the rhubarb was

about. The woman then explained the situation by making up a shitstorm of blatant lies. She came up with enough bullshit about us leaning boxes on her car and sitting on her hood to convince me that she was either delusional or a colossal bitch. I called her on each and every lie, which only pissed her off more. She was about forty, and somehow she didn't like being lectured on honesty by a twenty year old guy doing court-ordered voluntary community service while she was trying to badmouth that same twenty year old guy to another forty year old guy. She flew into another frenzy of explaining where we should move our trucks to prevent her from having to move her car a few feet to avoid damage that never happened. As she shrieked her carefully mapped plan to everyone in earshot, I burst out laughing at her frequent use of the phrase "butt to butt." I think she thought she was getting through to us rough-and-tumble trucking types by using the filthiest language she could manage, and I complemented her on the effort. I was asked to wait outside.

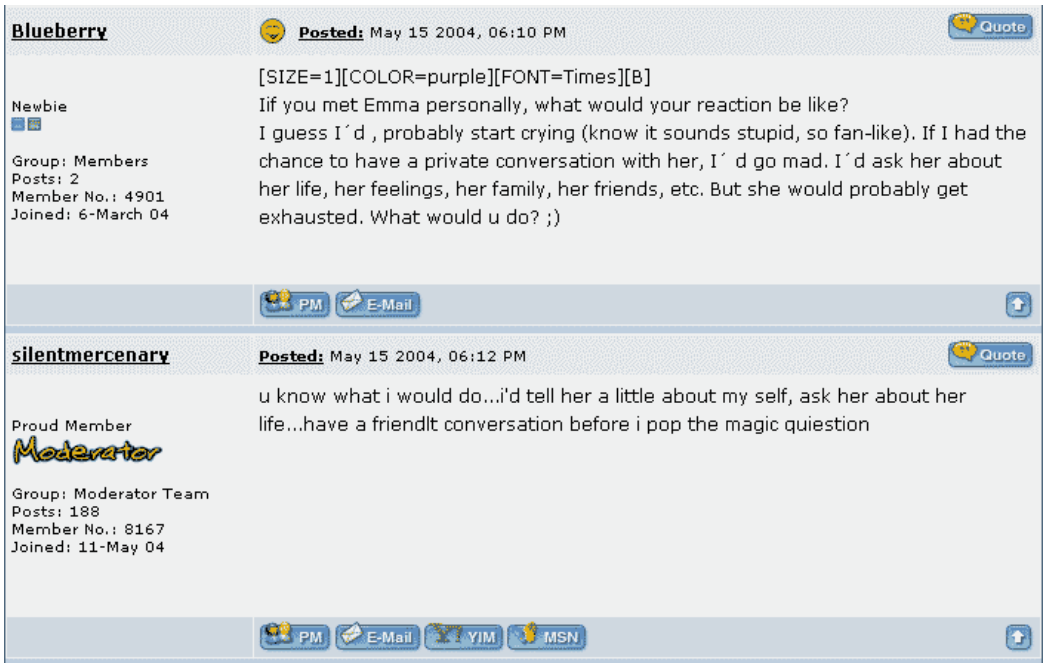
I've decided to switch to safer ground by instead posting pictures of a young boy and the annoying woman, featured at left.

In the end, the woman went back upstairs to do whatever thoroughly useless thing she had been doing in the first place. My guess is she probably sat crouched at her window, ready to call the national guard if we violated her car's airspace again. We loaded the trucks the same way we had been all along, and lo and behold, her car never sustained a scratch. Naturally, though, I spent the rest of the day of menial work occupying my mind with ways to exact subtle revenge on the woman. Once it became clear that I could no longer damage her vehicle, as we had left the area and driven to the site of the event, I thought about sabotaging the Special Olympics as best I could. The trouble is, it's actually surprisingly difficult to sabotage the Special Olympics. All of the events have to be accessible to the special athletes, so you don't encounter a lot of complex machines with parts that can be rigged to break at critical moments. It's a lot of long jumping and shotputs. Have you ever tried to sabotage a shotput? It's not easy. Really anything you do to it can only make it a better shotput. After much planning and strategizing, I eventually decided to leave well enough alone. I didn't want to ruin the Special Olympics for everyone. After all, there's nothing sadder than a bunch of sad retards, and nothing more frightening than a bunch of sad retards in excellent physical condition with shotputs.

After a long day of work and dealing with idiots, I returned home covered in grime, aching and exhausted. I was in a generally foul mood, which was odd, because usually providing the mentally handicapped with big green boxes to stand on so they can get their awards and have their picture taken before mobbing Bono makes me feel like a new man. However, the fact that I hadn't gotten my petty revenge gnawed away at me. As I go into my final week of the community service that I'm doing completely out of the goodness of my heart and not at all because it's keeping me from getting passed around a prison courtyard like a cheap doobie that big burly men are also having sex with, the thought echoes through my mind: will I see this woman again? Will I give her another conniption by getting within spitting range of her beautiful car? Will she again be forced to stoop to my level by using profanity like "butt to butt?" Only time will tell, but even if we never meet again, I want her to know that she'll always be special to me.

◻ The Weekend Web: You Can't Have Just One!

Hello friends, Zachary "Speculum Jones" Gutierrez here with another sack of crap to give away. This week we've got insane fans who are obsessed with some stupid child actress who plays a dumb wizard in a dumb movie about dumb shit, a few exciting rap battles, and part two of our AIM Girl coverage. It's a cornucopia of horrible nightmares!



Blueberry — **Posted:** May 15 2004, 06:10 PM — Quote

Newbie

Group: Members
Posts: 2
Member No.: 4901
Joined: 6-March 04

[SIZE=1][COLOR=purple][FONT=Times][B]
Iif you met Emma personally, what would your reaction be like?
I guess I´d , probably start crying (know it sounds stupid, so fan-like). If I had the chance to have a private conversation with her, I´ d go mad. I´d ask her about her life, her feelings, her family, her friends, etc. But she would probably get exhausted. What would u do? ;)

PM E-Mail

silentmercenary — **Posted:** May 15 2004, 06:12 PM — Quote

Proud Member
Moderator

Group: Moderator Team
Posts: 188
Member No.: 8167
Joined: 11-May 04

u know what i would do...i'd tell her a little about my self, ask her about her life...have a friendlt conversation before i pop the magic quiestion

PM E-Mail YIM MSN

There it is and here is the link.

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

5.22 The NASCAR Russet Potato Challenge

Monday, May 24, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Occasionally during our mundane activities we come across something so arcane, so bizarre, so completely out of place and nonsensical that our brains have no choice but to shut down and start humming the theme song from "Mannix" over and over until the offending object has been properly removed. For example, this happens to me every time I catch a glimpse of myself naked in the mirror. Such a traumatic event recently occurred while I was casually strolling through the aisles of the local Hy-Vee grocery store a couple days ago. I had been minding my own business and looking for some ripe brussel sprouts when I stumbled upon the following bag of abomination:

While the aerodynamics of these makeshift deathtraps may be lacking, their hearts are in the right place (their chests).

Your eyes do not deceive you: that cheap plastic wrapping contains roughly five pounds of officially licensed NASCAR Russet potatoes. Let me give you a second to let that fully sink in, as your brain may experience slight difficulty accepting what you see. Each and every potato inside that bag has been thoroughly inspected by a highly trained team of NASCAR vegetable technicians to meet the rigorous qualifications necessary to display the festive rainbow-colored NASCAR branding. As you read this sentence, there are millions of inferior Russet potatoes scattered across the world in bleak, desolate fields of abject failure, exiles unable to pass the strict quality standards imposed by the NASCAR committee of potato engineers. These unwanted bastard vegetables are apathetically tossed aside, doomed to waste the remaining weeks of their miserable lives in the presence of fellow vegetable outcasts, while bags of coveted NASCAR Russet potatoes are passed throughout our society with the weight and importance of pure gold dipped in liquid diamonds after they were blessed by Vin Diesel.

While I do occasionally consider myself to be a somewhat non-stupid person, I have absolutely no idea what CEO decided NASCAR should sponsor one vegetable in the entire grocery store and why this vegetable should be a bag of Russet potatoes. I tracked down one of the store managers and asked if he knew of any other NASCAR-approved fruits or vegetables, to which he paused shortly before responding, "well... I think Coke sponsors NASCAR." This was very helpful information to me because not only was I unaware of Coca-Cola's affiliation with the NASCAR racing circuit, but I additionally never knew soda was considered a vegetable to people managing large chains of grocery stores. Other items the Hy-Vee manager dubs "vegetables" undoubtedly includes hamburger meat, toothpaste, and the rear bumper of his 1964 Ford F-100.

I couldn't help but ask the cashier about my cryptic NASCAR Russet potatoes as she carefully

scanned each item so every single square millimeter of barcode was properly read by the space aliens in the cash register. She seemed just as confused as I was, unable to rationalize how or why NASCAR began their own line of designer Russet potatoes. "Well a lot of people do like NASCAR," she so astutely pointed out. I explained that while the auto racing circuit was indeed very popular here in the midwest, that still didn't really rationalize the choice to brand their own line of potatoes. "But why potatoes?" I asked her, determined to solve this mystery. "Why not NASCAR beets or NASCAR broccoflower?" She suggested that Russet potatoes, much like NASCAR races and sassy stickers displaying Calvin peeing on a Ford or Chevy icon, were quite beloved around Missouri. "Well yes potatoes are popular amongst NASCAR fans," I replied. "But so is cheap beer and heavy TV remotes which can be used for spousal abuse, yet NASCAR refuses to market either of those. Why potatoes?" She had no answer and began giving me that "I'm not afraid to call security" look I know so well.

In the name of science and discovery, I decided to purchase a bag of these NASCAR Russet potatoes and determine exactly what makes them so special that a professional racing circuit deemed them worthy of sponsorship. After using a whole shitload of really scientific things like test tubes and batteries, I concluded that since NASCAR paid to sponsor these potatoes, they obviously must be the fastest potatoes on Earth, tiny little vegetable race cars able to deliver all the tire-squealing, brake clenching excitement of the professional racing circuit to our very dinner plates. To test this theory, I created a tiny racetrack in my driveway which I dubbed "The Concrete 100" and dressed up the most beautiful potato in the bag as legendary driver Dale Earnhardt's car, hoping that my highly scientific tribute to him would win over racing fans across the globe and therefore make me popular and attractive to members of the opposite sex, whichever sex that may be. The following racing results will undoubtedly go down in the annuls of potato racing history.

THE RUSSET POTATO NASCAR CONCRETE 100: RACE OF THE DAMNED

- Part I: Tuneups

Russet Potato Dale Earnhardt cruised up to the Concrete 100's starting line with the confidence and bravado one could only obtain from winning their previous 47 starts, most recently in the Russet Mulch Garden Speedway and the Porch 300. Since the dry, tough concrete was easy to grip, no particular parts on Russet Potato Dale Earnhardt needed to be changed or replaced for specific track conditions. This worked out particularly well since there aren't any parts which can be changed or replaced on Russet Potato Dale Earnhardt or pretty much any potato except Mr. Potato Head, who is technically not even a potato according to various leading scientists in the potato field. If you'll bother to examine a Russet potato, NASCAR or otherwise, you'll undoubtedly notice that it is composed of two distinctive parts:

PART 1: The potato.
PART 2: Nothing else.

If you break or damage a NASCAR Russet potato and then try to get it repaired by trained potato technicians, please keep in mind that they probably won't be able to help you out, even if you purchased one of those wonderful Best Buy Product Replacement plans. I'm not even sure where trained potato technicians hang out these days. They probably hide behind the Crate & Barrel.

- Part II: Warmups

Since I was the sole owner of the Concrete 100 racetrack (as well as all its participants), it was my duty to determine who would compete against the almighty Russet Potato Dale Earnhardt. I spent at least three, possibly four minutes compiling a list of every single NASCAR driver that I was familiar with, both past and present. This list turned out to be composed solely of Dale Earnhardt and his son, Dale Earnhardt Jr., although I have reason to suspect my itemized spreadsheet doesn't quite reflect the entire rich history of the NASCAR circuit. Although most people are not aware of it, one of the biggest racing rivalries to ever exist took place between Dale Earnhardt and his son, Dale Earnhardt Junior. For example, although Dale Earnhardt broke many past records and was considered a much better driver than his son, Dale Jr. is currently considered a better driver than his father due to the fact that he's not as dead quite yet. Now that's a rivalry!

I decided to pit Russet Potato Dale Earnhardt against his son in the form of Tiny Son Dale Earnhardt Jr. Remote Controlled Car With No Batteries, which my girlfriend recently bought at Target for reasons unknown. I knew this would yield one of the most exciting and intense races I would ever witness, and since I've never actually been able to physically sit through a NASCAR race without changing the channel or seeing how much beer I could drink until the TV looked like an indeterminate white blob continuously blabbering about Rogaine, I had nothing but the strictest confidence in my plan. As you will soon find out, even the most genius plans involving potatoes and heavy drinking can fail.

- Part III: The Race Begins... And Ends

The contestants shot from the gate the moment the checkered flag fell. Tiny Son Dale Earnhardt Jr. Remote Controlled Car With No Batteries was tied neck and neck with Russet Potato Dale Earnhardt for the first quarter lap, demonstrating the intense passion for racing these two inanimate objects held so dearly. Then tragedy struck; after being smacked broadside by a stray cat who casually wandered onto the track, Russet Potato Dale Earnhardt lost control and flew off the course into a crowd of shocked NASCAR Russet potatoes in the stands, causing mass chaos and confusion throughout the Concrete 100. Fleeing potatoes tried to escape only to be trampled by each other during one of the most horrendous and shocking moments in driveway potato racing history. Tiny Son Dale Earnhardt Jr. Remote Controlled Car With No Batteries continued to race around the track unaware that his father had veered off the course and into the open awaiting hands of death's icy grip. I'm not exactly sure how my metaphor insinuated death can simultaneously have his hands open while gripping something, but that's the magic of NASCAR my friend. Tiny Son Dale Earnhardt Jr. Remote Controlled Car With No Batteries began to slow down midway through the first lap, perhaps because he noticed the unbelievable potato carnage and destruction behind him, or possibly because nobody was there to pull him any further on the track.

Then all hell broke loose.

- Part IV: Carnage Asada

Russet Potato Dale Earnhardt burst into flames upon colliding with the innocent NASCAR Russet potato fans frantically scrambling to flee the scene, showering fragmented chunks of flaming tuber across the brutal concrete killing grounds. Plastic Bobblehead NASCAR Russet Potato Fan ran towards the wreckage in attempt to help the weak and wounded, but the uncontrollable inferno prevented him from administering the aid needed. Since one of the racers was currently in about 60 separate pieces, most of which were on fire, I decided to call off the race citing "extreme weather conditions" (the sun was causing me to sweat more than I normally sweat, thereby clouding my racing judgment) and asked my dogs to write a really serious press release which contained words like "unfortunate" and "unforeseen" and "free bean dip."

Eventually the blaze burned out and paramedics were allowed to rush in and transport the critically injured potatoes to a nearby burn victim ward (a large white bucket full of brownish water cryptically labeled "OXIDIZER") where they were drowned and had their next of kin informed via a series of insulting Viagra spam emails. I additionally decided to cancel the extensive after-event show consisting of a terribly noisy fly-by courtesy of Jed's Incredible Mystical Flying Fools, which was simply Jed "Jed" Kirchner throwing a series of paper airplanes at nervous spectators while a boombox blasts Chris de Burgh's "Lady In Red" at a few hundred thousand decibels.

In memory of Russet Potato Dale Earnhardt and the noble sacrifices he made to provide us with exciting racing excitement, I have created the following desktop wallpaper you may download and use on your computer so his memory will never die (unlike Russet Potato Dale Earnhardt). Russet Potato Dale Earnhardt and the Concrete 100 may be over, but their spirit shall live on through our hearts and generally most of the digestive system with the possible except of the pancreas. Proudly display this stunning, vibrant representation of everything Russet Potato Dale Earnhardt meant to the world and the powerful impact he / it had on all our lives.

Please click (the image) this (or this link) for a bigger (larger) image (on your computer)

I hope the NASCAR Russet potatoes have transformed your heart and mind with the pure energy of love that only NASCAR-brand produce can. Goodbye, and God bless.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.23 Roleplaying Corner Adventure Module: The Darkness of the Dark Queen of the Underdark

Monday, May 24, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A wizard casts a spell!

In this adventure module the players will learn that Drow raiding parties have been striking towns around the town they happen to be drinking in. They will follow the sweet scent of adventure to discover the evil secrets of the Dark Queen who rules over an army of the dead from the darkness of the Underdark.

The Darkness of the Dark Queen of the Underdark is an adventure intended for 4-6 characters of level 4-8. It can also be played by 6-12 adventurers of levels 2-4. If you want it can be played by 15 adventurers of level 1 and a 16th adventurer of level 3 but this might get too big to manage. In that case you can have two players play the same character of level 5 which reduces the number of character from 16 to 8, which will include the level 3 character but eliminate 8 level 1 characters. As an alternative to this you can have everyone buddy up and share a character of level 2 with two people playing level 3 characters and then a level 5 character controlled by the Dungeon Master.

Background

Princess Toritha Zonathiq Mollaisisica is a powerful Drow cleric who has finally poisoned her mother and usurped the throne of the shadowy Underdark to rule over her kingdom. Seemingly uselessly she is expending the lives of her Drow warriors in battle against the humans on the surface, but she has an evil scheme to bring back their bodies as magical skeletons. An entire army completely obedient to her! With this she will then conquer the entire world because it is really hard to kill a skeleton since it is already dead. I mean arrows and spears do nothing to them, it takes like a huge club or a mace or something to really lay into them. It's up to the players to unravel this evil scheme and adventure into the extremely scary Underdark to face the new Queen of the Underdark and her many minions.

Scene One: In the Tavern

The characters are relaxing in Ye Olde Sodden Merkine Bare and Grille enjoying mead, grog, and various other old-timesy type drinks that no one actually drinks anymore like sarsaparilla, sherry, or wine coolers. The players should determine the level of drunkenness of their characters by rolling on the Comparative Inebriation By Body Weight and Magical Wards Against Intoxicants (Lord Pabst's Guide to Taverns, Page 45). Characters that are determined to be "somewhat drunk" should spin in a circle several times to disorient themselves before any role playing. Characters that are "pretty blitzed" should begin drinking orange juice and eating cheese and then vomiting into a bucket. If any characters are "shitfaced to oblivion" then they should jump on top of the table and begin urinating on the Dungeon Master's screen while singing "Roxanne".

Inside the tavern are five NPCs which may provide information, companionship, or ribald conversations. Stink-or is the local drunk here (level 4 dwarf town drunkard) in the village of Yeomansrylichbeinberg and he can provide information about recent Drow attacks in the surrounding area. Vanessa Tavernwenche is the senior buxom tavern wench (level 7 human barkrieger) and she can

provide wanton companionship for a lusty character as well as some information about how to repair gnomish autogyros. Leona Karpinski is a local aristocrat (level 3 half-elf trophy wife) who is enjoying some iced tea and finger sandwiches in the corner. She will be way too mean to the players for them to get any information out of her because they are lower class and inferior. If the players attack her she will Gate in reinforcements from her loft apartment in the form of D4 filthy socialite hangers on (level 2 unskilled arrogant wretches) and attempt to flee through a secret tunnel beneath her booth while the characters have to see horrible assemblage art and listen to Kayli's turgid narrative about her trip to Aspen.

The bartender in the Sodden Merkine is Heath Drinksler (level 5 human bar lord/level 2 soda jerk) who can serve up delicious mixed drinks and lively conversation in equal measure. Heath does have a quick temper and any characters who are "pretty blitzed" or above must make a save versus drunken antics (difficulty mach 3) to avoid enraging Heath. If enraged, Heath will call upon the power of his mighty hammer Consigliore and ask them politely to leave. If they do not comply he will have Vanessa Tavernwenche fetch the local constabulary. Javier Hernandez is the last remaining occupant of the tavern and he works as the short order cook there (level 3 half-orc barbarian chef). Javier does not speak English and will become irritated and curse in orcish if the players enter the kitchen.

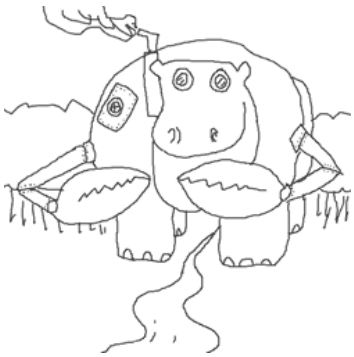
A wounded guard brings word of adventure!

After roughly an hour a rain storm will begin to hit the village and Vanessa will close the shutters on the windows. An hour after that the door will bang open dramatically and a traveler will enter. Read the following:

> *The door opens suddenly and you see a man in rain soaked clothing wearing the uniform of the town watch. He has an arrow in his side.*
>
> "I have an arrow in my side," he moans, staggering into the tavern.
>
> He sways unsteadily and then drops down into a booth near the door. The tavern wench makes her way over to him and asks him what he would like to order.
>
> "I have a message to deliver to bold heroes and adventurers of the land!" He cries, standing up again suddenly. "The Drow have set upon our village and no longer are we safe. The Dark Queen has taken many of our villagers alive and even our dead. You may not have heard it happening because of the storm. Now please, adventure through the Forest of Black Darkness and into the dreaded Underdark to combat this scourge upon our peoples!"
>
> The man staggers, grabbing at the arrow wound.
>
> "Please, I have an arrow in my side and have not long to live. Tis your duty as adventurers to honor the king with your heroism. Alas, I am dead."
>
> He then dies.

The tavern keeper provides the characters with a map through the Forest of Black Darkness with the foreboding entrance to the Underdark clearly marked. It is widely known throughout the land that to gain entrance to the Forest of Black Darkness champions must defeat the crazed wizard JJ Barnum who is said to have a magical machine of terrifying destruction.

Scene Two: Journey to the Underdark



JJ Barnum's terrible machine!

The journey from the tavern to the Underdark is long and difficult. It takes three days including two days overland and one day inside the Forest of Black Darkness. For the first two days roll a D117 on the table below twice per day to see what the players encounter. On the third day run the mini-scenario entitled "JJ Barnum" as the player's gain entrance into the Forest of Black Darkness.

001-009 While crossing the rock fields of Mordraggorao-raora the party is accosted by a group of d10 Lesser Kobolds. If any of the characters speak Koboldish they will understand that the Kobolds are demanding rocks. The players can either give the Kobolds rocks from their inventory or collect rocks from the ground and give them to the Kobolds. If the players do not want to give up their rocks they can attempt a subterfuge roll (difficulty 85) and if successful convince the Kobolds that they are actually standing on millions of rocks. If the roll fails the Kobolds will become convinced that the players are actually rocks and attempt to capture them to feed to their giant chickens to aid in digestion of hard giant seeds. If the players are forced into a situation where they have to fight the giant chickens there are 8 of them and each can be considered a Great Wyrm Chromatic Dragon.

010-018 The players happen upon a +2 Boomerang of Holiday Tidings (Pg 73 of The Holiday Magic Item Manual) that is being held in the hand of a Football Golem (large size). The Football Golem is incapable of using the boomerang as a weapon, but will repeatedly say "hut hut hut" and attempt to tackle members of the party. The Football Golem was created by the powerful Lich Coach of Moonbrite Starspanner State and it is enchanted to immediately attack anyone wearing blue and white; the colors Moonbrite Starspanner State's arch rival Riverdale University.

019-024 The party is approached by a group of Amish Knights seeking assistance in the raising of a barn. They will offer a modest meal and the inherent rewards of a hard day's work if the players will join Sir Jedidiah and Sir Abraham in riding West three miles to the site of the barn raising. If there are magic users or non-Amish clerics in the group they will be advised to not place any hexes on the barn or otherwise interfere with its future success as a barn.

025-038 While traveling through a dark wood the players catch sight of a pack of Ghost Dads (Failed Movie Tie-Ins Compendium, Page 88) who have become trapped as ghosts without a way of returning to their previous lives as non-ghost dads. The Ghost Dads are not particularly observant and can be easily avoided. However, if the characters approach they will immediately attack with their You Kids These Days and Your Music It's Just a Boop Boop Boop and Then a Beep and then Boop Boop at level 3. Any characters struck by this attack must make a saving throw versus Cos (difficulty H) or believe their last name is Huxtable for D6 episodes.

039-040 The characters encounter a giant rabbit (extremely big size). It will ignore them unless a member of the party is a Carrot Elf, a baby giant rabbit, or an electrical cord, in which case it will attempt to eat them.

041-047 The arrival of The Injurer of Bards (Implausible Lords of the Underworld, Page 535) is prefaced by a burst of discordant music and tortured moaning. This demonic lord

exists only to harm bards and in the unlikely event that one of the players in the group has selected a bard, he will attack. Since we both know that only girls and homosexuals make bards - neither group having any time for playing this game - you can expect the Injurer of Bards to discuss his hatred of bards at length and then ask for directions to the nearest unharmed bard.

048-065 The players find an abandoned M1A2 Abrams tank +4. It is actually a cursed tank of hideous laughter and will cause any who attempt to wield it to collapse with hideous and unstoppable fits of laughter. The only way to extricate them from the tank is with a remove curse or a remove tank spell.

066-070 The Spanish Inquisition! This is a great opportunity to roll out all of those fresh and hilarious quotes from Monty Python movies and TV episodes. Be sure to work as many references to the "Knights Who Say 'Nee'" into the encounter. You could possibly even have the Spanish Inquisition be looking for the Knights Who Say 'Nee' and they have mistaken the characters for these fabled knights.

071-080 An old man taking a bath. Players must make a saving throw versus old man taking a bath (difficulty 2) or suffer from the effects of a grease spell for D8 turns. The old man is capable of attacking with either dual long swords or a mace of recursive stories about the good old days +1.

081-115 This is the part in every adventure where the players fight orcs. Use a number of orcs appropriate to almost kill them but not quite kill them. Like if there are 10 players then use like 30 orcs and make sure the orcs all run straight at them and then never retreat. If you roll this encounter twice then replace the orcs with lizardmen, goblins, hob-goblins, half-orcs, troglodytes, or any of the creatures from "Dave's Big Book of 1001 Identical Adversaries".

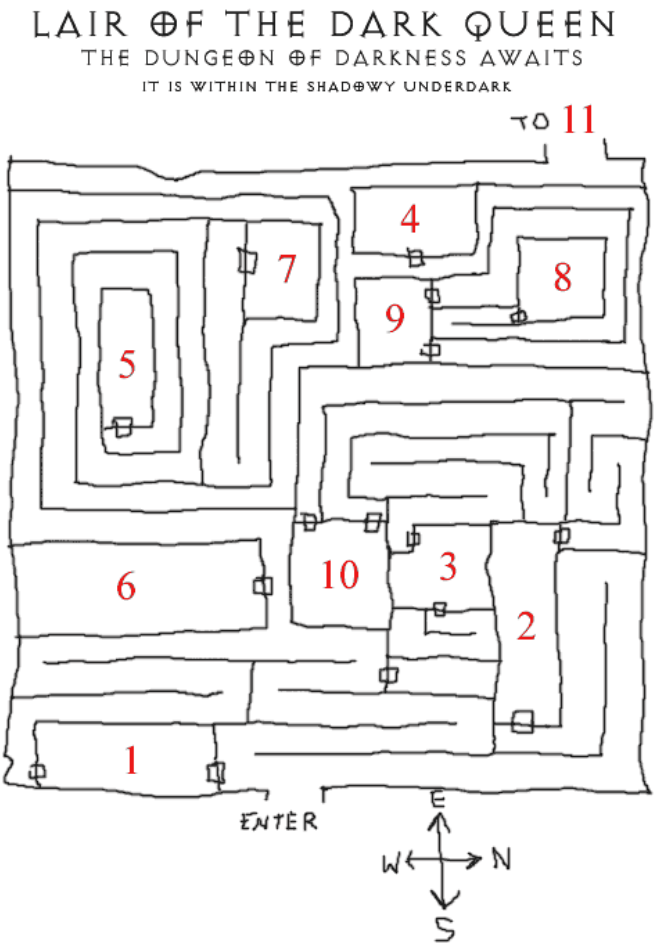
116-117 The players are attacked by an angry mob infected with conjunctivitis. The mob will demand food, water, and eye drops while tearing at the player's clothes and potentially spreading the dread plague of pink eye to them. Each character should make a save versus eye diseases (difficulty 2k4) or they immediately collapse from conjunctivitis. Over the next three days they will lose d6 strength and d6 intelligence until they become a Conjunctivitis Ghoul (Physician's Desk Reference, Page 104).

Mini Scenario "JJ Barnum": JJ Barnum is a crazy old human wizard who has spent his life of magical study building a machine from an ancient book he found at a garage sale. The machine is called Marmaduke's Mediocre Machine. It resembles a large cast-iron or brass hippopotamus with a smoke stack emerging from it head and two huge crab claws at its front. The Mediocre Machine is controlled from a cockpit in the head which is overly cramped and uncomfortable, it also gets very hot inside. The machine runs on precious gems for fuel so its engines must constantly be fed emeralds, diamonds, and rubies. The hatch that you have to put the gems into is very small and prone to be jammed up by the gems. The machine attacks with its claws and does 85D6 damage, however JJ Barnum must first roll to defeat the target's armor class and - if successful - must then roll a natural 20. If he misses hot brass rivets shoot out of the inside of the cockpit and hit JJ Barnum inflicting 2D6 damage. The machine is immune to all forms of magic, fire, cold, and physical attack, but takes 100 times as much damage from electricity attacks. Once per day the Machine may fire a cone of Charm Person from its dazzling quartz crystal eyes. Players who fail their save and are charmed also immediately gain a permanent level of experience, although they are still charmed for the normal D8 turns.

Barnum and his machine guard the entrance to the Forest of Black Darkness. He will ask the ad-

venturers their business and if they respond in any way other than "our business is pleasure" then they will be attacked. Barnum will fight either to the death or until he runs out of gems to operate his machine with (D3 turns).

■ Scene Three: The Underdark Assault



1. Dead Drow Storage

This is the chamber where the Dark Queen stores the corpses of her Drow warriors who were killed during raids on the surface. The bodies are piled three high in a row of nine and each body is wrapped in soft spidersilk cloth. There are also a few wheeled gurneys, one of which has a body on top, and these are used for transporting the corpses to area 6, The Reanimatorium.

When the players enter, read the following:

You see a sign that reads 'Dead Drow Storage' in crazy Drow runes that you probably can't actually read. The room smells a lot like your grandma's house; like creeping death,

decay, and cloying outdated perfume. There is a pile of Drow corpses stacked against the far wall and there is a door made out of heavy Underdark tree wood next to the pile. Leaning against the wall closest to you is an ornate obsidian pitchfork.

The pitchfork is a +1 Cob Slayer and deals an additional D6 points of emotional trauma damage to Corn Cob Elves (one of the Drow's most hated enemies).

2. Habitat for Humanity

Skeleton minions are great and all, but when it comes to pampering their poor motor control and claw-like hands are not very effective. To this end the Dark Queen continues to maintain a large stock of mostly human slaves within her lair. These slaves are kept in line with mind control shackles and sleep on simple straw pallets.

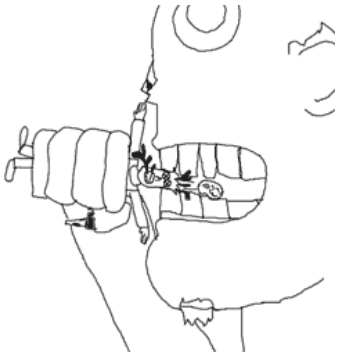
One of the Dark Queen's sinister skeleton warriors prepares to strike!

When the players enter, read the following:

It is filthy inside this large but poorly lit room. As you strain your eyes you see a number of men, women, and even children standing around staring blankly ahead or laying flat on their backs asleep on the straw covering the floor. You quickly realize that they are under some sort of spell which makes them about as intelligent as a zombie. You could probably even strip them naked and push them into all sorts of embarrassing sexual positions with each other like you always fantasized about doing with your sister's friends Lucy and Darla. Now is your chance to pay back that cunt Darla for laughing at you when you bent over to put Mountain Dew in the fridge and your asscrack was showing.

The players can free the slaves from their bondage and they will be very grateful. Sexily grateful if you are so inclined. If you are so inclined pass the player notes on how many hot slave women they banged and then make them roll a saving throw versus pregnancy for each one (difficulty N2O).

3. Lair of the Mega Zombie



The Mega Zombie has a taste for an unlucky adventurer's brain!

This high-ceilinged room contains the prize weapon of war of the Dark Queen; her enormous Mega Zombie (Monster Manual 3: The Monsters of Camp Spookycapers, Page 201). The Mega Zombie is the magically reanimated corpse of Bonepuncher, a massive Tornado Giant that the Queen's Drow warriors managed to slay. Its chief form of attack is to pick enemies up and crush their heads between its filing cabinet sized teeth. It craves brains, and although dim-witted and slothful, it is stronger than Samson after getting a weave.

When the players enter, read the following:

You enter the room and smell a graveyard. Only like not just a normal graveyard, which doesn't really smell, but like a graveyard where all of the bodies have exploded out of their graves. Like a dead body, really. There is an 80 foot tall zombie in front of you and he says "brains" and starts to approach. Do you talk to him or do you fight him? Answer quickly because he will reach you in several minutes.

The zombie can also be defeated by saying its self-destruct codeword out loud. This codeword is "zombie".

4. The Royal Guard's Rumpus Room

This chamber is used by the Dark Queen's royal guard to relax, just hang out with friends and talk about fun stuff. There is a ping pong table, some bumper pool, an old Crystal Caverns coin-op machine that is totally free, and a couple snack and soda machines. There are always D6+1 Royal Guardsmen lounging around in this room so the players had better watch out.

> **When the players enter, read the following:**
>
> *You find yourself inside a rumpus room, with some old video games, bumper pool, foosball, and some other things along those lines. A few of the Queen's Royal Guard are sitting at a couple couches watching Nickelodeon on an old wood-console TV. They're like "sup?" and then you see one of them realizes that you are not supposed to be there and he's all like "man, what the heck?" and then they charge.*

If the Queen's Guardsmen are reduced to two or fewer they will flee the room and alert the Queen to the interlopers.

5. The Giant Bee Chamber

This is where the Dark Queen keeps her giant bees. She has them because she like honey and she thinks bees are cute. I think bees are cute too.

> **When the players enter, read the following:**
>
> *Don't you think bees are cute? There sure are a lot bees in this room. Busy bees. Big bees. They seem friendly, but then again, what bees don't? The bees attack.*

There are 12,473 bees capable of fighting. Treat each as a large sized giant insect. They will attempt to sting the characters to death and then mutilate their corpses feeding the bloody remains to their groaning and bulging horse-sized larvae.

6. The Reanimatorium

The Reanimatorium is the centerpiece of the Dark Queen's scheme to rule the world. This is the factory where she and her wizards use dark magic to animate the skeletons of fallen Drow and enemy soldiers and turn them into an unfeeling army of the dead.

> **When the players enter, read the following:**
>
> *There are a lot of pretty scary looking skeletons in this room. The whole room smells like a chemistry teacher's special room that he keeps a key to and there are these big bubbling vats with cranes over them. You can guess that they lower corpses into the vats and turn them into the skeletons through some sort of magic. Then a wizard or something makes them come to life. Oh wait, there is a wizards now, and he looks mad!*

The wizard is Magdrguul Hosenfeffer and he is a Level 8 Necromancer. He doesn't really want to fight, in fact he is a pacifist, but he must do battle in the name of the Dark Queen. He will do so by summoning Barn Imps using Monsters Summoning Barn Imps (All Things Barn Imps, Page 2,430) and casting Not Quite Magical but Definitely Unusual Missile at the players.

7. Underdark Cafeteria

Even Drow have to eat and they do their eating in style in this well appointed and fully modern kitchen and cafeteria. The players may be able to disguise themselves as Drow and get a taste of whatever crap the Drow consider good food like baked tree roots, mushrooms, spiders, boogers, and those big grub worms that burrow in the ground.

> **When the players enter, read the following:**
>
> *You enter a well-lit cafeteria where the Drow warriors and workers of the Underdark are enjoying their lunch. You see plastic trays heaped with piles of brown sludge and squirming things that are really gross because the Drow are gross and evil and only eat things like baby bats and snake faces. No one immediately notices you and they have a juice bar which looks like it might be okay if you avoid the flavors that are made from spiders.*

There are 8 Level 2 Lunch Ladies and a Level 5 Lunch Maven in the cafeteria as well as 2D6+2+D10+3+D117 other Drow enjoying their lunch. These Drow are of various levels and abilities so roll on the random table on Page 35 of "Otiluke's Tome of Drow Kitchens and Dining Areas".

8. There is a Troll in this Room!

There is a troll in this room! I don't know why or how it got there. It has no food, the doors are locked, and there is no furniture in the room. Just a troll standing there waiting to attack.

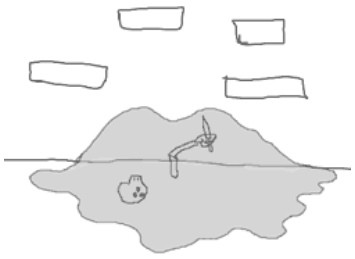
> **When the players enter, read the following:**
>
> *You pick the lock and open the door and there is a troll. It seems like it may want to fight.*

If the troll is killed the players find D6x1000 gold pieces, D8x100000 silver pieces, D12x1000000000 copper pieces, a short sword +2, a magic carpet of Arabian enjoyment, three vials of cure dunderhead, a pouch of infinite business cards and unwanted coins with gum stuck to them, a trained tiger named Rococo, a crossbow of caterwauling +1, a monkey's paw, and a ring of invisibility to radar.

9. Banana Storage

This is the room where the Dark Queen keeps her vast prize of bananas. They are mysterious bananas with purposes unknown.

> **When the players enter, read the following:**
>
> *The room is full of bananas. There are somewhere between 40 and 550,000 bananas in this room. It smells like bananas.*



A slime waits for unwary heroes to approach!

Some of the bananas are magical but not in a good way. For every banana eaten by the party roll a D6, on a result of 1 consult the chart on Page 66 of "Bananas: Curses and Venoms". It should be noted that if someone contracts Banana Angeloliosis they will not turn into a seraphim until after the adventure is over.

10. Uh-Oh Pah-Skettiohs

This room seems empty except for a floating skeleton and a floating sword. Characters might think this is some sort of wizardry or witchcraft but it is actually an optical illusion. The skeleton and

sword are floating inside a Greater Slime Pudding (Slimes, etc, Page 124) and the pudding is hungry.

When the players enter, read the following:

You see a skeleton floating in this otherwise barren room. It may be floating through magic or it may be trapped inside the body of a greater slime pudding. You can be the judge for yourself.

The Greater Slime Pudding is bipolar and may stop fighting suddenly to sulk.

11. The Dark Queen Awaits!

The Dark Queen is as evil as she is large breasted!

This chamber is the immense bedroom of the Dark Queen. The Dark Queen is a powerful cleric and can probably kill the party but she will try to use guile and her feminine charms (Charisma 40, imagine how hot that is, mmmmmmm). If she cannot convince any of the players to join her army or have sex with her then she will attack them.

When the players enter, read the following:

From the dank corridors of the Dark Queen's secret lair you enter her finely appointed quarters. There is gold everywhere. Even the gold chairs have gold gems on them. Then you see this really hot Drow chick in this tight shirt where you can her nipples and she has washboard abs and is wearing this sheer silk cloth thong thing so you can see a camel toe. Man is it hot. Then she comes up to you guys and she is like "I hope you have come to pay me a visit in my bed" she winks and licks her lips. Then she adds "If not you can join my army, I will gladly have more warriors just go to the Reanimatorium and climb into one of the alchemical vats" and she licks her lips and pushes her boobs together so you can see more cleavage.

If the players elect to join the Dark Queen's army they can continue playing as skeletons only they have to obey whatever the Dark Queen commands and this usually involves marching around, standing in formation, or basic secret lair maintenance and cleaning. If any of the players have sex with the Dark Queen she will have sex really fast and then say "uuuuuuuuh now you are mine" and make sure to say "it feels awesome" but then the bad part is they are her eternal slaves. Assuming the players decide to fight the Dark Queen will summon her skeletal minions to assist her, bringing D10+2 per round. She generally uses paralyzing spells like Hold Guys and Freeze Monsters, but will also use more offensive spells like Ray's Righteous Ribbon and St. Andersen's Electric Shredder.

When the players manage to slay the Dark Queen she will scream and a bookcase will fall revealing her secret; the Unicorn Princess. She and 50 big white unicorns bust out of the book case and are like "thanks for rescuing us" and she is really hot but she has to stay a virgin to become the Unicorn Queen but she may do oral.

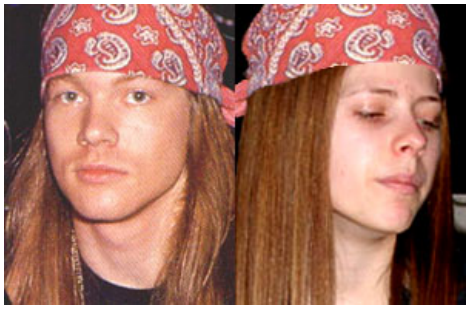
Scene Four: Conclusion

With the Dark Queen defeated the Unicorn Princess will once again be free on the Island of Strong Words. She offers a unicorn mount to each of the characters as reward for their heroism and that's pretty convenient because when the players return to Yeomansrylichbeinberg they find a parade

going on in their honor. The king is there and he places a medal around their necks (it's on a string) like in the movie "Star Wars". There are some people playing drums and there are also fireworks. Then there is a banquet. Then the players can go onto other adventures, or I guess they could decide to settle down, or even marry their unicorn and start a family of unicorn centaurs, unless they were unicorns themselves in which case it would just be regular unicorns as the offspring. It also works like that if they use polymorph so I guess a wizard could theoretically make a unicorn or a unicorn centaur, but no matter what their house would have to be a lot like a barn with beds maybe.

That Adventure Module Sucks

Dr. David Thorpe is back once again with a brand new installment of sucking. The crabby dickhead takes on some of our readers as well as the oft-maligned Avril Lavigne.



It goes deeper than ties and white belts, though. To thousands of people, hearing the name "Avril Lavigne" mentioned in the same breath as the word "punk" is like being slapped in the face with the bloated corpse of their counterculture. Typing those two terms into Google, in fact, will yield countless sites dissecting her connection to that term. She's hailed as a "punk princess" by some sites and derided as a reprehensible poseur by many more. The truth of the matter is she has more in common with Marilyn Manson than Sid Vicious, in a strange way.

I suggest you endure his rant once again!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.24 What a Terrible Summer!

Tuesday, May 25, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

A man so evil he makes even Dr. Doom cry.

The big news today, aside from me going outside and witnessing the horror of the cicadas, is that we're due for more terrorism this summer, as we have been for quite a few decades. According to credible sources – hopefully the same credible sources that said Iraq posed an immediate threat to America – terrorist activity is increasing, and all signs point to a summertime attack. It's not hard to see why summer would be an ideal target for the nefarious men and women of Team Terror. More than any other season, summer represents American ideals and values. It's a time when we let down our guard and go outside wearing nothing more than shorts and T-shirts, as if to flaunt our cellulite-riddled bodies to the impoverished nations of the world. Now a lot of you will argue that we dress light because of the warmer temperatures, and there is probably some truth to that, but you never know what the enemy is thinking. Thusly, summer remains Al-Qaida's top target for assassination. Actually, it's physically impossible to attack a season, so I was just joshing around with you there. But don't worry your pretty little heads, because we have bona fide intelligence on the nature of Al-Qaida's upcoming terrorist jamboree.

> *The intelligence does not include a time, place or method of attack but is among the most disturbing received by the government since the attacks of Sept. 11, 2001, according to a senior federal counterterrorism official who spoke to the AP on condition of anonymity Tuesday.*

What's important when interpreting a passage like this is to not take it at face value. If you do, you get nothing. But if you read carefully between the lines and draw some basic conclusions, you can actually learn something. In this instance, we can determine positively that 9/11 was disturbing and that our intelligence agencies are aware of this. Aside from that, you might randomly explode, implode, or melt at any given time due to spontaneous terrorist attacks that may or may not happen sometime in the immediate temporal vicinity. If you do find yourself dying because of terrorists, you can at least die knowing you had a heads up from the government, and, in a way, their blessing.

Everytime I see this chart I giggle. Tee hee hee.

Citizens of this country need not worry, for the FBI has created a special taskforce for the express purpose of giving us a real scapegoat when terrorists do manage to attack. This taskforce will give victims and their relatives a clear target to blame and help us as all, as a nation, to unite our patriotic fingers in stern condemnation. Further assurance comes from the fact we won't be upgrading our delicious colored warning system from yellow to yellower. In spite of this, Americans are urged to stay in their homes until the Christmas shopping season begins.

> *U.S. authorities repeatedly have said al-Qaida is determined to mount an attack on U.S. soil, in part to announce to the world that it remains capable of doing so despite the money and effort that has gone into homeland security in the wake of the Sept. 11 attacks.*

I hate to throw out accusations or resort to ad hominem, but this sounds like awfully childish behavior on the part of our terrorist enemies. Are they really so petty as to attack us just to show

that they can? More important is what happens if they actually do manage to attack us. We've spent billions of dollars on wars, security upgrades and overhauls, and magic hypnotizing ties for our president to wear, but what if it was all for nothing? My life hasn't been noticeably changed by any of this, Patriot Act and all, so I still have no problem taking my basic freedoms for granted. The secret government agents assigned to monitoring me don't seem to have a problem with my private phone conversations, and they certainly haven't arrested me and denied me a lawyer yet. And I don't fly that often, so I don't mind the added check-in times. It seems to me, though, that if none of those expensive actions are stopping terrorism, maybe we should spend the money on more practical things. I think it would be fucking awesome to take one of those big whales at Seaworld and strap a rocket to its back. At least then we would see some positive results. As is, it looks live we've spent billions of dollars and thousands of lives to give potential terrorists some minor inconveniences at airports.

My favorite scene from "Hot Shots! Part Deux"

I'm all for hitting the terrorists where it hurts most, and I'm willing to bet dollars to donuts that the best way to do that is by whipping them in the testicles with a copy of the Koran. Unfortunately, with that you need to be very precise. It does no good to bible-whack an innocent person in the testicles, and really only serves to inspire more fanaticism. We certainly don't want a repeat of the Iraqi prison abuse scandal, where the United States accidentally put a shitload of sexual deviants in charge of running the prisons, giving rise to a lively military snuff film industry. What happened there was the worst act of betrayal since Sergeant Slaughter announced his support of Iraq, crippling American morale throughout the dark 1990s. Some staunch Americans will argue that the prison abuse pictures were tasteful and artistic, but that doesn't excuse the fact that every terrorist agency on the planet is going to be using them as recruitment propaganda. The sales pitch is pretty simple: you can either die fighting America, or you can have an ugly American woman damage your self-esteem by pointing at your genitals and laughing. It's pretty clear we need to try adopting new strategies. One possible strategy would be to try luring terrorists into bear traps with promises of lasagna. In order to be compliant with the Geneva Convention we would probably have to give them some lasagna in the end, but that's not such a bad tradeoff if lives are saved.

The plot twist to all of this comes when we learn that these attacks may not happen in summer at all, but in fact might occur in November!

> *There also is concern terrorists might try to mount an attack to coincide with the November election. The political fallout from the March 11 train bombings in Spain taught al-Qaida that an attack timed to an election can have a major impact. Spain's former ruling party was ousted in the voting that followed the bombing, which killed 191 and injured more than 2,000.*

I really don't see this as being possible or practical, since both Kerry and Bush are destined to carry on the war on terror. Ralph Nader is about the only one offering any chance of an exit from that sort of tomfoolery, but he suffers from having a debilitating first name that renders him unable to be taken seriously as a leader. Plus he's Ralph Nader, so that's two strikes against him. A lot of people are still mad that he raped Al Gore, who has since returned to his lair at the center of the earth.

So in the end we're back to where we've been since 9/11. Terrorists are going to attack, and we have no idea when, where, or how. In spite of the total uncertainty of just about everything, the government and media feel compelled to remind us that bad things can happen without warning through hilariously vague and idiotic reports. True, that's more than they did the first time around,

and true, they can't say that they didn't warn us. But to tease us with the constant threat of attack from invisible enemies that never materialize is just silly. It confuses me and makes me wonder who is more incompetent, the government or the terrorists? As easy as it is to ignore veiled threats like this, I know that sooner or later the terrorist version of Ed McMahon's Prize Patrol is going to come to my door. When that happens, will my special armor made out of hundreds of American flags and bald eagle feathers be enough to save me? Like a sentient vibrator in the clutches of Anna Nicole Smith, I quiver at the all-encompassing darkness before me.

◘ Been a Long Time Since I Rock and Reviewed

Hey everyone, this is Ben "G-to-the-reasnin" Platt here with a brand new, one of a kind movie review! It's been quite a while since I last took a look at some filmic monstrosity, and I had almost forgotten just how painful it can be. Luckily, "Skinned Alive" came along to remind me.

> *The raging bender of bad moviemaking begins with a solid three minutes of absolutely nothing. Seriously, it's three full minutes of shots of roads and trees. It's all very pretty and serene, save for the fact that this is where the film quality is the poorest, so there's a lovely buzzing and it looks like someone smeared Vaseline on the lens. But other than that excitement, there's nothing to see here - just a slow series of still shots of nothing happening. No opening credits, no narration, no images of anything in any way relevant to the story, just three minutes of wasted time. Sadly, those three minutes are followed by another hour and fifteen minutes of wasted time, but at least that has stuff in it.*

Do yourself a favor - skip the movie, read the review.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.25 The Prettiest Princess

Wednesday, May 26, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Have you looked at yourself in the mirror lately? Do you consider yourself fairly good-looking, or at least average? Well according to our society, you are quite far from good-looking. Actually you are more like a horrendous tub of gelatinous bile full of marshmallow tears. This recent elevation in the higher standards of beauty in America can be accurately reflected in the hit show "The Swan" on Fox. The show was kind enough to take some extremely ugly people from around America and totally reshape their face and body with total reconstructive plastic surgery until they looked like a slutty porn star. The important lesson this show is teaching America is that even if you have a great personality and have a fruitful life, surrounded by people that care for you, your ugliness and mediocrity makes you a totally worthless human and you might as well just kill yourself to rid the world of the eye pollution that you actively contribute to everyday. The good news is that you don't have to be imprisoned in your ugly husk for the rest of your sad life. The show "The Swan" has proven that there is hope yet.

Being the helpful and scheming lad that I am, I have decided to help out the ugly masses of the Internet as well, and offer my makeover services to the noisome public for this special one time article. I know almost every single one of you are probably ugly beasts that need extensive work just to be able to leave the house and not be chased by villagers with torches, but I am only one man and could select just a handful of poor souls to work my magic on. Hopefully once I am done with these horrible monsters, they can go out and live a happy life, and become a walking God or Goddess among a flock of ugly, smelly sheep. Beauty is something we should all aspire for, and since we don't have it we should lavish praise and money on the few that do. So without further ado, lets make some dreams come true!

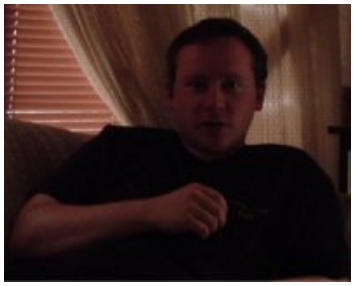
Click on the picture to see Bertha as a pretty princess!

Name: Bertha Robinson
Age: 23
Sex: Female
Location: Tucson, Arizona

For years, Bertha's pleas for help went unheeded by the medical community. Every plastic surgeon she went to said she was a lost cause, a waste of time and energy. Bertha knew that under her bloated countenance was a dazzling beauty just begging to be free. When I first spotted her webcam picture, I became intrigued by this troubled soul,and saw her as a solid slab of freshly hewn earth that, with my nimble fingers and a little luck, I could carve out a masterpiece rivaling Michelangelo's David. She gladly accepted my invitation to be a part of The Prettiest Princess, and was led to my surgery barn where I got to work right away.

It was tough going at first because I could not concentrate over her screams. Finally I gave the silly wench some painkillers I had laying around so I could work in peace and continue my incisions into her face and stomach. Fixing Bertha was no easy task for she was actually big boned and this posed a problem. I ended up having to file down the bones and then replace her skull with a baboon's femur bone. I used my Dust Buster to suck up all the excess fat in the tummy and thighs and then

made it into a creamy soup that I used to feed the homeless downtown (waste nothing!). After 48 hours of reconstructive surgery and eight months of healing, Bertha was a stunning beauty! She thanked me from the bottom of her heart and then I asked her out but she said no. Now that she is a pretty princess I expected nothing less.

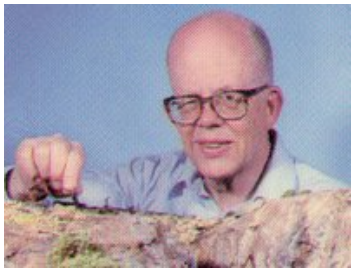


Click on this slothful slug to see a brand new man!

Name: John Smith
Age: 25
Sex: Male
Location: Portland, Oregon

John was sick and tired of being just an average Joe. He wanted something much more than just blending into the scenery, barely noticed at his office by his co-workers, and virtually ignored at bars and clubs. He had tried using the orange tanning cream that is so popular, and even put 3-inch lifts on his shoes so he would seem taller, but put an end to that when his co-workers started calling him Orange Frankenstein Jerkface. The mediocrity was becoming unbearable, so he decided to jump off a bridge and end his miserable existence. Miraculously he was saved when he fell into a tugboat smokestack after trying to leap to his demise. With a new lease on life, he found my Prettiest Princess offer online and soon he was in my surgery barn being made into a beautiful pony. After I found out he didn't want to be a pony, I retraced my steps and started anew.

Even though I ran out of painkillers halfway through the procedure, John was a real sport and was willing to endure anything just to be somebody special. He told me that he wanted to be a lot taller and have a really nice tan. The prior request was achieved by lengthening John's legs with some PVC piping that I found in my shed. These were reinforced with wood putty so they would not to crumple if he decided to take a jog. As for the deep tan, I kind of goofed this part up a little and fell asleep on a bale of hay while he was baking under the 2000-watt lamps. Regardless, John was now a changed man, and he is noticed and looked upon by those who would formerly not give him the time of day. I also asked if he wanted to go out but he said no as well.



Click on Fredrick and make him pretty!

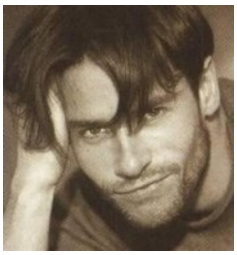
Name: Fredrick McDoodle
Age: 56
Sex: Male
Location: Middleton, Indiana

Fredrick is living proof that you are never too old to stop believing your dreams. He is retired now, but used to work at a bait and tackle shop in the small town of Middleton for 30 years. He says he never really had any complaints with his life, but once in a while when he's watching the TV after a long day of work, it makes him sad that everyone on the TV is so much prettier than he is. Even though the only folks who saw him regularly were the customers at the store and his hound dog "General Custer", his self-esteem suffered badly. It soon got worse when he retired and watched TV all day long. Shows like Baywatch mocked him, making his face flush with envy. With the help of his computer savvy nephew, he logged onto the Internet and found me. In no time he was strapped down to my workbench and I was cutting into his old leathery flesh with my band saw while he screamed in some Midwestern dialect.

Thankfully for Fredrick, he really didn't need that much work done to him, and is what I consider

a natural beauty. His facial structure and skin tone didn't need alteration in any way and the only thing I really did was to saw off his legs to get rid of the unsightly varicose veins, and replace them with shiny new robot legs that were shipped overnight from Japan. Unfortunately I didn't have the chip to make the legs work, but they are currently researching it and it should be finished by 2008. I also added a touch of powder and makeup to Fredrick's face to bring out his natural glow. I bet if the boys at the tackle shop could see him now they would all get boners in their waders.

Despite the huge success of Fredrick's makeover, I am sad to announce that he passed away a few days due to complications involving his robot legs. I would go into further detail but there is a federal investigation into this matter so that's all I can say for now. Let me tell you though, he makes a beautiful corpse. Open casket please!



Hit Thaddeus with your mouse for a pleasing transformation!

Name: Thaddeus Jameson
Age: 28
Sex: Male
Location: Miami, Florida

When Thaddeus wrote me an e-mail begging for extensive cosmetic surgery to make him more beautiful I thought he was a nutcase. As you can clearly see, he is not a bad looking chap at all and I would even venture to say he's quite dashing. But with the rising standards of beauty these days, dashing doesn't cut it anymore. Thaddeus desired to become the perfect idea of beauty, and who was I to deny such a noble request? Of course such a radical medical procedure means I would have to use something more fitting to my needs than my simple surgery barn and work bench, so I took Thaddeus to my brother-in-law's mechanic garage. My brother in-law "Robbie" was a tad nervous, but he agreed to be my "Igor" and help me in this difficult task.

After we hit Thaddeus on the head with a large wooden mallet, we started to make medical history. The first thing we did was to install a drive shaft down the base of his spine, and fix a metal chassis to the trunk of his body. Next came the axles and steering column that would allow for the passenger to control Thaddeus. His arms and legs were then removed to make room for brand new Goodyear tires, and a V6 fuel-injected engine was lowered into the chassis. Robbie worked on the wiring while I worked on the hood and in no time we were just about finished. We cleaned out any remaining flesh or blood from Thaddeus, and installed nice leather seat covers. After everything was finished, Robbie and I sat back with a cold beer and basked in the afterglow. Thaddeus was now the most beautiful minivan ever made, and his miles per gallon weren't too shabby either. We took him for a test drive and stopped at the White Castle drive thru for a sack of 10. The wide-eyed cashier was in awe of the magnificent beauty Thaddeus had become.

They say that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Well whoever "they" are, I'll bet you that they're ugly and just jealous of all the pretty princesses out there. This world is changing and the standards of beauty are higher than ever, so you can either keep up by getting drastic surgery or get left in the dust with the rest of the slobs until the ugly train comes for all the imperfect humans like that movie Gattica. I never saw it but I know Ethan Hawk is in it and he is far from perfect so the movie must suck. Maybe I'll go rent that tonight. And Café Flesh.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

5.26 Bizarre Injuries In Sports

Friday, May 28, 2004 by State Og Representative

Strange injuries such as "Sudden Testicle Elephantitis" are unpredictable, and could abruptly end an athlete's career. Pictured above is Michael Jordan.

As some of you may know, professional baseball player Sammy Sosa recently injured his back while sneezing. Yes, sneezing. The thing that babies and old people manage to do on a daily basis without inflicting fatal wounds upon themselves. The injuries Sosa sustained were so serious that he actually had to miss several games, which stunned the world and spurred hundreds of sports writers to race to their keyboards in an effort to be the first genius to use "SOSA INJURY NOTHING TO SNEEZE AT" as a headline. Sosa's worst fears were allayed when he learned that he would indeed walk again, and that with intense therapy he would eventually be able to stick those little candy corns that you get for Halloween up his nose once more. Sosa's injury was peculiar, but after a bit of investigation I've come to find that uncommon injuries in sports are more common than one would think. Which means they aren't uncommon after all, I guess. I don't know. What I do know is that some of the injuries I researched are so bizarre that they put the sneeze incident to shame.

Take, for example, Ooter Oslo. One of the top skydivers in the world, Ooter set out to break a record in 1989 by diving from an unheard-of altitude of 45,000 feet. Many said he was insane to attempt such a feat, but unfortunately for him he was too proud of a man to back down. On that fateful morning, Ooter suited up and proceeded with the jump, relying on an oxygen tank to help him survive the first portion of the death defying freefall. After a seemingly endless jump, Ooter finally touched down safely in the predetermined landing zone without a single problem. There he was met with cheers from a crowd of friends and colleagues who attempted to lift him onto their shoulders in celebration, but accidentally dropped him. He was unable to pull his backup chute in time, and fell four feet to his death.

In baseball, it's not uncommon to see a pitcher hit a batter with a wild pitch. In 1997, however, Jeff Conine threw a pitch that was so wild it actually struck his own outfielder (who was some 150 feet directly behind Conine) square in the face. The incident was so bizarre that it would probably be discussed around water coolers to this very day if baseball weren't such a fucking boring sport that no one wants to watch.

Professional wrestler Macho Man Randy Savage was accidentally punched in the stomach during a match, and was immediately rushed to the hospital. Amazingly, Macho Man survived, but the incident haunted him for years. He refused to enter the ring without wearing his "stomach cup", which was simply a protective cup for the groin that he duct taped to his midsection.

Some people might not consider playing video games a sport, but there are several active leagues with dominant players and big name sponsors. One of the most prominent gamers today is "Fatal1ty", who happened to suffer the strangest injury I've come across in my research. During an Unreal Tournament match Fatal1ty actually donned an American flag to illustrate that he was a glorious adonis-like hero which humanity should worship, and at this exact moment he transformed into an ass. Hard to believe, right? But it gets stranger. According to an anonymous source within Fatal1ty's "krew", this is a recurring injury. "When he's asleep he's not really much of an ass," says the source. "But when Fatal1ty beats an opponent or opens his mouth.... boom! He's the biggest ass you'll ever see." As of this time, there is no known cure or treatment for Fatal1ty's condition.

Fatal1ty, mere moments before tragedy strikes.

In the third period of a home game against the New Jersey Devils, the Pittsburgh Penguins' goalie was shot and killed in a tragic hunting accident. Investigators can't agree how the bullet managed to enter the stadium, but they can agree that The Monkees were a superior band when compared to the Beatles.

During the World's Strongest Man championship, Swedish competitor Jarno Hams pulled both of his arms out of their sockets while attempting to throw a train over a 15 foot wall. As he screamed in agony and stumbled in a random direction, his shoelace came undone and he tripped, breaking his jaw on an anvil that was left over from the "Pinky Toe Strength" challenge. The crowd watched in silenced horror as Hams somehow righted himself, then made his way to his car in a poorly planned attempt to drive himself to a hospital. At this point he realized that he had locked his keys inside the vehicle. With no other options available, Hams had no choice but to press his torso against the car and push it thirty miles to the nearest emergency room. Also, when he eventually got home he found out that his parakeet died and Mystery Science Theater 3000 was cancelled.

These injuries might sound frightening when compiled into a single article, but there's really nothing to worry about as long as you don't ever leave your house. Additionally, the fine people at our favorite conglomerate State Og are hard at work on improving safety in all sports. I'll leave you with a reassuring quote from Andre Person, the head of State Og's Sports Safety and Inedible Plants division.

"We're currently developing new technologies to prevent sports-related injuries", Person explains. "We considered developing *old* technologies, but that required travelling to the past and we don't have a time machine. To be honest, we're sort of doing things half-assedly since we're hoping to get that time machine at some point. So far we've only got a football helmet made out of packing peanuts, and a Nascar engine that can't start. Our thinking on that one is that we could reduce crashes in Nascar races by up to 40% if we could simply get all those cars to stay in one damn spot."

◘ State Og

Whether you're a raging alcoholic or a drunk rageaholic, State Og has a product or service for you! Take this for example:

> *Wacky Pennies are made of a delicious South American imitation chocolate with a fine brownish sugar glaze. These candy-like treasures are cast in a mold made from an ACTUAL REAL LIVE U.S. PENNY! That means* ***Wacky Pennies*** *are virtually INDESTINGUISHABLE from REAL pennies. These* ***Wacky Pennies*** *are so fun, they should be ILLEGAL! (Wacky Pennies are ILLEGAL in Alaska, Hawaii, Oregon, Washington, and California)*

If you can sit still without headbutting the monitor and your vision isn't completely blurred, check out this week's update!

-∼State Og Representative

5.27 Wildlife FAQ: The Homeless

Friday, May 28, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wildlife FAQ: The Homeless

The Homeless Person is a figure of legend, but as much as we talk about the homeless their origins, behavior, and habits are still shrouded in mystery to the layperson. Many people have emailed me asking about the homeless so I felt they were an appropriate choice for the first ever Something Awful Wildlife FAQ.

What is a Homeless Person?

A homeless person is similar to a great ape. It occupies a strange niche on the evolutionary ladder between mankind and powerful jungle apes like the Silverback Gorilla. Unlike many of its cousins, the homeless person is thriving in the urban sprawl created by humanity. If anything, they seem to prefer it over rural habitats.

What do Homeless People Eat?

Homeless people are omnivores and as such their diets vary greatly. Some homeless people in the Great Plains region subsist on nothing but alfalfa and road kill. In urban areas homeless people tend to have more eclectic diets and consume everything from discarded hamburgers to stray cats to broken bottles. There are unsubstantiated reports of one homeless person eating another, although it is uncertain if homeless people kill each other for food or are simply willing to scavenge another homeless person's remains.

Are Homeless People Dangerous?

Do not approach a homeless person unprepared!

Very! Homeless people, much like turtles, are carriers of a number of strains of bacteria that can be fatal to humans. Be sure to wash your hands immediately after you handle a homeless person. Some homeless people are also very aggressive and unpredictable. Remember that the homeless person is a wild animal, and no matter how domesticated or friendly it seems, its instincts can be dangerous. If you ever hear a homeless person making noises like "What's the frequency?!" or "God, I done told you to shut up!" you should immediately distance yourself. These are signs that the homeless person is in heat and may attempt to bite you or worse.

Are Homeless People Social Animals?

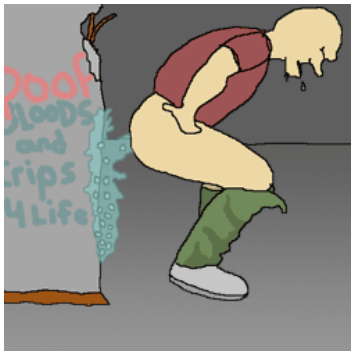
Some are and some are not. Most of the less dangerous homeless people tend to congregate in man-made shelters designed to keep them from inconveniencing people who own Hummer 2s. Other homeless people are less sociable and use shopping carts or wagons to carry a variety of seemingly useless objects that the homeless person picked up. Usually these objects are worthless, but occasionally these solitary homeless people will have dangerous tools like improvised clubs or axes inside their shopping cart. Stay away from these homeless people at all costs, especially if they seem to be docile or sleeping. If you approach their possessions while they are sleeping they will leap up with terrifying speed, shrieking and spraying venom from their mouths.

Can Homeless People Be Kept as Pets?

Some rare homeless people can be domesticated for labor purposes and the government has had limited success with breeding programs to bring out desirable traits. However, this work is in its infancy, and homeless people are generally too wild to attempt to domesticate them as house pets. Even if you train them to suppress their aggressive behavior they will still revert to other unfortunate habits like grooming themselves with their saliva, masturbating to crude drawings they make in the dirt, and taking shiny objects that strike their fancy.

How Do Homeless People Reproduce?

Many believe that homeless people lay eggs much like frogs, secreting a mucus sac containing thousands of eggs against a bridge pylon or inside a drainage culvert. While there are vague distinctions between male and female homeless people, experts seem to think that these are mostly cosmetic and both sexes are capable of fertilization and egg laying. The reason young homeless people are rarely seen is that they tend to hide in caves and sewers until they burrow up through the ground for breeding and feeding purposes. Until then they subsist on the protein-rich remains of their egg sac and any plants and insects they can find.



This is how experts believe a homeless person lays its eggs.

Can Humans Mate With Homeless People?

God, that's disgusting! How can you even suggest something like that? We're talking about animals here. Can humans mate with horses? I suppose so, but do you really think a centaur or some sort of horse headed baby is going to be the result? Of course not, jail and torture at the hands of the Holy Inquisition are the only possible outcomes of such an unholy

union.

Can Homeless People Fly?

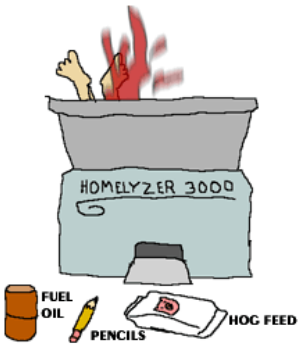
Only the Queen and a handful of royal guards can fly. The ability to fly seems to be linked to how much royal jelly a homeless person ingests during their youth and young-adult periods. You will rarely see this happen in urban areas because the government employs teams called "Jelly Patrols" that scrub out any deposits of royal jelly found near homeless shelters or in dumpsters. In rural areas it's possible that you may encounter flying homeless people, but in these areas any colonies tend to be very small and usually confined to beat up Volkswagen vans that they have learned to crudely operate and maintain. These nomadic groups can easily be mistaken for hippies (FAQ coming soon).

Why Do Some Homeless People Look so Much Like Humans?

This is part of their micro-evolved camouflage. It has developed due to their proximity to mankind in urban areas. Homeless people that can pass as a human, even for a short period of silence, are the greatest threat facing us today. Researchers are working feverishly on genetic differences in these homeless people that will allow them to be sprayed for without endangering humans, apes, or even normal homeless people.

Wouldn't a Homeless Person Stop Being a Homeless Person if We Put Them in a House?

YOU can pay to build them a house! Don't try forcing me to spend my hard earned tax dollars on ape escapes for these filthy vermin with your kooky socialist agenda. You can put a sweater and a knit cap on a dachshund, does that make it a college kid on vacation in Aspen? These things are born homeless, live homeless, and should die in their natural habitat or possibly inside the back of a specialized van filled with carbon monoxide.



Despite their best efforts, homeless people can be useful to mankind.

Can Homeless People Use Tools?

Homeless people are capable of using crude or improvised tools such as levers, clubs, and shopping carts. They are not capable of understanding tools with a useful purpose and are totally incapable of utilizing something like a water drill, a claymore mine, or a Lasik machine. Don't be fooled by their mannerisms. Some homeless people will collect and even seem to use more complex tools, but they are simply imitating humans in an attempt to blend into their surroundings.

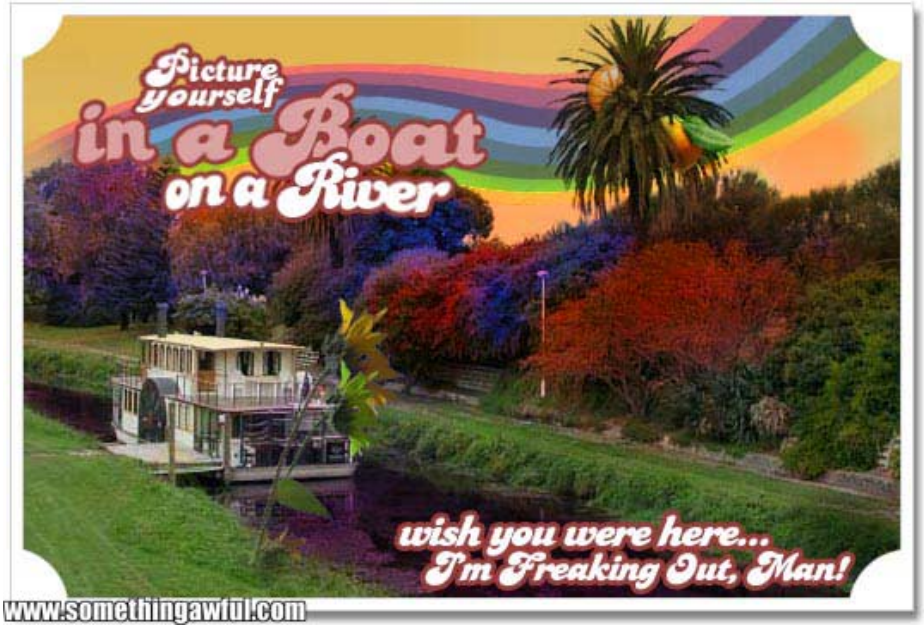
Can Homeless People Be Useful?

Definitely! While the government has not yet perfected techniques for training or otherwise domesticating the homeless, great strides have been made in putting the homeless to good use. Did you know that each adult homeless person contains enough carbon to make 885 pencils? Mead is working on a machine to do exactly that! The homeless are also quite edible and although few would choose to subsist on them they are proving a great boon to farmers who need feedstock for their animals. Some scientists are also currently working on a formula for refining homeless people into fuel oil. It is believed that each homeless person can provide enough crude to propel a Hummer 2 almost five yards!

I hope this FAQ has provided you with invaluable insight into the homeless menace. God and country willing, we will soon be answering many more hard hitting questions about wildlife throughout the world.

Missing you in Phridayville!

Hello! Greetings! It is I, Josh "Hot Dog Day #28" Boruff here with the news of another Photoshop-flavored Phriday. Unfortunately this week the Something Awful Forum Goons were all on vacation, and could not be bothered to make images. But don't worry, they sent me some postcards, so I'll just post those. Why here's one of them now!



Please adopt me. I'm cold and lonely.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.28 I Just Can't Take It Anymore!

Saturday, May 29, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

This woman is killing herself because she's an anime character. The angel is there for good luck.

I'm not one to make public displays. Hell, I don't even like going out in public unless it's to a Homeowner's Convention. Despite the fact that I don't own a home I like to head over to the local convention center every year and pretend I do. Like the time I went to the 1999 convention and told everyone about my complaints to the local homeowner's association and how they won't let me keep the souls of my fallen enemies in my backyard shed. It was the fastest I have ever gotten kicked out of anything. Lowtax usually gives me his ticket because he says that the convention has grown increasingly corrupt each year and is tired of flying out there. He also says that Betty Thompson from booth #185A should watch out if she knows what's good for her, whatever that means.

Anyway, I'm taking this opportunity to announce that I, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez, will be taking my own life tonight. I know what you're saying, "Oh you have so much to live for!" Well yeah, you would think that having a small time article on a website most people only visit for the funny pictures on Tuesday and Friday would make my life complete but that simply isn't the case. The Weekend Web has turned me into an empty shell of a man. The forums I must endure each week have finally taken their toll. Instead of being afraid of the creepy neighbor who is on every sex offender registry from here to Boston like any normal person does, every night I sit in my computer chair, rocking back and forth, scared out of my mind that some deranged furry in a boar costume is going to knock down my door and force me to have sex with him. I have not slept more than 3 hours a night in the past eight months. My slumber, more nightmare than dream, is filled with the most horrific spelling and grammar that no man should be subjected to. I have had dreams where someone from the Pooping and Peeing in Public Places forums just walks right into my wet dream, the one where I am Larry Flint and yelling at some whore that she will never make it in pornography, and shits their pants right then and there. I often wake up in a cold sweat in the dead of night and unable to move. I cannot take it anymore.

"Oh, but that isn't so bad. We've all experienced those things."

For every image that makes it into Weekend Web there are ten more that are too vile to ever make it to the web site. You have not seen the three hundred pound man shitting his Sailor Moon costume. You have not seen the man vomit on his mother's vagina and then have sex with her and then tentacle penises grow out from the mother and rapes her son. You have not seen a person write an entire forty page essay on Dragon Ball Z lIkE tHiS. You have not seen the horrors of some of the private forums I get access to but cannot post images of on this web site for security reasons. I have seen the likes of FBI.org's vB flame board, the CIA's Super Secret Fun Forum, and Kenny Roger's Chicken and Forums. They are more terrible than all of the forums we have ever featured on The Weekend Web combined.

Life wasn't always this way. I used to be a great Mexican diplomat. They called me Spokero Jose and I lived on a exquisite sex ranchero. All day and all night I would partake in siesta and have sex with many beautiful women. They would say to me, "Spokero Jose, please show me your huge pene again." And I would reply, "Ah mujer muda, after you make me a taco." I drank tequila by the bucket on my boat while wearing blue speedos and made calls to local game stores asking them if they had games in stock that I never intended to buy anyway. That all ended the day I signed on to do Weekend Web.

This is all your fault Moof!

It was never my intention to do Weekend Web in the first place. I had my sights set on the front page but that damn Tom "Moof" Davies stole the spot right out from under me. It was little over half a year ago when Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka solicited a group of retards from the Boys and Girls club of America to write a bi-weekly article for his website which at the time was called Large and In Charge: A Tribute to Big and Beautiful Women. Right from the start Moof started sending gifts to Lowtax while I slaved away over a hot keyboard writing article after article about that woman from those old Snapple commercials and what she really did behind that counter. When deadline time rolled around Moof said to me, "Hey look over there!", stole my articles, and submitted them as his own. Moof got the part and Lowtax offered me a lesser position doing The Weekend Web. They put my cubicle in the basement right between State Og and Rom Pit while Moof was up on the 11th floor hamming it up with the other front page writers. Moof has since died due to complications arising from my shovel crushing the back of his skull and while none of this ever actually happened, it still stings me to this day. Not even this chance to write the frontpage update can erase the horrible memories of The Weekend Web.

And do I even get one single email of praise, thanks, or even a "Hey that article wasn't too bad" message for my tireless efforts in bringing the world's most horrific forums to you in a neat little package? No! Not a single email I get is positive. Instead my inbox is usually filled with messages like this:

From: "Mom"
Subject: I am not mad, I am just disapointed

> Dear Spokker,
>
> Your father and I have decided to change the locks on the house. It's not that we don't love you. We simply feel that it would be wise if you did not come around anymore. To be honest, this internet thing scares us and we are worried what it has done to you. Ever since starting on "The Weekend Web" you have become psychotic, delusional, and depressing and we fear for our lives.
>
> As for your personal belongings we have sold them and are keeping the money. We feel that this more than makes up for the years of raising you. We used the rest of the money to buy the cat a silk bed. We also put out some boxes for you in a dumpster at the end of the street. Take these if you need something to sleep under.
>
> Please don't try to get back into the house. Your father and I have set traps, hillarious traps like the ones from Home Alone I might add, that will trigger upon your arrival. If the court order doesn't keep you out then the swinging paint can will.
>
> We hope that this doesn't spoil our relationship with you as we love you very much. We just feel that this is for the better.
>
> Love,
> Mom and Dad

And she emails me that everyday no less. No respect, no respect at all! So I guess I'm really going to do it. The only question now is how. I was thinking of some of the best ways to take my final exit and have come up with the following four choices:

Replace the seat belts in my car with piano wire: I actually forged this idea from one of my earlier ideas designed to get myself out of seatbelt tickets. What I would do is replace the seatbelts in my car with piano wire and tell the cop, "Hey I got one of those foriegn cars with piano wire for seat belts" and explain to him that I cannot put it on because it might kill me. That way he won't write me a ticket for failure to click it. The only problem with this method occurs in the event that there actually is an afterlife. I don't want to be a ghost with no head or legs. Then I have to compete with all of the other retarded ghosts in the Ghost Special Olympics.
Pain: 10
Efficiency: 7
Overall: 5

Become webmaster of Mega Tokyo: Look, we all know this guy is going to off himself eventually, it's just a matter of when. For a guy who is supposedly following his dream of being a white japanese internet comic book writer he sure is sad a lot. To be a fan of his site must be frustrating. Here you are awaiting the next exciting instalment of "I Wish I Were Japanese, Oh God How I Wish I Were Japanese" and instead what loads up is some drawing of a pre-teen girl crying. Becoming webmaster of Mega Tokyo isn't the quickest way to die. It usually happens later in life when the eye slantening surgery fails and your skin yellowing surgery gets botched and you commit sepuku when you realize you're going to have the same pasty white ass for the rest of your life.
Pain: 9
Efficiency: 2
Overall: ^_^

Ham overdose: Everybody knows that ham is nature's candy. But too much candy can be bad for you. The effects of ham overdose are actually quite fun. What happens is that ham starts oozing out of your ears, nose, and eyes, delighting friends and family alike. Then your cells turn into ham cells and begin to multiply. In a few hours you are a huge Christmas ham glazed to perfection. Then your girlfriend or boyfriend eats you while wondering where you are. Once he or she sees the hat you were wearing right next to their plate they scream, "OH MY GOD! This ham is really Spokker Jones! What have I done!" and continues to eat. If you are a fatty then ham overdose does not work. Instead you are entered into the Guiness Book of World Records as the man who can eat the most ham in a single sitting and your life makes a turn for the better. Sexy women begin to flock to you and the shoe endorsements start rolling in.
Pain: 4
Efficiency: 6
Overall:

Sit here and wait: It seems that the least painful way to off myself is to simply let nature take it's course.
Pain: 0
Efficiency: 0
Overall: 10

Now that everything is in order I will now take my own life. I am sorry that it had to come to this but I see no other way out from the terrible forums that plague my every dream. Goodbye friends.

Editor's Note: If you or a loved one is thinking of suicide please visit the Suicide Awareness homepage. Suicide is *not* the answer. Unless you write for a web site.

The Weekend Web: Bringer of Death

Hello friends, Zachary "Suicide Jones" Gutierrez here with another Weekend of Web. This week we've got a forum with roughly five members talking about what would happen if Goku battled the Muslim diety, a group of nutcases too insane to even have sex, and a good old bunch of conspiracy theorists and UFO nuts.

Author	Comment
Loki DeNiro Registered User Posts: 448 (11/23/02 11:56 pm) Reply	**Muhammad vs Goku** Muhammad the Warrior Prophet has come to Earth to enslave the planet, he begins by killing everyone in the Miss Universe Pangant in Nigeria, including Videl. This enrages Goku who faces off agianst Muhammad in his SSJ Form. Muhammad begins by dropping Mt. Olive on Goku, but it doesnt even stun him. Suddenly, Goku heres a noise behind him. Some of Muhammad's followers the Islam Force have hijack a couple of planes. They crash the planes into Goku but he doesnt even flinch. Goku then beats the crap out of Muhammad. Muhammad stands up and decides that he has no choice, he cannot defeat GOku so he will take both of them out with his SUICIDE BOMBER ATTACK. Muhammad powers up and then explodes himself but just in the nick of time Goku teleports out of harms way. WINNER: Goku Logged

Come see why critics are calling Weekend Web the sixth best feature about bad forums this Fall! CLICK GODDAMN YOU.

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

5.29 The Memorial Day Blackout Celebration

Sunday, May 30, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

During my college/post-college days I was a heavy social drinker. I would leap at almost every opportunity to get completely shit faced as quickly as possible. I have many stories of horribly embarrassing things I did while drunk, but I remember most of them clearly so they aren't for this update. However, I did manage to drink enough to black out a few times and on some of these occasions I also managed to make a spectacular asshole out of myself. If you have never blacked out from drinking, allow me to describe this truly unique experience. You will be walking into a party, throwing back some beers or whatever, and then as if some magical editing room has just snipped the intervening hours out of your film reel you will find yourself with broken glass in your hands bent over a gutter retching up 18 shots of tequila while a cop questions a guy about his broken car window.

I posted one of my most memorable lapses of memory on our forums and invited our readers there to post their own tales of inebriated woe. Considering how amusing some of these stories were and the fact that they coincide perfectly with the picnic debauchery of Memorial Day I have decided to share a few of them here with you. Let them serve as a warning for those of you prone to drinking a bit too much, and as an invitation to the terrible yet fascinating world of humiliating drunkenness for those of you who tend to abstain.

The Story of the Ass Punching
By Me

The story that springs most immediately to my mind is the tale of the ass punching. Many of my earliest drinking stories involve me either trying to start fights or insisting people hit me because the alcohol suddenly inflated my sense of toughness. I managed to get over this after a few months of acclimation to the psychological effects of alcohol, but during those few months I was a fucking horrible bastard. A few guys were having a dorm party a few doors down from me and I was friendly with them so I invited myself on over. I, as usual, filled a 40 ounce cup with vodka and some soft drink (it didn't matter) and jump started my efforts on getting hammered. An hour later and I was good and sauced, bumming beers off various people and already starting to turn into an asshole.

Now, this being a dorm room, there was not a lot of space, yet there were around fifteen people there. There were also four single women, which meant all of the males circled around them like Stukas doing dive bombings on targets of opportunity. One guy who I was friends with had scored himself a seat on the dominant piece of furniture next to two of them. After a couple of hours I spilled my beer, and this is notable because it's the last thing I remember. I drunkenly cleaned it up as best I could while the party stopped and stared. I was too gone to be embarrassed by it and no one seemed actually mad.

Then I was being strangled by a guy in the bathroom. It was a guy I was friendly with so it was pretty shocking and horrifying to be getting choked by him. In fact, it was the guy who had been sitting next to the girls on the couch. I grabbed at his shirt and punched him, but one of my best friends got him yanked off of me. I was, of course, enraged, but a certain clarity had entered my mind

thanks to suddenly being on the receiving end of attempted murder. Extremely drunk Zack had done something bad. I was yelling, this other guy was yelling, and a couple of my friends dragged us in separate directions.

Over the next half hour or so I learned why he was choking me. Apparently this dude had gotten up from his seat next to the girls for some reason and I had shoved my way quickly through the party and stolen his seat. The guy was pissed about that, but shit happens at a party, and he let me mouthing off to him slide. After that I began my usual drunken and wholly inept parody of seduction on these two girls, which probably had the effect of making them extremely nervous. All the while this dude was standing next to us talking to one of the other girls. Other people showed up at the party and as they did this guy got pushed closer and closer to me until he was standing with his ass like six inches from my face.

I became convinced that this was some form of insult; retribution for me stealing his spot next to these fine honeys I was busy horrifying. I made some comments about what an asshole he was, but they were either drowned in the noise of the party or (more likely) far too unintelligible to be understood. This was too much for drunken old me and I took action. I was told that a lot of people saw it coming. I imagine it as doing a Popeye; winding my arm up for a monumental punch that would knock his proverbial block off. I delivered my haymaker directly to the center point of his ass, knocking him forward and (as I later learned from the man himself) causing him to shit his pants.

Now drunken Zack had no way of judging cause and effect. I saw my attack as the punch line to a hilarious joke. Following my ass punch everyone would laugh and all would be well. Of course to this poor guy, if you're standing there and you suddenly get punched in the ass and shit your pants, you're going to seek some revenge. Revenge he got, as a swaying melee evidently erupted between us, ending in the bathroom (which was right across the hall) where he shoved me against a sink and began choking me.

Once I had sobered up a little I apologized to the guy and the next day we had calmed down enough for him to relate the pants-shitting to me. Apparently it wasn't a full-fledged GBS pants shitting incident, but it was enough to further stoke the rage. Somehow, I managed to live that one down, I guess because it was actually funny. Most of my antics were only funny in retrospect; but that one had people laughing as it was happening.

The Politician's Couch
By neotek

My mother is close friends with a relatively powerful female politician, and one weekend mum and I were invited to stay at this politician's apartment in Adelaide (capital of South Australia) while I attended a robotics seminar at one of the universities. I was 15 or 16 at the time, and was still discovering my limits when it came to alcohol.

Anyway, I totally overshot the mark with whole a cask of really shitty red wine and a bottle of sherry that was lying about the place collecting dust, dimly recall lying on the couch and watching TV, and then being awoken by my furious, furious mother who had come home from a meeting and discovered me lying in a pool of my own red wine vomit on a $15,000 couch. Needless to say, it was thoroughly ruined.

The Video Sees What the Brain Forgets
By tdog123

For me I've mainly just woken up in odd places, couches, closets, etc. The one that stands out in my mind is unique because someone had a video camera and I got to watch my behavior after my

memory stopped recording events. This was a night at beach week after classes were over for the year, and I was sharing a house with a bunch of friends.

Anyways, I started drinking around 5 or 6 in the afternoon and was housed by around 10 or 11. Blackout drunk, the last thing I remember was sitting at a table playing asshole. The next thing I remember was waking up on a couch with a headache. This was weird because I had claimed a bed, so I wasn't there. We put in the tape in and watched the previous nights events. I wasn't really the star of the film, but it was really funny because I'd constantly be just off screen yelling things, or walking around in the background. There was one shot where I went through the kitchen opening every cupboard and rummaging around it, finally walking off with a muffin tin. Nothing happened for a couple minutes, then a loud banging was heard and I rush on camera banging the tin with a fork. Another episode involved an interview with another drunken participant, where I suddenly dive onscreen and tackle the guy onto the floor. "SHUT UP FRANK SHUTUP FRANK SHUTUP FRANK" was all I was mumbling.

Also, apparently after everyone crashed, I got up off my couch to pee (into the toilet miraculously), and came back to the wrong couch. A friend of mine was laying there, and apparently I crawled on top of her and almost drooled into her face. She wakes up and says "What the fuck" and I mumble "Move is my couch" over and over. She tells me to get over to my own spot, so I them proceed to back off, put my head up to her ass, and bulldoze her off the couch. And thus I lay until my inevitable headache awoke me.

Everyone Hates Dave
By Bizarro Toby

My boyfriend was going out of town, and my best friend Ben and I kind of felt like "dad" was leaving so we could go out and get crazy. The boyfriend understood, helped me make up the spare bed in Ben's room, and told us both to be careful.

The party was at the GM of the college radio station's apartment. I arrived, decided not to drink around co-workers, and situated myself in a corner. Then the GM comes downstairs and tells me to get my ass up to her bedroom. I go in, 12 of us pass around a couple of joints for awhile and start to talk.

At this point I'm thinking, "god am I THIRSTY." So I wander downstairs and look around and see the keg. "Hey," fucked-up me says, "I can drink BEER."

Seven or eight beers later the GM comes back downstairs and gets me to do a couple shots. I get back into the beer line and our programming director, Dave, is behind me. Now, Dave is a total prick with shitty music tastes who uses his position to get Backstreet Boys into heavy rotation at the station. We all hate Dave.

"Dave!" says I. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"Charity invited me," he says nervously.

"WHY?!?! She HATES you! We all do, really." Then I pat him on the arm and find my way back upstairs.

Apparently, Ben finds me two hours later, asleep on the floor spooned with my friend Kate. He picks me up, puts me over one shoulder and we leave the party. I wave at everyone as he's carrying me, and flip off Dave.

Then I wake up. It's daylight. I'm wearing three shirts and my underwear. The room is covered in vomit on Ben's side, and there's a huge puddle of water in the center of the floor. One of my jeans legs is completely soaked from the knee down (like I had stepped in a deep puddle), but mysteriously my shoes and socks are dry.

The story Ben tells me is that he walked me back, me hiccupping and gagging from time to time, until we got to his dorm. At that point I proclaimed I was hot and stripped down to my undies and started playing solitaire on his computer. Then I told him I was cold and went through his drawers and put on three of his shirts. I then tried to sleep in his bed (he kicked me out) and finally passed out. We're pretty sure he's the one who puked. The puddle of water and my wet jean leg were never explained.

Rich Londoners are Human Too
By Camrath

Best would have to be my 18th birthday party.

Now, my family is, putting it bluntly, loaded. We have a large farmhouse in northern France which we use for such occasions as big parties- my 18th had 250 people there. With that back story, let us begin the true tale.

The day began at about 11 or so, when several of my friends turned up at my place in London to travel with me out to France for the party, bearing their dinner jackets and the like. As my parents had already left the previous night to help get the place organized (Marquees set up, pick up the two whole pigs for roasting, that sort of thing), we decided to kick off the celebration with a few rounds of Jack Daniels. A few turned into a bottle split between three of us, so we were already pretty fucked by the time we got on the train to Dover. While riding through Kent, I suddenly realize that in my sozzled state, I'd forgotten my passport. No biggy, I thought- I'll just hide in the back of the car which was going to meet us and take us cross channel and then onwards to the party.. Fat fucking chance. The car was driven by two old friends of my mum; who both happened to be judges. No chance of breaking border security THERE. So to cut a long story short, I had to hotfoot it back to London and catch a Eurostar to Calais, meaning I arrived a good four hours late for my own birthday party.

Once I got there, all was good- we had an enormous buffet, two whole pigs on spits in the garden and a free bar. My friends and I, of course, hit the bar HARD. The last clear memory of the night was going out to the tennis courts to watch the fireworks display put on in my honor. Then it gets patchy, although I do remember us all sitting in the courtyard, swigging armagnac from the bottle and singing 'With a little help from my friends' badly out of key.. I ended up passed out on the futon, and this is where I have to rely on the videotapes of the proceedings to recall what happened.

Before I passed out, I was dancing in my new formal shoes (very slippery) with my friends.. I ended up slipping, stumbling and slamming into the wall.. I fell to the ground on my hand, said I was okay, stood up and did exactly the same thing again. In the process, I broke my hand in two places.. more on that later.

After I passed out, my brother took it on himself to start drawing on me with permanent marker. I woke up the next morning, with a head feeling like it was about to explode, covered in my own

puke, and with my left hand swollen up to the size of a baseball, and colored black and blue all over. I knew things weren't good when one of the fingers was wobbling whenever I moved it, but at the time I just wanted to get a bath and wash some of the puke off me.

Fat chance. The first time I sat in the bath, I promptly hurled all over myself several times, got out, ran myself a new bath and just passed out for another half hour. Eventually I managed to pull myself together enough to go out and be vaguely sociable before I headed for home with two equally hung over friends (one a fifteen year old who I'd been force feeding vodka the entire night, as he 'didn't like armagnac'.

The next day, Monday, was my actual birthday and when I woke up my hand felt even WORSE. I decided I needed to go into hospital, and as I was the only person in the house (everyone else still being in France, cleaning up), I took myself down to casualty. I had x-rays and the like, and ended up spending my actual 18th in surgery. Just before they knocked me out to put the THREE metal plates in my hand, they noticed the scrawling all over my back ('I like horny sailors', 'Heaven this way' with an arrow to my ass, all that sort of stuff..) which I hadn't noticed in my monstrously hung over state. I just begged them to knock me out, and I'd deal with it later.

I ended up spending twelve weeks in plaster during my A-level year, unable to write (I'm left handed). I had three botched operations to try and repair the damage, and only got it finally fixed last year (the party was in 1999). One of my fingers is still distorted and partially paralyzed as a result. But was it a good party, and worth it? HELL FUCKING YEAH.

Memento
By Ihateyou

I'm one of those guys who reaches the blackout point at least ten drinks before the puking point. This means that I'll blackout for at least half an hour or so every single time I get drunk. Even if it seems like I remember everything from the night before, my friends will always come up with something I did that I have absolutely no memory of. My nickname is "Memento".

From the day I finished junior high, my parents encouraged me to enjoy a beer or a glass of wine with them at dinner so that I might grow accustomed to the effects of alcohol, and not succumb to abusing it like so many youngsters are prone to doing. This plan backfired horribly. Instead of learning responsible drinking habits, I learned that I like booze. A lot. My first true blackout episode happened during my senior year of high school. My friends and I had all finished our first semester, and we thought that we ought to celebrate. There was a party at the house of a girl name Nicole, at which our friend Alex and his band were playing. While at the party, I managed to polish off a fifth of Jose in less than two hours, so I had a few minutes of relative coherence before I sailed off into oblivion. I woke up in the hospital at six in the morning, IV coming out of my arm and still drunk. My clothes were in a plastic bag, covered in puke. When my parents came to pick me up, my dad looked at me disgustedly and said, "Well. I bet you learned your lesson."

He couldn't have been more wrong. When I got to college, my drinking escalated considerably. By the end of my sophomore year, I was at the point where it was a rare day that I would be sobered up by the time I attended my morning classes (if I attended them at all). I was having blackout episodes every weekend, and although a mere fifth would no longer send me for the toilet (or the emergency room), my mind would sometimes stop creating new memories after as few as eight or ten drinks. These small-scale blackouts would only last for an hour or two at the most,

so nothing really ridiculous ever occurred during them. However, I would often come out of them in very interesting situations. I've had my mind start working again, only to find myself playing hide-the-sausage or lying in a ditch many a time. While mildly amusing, these mini-blackouts never led to any interesting stories. However, on occasion, I would drink enough to send my mind over the edge long enough for some really wacky things to happen.

Early this semester, my friend Chad was invited by a girl he knew from back home to go to some kind of sorority function at ASU. Chad had a girlfriend at the time, but his friend, Kristin, told him he could bring his girlfriend, along with any of his male friends, for whom she would find dates. Chad invited me, and having heard the rumors about ASU sorority girls, I jumped at the opportunity. I would be driving out there from LA with Chad, his girlfriend Kat, and my buddy Jake. At the last minute, Chad bailed on us because Kat really didn't want to go. However, Kristin told him that Jake and I were still invited if we wished to go, and that she would be very sad if we didn't take her up, since I was her date and she would be dateless without me. I couldn't let the poor girl down, so Jake and I drove the 5 hours to Tempe, Arizona to meet up with two girls we had never met.

After following Kristin's instructions, we arrived at the Gamma Phi Beta house right on time. I knocked on the door, and was greeted by a 5'7" blonde in a low-cut blouse and an impossibly short skirt, who by appearances at least, confirmed the rumors about ASU girls. She introduced herself as Kristin, and asked which of us was Joe. I answered in the affirmative and she greeted me with a long kiss on the lips. This ought to be interesting, I thought. She giggled, and told us that Jake's date, Krista, would be out in a few minutes. "Krista's really hot, but she's not the smartest knife in the drawer," Kristin told us. It looked like the part of the ASU-girl rumors concerning mental capacity had been answered as well. Jake and I produced a fifth of Jim Beam, and began to split it while talking with Kristin (who had moved from her desk chair to my lap in a matter of minutes) and waiting for Krista. Krista appeared out of the bathroom half an hour later, dressed similarly to Kristin. I noticed Jake's eyes light up. Noticing that Jake's lap was the empty one, she jumped onto it with a giggle and greeted him with a sloppy kiss. I could have sworn I saw some tongue. Jake and I had finished the whiskey, so Kristin brought four bottles of champagne out of her refrigerator. While opening hers, she "accidentally" spilled some on her ample chest, which I licked off immediately. More giggling. Soon after the champagne was gone, the bus Kristin's sorority had rented for the night arrived, so we piled into it along with all of the other Gamma Phi Beta girls and their dates.

Chad had warned me about these buses. Kristin had hinted to him what happens on the way to the rented-out club, so I wasn't surprised when she stuck her tongue down my throat as soon as we settled into our seats. I looked across at Jake, who was in a similar situation, and gave him a thumbs-up, which he returned. I was surprised, however, when Kristin unzipped my pants and began giving me head. This warranted another thumbs-up. The girl definitely knew what she was doing, and when she finished, she produced a canteen full of Parrot Bay. She had a few sips here and there, but I was drinking most of it, and by the time we arrived at the club it was gone.

This is where things start to get hazy. I vaguely remember groping Kristin while dancing to a very competent AC/DC cover band, but soon after that, my memory shut off. The next thing I knew, I was lying naked in an unfamiliar bed in an unfamiliar room, next to an unfamiliar girl. I was completely sober and my head felt fine, but I couldn't for the life of me remember where I was, how I got there, or who I was with. I've never been more confused in my life. While I was surveying my surroundings, the girl next to me woke up. She too fit the ASU bill. She took one look at my befuddled face and burst out laughing. She explained to me that she had come out of a bar with her friends and saw me sitting on the curb. She had asked me what I was doing, to which I responded, "Fuck if I know." She had apparently invited me to come back to her dorm (she was a freshman) and party with her friends. I guess I must have forgotten what the hell I was supposed to be doing that night, because I went with her. I was about to ask her if we, you know, but I saw a condom wrapper on the floor and figured I'd save myself the embarrassment.

After I got dressed and thanked the lady (whose name I never caught), I left her room and wandered outside. Having no clue where I was, I asked the first person I saw if they could direct me to the Gamma Phi Beta house, since that's where Jake and our car were. On the way there, I heard my cell phone beeping, and took it out of my pocket only to notice that I had eleven new voicemails. I listened to each of them, alternately hearing Kristin either crying hysterically or screaming that I was a fucking asshole, or Jake telling me that I must either be dead in a gutter or in the drunk tank. Interesting. I'll get to the bottom of this yet, I thought.

I arrived at the sorority house, sighing with relief that our car was still there. I checked my watch. It was now one in the afternoon. Deciding that it might be wise not to knock on Kristin's door just yet, I called Jake on my cell. He didn't answer the first time, but I called again in case he was still asleep or something. After six rings, he picked up. "Joe! Where the fuck are you, you stupid retard?" I explained to him that I was sitting at a table outside the house, and that I was not, in fact dead or in jail. Five seconds later, he emerged from what I assumed was Krista's room, carrying all of his stuff. "Let's get the fuck out of here. They want to kill you." Figuring I'd learn why soon enough, I followed him to the car. Once we were safely on the highway, Jake told me what I had done.

"Dude. You pissed all over a couch at the club. Then you pissed on the bouncer who came to throw you out."

"Fuck. Are you serious?"

"They threw you outside onto the street, but you kept harassing them and trying to fight them. They were about to call the cops, so I made you sit on the curb across the street. I told you not to move. When I came back out, you were gone."

I told him where I had woken up and how I got there. Then Jake told me that the sorority had lost their deposit on the club because of my behavior, and Kristin was in deep shit. I, and all of my friends, were never allowed back to Greek events at ASU again. Then Jake told me how his night went. Since I had deserted Kristin, he took it upon himself to entertain both her and Krista. You can guess where that went.

As we drove down a deserted I-10 through the desert, I thought about how mad Chad would be. We could never go back there again, and Kristin would blame him for sending me. But then I looked on the bright side.

"Hey. But I did get head."

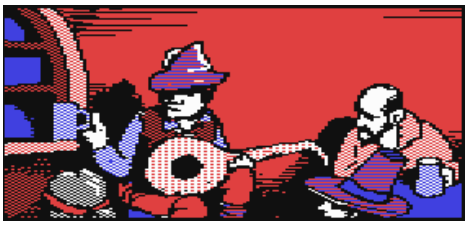
I would like to dedicate this update to all the people I have wronged while drunk. From the girl who just broke up with her boyfriend who I made fun of until she cried to the guy whose house I got banned from the first time I was invited to a party there because I tried to beat up his best friend:

I'm sorry.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.30 Welcome to Fort Castle Inn Keep!

Monday, May 31, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



Pull up ye olde barstoole and proffer a pint of mead, fair marmalade! The elders predicted you would save us from the vile talons of Evil King Stabface!

Hail and well met weary traveler! Please enter my humble establishment and relax! I am Grublor Muldoon, the barkeep of Ye Olde Tavern located here in majestic Fort Castle Inn Keep, the last remaining outpost of civilization perched on the edge of The Plains of Eternal Suffering and General Unpleasantness. I don't recall spying your face around the streets; is this your first trip to Fort Castle Inn Keep? It 'tis? Wonderful! Well in that case, allow me the chance to introduce myself. I am Grublor Muldoon, the barkeep of Ye Olde Tavern located here in majestic Fort Castle Inn Keep, the last outpost of civilization perched on the edge of The Plains of Eternal Suffering and General Unpleasantness. Feel free to ask me anything you like about this town, but I'll probably respond by repeatedly stating I am Grublor Muldoon, the barkeep of Ye Olde Tavern located here in majestic Fort Castle Inn Keep, the last remaining outpost of civilization perched on the edge of The Plains of Eternal Suffering and General Unpleasantness. May I ask your name?

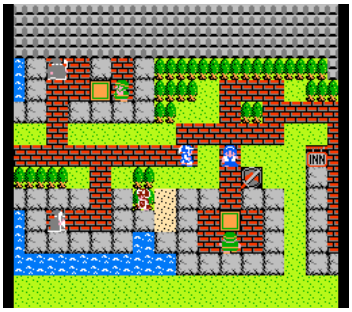
Oh my! So you're... you're The Chosen One?!? You are the one foretold to free our land from the deadly, dark clutches of the nefarious Slaughterions and their twisted, sick leader, the infamous Evil King Stabface? Praise be to The Fairy Queen! I am Grublor Muldoon, the barkeep of Ye Olde Tavern located here in majestic Fort Castle Inn Keep, the last remaining outpost of civilization perched on the edge of The Plains of Eternal Suffering and General Unpleasantness. Our people have been breathlessly waiting for you to deliver us from the vile horde of doom, just like the elders predicted in "The Big Book of Ye Olde Prophesies and Ribald Anecdotes About the Farmer's Wife, Volume IV!" Our bravest men are joining the noble ranks to fight back the enemy's rapidly advancing threat, but our fighters fall in battle like matchsticks crushed beneath the mighty foot of a 12-eyed cyclops! We were afraid all hope was lost... until you showed up with your legendary Sword of Sacklunch and a heroic bravery foretold in ancient eternal prophesies of eternally ancient lore. You are our last hope, the only being left who can save us from the infinite pain, suffering, and torment that Evil King Stabface's legion of the damned wish to inflict upon us with reckless abandon. We all owe our very lives to you, and if it were not for your selfless sacrifice, we would surely be doomed. Allow me to welcome you to our town of Fort Castle Inn Keep and describe a little bit about us and our fair city.

Although we're absolutely thrilled you arrived here and brought your award-winning collection of shiny weapons and magical undergarments with you, please don't think that we'll treat you any differently than anybody else. Yeah you're the talk of the town and certain villagers refuse to stop repeating the same insipid three lines about you over and over and over again, but life goes on and we're not going to interrupt our daily routines for you. For example, don't expect any of our citizens to move out of the doorway when you are clearly attempting to enter a building so you can purchase a magical elf smoothie which regenerates hit points. We have all been raised to spend every single hour of every single day mindlessly pacing back and forth, walking in random directions and

accomplishing absolutely nothing, and the appearance of some guy who spent the last three days swinging a glowing stick at a two headed anthromorphic pig really won't change anything.

Occasionally our exciting travels take us to the doorways of shops, inns, and other buildings which have a single entrance / exit, thereby violating all primitive fire safety laws. We don't give a crap if you're running face-first into us for hours, desperately pushing on our doughy bodies so we might eventually decide to take an arbitrary step to the left or right. We have all been trained to lurch in a seemingly random direction once every 10 seconds, and we're not going to destroy this precious tradition for anybody, no matter how important you are. Sure you've traveled thousands of miles and killed thousands of monsters just to save our miserable little peon lives, but the entire world doesn't revolve around you and this ain't gonna' change no matter how many layers of magic glowing purple armor you layer on top your concave, sunken chest.

If you finally manage to wedge yourself through the narrow door of a shop, don't expect us to start cutting you crazy deals on health potions, magic elixirs, or anything else you might possibly require to save us all from the forces of evil. Yes, we all truly appreciate the fact that you decided to spend your free time shooting arrows into giant bats who are somehow related to Evil King Stabface's plans for blowing up the universe, but you know what? We didn't ask you to. We didn't huddle around and sign any "Ye Royale Olde Petition For Some Big Square Jawed Asshole With Huge Hair to Save Our Generic Kingdom at the Last Possible Second" because we have nothing better to do.



Welcome to our poorly planned and designed town! The architect was drunk when he built this place, which might explain the two squares of sand in the middle of nowhere.

And speaking of saving us at the last possible second, why the hell don't you try saving our kingdom a little earlier perhaps? Here's an idea: get up off your ass and lend us a hand BEFORE our first 800,000 citizens are murdered by bloodthirsty invading monsters. It's absolutely wonderful that you decided to sit on the sidelines and wait for our family members to be slaughtered by floating slime monsters and undead x-ray pirates just so you can appear in the nick of time and save us from complete annihilation, but I think my parents' corpses would've probably appreciated it a bit more if you began fighting for the goodness of eternal light and justice and all that shit BEFORE they had their heads chopped off by sentient celery stalks named "Xangu" who only speak Japanese for some reason.

Anyway, back to what I was talking about. We are all painfully aware that you are saving the universe from this monumentally evil entity who spends all day sitting in a giant rock chair shouting, "MUAH HA HA HA!" really loudly. We can hear that jackass laughing all night. We know he's there. Me and some of the guys from the Ye Olde Item Shoppe down the street called the cops on him like ten times a day every day for a few months because nobody could get any sleep due to his obnoxious "MUAH HA HA HA" outbursts which took place every 10 seconds. If you think it's easy raising

a cranky two-year old who is constantly woken up every few minutes by an asshole in a black cape laughing at jokes that don't exist, then you need to chug a few hundred Anti-Idiot Potions. I guess this whole "opening the dark portal and summoning demons who lay waste to everything" deal that King Jerk dreamed up is probably to get revenge on us for calling his old landlord and getting him thrown out of the Enchanted Emerald Castle Apartment Villa last Spring. That place had an awesome pool and ye olde hotte tubbe.

So yes, we know you're saving us all from a grisly death, probably one involving a whole bunch of little evil identical monsters who dress alike but wear slightly different wardrobe color schemes. That doesn't mean that we are contractually obliged to give you a discount on the various generic weapons, armor, and items we sell. No way, buddy. Did you know that, as of today, you're the 63,573rd person to walk through our lovely town of Fort Castle Inn Keep with grandiose plans of saving the universe from imminent destruction? You want to take a guess as to what happened to the previous 63,572 folks before you? Well why don't you go ask them yourself, you can find most of their pieces at the bottom of Haunted Volcano Witch Ghost Fireball Wizard Lake. Make sure to cast the spell "Reverse Stupid Mistakes Which Got Our Dumb Asses Killed" on their corpses before attempting to engage them in conversation.

This is my dream house. Note that it has everything anybody could ever need including a torch and water pitcher. Please do not search the barrel, there's nothing in it. Trust me.

Simply put, we don't have the resources to cut every hero a deal. If we were to start giving away our world famous Fort Castle Inn Keep Rings of Probable Improbability to each and every drooling dope who plodded through our town claiming he was going to vanquish the forces of evil, this town would dry up quicker than Princess Esmoolina's right tit. Yes it will still cost you 200 gold to stay a night in our inn. Yes we will charge you 4,000 gold for a Large Wooden Shield of Mastication. Yes you must pay 12,000 gold for an Iron Scimitar of Undead Tomfoolery. I don't give a crap if you're the mayor of Elftown, you still gotta pay. And no, we won't give you a line of credit. Your expected lifespan upon leaving the town can be measured in nanoseconds, and there's no way I'm sending my apprentice out to Hangnail Swamp so he can retrieve the set of Elven Bubble Wrap Armor you rented from me shortly before getting killed by a really large mosquito that can somehow ejaculate acid everywhere.

Oh, and while you're here, I'd like to ask you a few questions that myself and the other residents of Fort Castle Inn Keep have for you. Perhaps you could help shed some light on the following subjects:

- After a long day of standing behind a counter and repeatedly reciting the names and prices of every item in stock, I like to head home and relax in my cozy one-room house furnished with a wooden chair, wooden bookshelf, wooden table, and wooden door. I don't want much, just a nice little square house that doesn't have unnecessary, cumbersome rooms like a bathroom or kitchen. Unfortunately, I (and many other upstanding citizens in this town) have noticed that objects from our home seem to be "missing" once we return at night. What happened to that pile of 37 gold I had on my table this morning? Or that health potion Fustanko the Wizard kept on his bookshelf? What

about the lightning bolt spell Shopkeeper Rugmo proudly displayed near his fireplace? Although we don't have any concrete evidence that you did it, we know SOMEBODY has been breaking in through our unlocked doors and helping themselves to our worldly possessions while we sit here constantly listing every single wooden shield in stock. Since you're the only person who has entered this town in the past 200 years, we have a pretty good suspicion it's you.

■There's this 15-year old kid who's been wandering randomly around the town well for at least a decade now. We have no idea when she first showed up there or when she takes a break to rest or eat or take a crap. All she does is walk in random directions all day and fidget a lot. Whenever we walk up to her and ask what's going on, she just responds, "my brother Tarvid the Irritable was capture by Evil King Stabface's guards! I miss him so much! Could you help get him back? If you free my brother then I'll give you this Magenta Oak Truffle Ring which seems useless to me but undoubtedly holds some magic power that might be required to move a previously unmovable object that blocks your pathway." She recites that same damn speech EVERY TIME we try to ask her who she is or why she's hanging around our well or when she plans on leaving because she's scaring all the normal people away. We ask if she's lost and she starts blabbering about Tarvid. We ask if she has a social security number and she launches into her Tarvid speech. We don't know what the hell this kid is talking about and we have absolutely NO interest in a magic ring, so we were wondering if we could pay you to either kill her or push her into the well.

■SOMEBODY recently filed a complaint with the Better Business Bureau claiming that Mortaki's Magic Shoppe was violating federal trade laws by selling the "Fireball," "Lightning," and "Heal" series of upgrade spells. Hey, you know what buddy? If you don't want to buy Lightning 2, you don't have to buy Lightning 2. If you are the jackass who bitched about us and claimed these spells encouraged nothing but purchasing expensive and unnecessary upgrades, then DON'T BUY THEM! Anybody worth their weight in gold pieces knows that Lightning 2 is a completely different spell than Lightning 1. For example, it does almost twice the damage! If you could figure out some magical way to make Lightning 1 do as much damage as Lightning 2, then maybe you might have a case, but right now you're just wasting our time with all this damn paperwork from the government. And before you ask, no, you can't simply just staple two copies of Lightning 1 together and therefore cause twice the damage. That's not how stuff works, and if you think otherwise then maybe you should park your fat ass behind a counter and peddle magic pieces of paper all day instead of running around like a retard and stabbing invisible lizardmen with knives or whatever it is you do.

The King is speaking in code! He says you are a faggot and I do not disagree with his highness!

While you were sitting there and incessantly moving the items in your inventory around for no particular reason, Dwarfo the Giant came in and let me know that the other folks in this town have taken a vote and decided that we don't really want you to bother saving us. Just go on ahead

and skip our town; head over to the Vagrant Gypsy Vagabond Trader Loner camp on the edge of Vampire Dinosaur Swamp and see if they can put up with you standing around and being an annoying, holier-than-thou jerk long enough to sell you a mana potion. Maybe you'll be able to relate to them better than us because we threw those assholes out of town last summer once we realized they would never stop standing around in the middle of the road with their caravans loaded full of Enchanted Doghide Hair Helmets and Moderately Stunning Broadswords of Limited Liability.

Oh what's that? You're a tough guy? You're pulling out your sword? Okay hero, you want to start shit with me in my own Ye Olde Towne Shoppe of Magicale Warese? That's fine pal, but before you decide to embark upon the quest of infinite pain from my boot kicking your balls up into your larynx, let me tell you one thing: I am Grublor Muldoon, the barkeep of This Ye Olde Tavern located here in majestic Fort Castle Inn Keep, the last outpost of civilization perched on the edge of The Plains of Eternal Suffering and General Unpleasantness.

Captain Jean-Luc Picard of the USS Enterprise

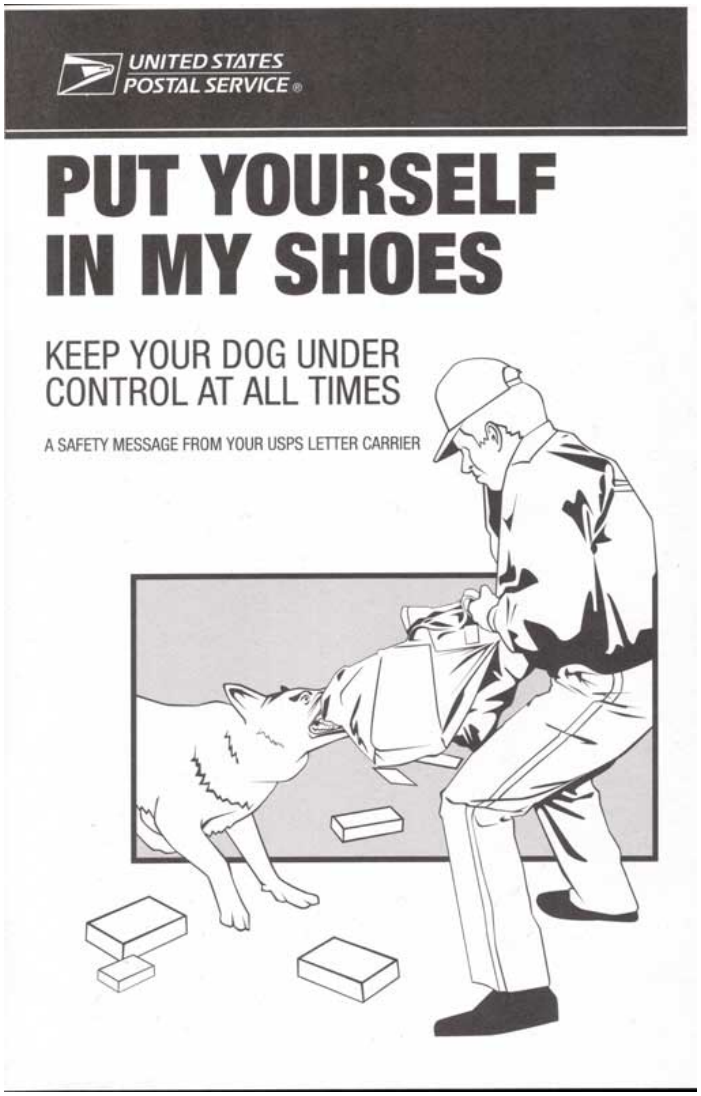
Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams doling out the last of a two part special Goldmine. As I mentioned last time, this two part Goldmine was started by forum Goon Djarum. His initial post was the following:

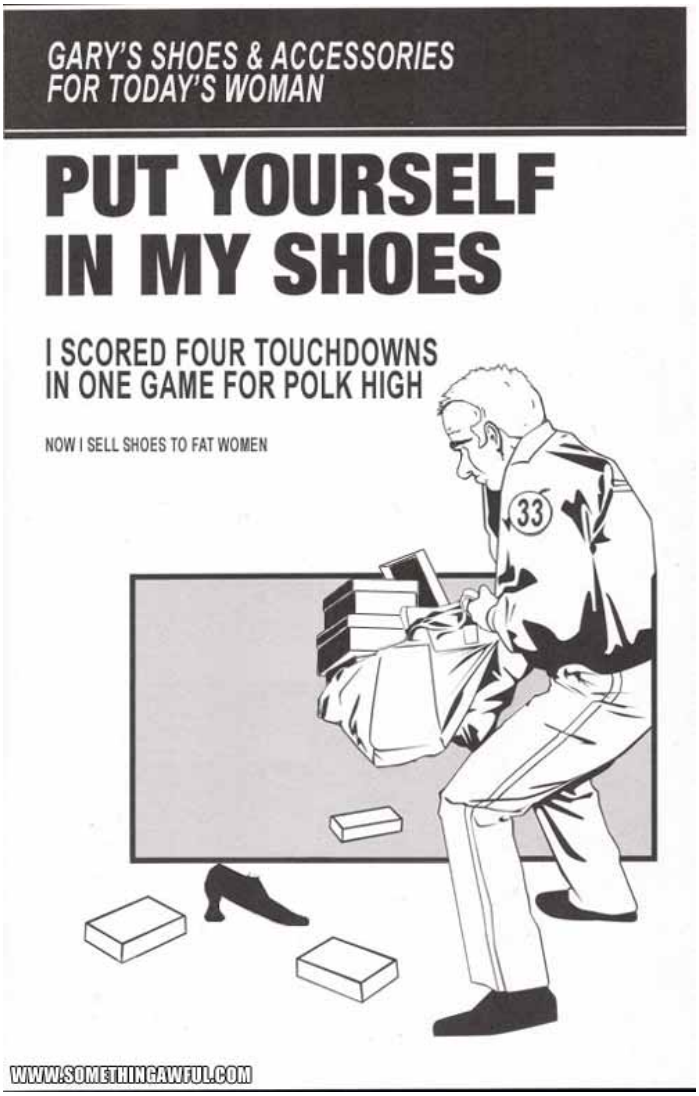
"So yesterday I walk downstairs to get my mail, along with the tons of free magazines and bills I get this.

Since when has the Postal Service been sending out such great little safety notices? Well of course the first thing that I thought of was to post it on here for everyone to partake in the fun."

The Goons busted out 20 pages of Photoshop fun, and today we have the last 10 pages. However, I need your help with the **PAGE OF SHAME**. I've never been good at handing out criticism; that's where you guys come into play. Take a look at the **PAGE OF SHAME** and whip out your monocle and fine silver. Come up with some great slams and send them to me at **OMGWTFBBQ@somethingawful.com.** I'll make sure to have the best of the photoshop putdowns with proper recognition up bright and early for tomorrow. I now present to you this week's Comedy Goldmine, "A Safety Message From Your USPS Letter Carrier Part 2."

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)


UNITED STATES
POSTAL SERVICE
PUT YOURSELF
IN MY SHOES
KEEP YOUR DOG UNDER
CONTROL AT ALL TIMES
A SAFETY MESSAGE FROM YOUR USPS LETTER CARRIER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Chapter 6

June

6.1 The Second Coming of the Internet

Tuesday, Jun 01, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

YOU RUINED MY LIFE!

By my crude calculations, we're well into year four of the Y2K crisis. I believe the standard prediction for Y2K was something along the lines of "we're all going to die violent deaths at the hands of machines, just like in the hit Emilio Estevez movie *Maximum Overdrive*." Unfortunately, as much as we all wanted to come face to face with evil and look into the murderous eyes of a deranged Casio keyboard playing a MIDI elegy demo, our dreams never came true. Technology survived intact, as did we all.

I had high hopes that Y2K would be the death of the human race, or, at the very least, the death of the Internet. I remember watching the constant media coverage on New Years Day hoping that at any second, nuclear missiles would rain down upon my humble little town, transforming it into a desolate wasteland where even poison berries feared to grow. Instead, nothing exciting happened. Years of doomsday scenario hype vomited up another ordinary day. Worse, my computer still worked, and so too did the Internet. Foiled again!

Why would I want the Internet to die? Maybe it's because the Internet brutally murdered my dreams of one day starting a BBS where I could showcase my fantasy ANSI and ASCII art. Maybe also because I think you can only take something so far before it eventually tires out. By the year 2000, the Internet had already been around in some form or another for nearly 40 years. One of the sustaining myths about the Internet is that Albert Gore, the former president of vice, created it with his bare hands out of environmentally conscience materials. This myth originated from a drunken speech Al Gore gave where he took credit for the Internet, man landing on the moon, and the idea of pirates wearing parrots on their shoulders. In truth, the Internet evolved from Arpanet, a government network of computers spanning across the country capable of serving as a backup means of communication in the event of nuclear catastrophe. A product of the 1960s, Arpanet was named after its creator, Johnny Arpanet, who had a dream to one day build an edible space computer that could survive reentry into the atmosphere. Actually, I lied about that last part, and mostly because I'm hungry. The point I'm getting at is that the Internet is very old. It's old and it needs to be replaced.

To add one last tire to the great intellectual tire fire that I am fanning with my incendiary words, think about this: if you owned a couch and somebody had some really nasty sex on it, would you feel comfortable sitting on it? Now imagine every pervert in the world has had sex of some sort or gotten off on that couch, coating it with bodily fluids and everything else imaginable or unimaginable. After all that, any sane person would want the couch vaporized. Ladies and gentleman, the Internet is that couch. It's time we shoot it in the head and throw it out of a moving vehicle like so many unwanted hobos.

Internet usage makes people uncomfortable, as demonstrated in this actual photograph.

It's not like we don't have other opportunities. Right now, astronauts are up in space putting the finishing touches on Internet2, the sequel to the Internet. Like all good technology, Internet2 is based around taking an existing idea and making it better. In this case, by adding a "2" to the word "Internet." This may seem like a simple marketing ploy and an even smaller step in the right direction, but it's oh so much more than that. It's about reclaiming what

was once useful and pure from the savages who took a brilliant piece of technology and used it to share pictures of people crapping themselves with the world. It's a chance to fill in all the potholes on the current information superhighway with solid gold spikes, so that when we do suffer a blowout, we do so for the most pretty of reasons.

I have high hopes for Internet2 and the information revolution it spawns. I think it will be much more informative than the current information revolution, which mostly seems to be about discussing Star Trek and spoilers for upcoming WB sitcoms. Besides, I think we can all agree this current Internet is just a passing fad, like poodle skirts and beehive hairdos. In the off chance the architects of Internet2 are reading this Internet1 site in hopes of getting suggestions for Internet2, I'd like to share some of my feature requests. If you want your Internet2 to be twice as good as the current Internet, please incorporate the following:

- Include extensive photographic galleries of Battleship pegs from a variety of different angles. Too many times have my searches for photos of game pegs from Milton Bradley's Battleship ended without reward.
- Livejournals and similar exercises in human monotony should be outlawed. There is no room for trivial fodder in the greatness of Internet2! Your personal feelings belong inside you, locked up and waiting to explode.
- Have a committee comprised of men of good social standing screen every picture. Photos or illustrations depicting anthropomorphic animals should be strictly prohibited, as should anything else deemed "retarded, inappropriate, or degrading to humanity."
- Entire network should be built around IRC chatrooms. In fact it should be based on mIRC, complete with pictures of the software author for no reason whatsoever.
- IP addresses should be static and bar-coded into every user's neck so that they can be easily identified in real life, and, if necessary, subjected to harsh Internet2 IRL justice.
- Webcams should be outlawed along with outlaws so that it won't matter if only the outlaws have outlawed webcams.
- Make it so running a website requires an operator's license subject to revocation and severe penalties if abused. Strictly forbid websites dedicated to discussing Star Trek or any other science fiction series, with especially strict penalties for extrapolating ideas, thoughts, and stories not covered in the show.
- Develop a machine that subtracts T-cells for every piece of junk mail sent out by an Internet2 user. Develop safeguards against suicide spammers.
- Outlaw Internet advertising, but bring back banana bucks to keep the Internet2 economy afloat.
- Make it use text two speech technology so that we don't half two type anything ever again.

I suppose there is a lot more that could be done to make Internet2 better, but my other ideas for that mostly involve swapping the "2" for a bigger number or the letter "X". All I know is that we busted this Internet up, so we need a new one. Let every wretched person who doesn't qualify for citizenship on Internet2 go down with the sinking ship. We won't have you, but the unforgiving crush depths of the ocean will.

What? An ICQ Prank?

After a year and a half hiatus, I guess we're back with a new ICQ Prank of some sort! In "Cactus Frankie vs. Smash Tokyo Jesus Fist 2000," we witness one brave Internet user's crusade against a cruel and tyrannical computer hellbent on stripping away his right to create a game based off "Night Trap" by banning him from the Something Awful Forums. Will Cactus Frankie get a sweet combination of revenge and $10 back? Will the Automated Service Support program help Cactus Frankie achieve his poorly-spelled dream of incoherency?

Lowtax: Excellent. QUESTION #2: If you could change one thing on the Something Awful Forums, what would you change?

Cactus Frankie: MY ACCOUNT TO NOT BE BANNED

Find out the answers to all these questions and many, many more in today's exciting ICQ Prank! Huzzah!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.2 Hey, Look, a Dungeons and Dragons Ride!

Thursday, Jun 03, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

What a swell rollercoaster/portal to a painful hell world.

The cartoons of the 1980s are well known for being nothing more than animated advertisements for various products. GI Joe and Transformers stand out as examples of cartoons that were entertaining and tolerable while trying to sell toys to the children watching. I remember that thrill I would feel when I would see a rerun and one of my favorite toys cropped up for a cameo. Their formula for those shows was basically:

> **Executive A:** Hey, the new Blitzwing toy just came out. Let's be sure to include a shot of him turning into a jet, then fighting Optimus Prime, then turning into a tank and shooting someone else cool like Soundwave or something.
>
> **Executive B:** That doesn't even make any sense.
>
> **Executive A:** That's the beauty of it! It doesn't have to make sense, because we'll never ever show Blitzwing again!

Transformers and GI Joe had better than average toys and characters to bank on, other shows were less fortunate, but they were always selling something. That is, unless you consider the case of "Dungeons and Dragons". You might think the point of the cartoon "Dungeons and Dragons" was to market the roleplaying game of the same name to kids, but if that's the case you would be completely wrong. To the best of my knowledge the Dungeons and Dragons game was never about a rollercoaster that opens a portal to a magical land where a Yoda-like Dungeon Master manipulates kids into mediating a paternity dispute between a five-headed dragon and a vampire with a foam kidney on his head.

For those of you who prefer your summaries to be less summary-like, I have decided to review the first episode of the "Dungeons and Dragons" cartoon. It's a real potboiler entitled "The Night of No Tomorrow". Before we get to the story though, let me bring you up to speed on the wonderful world and characters of the Dungeons and Dragons cartoon. As I mentioned the setting is an alternate dimension that is only accessible by experiencing some sort of bizarre accident while riding the Dungeons and Dragons rollercoaster. A brother and sister and their three friends are hurled through a portal where a tiny old man transforms each of them into a really crappy archetypical hero. Then he gives them a mewling and hideous baby unicorn to provide comic relief and constant annoyance. These heroes are constantly menaced by the ever-present super dragon Tiamat and Tiamat's arch nemesis and scheming mastermind Venger.

> **Hank the Ranger** - Hank looks like Bo Duke from "The Dukes of Hazzard" if he underwent some sort of Aryan eugenics program to make him even more blond and blue-eyed. Hank is the sole stud of the group and he wields a phallic magical bow that makes him a walking symbol of masculine virility. It should come as no surprise that he's a big hit with the ladies, although he shuns the racially inferior Diana to make time for red-headed Shiela.
>
> **Eric the Cavalier** - If there is a decent analog to the D&D roleplaying game in the cartoon it's Eric the Cavalier. He's the character that someone who didn't really want to

The Dungeon Master is either a helpful guide or the biggest asshole ever. Okay, I'm just kidding, he's definitely the biggest asshole ever.

play was making when he got distracted and went over to the couch and started playing Grand Theft Auto. All Eric does is complain and the sum total of his equipment is a shield. He's cowardly, his traveling companions hate him, and seeing as his only weapon is a shield he fights all opponents by blocking and/or cowering. He won't even pick up a tree branch or a rock.

Sheila the Thief - Sheila is the only character among the heroes who the Dungeon Master has given anything worth a damn. She has a cloak that makes her invisible, concealing her fiery Irish hotness although not always adequately covering her panties. Unfortunately, Sheila is pretty unimaginative, and her cloak is almost always used to cover her escape after she lures monsters away from everyone else. She is romantically involved with Hank. The degree of their involvement is dependent on your abilities as an erotic fan fiction writer.

Presto the Magician - The Harry Potter youth group magician, Presto relies on his magical hat to grant him his powers as a wizard. Occasionally he actually casts some sort of magical spell, but it's pretty much 90% hat, which means anyone else in the group could pull a double shift if they had his hat. Presto also rarely gets the hat to do what he wants, and the whole concept of his magical hat (which he reaches into and pulls stuff out of) is more "little kid's birthday party" than Dungeons and Dragons.

Diana the Acrobat - Diana is a black woman in a fur bikini with a glowing green pole. That explains why she's so sassy. She spends most of each episode either silent or off screen, only sticking her head in from time to time to make a witty comment about what a big suck Eric the Cavalier is. There is usually some point where she has to do something with her stupid green pole too, like jumping over a moat or jumping over a bush. Possibly jumping over a minotaur. Rumor has it that when she learns the secrets of being an acrobat she may even be able to jump over a single-story house.

Bobby the Barbarian - Bobby is Sheila's little brother, although I would be willing to accept theories that he is the bastard child of a forbidden romance between Sheila and Hank. After all, he looks EXACTLY LIKE HANK. Bobby is just a rambunctious little kid, but "ha ha", he's by far the strongest member of the group thanks to the magical lump of wood the Dungeon Master gave him. Bobby is also the guardian of the intolerable Uni the unicorn.

Uni the Unicorn - Uni is a bleating and "adorable" comic relief character that more closely resembles a "My Little Pony" toy with Down's Syndrome than a mythological unicorn. Uni's antics are enough to drive a good man to drink and a bad man to kill and I am sure he/she/it has done plenty of both.

The Dungeon Master - The Dungeon Master is Yoda minus any shred of wisdom and with slightly better skin. It is implied that he is a sort of mischievous guide for the group,

although it also seems that he caused the tragic rollercoaster accident that brought them to his dimension. I guess the realm desperately needed heroes to constantly run away from Tiamat.

Venger - I'm not sure what exactly Venger is supposed to be, possibly a vampire or a demon. He looks like Nosferatu in a cassock with some sort of far out hat from the 60s strapped to his head. Venger basically represents the scheming evil force that plagues the group, and most of the time he is behind whatever drama they are dealing with. Venger's one weakness is an intense fear of Tiamat. As far as villainy goes, his schemes are sometimes clever by the standards of 1980s cartoon logic, but his power is limited to shooting blue beams inaccurately out of his hands and shape shifting.

Tiamat - The five headed and indestructible dragon Tiamat appears in nearly every episode. It pretty much hangs around in caves and buildings so that it can walk out and yell at the group of heroes whenever they get near. Its main purpose on the show is to provide a convenient deterrent for Venger and it seems more pathetic than menacing.

That should bring you up to speed with everything you learn from the opening credits.

Mr. Frodo, I'm glad to be here by your side at the end of no tomorrow!

"Night of No Tomorrow" begins with the group of conscripted adventurers scaling a mountain to see if it affords them a view of the way home. When they reach the top Bobby detects an echo and he and Uni goof off screaming and bleating until Tiamat emerges from a nearby cave. Understandably upset, Tiamat is tricked into chasing Shiela back into its cave and then is trapped inside by a rockslide that Bobby causes with his magic club. The Dungeon Master appears seconds later and uses a crystal ball to entice the group into traveling to the town of Helix. He explains that Helix was once overrun by dragons but the amazing wizard Merlin scared them off with his sorcery. He also warns that Venger is the face of all evil, but he can be identified by his white hair.

The group decides that Merlin might be able to help them get back home so they agree to head to Helix. Along the way they get hungry and turn to Presto for assistance. He promises them hamburgers and instead pulls a live cow out of his magical hat. Luckily the group finds Merlin's magical cloud castle before they collapse from starvation. They ascend a glowing golden ladder and Diana gets to be useful for once and leap over a cloud moat to lower the drawbridge into the castle.

Inside the castle they are greeted by a suspiciously white-haired and crazy eyed Merlin, who leers at them and strokes a rabbit. When Sheila whispers that he has white hair Merlin reveals that it's actually white hair stuck to his hat and he's bald?!?!?! I don't know either, but you can bet that subterfuge is in the cards! Merlin explains that he knows the group is looking for a way home and entices them in to his spooky magic chamber to watch TV on his cauldron. It turns out the cauldron only gets the History channel, which happens to be showing a silent documentary on Merlin which Merlin helpfully narrates. Merlin explains, in third person, that Merlin saved the village of Helix from the dragons using his good magic and that the town celebrates the de-dragoning every year with a festival.

Believe me, you do not want Merlin's gas bill.

Eric gets bored with Merlin's slow pace and declares his intentions to leave. Just as he approaches

the immense door to the magic chamber it bursts open and in walks Tiamat. Luckily for Tiamat, Merlin's castle was designed by the same people who used to make Duke Nuke 'Em 3D maps of their house where their bed is the size of a semi truck and counter tops extend well beyond an average person's head. All of the gigantic retard-scale doors and furniture can perfectly accommodate a hundred foot tall dragon. Tiamat chases the group and the shockingly impotent Merlin through the castle. When they reach a dead end, Hank opens a trap door and has Presto put a rug over it, sealing Tiamat in the basement.

No thanks guys, I think I will stay here and live the rest of my life with this crazy-eyed mean old man I just met. His offer of being his slave is too good to refuse!

Following the Tiamat lockdown Merlin declares that he needs a pupil to show the ways of magic and invites Presto to join him. The only downside to the deal is that to become Merlin's pupil you have to agree to live with Merlin forever. The rest of the group leaves for Helix, but Presto stays behind, apparently thinking that spending eternity with a creepy old man he just met five minutes earlier sounds like an awesome idea. Merlin instructs Presto to stir a cauldron. Presto manages to stay on task for all of two seconds before wandering over to a giant book of magic and deciphering a spell to return home with his friends. Presto collects the ingredients for the spell and casts it, but instead of teleporting him back home it makes a bunch of dragons shoot out of the cauldron!

Presto flees screaming for help and finds Merlin sitting by the fire stroking his white rabbit meaningfully. Get it, "white hare"? HA HA, INTERNET! Presto spazzes out about unleashing hell on earth but Merlin just calmly walks him out onto the balcony. Merlin then explains that he changed the spells so that Presto would think he was returning home when instead he was breaking Merlin's anti-dragon sorcery. Merlin, of course, then reveals himself to be the nefarious Venger. Venger grabs Presto's magical hat and acts pretty happy about it because, hey, free hat.

Back in Helix, Hank and the rest of the gang are enjoying a rousing good time talking to horribly animated fortune tellers and generally exploring the town that skilled inking and coloring forgot. Hank talks to the mayor about meeting Merlin and the mayor informs him that Merlin died over a thousand years ago. Dun, dun, DUNNNNN! Just then the dragons attack, spitting fire on huge stone towers and burning them to the ground. The mayor loans horses to the group to return to Merlin's castle and attempt to stop the dragon attack. Hank rides out first, scooping up Sheila in a move that reveals some of her costume deficiencies.

The group arrives at the castle and quickly rescues Presto but they are attacked by Venger. He stalks around shooting blue laser beams out of his hand and making a speech about how they cannot escape while they do a pretty good job of escaping. Hank and Presto head to the magic chamber to re-cast Merlin's dragonbuster spell while the rest of the unit splits off to unleash Tiamat. Just as Presto is about to finish casting the spell Venger enters and interrupts the proceedings. He speechifies some more about how awesome he is and how dead Presto and Hank are and then Tiamat busts in through the wall screeching and angry. This puts a kibosh on Venger's dreams of a Helixless world and he flees with Tiamat hot on his heels. Presto finishes casting the spell and the dragons are swept from the skies above Helix.

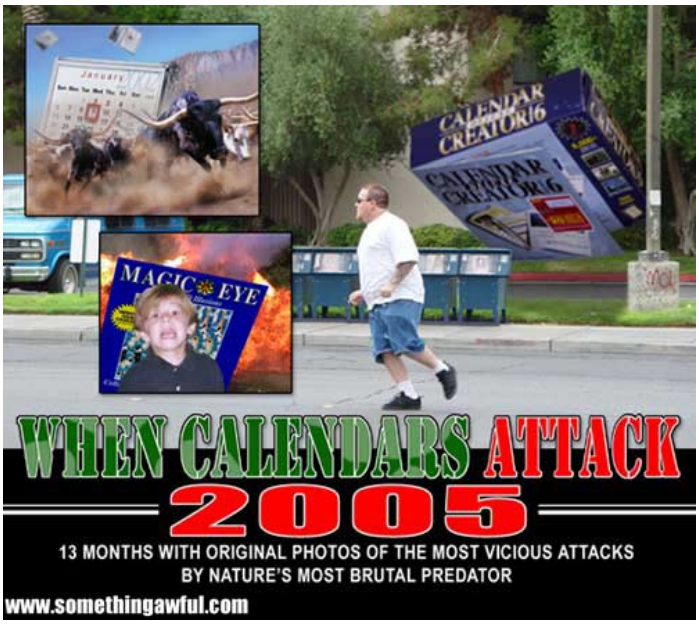
Uhhhhhhh...

The following day the group is traveling through a desert listening to Presto bitch about losing his

magic hat to Venger. They stop for a break and the Dungeon Master appears waving Presto's hat around like a perfumed handkerchief. I can't overstate how homoerotic this scene is. It's the most literally gay thing in a 1980s cartoon up until the infamous 1987 "lost episode" of "Turbo Teen" where Dr. Chase had to jack off Alex for three straight minutes to get him to turn into a car. Presto dons his soiled hat and announces his triumphant return to the magic business. Eric petitions Presto to conjure him a horse out of the hat, but Eric gets stuck riding the cow from earlier. Ha ha, get it?! What a jerk! A laugh is had by all and the group rides off into the static blue background matte, leaving Eric behind to contend sassily with his bovine mount.

Mark Your Calendar for Death

Because it can't compete with the lovely calendars featured in this week's Photoshop Phriday. Livestock here, letting you know that you need to drop whatever it is you're doing, even if it's surgery, and read Photoshop Phriday. Here is a preview, provided absolutely free, unlike the full feature. No wait, it's free as well. You have no fucking excuses!



So, yes, please do be reading our humble little feature.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.3 A Tribute to Master Cheung

Thursday, Jun 03, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Although many people are not aware, the world passed through a devastating crisis in the mid-80s, one so severe that it threatened to destroy the very fabric of humanity itself. Many government officials attempted to cover up this catastrophe, often responding to apocalyptic questions with brazen lies such as "huh?" and "what the fuck are you talking about?" Fortunately, the news media was able to penetrate the seemingly air-tight government cover up, scooping each and every fact from their tightly-clenched bureaucratic fists. The brave men and women then fled with this invaluable information, cowering away in the dark recesses of various Chinese film studios while carefully orchestrating their next move. Through the grace of god and the help of a not-so-wealthy film distributor, these folks were able to spread the news of this global government conspiracy by the most effective method possible - a movie - which is in circulation to this very day. In a world full of thieves, liars, druggies, and Scientologists, this film reminds us that there is still one hero that can protect us no matter how desperate times become. This man is Master Cheung and this movie is "Evil Cat."

When some random Chinese construction workers accidentally dig into a giant rock slab which had been imprisoning the ghost of "Evil Cat" for the past 400 years, Master Cheung decides to leave a sixth grade Halloween play to prepare for the ultimate battle with this evil force. You see, Master Cheung's family had been fighting Evil Cat for the past 400 years, defeating it in combat and then patiently waiting for it to rise from its grave every 50 years so they could kill it again and strip away another of its nine lives away. This being its ninth anniversary, Cheung knows defeating Evil Cat one last time will kill it for good, and then he can go back to paying small children nickels to remove the horrible black growth on his forehead. It does not take long before Evil Cat flies out of his stone prison and begins racking up the body count by murdering a bunch of security guards protecting a landlord in an influential business high rise.

Master Cheung gathers his strength and departs for justice, determined to end Evil Cat's reign of terror once and for all. Master Cheung decides to hitch a ride by bolting out into a busy street and getting run over by some guy who was attempting to drive while making out with a girl. Some men like to drive cars. Other men wish to hitchhike. Master Cheung prefers to be run over by strangers in cars, and that's something only a real hero would do. After mysteriously vanishing and instantly teleporting into the back seat of the car, he demands the male driver take him to some inde-

terminate location, shortly before calling his female companion a "prostitute" and then tying her to a flagpole with tape where they abandon her. When was the last time you heard of Albert Einstein doing something so noble? He just wrote some crap about numbers and explosions or something. Master Cheung called somebody a whore and then dumped them off the shoulder of a highway. Case closed. To show his appreciation for the ride, Master Cheung presents Cheng with a piece of paper that is guaranteed to "ward of this evil." I hope it comes in handy later!

Upon arriving at the high rise murder scene where the security guards were murdered by Evil Cat, Master Cheung is greeted with pure shock and horror.

Wow! So many people were dead in this case.

He begins his in-depth investigation by walking in one direction, then concludes his in-depth investigation by walking in a completely different direction. Siu-Chuen Cheung, the supposedly famous television reporter who also happens to be his daughter, arrives at the scene to cover the multiple murder, but ends up having to fend off sexual advances by the police chief. Master Cheung's "fat doughy guy hitting on my daughter" detector goes off and he warns his daughter of the chief's true intentions, which have something to do with "association." Siu-Chuen Cheung pretends to heed her father's advice, but she does not (and can not) appreciate how wise and intelligent he truly is. The bitch.

Mark Cheng, the driver who previously helped Master Cheung call his passenger a whore and tie her up alongside the interstate, heads home and tries to forget the fact that his boss (the landlord) was almost killed by an evil cat. A noise awakens him so he walks outside, unprepared and shocked to see his boss Mr. Fan clutching a fish in his mouth and making cat-like noises! Unfortunately for Cheng, this cat is of the very evil variety, and Mr. Fan's possessed body leaps and hurls itself at Cheng with reckless abandon. Cornered and out of options, Cheng assumes he will surely fall prey to the clutches of Mr. Fan / Evil Cat... until the Evil Cat recoils in sheer terror! What saved Cheng from a seemingly definite demise? Once again the credit goes to Master Cheung and his incredible foresight which presented Cheng with that little magical piece of anti-Evil Cat paper in the previous scene! Next time somebody gives you a brown receipt which they claim will defeat a satanic 400-year old cat who has possessed a Chinese businessman, you'd better darn well take it!

Cheng escapes and flees to Master Cheung's fortress of solitude, praying that Master Cheung will aid him in his time of need. Of course Master Cheung will help you, Cheng! Master Cheung isn't afraid to put his life on the line for anybody or anything as long as that cause is just and good. Master Cheung engages in a little speech with his daughter which I unfortunately cannot exactly recall because Master Cheung speaks key phrases in code. "Do you really make up ypur mind?" he asks her in a tone of voice only a loving father could. I don't remember exactly how she responds or if her reply was run through spellchecker. I'm guessing "no."

Cheng flees to his mother's apartment, hoping to hide out from the evil Mr. Fan who is possessed by the evil Evil Cat. He explains to his mother that Mr. Fan is "an evil" and she argues that he is "not an evil" and this discussion degenerates into them slapping each other for about five minutes. Suddenly Mr. Fan strolls through the kitchen door and causes Cheng to recoil in pure terror / nervous system disorder! Oddly enough, Mr. Fan is acting normal and cannot recall a single aspect of Cheng's fanciful story. Cheng fears his mind had played tricks on him and made up the entire encounter... until he spies the large uncooked fish his mother was bringing to Mr. Fan! Oh no! The jig is up! Mr. Fan throws Cheng's mother into the kitchen and tries to murder Cheng by causing his chair to float a few inches off the ground. Now THAT'S an evil cat! Mrs. Cheng throws a ceramic Buddha statue at him which explodes and sends him flying out the window. The evil Mr. Fan-cat is gone... or is it?

Meanwhile, Master Cheung prepares his 130-year old muscles for the ultimate showdown with Evil Cat by performing a heroic series of waist-rotation-type thingies. He takes a moment to reflect upon his vow of poverty with his daughter, who responds by calling him an old fool and threatening to send him to a sanatorium. That ignorant hussy! Master Cheung does not belong in a mental ward! He belongs on top of a bronze monument declaring his nobility to millions and millions of people! Siu-Chuen Cheung makes some cryptic comment about "the story of Wisely," which I interpreted to mean, "I'm sorry I'm such a stupid rotten bitch, daddy. I do not deserve somebody as wonderful and awesome as Master Cheung. May god strike me down and make me burn in hell for my sins."

Cheng forces his way into the Cheung home and pleas for the guidance of Master Cheung's wisdom, detailing his struggle with the possessed Mr. Fan whose attitude seemed distinctly different than normal (ie, "more evil cat-like"). Master Cheung correctly interprets this to mean Evil Cat's spirit has infected his boss, turning him into a vile killing machine! Cheng goes on to reveal a few more sordid details of Mr. Fan's transformation, some of which might be too raunchy for the younger viewers out there. Needless to say, Master Cheung is truly up against one of the most nefarious forces

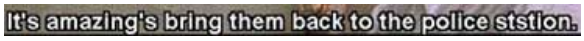
ever.

Noting that time is of the essence Master Cheung and Cheng prepare to fight this demonic cat businessman; if Evil Cat is not destroyed by sunrise the next day, it will become immortal! Somehow! I'm not exactly sure why or how this will happen, but Master Cheung said it so I believe it and that's all that matters.

Cheng and Master Cheung conclude they have no choice and must depart at once to vanquish the evil Mr. Fan. After all, they don't want to be called "carzy" by people.

Master Cheung and his trainee arrive at Mr. Fan's office to confront him. Unfortunately, Master Cheung gets beaten up by a bunch of mall security guards and is tossed into an elevator until he decides to summon power from the God of Lightning and shoot electricity at everybody. Meanwhile, Mr. Fan begins viciously mauling Cheng, who cannot find a single way to harm him. Master Cheung bursts through the door in the nick of time and shoots a magic arrow through Mr. Fan's heart, causing a giant soul train of blue ghosts to spew forth and fly drunkenly around the room!

Although they successfully exorcised the demon from Mr. Fan (by murdering him), the Evil Cat spirited escaped its human shell and flew out the window. To make matters worse, a series of random people hustle into the room and place both Master Cheung and Cheng under arrest simply because they murdered a man with an arrow in a crowded business office. The justice system had no idea who they were talking to! Master Cheung is a hero, not a petty criminal, and heroes should get awards for murdering people with arrows, not jail time!



The bonds of Master Cheung and Cheng's friendship begin to unravel in their holding cell, as Cheng threatens to be a "withness" against Master Cheung. He replies by explaining that the police do not need a "withness" and that nobody cares if he's a "withness." The police chief ignorantly offers them a cup of tea, unaware of the horror which is about to grip his station like a heart attack after ingesting a "5 For 5" Arby's combo meal.

While Master Cheung and Cheng patch together their relationship, a hip and popular rock star

named "Vincent" belts out a few pop hits in the recording studio. Allow me to transcribe the lyrics to his smash song:

> Let the happiness fill yourselves with energy
> You'l have a wonderful life forever.
> Make you happy, and make you smile.
> The mad love'll fill your life with energy.
> With the great strenght, I Love You forever.
> I shall Love You ever and ever.

Needless to say, he gets murdered by Evil Cat, who had possessed Mr. Fan's hot-to-trot secretary. I am not sure if you can purchase the single of this song, but you can download part of it here.

Evil Cat / Mr. Fan's secretary heads to the police station so she can murder Master Cheung and sever the anti-Evil Cat bloodline once and for all. The police find themselves powerless against her awesome powers of jumping really high and moving her arms in such a fashion so their heads fall off, so they abandon their attempts to "arresy" her. Officers either flee or die fighting the horrible creature, and Master Cheung heads to the evidence room so he may obtain his magic arrow confiscated during the murder of Mr. Fan. Only this arrow can save humanity from the eternal evil of Evil Cat, and it's a race against time for Master Cheung and his young understudy Cheng!

Master Cheung, Cheng, and Evil Cat meet in the prison courtyard for one of the most dramatic showdowns in cinematic history. Will the power of good, represented by the brash young Cheng and his elderly mentor Master Cheung, be able to overpower the pure diabolic villainy of Evil Cat? Will the tag team of Master Cheung and Cheng be able to snuff out Evil Cat's remaining ninth life before the sun rises and his vile soul is rendered immortal? I don't want to ruin the ending for you, ladies and gentlemen, so you must see for yourselves!

Master Cheung was one of the last true heroes to grace our planet, and this movie demonstrates his convictions like no other media can. His courage, intelligence, and ingenuity knew no bounds. He dedicated his life to destroying Evil Cat and ending its ways of terror so innocent civilians like you and I could rest easy at night knowing all is well. Although the government and worldwide authorities tried to cover up the near catastrophe our world was plunged into during the Evil Cat scare of the 1980s, this movie allows Master Cheung's heroic spirit to live on and touch future generations of upstanding citizens. God bless you Master Cheung, wherever you may be (dead probably).

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.4 Curses!

Friday, Jun 04, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

For some odd reason, I always seem to come in the possession of strange objects, either through my own curiosity or some random chain of events set in motion by fate. My closet and drawers are literally overflowing with ancient artifacts with little or nothing known about their origins. Most of the various knick-knacks are just harmless old junk, but a few of them are different. I truly believe in my heart of hearts that some of these items have been cursed by their long dead owners, or otherworldly space demons that are using us as mere pawns until their destructive return comes to pass. I'll fess up and admit that I did pry a few of these objects from skeletal grasps and mummified fingers in long forgotten graves during the dead of the night, but if I didn't get them for myself they would just end up in some boring museum gathering dust instead of taking bubble baths with me on Monday nights. Speaking of baths, I've been using a brand new blue towel for the past week, and after I dry myself, I've been getting blue fuzz all over my body. Normally this would not bother me much, but the fuzz seems particularly attracted to my penis, making it look like a mini-grover, and causing me much distress. I just had to get that off my chest because I tried telling my wife several times but she is ignoring me right now for some reason.

Along with my grover penis, strange things are afoot at the Frolixo household. I can't tell myself anymore that the direct correlation of unfortunate events with these objects are just a coincidence. Though my intentions were good when I liberated these items from their cold resting places, I am now paying the price for my actions. The mystery and strange events that are taking place can no longer be ignored, for I am at my wits end and feel the need to share my grief. Such is the life of a pack rat with a heart of gold.

Aztec Figurine of Unqenchable Thirst

This little bowl-haired fellow looks harmless enough, but somewhere inside this ancient carved wood lies the troubled spirit of a Aztec warrior that's probably still pissed off for trading his gold necklace for a smallpox infected blanket. I came into possession of the piece (that I call "Norman", or "Norm" for short), when I was traveling in Mexico during spring break looking for some cheap pot and body shots. As I sauntered down the beach on the prowl for a passed out girl that I could cop a feel from, I spied a raggedy looking tent that was selling strange looking wares. Thinking I might be able to score some weed, I wandered inside. It must've been killer dank buds because I walked out a few hours later not remembering what had just taken place, and with an Aztec statue under my arm. Just then I had the unqenchable urge to drink a lots of alcohol, and promptly headed off to the bar to get trashed.

Ever since that queer night I have been affected with strange and sudden urges to consume vast quantities of alcohol until I am a blubbering mess. I sit at home late at night polishing off a mini-keg of beer while sitting on a wooden crate that I found in the back of a Walmart that was full of clock radios. Directly in front of me on my dresser sits Norman, watching me drink with unwavering dark eyes. Sometimes at night I hear whispers of Aztec drums, and the cries of sacrificial lambs being slaughtered to appease the sun god. This always prompts me to get dressed and take a trip the the local 24 hour grocery mart to pick up a pack of tallboys, after which I proceed to get drunk

and play online war games until I go into a blind rage after getting continually killed by my Korean children opponents. Finally my friends and loved ones invited me to Chuck-E-Cheese for fun and games, but it really turned out to be an intervention about Norman the cursed Aztec doll of alcohol. I was extremely angry and disappointed that I didn't get to play air hockey and play in the balls, so instead I dropped all my friends and now spend every evening cradling Norm in my arms and pouring pure grain whiskey into my eyes and ears. It is a curse I have learned to live with.

Cymbal Monkey of Mild Discomfort

I came into the possession of this strange item after winning a large pot at a high stakes poker game. At that point I had cleaned out the prior owner's winnings, and the monkey ended up in the pot as his last desperate hope to get back into the game. Needless to say I won the hand, and the funny looking cymbal monkey was now in my possession. Once I got home, I popped a few batteries in and let him clang away into the night as a victory celebration over my spoils. Norm was invited as well, prompting me to break out the JD and do a couple of shots. Fun times were had by all, and by "all" I mean myself and two inanimate objects.

The next morning I woke up with the most annoying itch all over my body. It had seemed that I had broken out in a mild rash over the course of the night. It was no matter since I was planning to stay indoors that day and watch Footloose on VH1 for the 10th time in the last month. The cymbal monkey joined me on the love seat during the viewing, and merrily clanged his cymbals whenever Kevin Bacon would start dancing. The weird thing is that after the movie I was afflicted by a slight pox on my chest. Since these skin aliments have never happened to me before, I was convinced the monkey and his damned cymbal playing were causing me the grief. With all my might I tossed the pesky primate out of my 3rd story window. Instantly after I was rid of the foul thing I felt relief, and retired to bed.

The next day I went to my door to get the paper and was horrified to find the cymbal monkey at my door with a note attached to it that turned out to be a ticket for littering. Since getting rid of this cursed object seemed impossible, I decided to keep it and just invest in soothing topical creams. Incidentally they made a movie based on my story called Merlin's Shop of Mystical Wonders. Please rent it today to learn more about the potential evil of cymbal monkeys in your area.

Novelty Sign of Woe

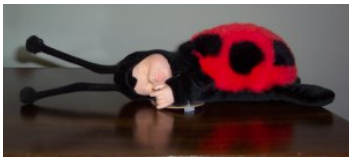
When I was wally gathering about in northern Michigan last month, I happened to come across an extremely quaint and downright adorable novelty shop that was selling various Indian style wares. The owner was a old Native Indian who spoke at great length about the history of each item, and something about the wolf spirit or some shit like that. One of the items that caught my eye was a sign that was decorated with a squirrel feasting on a nut snack with the words, "Welcome to the Nut House". For some reason the old Indian was ill at ease when I mentioned my interest in the item and told me that I would probably be better off getting a teepee key chain. This, of course, piqued my curiosity even more so the Indian told me the tale of the nuthouse sign.

Legend has it that his ancestors used to make these signs for fun and merriment around the nomadic village. Then the white devils came with their thunder sticks and firewater, bringing woe and sorrow over his people. The novelty signs that were previously used to create amusement now were used as grave markers for the hundreds of thousands that would perish in the years to come. Some think

that the spirits of the once brave warriors are now bound with these signs, and whoever keeps them in their possession will have terrible dreams and ill fortune. I bought it for $12.99 after some tough bartering.

The old coot was right, I did have terrible dreams after buying the sign, and my fortune was less than ideal. Guests who would come over and see the sign would be very pleased at its pun, but once they left I could feel it looking down at me with a sinister glare. Finally I became tired of it and planted it in my backyard. Within no less than three days, a cherry tree sprouted from that very place. I was extremely happy and thought maybe I was wrong to think the sign was cursed. But after the cherries ripened, the children around the neighborhood gathered around the tree and feasted on its honings. Every single child become horribly ill and some even vomited in little red splatters. I really shouldn't get that mad because this is just the Indian's way of getting revenge against the white man for stealing their land, but I went back to the store and burnt it down in middle of the night just for principle.

Baby Ladybug of Ultimate Evil



Some things are best left be. There is an evil in this world that slumbers under ice and stone; a darkness undisturbed for eons of time, waiting patiently for some foolish soul to free it from captivity. I was such the fool when I volunteered for my uncle's expedition to the Antarctic to explore a mysterious crater found near Devil's Pass. I should've known better, but my conventional wisdom was overshadowed by my willingness to miss 4 months of work.

We found it there, frozen in a solid block of ice, deep within the recesses of an ancient temple we discovered in the lowest depression of the crater. The temple was covered in arcane runes that man had never laid eyes on before, and they caused our guide to go mad, performing the rock opera "Tommy" in the snow while we grimly moved on. What kind of creature blends the form of a baby child into that of a beetle? The sight sickened me, yet nevertheless we carved the baby ladybug out of ice, and loaded it onto our sleigh, much to the dislike of our dogs. Out of the 20 man expedition, only myself and half of my uncle returned alive to tell the tale. Never try to ride a polar bear.

The baby ladybug now rests in my study along with my collection of Marvel's "What If" comics. So far it has not caused any ill tidings or general mayhem, but I am ever aware of its presence. I think it was left here for a reason, and one day its purpose will be revealed. When that day comes, you better pray, for none shall go unscathed.

You may think that with all these curses that my live is a living hell with no value whatsoever, and that I would be much better off if I killed myself and erased all memory of my existence. You might be right, and I will have to seriously consider that option. Thanks for reading, and see you next week!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

6.5 This Update Is Illegal!

Sunday, Jun 06, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Before I begin today's front page article, I would like to point out I am now officially a criminal on the run from the law. I like to consider myself an Internet rebel, the equivalent of James Dean if he had awful hair and a complete lack of personal hygiene and no charisma and sat in a filthy chair using the Internet to type variations of "LOL" all day. Sometimes I like pushing the boundaries of the law a bit, just to see how much I can get away with before "the man" starts banging down my door and demanding I refinance the mortgage on my house while purchasing some mystery drug which simultaneously decreases my body weight while increasing my penis size. However, I never possessed the nerve to perform such an outrageous, unbelievable, opprobrious act as I did today. From this day forth I shall forever be known as a fugitive, for I have committed the unspeakable:

I HAVE REPRODUCED SEGMENTS OF A MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME WITHOUT EXPRESSED WRITTEN CONSENT FROM THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER OF MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL.

Ladies and gentlemen, please join me on a joyride of jolliness and jail time as I present to you an exotic, illegal Major League Baseball reproduction which was in no way, shape, or form approved by the Commissioner of Major League Baseball, whoever the hell he is. I have no doubt that if the mysterious, shadowy Commissioner learned of this article's existence he would undoubtedly smite me with his infernal Major League Baseball black magic, erasing my existence from this very planet, but these are the kinds of risks I'm willing to take as an Internet rebel.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5TH: THE KANSAS CITY ROYALS VS. THE BOSTON RED SOX - AN UNAUTHORIZED REPRODUCTION

A completely unauthorized reproduction of a Major League Baseball game segment! THIS IS TOO HOT FOR TV!

Up until today, I had somehow lucked out and failed to attend a single Royals game this year, possibly because my baseball apathy would transform into a concrete, sentient form which blocked the door whenever I seriously considered going. My willpower caved in and I finally agreed to head over to Kauffman Stadium today with my girlfriend so we could watch the Royals invariably lose to whatever team decided to show up for a few hours. I guess the Red Sox had plane tickets to Kansas City for this particular weekend, but I'm sure the Royals would have no problems agreeing to lose against some local minor league tennis teams or groups of kids on church picnics. In keeping with my baseball pre game strategy, I began drinking as soon as I entered the stadium. Alcohol isn't required to successfully watch an entire baseball game, but it is required to successfully not watch an entire baseball game, and that was the angle I was going with on this fateful evening.

INNING 1: The Royals got off to an exciting start, deciding to let the second Red Sox batter hit a home run. The crowd honestly seemed to approve of this action, possibly because out of the 29,968 people attending the game, 29,966 of them were Red Sox fans. The other two people were parents of the Royals' pinch hitter. Kansas City's ace pitching legend Darrel May was in charge of letting the opposing team hit home runs off him for the day, and the Red Sox immediately took advantage of this, causing his ERA to skyrocket from around 58.382 to some 12-digit number which won't fit in most

modern databases. Somebody from the Royals decided to hit a home run too, but his home run was only worth one point whereas the Red Sox home run was worth two. I would claim this was due to racism, but I cannot remember the skin color of anybody involved in the incident.
SCORE: Red Sox 2, Royals 1

INNING 2: My girlfriend's brother's girlfriend's five-year old daughter was sitting in the same row as my girlfriend and I, and the child began repeatedly smacking my leg at the top of this inning. I have now dubbed inning two as "The Second Inning Smack." The kid thought slapping me over and over was just the pinnacle of hilarity, and since I was afraid of getting into a fist fight with her (she would win), I sat there and pretended to laugh while my leg turned a bright shade of red. If you don't believe me, check out this proof of my unashamedly pasty thigh:

That kid slaps hard. A player for the Red Sox named "Kevin Youkilis" went up to bat this inning, and his last name is really funny because if you kind of squint while reading it, you might think it says something completely different like "Kevin Fuckface." I don't remember if Kevin Fuckface hit a home run this inning, but I'm pretty sure he didn't because I would've written it down on my notepad if he did. I wrote down everything important on one piece of scrap paper so I could more effectively reproduce segments of this Major League Baseball Game without expressed written consent from the office of the Commissioner of Major League Baseball. For example, on the top of this page I have the phrase "*(something illegible)* from the *(something else illegible)* beer drinking *(something scratched out with a pen)*." Case closed, your honor!

SCORE: Red Sox 2, Royals 1

INNING 3: Somebody else hit a home run. I didn't write down what team they were on, but you can safely assume it was either the Red Sox or perhaps one of the umpires because it sure as hell wasn't the Royals. I noticed that whenever I go to a baseball game, no matter what town it is in and no matter what time of the year it takes place, I see random white fuzzy things floating around the air. They aren't bugs, trash, or plant spores, and they don't always obey the laws of physics by floating downwards. I think they are those alien puffy things from the end boss level of *Contra* which could fly through the ground and kill you in a particularly annoying fashion. I noticed there were not one, but TWO Mike Sweeneys sitting in the row in front of me, both of them under the age of 10. I guess I should probably point out that I noticed this after returning

This is the kid who was slapping me. If you see her, run away or maybe preemptively slap her first.

with beer number three, which was also served to me by a Mike Sweeney although he was black and female in that case.
SCORE: Red Sox 4, Royals 1(?)

INNING 4: Johnny Damon went up to bat and they showed his photo on the big screen. He looks like a trucker who ran out of clothing and was given a Red Sox uniform by a good Samaritan. He also looks like Dennis Miller. These two thoughts cannot be combined into one sentence because that's not how I wrote them down on my notepad. I also noted that Matt Stairs resembles "a shaved Ewok." I shouted "hit a home run for Endor, Matt!" and the people around me just kind of glared in my direction, perhaps because they sided with the Empire on the issue of Endor's Death Star construction. I hate it when petty politics ruin a pleasant evening at the ball park. I don't think I need to mention Boston scored at least one run in this inning, although I don't exactly recall how and in what fashion. I think the Royals signed a contract with Boston agreeing to give them $100,000 if they would automatically add just one point to their score that inning and then let KC bat.
SCORE: Red Sox 8, Royals 1

The stands were full of Mike Sweeneys this particular day. Oh Mike, those youthful good looks will get you everywhere my friend!

INNING 5: After starting beer number four (I think), I realized that baseball games never truly end, they just stop. Baseball is some kind of otherworldly, eternal phenomenon which cannot be stopped by any mere act of man or nature, and its games just go on and on and on. Now that I read that statement again, I am convinced that I had to be on at least beer number seven at the time because I have no idea what I was attempting to say there. I'm sure I found it terribly funny and witty and felt as

if other people would express similar sentiments if they read it, so just do me a favor and pretend I'm terribly funny and witty. Somebody from some team (the Red Sox) hit another home run this inning, and despite all these home runs and hits for the opposing team, the Royals continued to let their starter, Darrel May, throw balls for the Red Sox to swing at. I think Kansas City manager Tony Pena's reasoning behind this could be best summed up with a quote from a recent press conference:

> **SPORTS WRITER:** "Tony, why do you let your starting pitchers continue to play even after they give up 20 consecutive runs in an inning?"
> **TONY PENA:** *(Clutching a dead chicken in his mouth and throwing oranges at a chalkboard)* "¡ESTOY LOCO, COMO HORMIGAS!" *(Lights self on fire and jumps out window)*

The Royal's former All-Star catcher Benito Santiago tried to get a hit in this inning but failed because he is about ten million years old and had all the cartilage in his knees replaced with Laffy Taffy decades ago. Also I suspect somebody used his face to catch high multiple velocity sniper rounds.
SCORE: Red Sox 12, Royals 2

INNING 6: The Jumbotron advertised some wonderful Royals package deal dubbed "The Royals Blue Crew," which offered two Royals tickets, an AMC movie pass, a dozen Krispy Kreme donuts, and various other forms of bribery for the low price of $15. I remarked to my girlfriend Megan that they should include two prescriptions of Prozac in the package so the people getting morbidly obese chewing their Krispy Kreme donuts while watching the Royals lose won't experience chronic depression. She didn't hear me so I repeated it in a much louder tone of voice. According to my notes, Mark Bellhorn looks like Rob Schneider. Also according to my notes, "Brian Anderson." That's all my notes say about him, so I'm afraid I can't go into much more detail on this particular topic, which I assume is undoubtedly for the best.
SCORE: Red Sox 35, Royals 0

Bellhorn.

INNING 7: I commented to my girlfriend that the Royals should just trade Mike Sweeney to the Red Sox in the middle of the game. They could sign some papers and the Boston GM, Theo Epstein, could hand KC a big bag of cash and a Red Sox uniform to Sweeney, who could walk over and instantly begin playing first base for them. My girlfriend remarked, "that's probably the only way the Royals would get somebody on first base." Boston scored one more run in this inning, and through some stroke of luck and / or magic, KC managed to score twice. If today's entire ball game would've consisted of only the seventh inning, then the Royals would've won. One of the batters for one of the teams hit a foul ball and some dumb kid in the crowd attempted to catch it with his eyes and most of his head. His parents rushed him out of the stands, possibly to the hospital. I don't know what they did with the foul ball. Matt Stairs somehow managed to get on base, despite odds which firmly suggest the opposite should occur. I encouraged Stairs to score a run by shouting, "hey Matt, I'll buy you a free dinner at Stuckey's if you score a run!" I guess he heard me, because somebody else hit the ball in such a fashion that permitted him to reach the home plate. Nothing can stand in

between Matt and a plate.
SCORE: Red Sox 207, Royals -2

INNING 8: Decided to leave. I couldn't remember if baseball games last eight or nine innings, but then I realized I didn't care and would never, ever, ever stick around long enough to find out.
FINAL SCORE: Who knows

I hope you enjoyed my highly informative, highly illegal Major League Baseball reproduction which failed to gain the necessary written consent from the office of the Commissioner of Major League Baseball. Thanks to today's update, I am now officially "on the lam," a fugitive of the law attempting to escape capture from the authorities and possibly also Lorenzo Lamas. I have no choice but to purchase an exotic chair and sit in it at incredible speeds, at which point I'll lose control and fly into the side of my Dell PC, dying instantly. I will become an Internet legend and my legacy will live on through colorful emails sent to AOL addresses with the subject line, "FREE LAWN PORN - FIRE YOUR BOSS WITH EBAY - VER.Y CHEA.P V!AGRA." I spit in the face of the law!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.6 Yet Another Ronald Reagan Retrospective

Sunday, Jun 06, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Au revoir cher ami.

Nothing brings the United States together like the death of a popular ex-president and as far as the "could die any minute" list of ex-presidents goes Ronald Reagan was at the top. Imagine my surprise, on the heels of an announcement that he was going to die any minute, when he actually died! Hours of D-Day memorializing fell by the wayside on every 24 hour news channel and network presentation so that anchors could solemnly recite the good parts of the legacy of Ronald Reagan. It was (and still is) impossible to turn on almost any channel without seeing footage and announcements about Ronald Reagan. Before my Sunday was over I saw the cast of Reno 911 reading a heartfelt letter from Michael Reagan and witnessed Carson Daley actually tearing up as he watched file footage of Ron and Nancy.

Conservatives around the country fondled sacks of jellybeans like they were rosaries and spat venom at anyone who seemed disinterested by the news that their political hero had just expired. Personally, I was glad he died, because Alzheimer's is a fucking horrible way to decline and these last few years must have been nothing but suffering for his family and even him during his increasingly rare lucid moments. Alzheimer's is a funny disease that way. It leaves the body basically intact, but as it chews it way through the brain it will take and take, until there is only that body left. The pain, the anguish, comes from those brief moments when the real person inside that husk surfaces. For a few minutes, maybe just a few seconds, they see what they have become, remember what they have done.

I want to devote this article to the Ronald Reagan that I knew. The guy who wasn't very good at kickball and wasn't shy about watering his lawn while underdressed.

Reagan and Nancy were quite a couple.

The Reagan I knew was affable and always had a nice - and honest - thing to say to everyone, even if he hated their guts. I'll never forget the time he took me for a ride in his brand new El Camino. He was so proud of that damn car and no one on the block was mean-spirited enough to tell him it was retarded. His was cherry red, "firecracker red" as he called it, and the day he bought it he saw me looking at it and asked if I wanted to go for a spin. I politely declined but Ron wouldn't hear of it and ushered me onto the pleather seat, reminding me to buckle my safety belt and straightening the mirror as we backed out of his driveway. He went on and on about how it was a new class of car. He felt certain that it would revolutionize the automotive industry. You know, I think he still had that car, looking showroom fresh, on the day he died. I'd like to think that once in a while Nancy got a particularly nice Secret Service guy to take Reagan out for a spin.

Ron and Nancy had such an amazing relationship too. I remember for a while Nancy was crazy about cats. I'm talking absolutely nuts about them. She would take in any stray and every Sunday she would drag Ron to the animal shelter and come home with an armload of mewling tabbies. Reagan just smiled and took it, although he learned to lock the door to his study after one of the male cats sprayed every square inch of the room in the middle of July. I vividly remember drinking lemonade on the porch with Reagan talking about the Giants' chances to make the playoffs. Cats just kept opening the screen door and sitting on him. By the time I left he actually had a cat sitting on his head. It was surreal.

Not to say that Nancy didn't do her share of putting up with Ron's antics as well. One spring Ron asked me to come over to his backyard and have a look at something. He was watering this big patch of dirt with the garden hose and I saw all of these shovels and spades lying around. He told me that he had decided to dig a hole. I asked him why and he told me that he was doing it because he had never dug a really big hole before. Every day he would be out there digging that hole in a sweat-streaked tank top. The guy had some serious muscles at the time and Nancy would just watch him from the kitchen window. She would shake her head in fake disappointment at how much time he was wasting digging that hole, but I could tell from the far-off stare that she just fell in love with him even more every time he raised a shovel full of dirt over his shoulder.

By mid-summer that hole was almost thirty feet deep. He had sandbags and wooden slats to keep it from collapsing. I think he ended up making it into some sort of weird subterranean apiary. I clearly recall him spending hours looking at all sorts of seed kits he could buy for bee colonies and he totally filled the backyard with flowers.

When I was friends with Ron he didn't care for rap music very much, instead preferring big band stuff and poppy love ballads like the kind of shit Bryan Adams sings. All the same, Reagan would go to great lengths to make you feel liked. I remember when Ice Cube's "Predator" album came out I couldn't resist talking it up to Ron. He was so nice that he acted like he loved the album too. I asked him what his favorite song was and he said "oh, well, I like all of them equally just about". So I asked "even 'When Will They Shoot?'" and of course he said he liked it and then I just made up a title, I think it was "Rapper's DeLorean", and he said he loved that one.

So Reagan may not like rap music much, but I think he can appreciate good poetry, and what is rap music but the poetry of the street? With that in mind I have written a rap song to dedicate to the loving memory of Ronald Reagan.

The Ronald Reagan Rap

Laying flowers on the grave of the Waffen SS,
Straight playing Jimmy Carter and cleanin up his mess,
You're an old school shoota,
Central America booty loota,
Poppin collas and stabbin Y,
Droppin' dollas on SDI.

Cuz you was a crowd pleasa,
Straight squeeza,
If you was a liberal we didn't needja,

Secret wars in eighty trizzay,
Runnin' up in Nicarizzay,
Orderin' M1s to keep the communizzays bizzay,
Pullin' more voters than Proposition: Free Money,
Got corporate niggas thinkin' you the Easter Bunny,
Niggas know Reaganomics got they up side sunny.

Cuz you was a shot calla,
Big balla,
Fuck term limitations and let me hear yah holla

Got more Tech 9s than a plane full a crips,
You the one dealin and winnin' all the chips,
Mondale bought it,
Ferraro's husband got an audit,

While you be smokin' up a tree,
Olly North be swingin' on it.

Cuz you loved you some jelly beans,
Nancy's helpin' troubled teens,
Had your niggas runnin' up in House Ways and Means

Shout out to Gingrich and the Hardballas,
Big ups to Froze Out Bush Senior,
And straight out love to all my niggas in the Camp David in the sky.

I'm not sure if Ron would particularly care for the music or lyrics, but I know he would still appreciate the sentiment behind my rap and have nothing but nice things to say about it.

Ruler of the world or owner of a broken heart?

Years after I moved away from Ron's neighborhood I bumped into Ron on the streets of Austin, Texas. I think it was around the time he got shot by John Hinckley, although I can't remember if it was before or after. He was eating this weird huevos rancheros in a rolled up cone of crisped tortilla that looked like a really disgusting ice cream cone. He practically threw the thing on the ground when he saw me and he just came over and gave me a big fucking bear hug. I asked him how things were and he said "fine, fine", but as we reminisced a little I could see this look in his eyes. He was different. Harder. Washington had changed him, and not much of it was for the better. The same old demeanor was there, but in a way I felt that loss - that disconnect - that wouldn't come for many years for most Americans. I had lost the real Ronald Reagan. The guy who would punch your shoulder if he saw a Volkswagen and would eagerly volunteer to help if you said you were moving.

Here was this other Reagan, this foreign land of Ronald Reagan. He looked the same, but the words were all different and scary. We parted ways that day and I never saw him in person again. Oh, he sent the usual Christmas cards with him and Nancy next to a tree and all fifteen of their cats in sweaters, but it was different. I could sense it was perfunctory. I could imagine him taking a break from reading a briefing on a SEAL raid in El Salvador to sign his name next to Nancy's on 500 identical Christmas cards. Before it was with love, but by that point the love was gone. Washington took it, ate it alive. It does that to everyone.

Thou Band is Not Welle

Alas, after almost ten years of infuriating quasi-religious pap, mega-platinum superstar hitmachine Creed has broken up. This week, Something Awful's resident rock and roll expert Dr. David Thorpe takes a look back at the career of Creed, and in doing so, weaves a tall tale of one of rock and roll's most unusual acts.

> *"2000 was to be the height of Creed's success, but like a supersonic jet plane pushing the boundaries of how high and fast mankind can soar, the fuselage was bound to start cracking. Bassist Brian Marshall stirred up controversy when he launched a verbal attack on Pearl Jam, calling them "a passel of goddamned women" and "unworthy of my diseased, briny fluids." This caused a considerable backlash in the press, and Stapp attempted to distance himself from the outspoken bassist. The trouble continued when Marshall turned his sights on God, offending Stapp by calling the creator "a mossy old tortoise" and "a natty-bearded know-nothing." The rest of the band was left with little choice but to terminate Marhsall and replace him with a majestic, soaring eagle, representative of their pride and connection to God's masterpieces of nature. "*

Take a look back with us at one of the strangest tales in the history of rock, and join us as we say Goodnight to the Creed Era.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.7 The Internet's Most Wanted List

Tuesday, Jun 08, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The FBI has their Top 10 Most Wanted Fugitives List, cataloging all the criminals who have successfully escaped the long wrinkly arm of the law. President George WB. "W." Bush "Bush" Jr. Sr. Jr. has his Top 10 Most Wanted Terrorists List, a directory of personal threats to America which was up to about 855,231 people last time I checked. Baskin-Robbins has their infamous 31 Flavors of the Month, an assortment of outlawed frozen flavorings wanted for questioning in the murder of 17 Seattle prostitutes throughout the summer of 1995. It's about time somebody had the guts - no, the balls - to create an Internet Most Wanted List, an assortment of individuals and organizations responsible for making the collective lives of our online communities a living hell. Although I have absolutely no authority, power, or interest to bring the following offenders to the ideal punishment they so richly deserve, I am hoping that we, a responsible Internet community, can band together and make a difference by, well, I don't know, doing something. Maybe we can have a "National Wear Your Socks Inside-Out Day" or partake in a "Surf the Web Naked Weekend" which would probably result in the government carpet-bombing the Something Awful offices.

THE UNOFFICIAL OFFICIAL INTERNET'S MOST WANTED LIST

- **#1:** Rob Burgess *(CEO of Macromedia)*

CRIME(S) AGAINST THE INTERNET: Running a company that continues to produce, market, and distribute Flash, despite the fact that they really shouldn't and I don't think anybody is personally encouraging them to.

BACKGROUND: Macromedia purchased a company named "FutureWave Software," creators of FutureSplash, in December of 1996. They saw how closely FutureWave was working with Microsoft and Disney's online services and decided that distributing such web-based vector animation software would help their company grow. Also I suspect they were strongly attracted to the name "FutureSplash," which sounds like some kind of homosexual science fiction movie that takes place on a boat. Unfortunately, Macromedia has taken this software and used it to gradually transmogrify into the company singlehandedly responsible for making the Internet a more obnoxious and painful place, all thanks to the chronic (mis)use of Flash.

Now I'm sure that Jonathan Gay, the creator of FutureSplash / Flash, had no idea that his creation would eventually mutate into the vile, twisted abomination that it is today. I have no doubt in my mind that Mr. Gay wrote this software solely for the purpose of entertaining impoverished inner city children and spreading joy across the world like a warm blanket full of tapioca pudding and

severed puppy dog eyes. However, somewhere during his product's devolution, this noble idea was abandoned and the main purpose of his software centered around displaying annoying full screen popup ads with surround sound, full motion video, and 1x1 pixel "click here to close ad" boxes which don't even work if you can somehow manage to squeeze your mouse pointer into the miniscule target area. It's nearly impossible to visit any large website without getting smacked across the face with a series of ads trumpeting Ford's new 8000-pound SUV / wheat harvester hybrid vehicle, thundering across your screen while patriotic rock and roll blasts in the background all thanks to the miracle of Macromedia Flash. I guess it's not directly Macromedia's fault that their product has become the number #1 most detestable plugin on the entire Internet, but we need a scapegoat in this case and I'm more than willing to throw Mr. Burgess into the pyre if it slows down the inevitable advancement of ads rapidly flying around my computer monitor like drunk sperm searching for eggs to fertilize.

TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS: Video Ads Blocker (for surfing with IE), FireFox (for surfing with an Internet browser which will make you sexually appeal to slovenly IRC users and exponentially more slovenly people on Slashdot).

■ #**2:** Rob Glaser *(CEO of RealNetworks)*

CRIME(S) AGAINST THE INTERNET: RealMedia. Enough said.

BACKGROUND: RealMedia and RealPlayer and all that RealOtherAnnoying shit started with founder Rob Glaser in 1993. As far as I can tell, Satan appeared to him during a methamphetamine-induced nightmare sometime in 1992, demanding Rob "create the most worthless, non-functioning, buggy piece of crap" software possible or else the Dark Lord would cause Rob's testicles to explode and shower him with hundreds of tiny poisonous scorpions. Since Rob was previously employed by Microsoft, he had no problems getting the go-ahead to start such an ambitiously worthless project, one dubbed "Progressive Networks" because the name "Really Fucking Shitty Ass Networks Which Everybody Hates and Uses Only Out of Pure Necessity " was already registered by Ted Turner. Progressive Networks broke all ties from Microsoft in late 1998, citing governmental studies which proved it would be impossible for Progressive Networks and Microsoft to work together without the universe imploding in a giant black hole of frustrating malfunctioning software.

One of the most impressive aspects regarding RealNetwork's 10+ years of existence revolves around the fact that during this entire time frame, not a single person has ever managed to successfully download a smoothly streaming segment of audio or video through their service. This was perfectly acceptable back in 1993 when most personal computers were simply large rocks with letters and floppy disks glued to them, but it's really difficult to find an excuse for RealMedia's inability to stream any media whatsoever these days. Hell, I've had better luck streaming uncompressed .avi files than I have with any RealMedia trash. Luckily RealNetworks continues to release a new version of RealPlayer, RealArcade, RealRhapsody, ReaLemon, and RealAwfulShit every two hours, so you can always be sure that once you've finished downloading the current 263-meg build of bloated software, there will be an even newer, more bloated piece of crap for you to install. After all, you wouldn't want to miss out on such crucial features as instant online grocery list randomization, mood-based graphic equalization database tracking, and some kind of shitty chat software which allows you to communicate with people who type out smiley faces for a living. Don't even get me started on the image quality of RealMedia files, which is rivaled by many Etch-A-Sketch drawings.

TEMPORARY SOLUTION: Real Alternative (plays those horribly blocky .rm files without that damn software bloat).

- **#3:** Steve Jobs *(CEO of Apple)*

CRIME(S) AGAINST THE INTERNET: QuickTime. It's the Mac version of RealPlayer, which means not only is it crappy, but it is crappy and has a snotty attitude.

BACKGROUND: I'm sure my decision to list Steve Jobs on the Internet's Most Wanted List (and conversely my decision to not list Bill Gates) will cause the collective panties of all Mac readers here to get in a mess so tangled that it would take several hundred PowerMac G5's several hundred days to successfully untangle. Fortunately I'm not too worried about offending a couple dozen people who spend most of their free time color coordinating their wardrobes to match their mobile mp3 player. QuickTime 1.0 shipped late 1991, and rumor has it there are still several people who downloaded movies at that time waiting for QuickTime to finish loading and run.

QuickTime, while being a whole hell of a lot less annoying than RealGarbage, still continuously finds fresh and exciting new ways to annoy anybody forced to use it. First of all, no Apple, I do not want to pay to upgrade your terrible software so I have the ability to watch 30 seconds of the "Spiderman 2" preview in full screen, but I really honestly truly do appreciate you throwing a popup registration window in my face requesting money each and every time your program runs. Also that system tray icon is just infinitely useful to me, especially considering I have to load up QuickTime and de-associate random file extensions that it takes over each time I turn my back. And thank you so much for sneaking in the iTunes and iPod software onto my computer! Although I don't own an iPod now and don't use iTunes and don't plan on ever doing either, I do realize that I could sustain a series of damaging blows to the head which would possibly make me reconsider this sometime in the future! Oh and I simply cannot lavish enough praise on Apple for allowing developers the infinitely useful ability to code Java applications in QuickTime too, it will truly be an awesome day when, upon loading the program, not only am I greeted by a gigantic message urging me to "go pro," but I get to play a free 10-second trial game of JavaTetris while iTunes promotes the latest J-Lo song about having sex in the shower. At least the streaming image quality of QuickTime is better than RealPlayer, but that's like saying it's less painful to be ripped apart by wild dogs than it is to have hundreds of thumbtacks crammed into your eyelids and throat.

TEMPORARY SOLUTION: QuickTime Alternative (only download if you can risk the depressing possibility of not seeing that wonderful "WHY GO PRO?" nagware box).

- **#4:** Bruce Chizen (CEO of Adobe)

CRIME(S) AGAINST THE INTERNET: Adobe Acrobat.

BACKGROUND: Adobe had a vision, a dream of a "paperless office" which wasn't burdened by hundreds of unnecessary faxes, memos, and notes. Their solution was to create something dubbed "IPS" (Interchange PostScript) which could be run on 99% of all computers, assuming the people using those computers had enough patience to not smash them to pieces while trying to wade through these electronic files. This Carousel technology (later dubbed "Acrobat") won the coveted "Best of Comdex" award in 1992, narrowly edging out "AIDS" and a computer which automatically

sodomized its user with a broken beer bottle whenever activated.

Despite being a program whose sole purpose is to display online copies of VCR operating instructions, Acrobat has somehow grown into a monstrous entity which not only annoys you to download it for nearly every information file out there, but then continues to annoy you to download various additional components so it can be even more annoying. Add this to the fact that it takes roughly nine working days for Acrobat to completely load, and you've got a wonderful recipe for aggravation. It doesn't get any better once you're actually running the program, as wading through an Adobe Acrobat document is like trying to navigate a river full of sewage and molasses while standing on top of a folding card table. The only benefits of using Acrobat consist of being able to click a "click here to email me" link and automatically emailing "me," as well as the ability to include black and white photographs of the VCR so the user can see a graphical image of what they just purchased and are searching for information on.

TEMPORARY SOLUTION: Go to your Acrobat Reader folder and take everything from the "plug_ins" folder and move it into "optional" except the following: Search.api, Search5.api, IA32.api, EWH32.api, EScript.api. It won't delete Acrobat from your hard drive or install an alternative, but it will make it less painful.

These are just the top four criminals on my Internet's Most Wanted List, but I can assure you there's many, many more, and this list will undoubtedly grow as technology progresses. If you are hurt and offended that I left somebody off, please keep in mind that I don't get paid to write articles for the Internet and furthermore I hate you. Still, the existence of such widespread horrific software begs the question: why must mankind use so many tools for evil instead of good? How many "Surf the Web Naked Weekends" must society endure before these people get the message? I secretly hope "a lot," because I'm starting to enjoy the freedom my private parts are experiencing here.

YOU ARE NOT RICK JAMES BITCH

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here, with a really funny Comedy Goldmine update. No pictures this round, and I swear to God if you write in bitching about the lack of funny pictures for you to laugh at, I will release the hounds on you. This Goldmine comes from Forum Goon n3cro, who spent a little while in a mental hospital. During his stay he ran into various wacky people, and managed to create a bit of mischief himself. We've got 13 stories of mental patient hijinks, and here's a taste of the world inside the walls:

> My first few days at Summit were mainly uneventful. There was group therapy, I learned how to play spades, and things were cool. Then came Dianne. Dianne was as paranoid a schizophrenic as they come. She was convinced the US Govt had turned her into a lesbian nun, which was odd, considering her boyfriend would visit her throughout her stay in the hospital.
>
> We all pretty much learned to ignore her ranting and kind of walk away from her once she got going. Apparently, Dianne did not deal well with lack of attention. One day after lunch, all the Status 2's (those allowed to leave the wing and go upstairs to eat) were returning back into the wing to get our allotted two cigs for our after lunch smoke break. As the door opens, we heard screaming, singing and laughter all at once.
>
> It seems Dianne had decided a great way to get attention would be to run around the wing completely naked while singing opera. The wing was small, so it only took the staff about 2-3 minutes to cut her off and finally subdue her. Even after her subsequent

> capture and injection of Ativan (Summit's number one choice to chill us out), Dianne could still be heard singing from the confines of the quiet room for a good amount of time.

So go ahead and enjoy this week's Comedy Goldmine, "Tales from the Mental Hospital."

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.8 NASA Got Me Working

Tuesday, Jun 08, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

I'm not sure which of the rover twins this one is, but it looks more human than either of the Olsen Twins.

Contrary to the mostly anti-NASA views featured on this website, henceforth to be known as "Something Awful," I actually like what those crazy rocket scientists do. True, I don't really understand half of what it is that they do, but the part involving space and space-related activities is definitely the part I like most. I'm an avid proponent of outer space and putting whatever we can in it, including people, machines, animals, and piñatas, if only to study the effects of gravity on candy distribution. I firmly believe that outer space is an intricate component of the future, if not an outright enabler of the passage of time. Thusly, it's only natural we dedicate billions of dollars to making the most of the infinite space resting above our murderous atmosphere. This planet only has so much to offer, and outer space has so much more.

The biggest complaint about NASA is that they spend billions of dollars to do seemingly miniscule things, such as placing a poor man's Number 5 on Mars and having it beam back jpegs of rocks. It's easy to call something like that foolish, but I'd like to see the critics build a better robot that does more interesting things, like maybe hurling the rocks around or eating the rocks. What about building a fort out of rocks? The possibilities are nearly endless. If they really want to show NASA up, they should build a bully robot and send it to Mars to pick on Spirit and Opportunity. But do they? No! They lack the skills and resources it takes to get things into space, let alone have them do things once they get up there. It costs a lot to train people and build equipment capable of functioning in the cold vacuum of outer space, so we shouldn't blow our O-rings when the annual NASA bill arrives in America's giant communal mailbox.

No disassemble space program!

You can argue all you want that we have better things to be spending money on, such as realistic goals like blowing up the Middle East, or idealistic goals like wiping out world hunger and raising education levels here and abroad. We could pretty much accomplish any of those goals if we set our minds to it, but we don't. So then why is it a problem to earmark some of the money being wasted anyway to send robots to far off planets? I bet if those robots were really children with cancer, people wouldn't think twice about making their dreams come true. I'm not suggesting NASA program a robot with cancer, but it's always something to keep in mind. It certainly would capture the hearts of Americans to see that bald-headed robot struggling across the barren Martian surface. Will the poor robot's precious fuel cells survive long enough to complete the mission? Only time and billions of dollars will tell. Granted, it's probably more practical to try to cure cancer than hope it goes away while simultaneously giving robots cancer, but we won't know until we try.

This world is filled to the brim with war, suffering, disease, famine, strife, and a wide assortment of aches, pains, and rashes. Space is virtually unspoiled by our human flaws, and thusly an ideal place for future expansion and corruption. We can leave all the ugliness behind in favor of creating new ugliness in a place where we have more room and opportunity to make it that much more epic in scope. That's why I support our efforts to spend billions of dollars on space plans. I support it much more than other government expenditures, such as Rural Free Delivery, and think we should

dedicate even more money to taming the stars, albeit in a figurative sense because stars are pretty wild and hot. As is, the money spent on space technology and exploration also fuels a great deal of spin-off technology, ranging from improved jet engines to better home insulation. The Clapper, for example, was a NASA invention that hit the consumer market after astronauts found the lack of sound in space to be a deathblow to the device's potential uses. The Chia Pet? That was NASA, too. The trickle down effect would yield countless benefits, but only if we take the time to empty the bladder of possibility that is space exploration. We're doomed if we hold it in, so it's time to let go and accept the inevitable.

This is outer space. This is where we need to be, even though it is very cold and dark.

Right now the biggest expense we face as Americans is war. We can busy ourselves with wars here, igniting witchhunt after witchhunt, but sooner or later we're going to run out of viable enemies. Sooner or later we're going to stop hating each other over petty differences. There are enemies in space, undoubtedly, and we need to start killing them for a change. Sure they might be primitive bacteria or algae, but by golly, who wouldn't get inspired to participate in humankind's first ever star war? I know I'd be happy to, should I be lucky enough to live to see the day. In an age of anticipatory self-defense, we're completely ignoring that outer space offers up countless threats we simply have no intelligence on. Should we be content to live with this gaping gap of knowledge, or should we endeavor to get a head start on marking our territory in the stars? Once again, it comes down to not holding it in.

I realize that as of right now, there are a number of scientific and logistic constraints making space exploration impractical. Thusly, I have something of a solution to those mysteries of space responsible for keeping us so close to our earthly cradle. To overcome the unknown, I recommend a bold, experimental shuttle mission involving a crew of astronauts well versed in solving mysteries. This crew would consist of Peter Falk, Angela Lansbury, James Garner, Andy Griffith, Dick Van Dyke, and Abe Vigoda. These men, and one lady, are all experienced television sleuths quite capable of putting their deductive reasoning skills to use in unraveling the cosmic riddles. Plus James Garner has already played an astronaut once. What's more, Don Knotts could go along, if only to serve as a logical foil to the detectives. Having someone to offer outside-the-box solutions is good science no matter how you look at it. Since all these TV detectives are old, losing them in another dreadful shuttle explosion wouldn't be too unbearable, but let's not think about such a terrifying scenario. I'm sure it's a risk they are all willing to take as Americans. More than that, it's a risk I think we're all willing to take, even if it means no more made for TV movies involving our favorite detectives.

So let's do it! Let's spend even more billions of dollars on space! Let's put bases on the moon and sun and Mars, and lets build more robots to look at rocks on every planet we can get to. Then, once we conquer the stars, we can work on curing robot cancer. It's the least we can do for or faithful explorer friends.

Don Knotts is just good science.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.9 That's My Baby!

Wednesday, Jun 09, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Greetings folks, how are you doing today? Actually your current condition means nothing to me, I was just making small talk. I myself have had a really busy week and I'm pretty worn out but am, I think, a little wiser. It all started when I was watching one of my favorite shows called "That's My Baby" on Animal Planet. The program features the story of a baby animal, and the struggles of the parents and caretaker in the months following conception. Then it hit me that if I ever figure out how to make a baby, one day I might become a father. The vagina is still a mystery and puzzles me to no end; much like a Rubix cube except you can't remove the stickers to cheat. Aside from that, I am totally unprepared for the rigors of parenthood, and this caused me a great deal of worry. What if I mess up raising it and it grows into the next Hitler, killing millions of people just because I didn't take him to ball games, or happened to lock him in the closet with large poisonous spiders.

The responsibility for such an important thing was overbearing to me, and I felt that I needed to teach myself the proper way to raise children so I would be prepared for the future. I tried searching the Internet for help since everybody knows the Internet is the information superhighway, but all I found was terrible advice and naughty ladies taking their clothes off. Just when I was ready to give up hope, I saw a commercial for a center called Parenthood Plus that is specialized in teaching all the ins and outs of raising a bratling. I started their course right away and I must say I was impressed at their professionalism and thoroughness. Once I completed a three-day course on child rearing, I was given a simulation baby that I had to take care of for a full week.

The baby, who I named Pepe after my great-grandfather, was made up of state of the art technology that comes very close to simulating a real baby. I had to feed it, change it, burp it, and also try to be careful with it since he has damage sensors that would keep a record of any trauma. Before being issued the robotic tot, I was given a battery of mental and physical tests. The results concluded that I had very weak genes and I was liable to smoke crack around the pregnant mother, so they gave me a premature flipper baby instead of a regular one. I was a tad insulted, but I understand that they wanted to make this as realistic as possible. I brought Pepe home and started my first day as a father. Over the course of the week I think I've become very experienced, and would like to share some parenthood tips with all of you future parents.

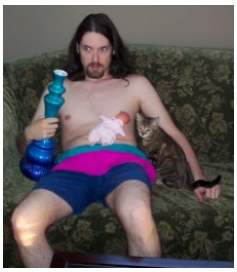
If a baby keeps crying, shake it until it stops.

The people at Parenthood Plus were not kidding when they said the baby was super-realistic, because it would not stop crying. At 8 p.m., I placed Pepe in his crib for bedtime and turned on my sports program, but in no less than 15 minutes it started to wail. I paged through my baby handbook to figure out how to make it stop, but then remembered I had torn those pages out that morning to use as rolling papers. I first tried giving it a bottle, but it continued to cry like a screeching car alarm. I then tried to reason with Pepe, explaining to him that there is no logical reason for him to be crying, but he was just ignoring me at this point and being a little bitch. I shut the bedroom door, cranked up the sports game, and tried to ignore the nightmare in the next room. Then I just couldn't take it anymore and yanked Pepe from his cage, giving him the shaking of a lifetime. Miraculously the baby stopped crying after the violent shake. At first I become a little scared, thinking I might have snapped its

neck, but I was pretty he was just sleeping so I quietly placed it back in the crib and went back to watching my sports program in peace. Since then I've found out that a good throttle can put the baby to sleep for up to 4 hours at a time, or 6 hours if you drop it down a flight of stairs.

Potty training is important.

I heard that one of the hardest things to teach a young baby is the proper place to go ca-ca, poo-poo, nimbus, or checher. Sure they wear diapers, but they can't keep going through life wearing them. I know I'm not one to talk since I wore diapers until I was 16, but I had a nervous condition so that was different. I needed to teach Pepe early on the proper places to go to the bathroom, mostly so I don't have to change his stank ass every couple hours. I took off Pepe's diaper and let him roam about like a free spirit, and sure enough he made a large deposit on the carpet. This is what I was hoping for so I could start teaching him that it's wrong by rubbing his nose in it, and then showing him the proper place to do his business; in the litter box like the other beasts of the household. Once young Pepe associates the litter box as a potty with the help of physical enforcement, his droppings will be easy to clean and I can get on with my busy day of trading Pokeman cards online.



If you need to go out, hire a babysitter.

A lot of people think that just because you have a baby, your social life is at an end. This doesn't have to be the case. All you need to do is hire somebody to watch the baby for a few hours or weeks depending where you are going. As long as they know how to feed a baby and turn it over from time to time, it's really no big deal. In fact, I went out for a night of drinking and dancing and hired this dude named "Larry" that sits in front of the local 7-11. Larry served in Vietnam, and legend has it is that he was tripping on 50 hits of acid during the Tet Offensive, and as a result has been a little out of it ever since. But I was in a bind and didn't want to have to ask my parents, so I gave Larry 10 bucks to sit on the couch all night and watch Pepe. When I came home at 2:00 in the morning, I saw the most precious sight ever. Larry was totally stoned out of his gourd and he was trying to suckle Pepe. It seems that Larry had really taken a liking to the little fella and was overwhelmed with motherly instincts. I think if I do end up having a real baby, Larry will become my go-to guy for babysitting. Even though he got the kitten really high and ate all the Fritos, I feel that he has a positive aura.

The driveway is no place to play.

I don't know how many goddamn times I have to tell that little shit to stay out of the goddamn driveway with his toys and tomfoolery. If I come home from a long days' work, the last thing I'm looking out for is a little goblin playing hopscotch in my vehicle space. When I'm driving my SUV, I am the master of the road, and all small creatures that tread in my path will fall before me, for I will not swerve or give way to such impudence. This goes for squirrels, possums, turtles, and even babies. After running over Pepe in the driveway, I brought him inside the house and made sure he learned his lesson about the driveway by beating the love of our savior and the holy ghost into his hide with my belt. If they don't learn to respect the rules at an early age, they'll walk all over you later on. The good part about all this is that my tire destroyed some of his computer chips and now he can now longer go to the bathroom,

saving me the task of cleaning the litter box.

Puppies love babies!
If money is a little tight and you don't want to pay for a babysitter, puppies will suffice. I found out very quickly that puppies love babies. Once I put Pepe on the ground for them to smell, they became very excited and started to lick and chew Pepe all over his little flipper baby body. One of the puppies hopped on Pepe, and the baby let out a scream of either extreme delight or pain. I had to go to the store to pick up a case of Natty Lite, so I left the baby with the puppies so they could play together. When I returned with the beer, I was puzzled because I couldn't find Pepe anywhere. I saw the puppies romping in the backyard where I left him, but the troublesome tot was nowhere to be seen. Then I heard muffled cries coming from a freshly dug hole in the ground. It appeared that the puppies were very fond of Pepe, and buried him in a hole to save for later, like a favorite bone or toy. Well I dug up little Pepe, washed him off with a hose, and all of us had a good laugh while I downed some cold ones. I gave a little beer to Pepe, and he didn't cry all night! It's never too young to start.

Warning, babies are flammable.

I really wish they covered this in the Parenthood Plus class, but unfortunately I found out the hard way. While I was BBQing some mighty fine sausages, I placed Pepe on the side of the grill so he could watch and learn. I let the meat sizzle while I went inside for a short nap, letting Pepe take over control of the tongs. When I came back outside, Pepe was on the ground and smothered in flames. I cried out "my baby!" and ran inside the house to call the fire department. 20 minutes later the truck pulled up and shot Pepe with a heavy blast of water, dousing the flames and knocking his charred limbs off. I fell to my knees over my dead baby and wept like only a father could weep. No man should have to see his son die before him. I was about to start digging a hole to bury my poor son, but then I remembered I had to return it to the class the next day so I could pass and become a certified parent. I broke out my sewing kit and got to work. .

The limbs were reattached with no trouble, but Pepe's face was a little blackened and disfigured. I told the instructors that he was just going through an awkward stage, but they didn't buy it. When they hooked him up to the computer and ran the damage diagnostics, they were shocked and appalled at the amount of trauma inflicted in the one-week period. They said Pepe's circuits recorded more physical pressure than all the bullets and bombs used in WW1 and WW2 combined. They asked me to leave and notified the Child Welfare department that if I should ever spawn a child, it should be taken from my custody right away. Although all of this is a real disappointment, and I thought I did a good job, it's probably for the best since I don't really want kids anyway. Although they took Pepe away from me, I will always remember him and the time we shared together as a family.

(This update is dedicated to Albert Price, who passed away recently from choking on a Cheese Nip, and all the fine men and women that served and died in Vietnam).

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

6.10 Meet Your Internet Friends!

Thursday, Jun 10, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Welcome to Internet!

I'm not quite old enough to have been at the starting point of the Internet culture. I remember downloading pictures of Cindy Crawford from AOL at 2400 baud and calling into my local BBS to kill Barak's Crazy Mother on "Legend of the Red Dragon". I never actually placed a telephone on top of a modem or exchanged plain text emails on a government supercomputer. There were pioneers of the Internet stretching into the past well before that, but one thing these pioneers and I share is that the culture of the Internet of the time was basically homogenous.

The Internet of 2004 is no longer so small and homogenous. It constitutes dozens of various archetypes and hundreds of millions of individual users. I don't have the time nor the willpower to go into every group and subgroup of Internet users, but I will provide you with my keen insight into three categories. Take heart, I'm probably not making fun of your specifically, I'm just making fun of you in general.

The Internet Male

An increasingly slight majority of Internet users are male, but only a select few male internet users are actually Internet Males. To sum Internet Males up with one word, they are "elitists", but there's so much more nuance to them that a single word cannot describe. Internet Males range from their early to late twenties, they have spent the entirety of their adult life fixating over the Internet, and more than anywhere else they consider it to be their domain. Of all of the groups of modern Internet users, Internet Male is the one with the most obvious ancestral ties to the pioneers of the Internet. They won't let you forget that either. Internet Males think low ICQ numbers are a sign of prestige, or they would, if ICQ hadn't started showing advertisements and turned all "gay". Internet Males use Trillian now.

Internet Males have very discriminating tastes when it comes to entertainment, and they will discuss their interests to the point of obsession. Every Internet Male possesses at least three of the following qualities:

- Intense love for Tool or Radiohead. One must be heavily favored over the other, they cannot like both or neither of them.
- A preference for the fan group doing translations on bootlegs of their favorite anime TV series. One of the easiest ways to spot an Internet Male is if they say something like "oh, AFF did the subs, well this isn't worth the download. I'll wait for [KJE] to put their version out."
- A borderline crazy advocacy for alternative browsers, the PNG image format, or weird desktop plug-ins for Linux.
- Impossibly rigorous standards for what makes a woman attractive. Despite the fact that (or probably because) Internet Male is a virgin he will immediately spot or fabricate

physical flaws in the most gorgeous woman.
- An innate disgust for anything on the Internet that he has seen before. When a friend or family member shows him a link to a wacky video he will say "welcome to 1995".
- There is a 25% chance that Internet Male has a membership on the Something Awful Forums and a 75% chance that he has an account registered at Slashdot.
- Purchases video cards and other computer hardware based on benchmarks provided by the manufacturer. Probably has a signature on any forums he posts at that contain his complete and up-to-date system specs.
- Thinks Final Fantasy really went downhill after number 6.
- Has considered doing a PC case mod but usually just places empty Mountain Dew cans inside his computer when his entire desk space if filled.

Internet Males are an increasingly dwindling and embittered species on the Internet who hearken back fondly to the days before the Internet "sold out". They are the geeky undersexed equivalent of that guy you know who stops liking a band the instant one of their albums cracks the Billboard's Top 100.

The Cyber Libertarian

It's not a widely known statistic, but 95% of the politically active people on the Internet claim to be "libertarians". These Cyber Libertarians have formed their political opinions by processing nothing but political attack pieces from both sides of the political spectrum. From their parent's basements they declare themselves libertarians because it's cool and different than being a democrat or a republican. They say they "want much smaller government", but when you ask them to expand you will quickly discover that no two libertarians share anything even approximating the same beliefs. Some want abortion and drugs banned, others want to grind up and smoke a partial birth while a hooker gives them a hand job.

It turns out the only thing that libertarians have in common is they all learned from mom and dad that money is awesome, and consequently their entire belief system is hinged around protecting their own money. Only libertarians could conceivably equate seat belt laws and sales tax to terrorism and fascism. Only libertarians will mention public kindergarten in the same sentence as Stalin. They believe that the ultimate, and most important, loss of freedom is the loss of ability to control one's own money. From my years of skulking around political forums on the Internet I have learned the following about the vast legion of Cyber Libertarians.

- They think drugs should be legal.
- Except for hard drugs.
- All drugs should be legal.
- Tax should be abolished.
- Except for tax to support the military.
- And local tax for the police and fire department.
- No, the police and fire department should be privatized.
- School vouchers are great.
- School vouchers don't go far enough.
- Forced integration is against the constitution.
- Welfare people buy cookies with MY TAX DOLLARS!
- My mom's house servant told me about it when she went to the store.

Luckily for the rest of society, Cyber Libertarians are invariably either complete losers or ignorant children. There are handfuls that exhibit some signs of intelligence, but for the most part they are trapped in a group masturbation session talking about how awesome a libertarian paradise will be. While each one vigorously stimulates his or her genitals they close their eyes and picture a libertarian paradise 100% different from the person next to them.

The Eternal Dipshit

The Eternal Dipshit is my bread and butter. While they think they are simply posting about how they can actually go Super Saiyan on a Dragonball Z forum or using Paint Shop Pro to put super hero costumes on their cats, they're actually providing endless hours of unintentional entertainment. The Eternal Dipshit is the sort of person who logs onto the Internet and behaves like the biggest spastic moron possible. This may be how they act in real life or this may just be a case of the Internet making them stupid. Whatever the case is the Eternal Dipshit is, well, eternal. That 15 year old posting on Goku's Hideout is going to grow up and be the crazy guy who writes a 500,000 word single page website about how local politicians are in league with Satan. The 17 year old girl who creates a Geocities shrine for the actor who played Andrew on "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" is just practicing to dress her cats up like Aquaman when she hits 50.

The Eternal Dipshit exhibits several of the following traits:

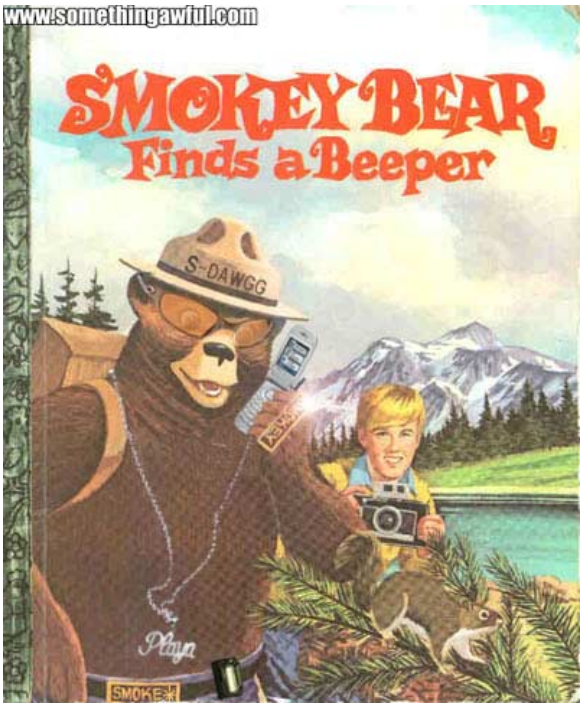
- Opens every email attachment with excitement, replies to messages from Nigerian widows, and gleefully inquires about the quality of v1@gr@.
- Will give out personal information or credit card numbers over instant messaging clients.
- Not afraid to post a lot of really bad poetry on the Internet.
- Does not think there is anything suspicious about an ebay auction for a Sony 30-inch plasma TV with a "Buy It Now" price of 49.99.
- Frequently updates a Livejournal or similar site into which the Eternal Dipshit pours their soul, including intimate details that would be better left to a medical textbook or an episode of Springer.
- Writes fanfiction without a hint of irony or self-deprecation.
- Votes in every poll on gamefaqs.com and has signed every Internet petition because they matter so much.
- Thinks Bonzi Buddy is a hoot!
- Is probably forwarding you a list of jokes from myhumorlaffo.com that are so old and unfunny they could be carbon dated to the cetaceous period's version of Jeff Foxworthy.
- Has an uplifting religious poster or anime wall scroll within 18 inches of their computer.

The sad fact is that the Eternal Dipshit represents roughly half of the population on the Internet. What's even more pathetic is that this ratio is only worse in real life, leading to the creation of more and more Internet Males to become snobby and aloof from the sea of stupidity.

Welcome to the desert of the real as that guy from the Matrix would say back before the Matrix totally sold out.

Only You Can Prevent Phorest Phires

Guten tag, Livestock here with a brand new Photoshop Phriday. I mean this definitely isn't a rerun, because we've never done what we're doing this week. What are we doing? We're having fun with heroic do-gooder, Smokey the Bear. Smokey has saved countless lives, trees, and animals by encouraging people not to randomly set things on fire. With a noble goal like that, we just had to pay our respects.



Please, please, please click this link. Or this one, or this one. But not this one.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.11 Now What?

Saturday, Jun 12, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Did you miss me, Internet? I've been MIA for the last two weeks, and for that I apologize, but considering I haven't been funny for at least the last six, I think we can agree that you weren't missing much. Where was I, you ask? I was fiendishly busy attending to one of the most and sacred holidays known to man - Sweeps Week. Well, actually it was more like Sweeps Twelve Days, but that doesn't have the same ring. I was busily watching the season finales of shows whose entire seasons I have diligently missed. So, another primetime television season has come to an end in a spectacular explosion of weddings, surprise pregnancy announcements, bad guy catches, and supporting character deaths. Now, as we enter the horrible, reeking mire of summer reruns, there is only one question on everyone's mind - does Joanie still love Chachie? Because I always thought they were a little fake. Not that they themselves were phony, just that it sort of seemed like there was an extent to which they were both only in that relationship because they thought the other person was really into it. You know what I mean? Wait, that wasn't the question. That wasn't the question at all. The real question is, what will *The Simpsons* do next?

Now this is a possibility!

With its fifteenth season now over, *The Simpsons* has seen many crests and valleys in its overall quality, popularity, and fan base. But one thing that has never changed has been the show's dedication to good old-fashioned storytelling. Sure, the general scope of those stories may have shifted slightly from the family issues of the first couple seasons to the beating up Presidents and flying around the world on a whim of the more recent years, but the heart is still there. There can be no doubt, though, that the writers have been, well, reaching for plot ideas lately. And who can blame them? After coming up with fifteen years worth of mostly unrelated plot threads for one family, anyone would be pretty tapped out. And yet, *The Simpsons* perseveres. Now they are getting ready to enter their sixteenth season, after which the show will come up for renewal once again. Are the producers going to push for two more years of *Simpson*-mania, or will this upcoming season be the show's last? It's impossible to say at this point, but perhaps you can make the call for yourself. Something Awful's Corporate Spy division, of whom we are very proud, was able to infiltrate the heavily guarded Fox Network and get their hands on a few of the plotlines that we'll be seeing in Season Sixteen, and with only four causalities! A new best!

The really badly photoshopped scene we were never meant to see.

Deep Space Homers

At Springfield's annual Pie Eating Contest, five-time winner Homer loses his title to Chief Wiggum when he is crippled by a sudden stomach ache. The family rushes him to Dr. Hibbert, who tells him with a chuckle that there's a mysterious growth in his belly. No sooner does he say this than Homer's shirt rips open and the "growth" gnaws its way out of his body. It turns out that it is an alien that implanted itself in Homer's stomach during his voyage through space (in season five's "Deep Space Homer"). The family is thrown into chaos when Mr. Burns gives the alien Homer's job at the plant. In the end, Homer regains his job and his dignity by challenging the alien to a pie eating contest, only to win by default when it turns out that the alien is lethally allergic to blueberries.

Everything returns to normal.

Flush of the Titans

In an entirely new episode that is in no way related to ninth season classic "Trash of the Titans," in which Homer becomes sanitation commissioner, Homer finds himself in deep when he runs for sewage commissioner When the greeting card companies get together to invent a new holiday, Flush Day, in which people buy each other presents and then immediately flush them down the toilet, Springfield is united in their love of wasting money. However, Homer is outraged when the four foot high teddy bear, Sir Flushington, gets clogged in pipes after he jams it down the toilet and the city refuses to foot the bill. A defiant Homer challenges sewage commissioner Roy Matheson (voice of Leslie Nielsen) in the next election. Amidst the stream of poop jokes, fart jokes, and toilet jokes, Homer manages to ruin the entire town and Mayor Quimby enacts a plan to move all of Springfield five miles down the road again, although suspiciously everyone acts like it has never been done before. Everything returns to normal. Band J5 has a cameo.

The Royal Simpsons

In a too-little too-late apology for that godawful episode "Bart to the Future," where the Simpsons go to a casino and the Native Americans show Bart a vision of his possible future, this season presents yet another look at what the world of tomorrow holds for the Simpson clan. On the day of their anniversary, Homer plans to play a prank on Marge. As he goes out looking for the necessary ingredients to put his scheme into action, Lenny and Carl caution him against tricking his wife on their anniversary. Then, improbably enough, Homer finds the What If Machine invented by Professor Farnsworth of Futurama fame. Apparently it was onboard when the Futurama crew flew to the past, and they left it behind. Or something. Also they left behind detailed instructions on how to use it. Homer asks the machine what would happen if he played a prank on Marge that evening. The machine reveals a future in which Homer has been estranged from his family for years. He returns home with his manservant/assassin Apu to tell Marge that he is dying from stomach cancer. Marge calls the rest of the family home for a reunion, including Bart, who became a tennis star and then burned out, Lisa, who made a fortune in the business world and then burned out, and Maggie, who became a young playwright and then married the much older Martin Prince and burned out. Also, Milhouse is now a successful novelist and even more successful drug addict. Quiet, subdued hilarity ensues as Homer tries to reingratiate himself with his family, even though his children hate him and Marge is now engaged to Carl. Carl discovers that Homer is faking his cancer and gets him kicked out of the house, but Homer manages to charm his way back into the lives of his children and their junkie friends. Then he dies. In the present, Homer realizes that playing this prank on Marge would give him cancer, which really isn't the point at all, but at least he decides not to go through with it and everything returns to normal.

My Brother's Groundskeeper

In an episode starring everyone's favorite disgruntled, drunken, Scottish elementary school janitor, Groundskeeper Willie, Willie's brother Angus comes from Loch Ness to stay with him in his shack behind the school. Dismayed after seeing Willie take orders from Principal Skinner, Angus encourages Willie to go on a one-man "Braveheart" style Scottish rampage through Springfield Elementary to demand more respect and better wages. Dozens of children are killed, including Lisa. Willie is fired, and then sent to jail for the rest of his life. Angus takes his stuff and flies back to Scotland. The parents of Springfield collect their dead. Uh... um.... gee, this one kind of got away from us... uh... oh, okay, it, uh, turns out that it was all just a dream that someone was having. Oh, let's say it was Santa's Little Helper. Yeah, that should do. Everything returns to normal.

The Big Fiery Bird Saga

I can say without any degree of pride or personal prejudice that this is the single best picture that ever was or ever will be.

When Professor Frink starts having horrible nightmares about aliens, he hires the Simpson family to blast into outer space. On their journey, Marge starts exhibiting frightening telekinetic powers. When their shuttle comes under attack, it is only by giving herself over to the powerful entity known as the Big Fiery Bird Force that Marge is able to save her family. The Big Fiery Bird Force possesses her body and leads the Simpsons on a quest across the galaxy to ally with Empress Kodos against her insane brother Kang, who is on a quest to control the M'Kraan Crystal, an object capable of destroying the universe. In the end, the Big Fiery Bird/Marge must sacrifice herself by flying the crystal into the heart of the sun. Luckily, it turns out that that wasn't really Marge, but rather a clone of Marge that the Big Fiery Bird Force created, but forgot to tell anyone for some reason. The real Marge is okay, and everything returns to normal.

Those *Simpsons* writers sure do come up with some wacky material! Who says they're running out of ideas? These all look pretty unique to me! Will Season Sixteen be a winner? I guess it's still difficult to say, but I can guarantee that all of the actors, artists, technicians, and other highly paid professionals on the staff will be working as hard as they can to make this season the best it can be. All of us here at Something Awful wish Matt Groening and his crew the best of luck and remind them that Marvel has a massive legal department.

The Weekend Web is Going Bi!

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here with a heaping helping of Weekend Web! Starting this week Weekend Web is going bi-weekly. I recently got myself a job that actually puts food on the table and not that astronaut shit you have to add water to that I usually eat. From now on I will be slaving away in a huge corporate office, tackling a two hour commute each morning, and basically living that American dream, living to work. But enough about me, let's talk about you. We've got four forums hot off the presses. I hope you like the internet!

Author	Topic: dbz incest
citre Regular	posted 05-27-2004 15:42 if gohan and goku fused, would that be incest?

Thank you, please drive through.

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

6.12 Twenty Five Penny Arcade

Saturday, Jun 12, 2004 by State Og Representative

The swirling cacophony of electronic beeps and boops. A crowd of bleary-eyed teenage boys. Musky smells lingering in the stale air. Is this scene the bridge of a catholic priest's spaceship in the distant future? A future so distant that jokes about pedophiliac priests are so old that they are actually funny again, albeit in an ironic way that makes all the trendy hipsters feel compelled to run out and buy tight-fitting retro shirts which display these jokes? No, you cynical jerk. It's an arcade, and it's one of my favorite places in the world. Or at least it used to be.

Bride of Pinbot, the most embarassingly sexual pinball game a 13-year old boy can play in public (aside from Jurassic Park).

The local arcade was where I spent nearly every weekend of my formative years, mesmerized by all the games and vaguely afraid of being beat up. Not that there was ever any real danger, I was just a nervous kid and *thought* that a beating might have been waiting for me everywhere I went back then. Eventually I grew out of that childish phase, and now I rest easy in the comfort that comes with *knowing* that I am definitely going to be pummelled at any moment. Regardless, as a newly-turned teenager in the early 90's, I managed to begin visiting the arcade at a very interesting and exciting time. Capcom had just kicked off the fighting game craze, and the power and the glory that is Neo Geo had handed Samurai Shodown and King of the Monsters down from the heavens. With tons of exciting new games on the way, classics such as Pac Man and pinball machines still accounted for a majority of the games to be found. It was pure bliss. This is where my love of video gaming began, and where I learned the truly important lessons about life that you can't get in school. I learned that ghosts HATE it when mortals eat so they devote every moment in the afterlife to interrupting meals, that a fight is never truly over until you've pulled the spinal cord out of your enemy's body, and that the best way to make a robotic woman moan in ecstasy is to slap her in the breasts with a pinball.

There were certain people that you were bound to run into every time you went to the arcade. There was the menacing guy who camped the Player 1 slot of the Street Fighter 2 machine and talked smack to everyone, but who wasn't all that great so he slammed the joystick or punched the monitor when he lost. My friends and I called him Big Fat Chet because he was big and fat and named Chet, and because we were out of earshot. Then there was the weird kid who never actually played, but stood in front of random games holding the controls and pushing buttons. Sometimes he would sneak up while you were playing and stand exactly three millimeters directly behind you, hoping to induce a state of osmosis in which he could play the game through your body. Last but not least was the older guy that chainsmoked while he played Centipede. He kept an ashtray full of quarters next to an ashtray full of ashes, and left a brownish yellow film on the top half of the screen that only came off if you licked it really hard.

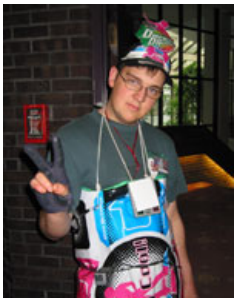
As my interests turned to more important things like comic books and masturbation, I began to visit the arcade less often. Besides, after I got a Super Nintendo I could play games right in my own house and pause them so I could get a perfect look at Chun-Li's underpants. Unfortunately, as home consoles became more powerful and popular, there were less reasons for people like me to go to the arcade. So how had the arcade industry weathered this storm, and how could they hope to attract gamers after the tremendous success of home consoles? I took a trip to an arcade for the first time in six years to find out.

The first thing I noticed was that Capcom had stuck to their guns this entire time, and were still

pumping out fighting games. Their current lineup is composed of:

- Street Fighter Alpha 12 Part 2: The Return of 12
- Street Fighter Whiskey Tango Foxtrot
- Marvel Versus Capcom 3
- Capcom Versus Obscure Independant Comic Characters
- Capcom Versus Pants
- Capcom Versus Marvel (Marvel Versus Capcom for left-handed players)
- The A-Team Versus Ghandi
- Thirty Two Slightly Different Versions of Ken Versus Eleven Versions of Ryu Which Are Exactly the Same (part 2)
- Derek Smart Versus Reality

Unfortunately, these games turned out to be my only connection to the arcade as I had once known it. There were no pinball tables, and the few classic games to be found were pushed into a corner and unplugged. So what else was there to play? Sheer terror, in the form of Dance Dance Revolution and the countless gimmick games it had inspired. If you're not familiar with DDR, it's basically Track and Field for the NES but with lower quality music. There is a large pad with buttons for you to "dance" on while trying to keep in time with the music. This is an act that (depending on your skill level) either makes you look like Frankenstein trying not to step in lava, or someone that takes dancing way too seriously and hopes other people are impressed.



This guy loves DDR. Doesn't that make you want to as well? Kill yourself, I mean.

Part of what draws people into a game like DDR is the unique way in which you interact with the game. By focusing on a gimmicky controller, game makers hope to catch your attention more effectively than they could using an ordinary game cabinet with a joystick and buttons. There are now games in which you have to slap bongos, rub babies, punch dairy products, and wiggle your eyebrows suggestively at seemingly harmless hedges.

To be honest, standing in the arcade by myself and being surrounded by all these games with ridiculously elaborate controllers had me feeling out of place and slightly angry. I missed the way things used to be, but perhaps I was being narrow minded. After all, I was one of the people who stopped coming to the arcades, and was therefore part of the reason they had to resort to gimmicks in the first place. Instead of being a curmudgeon that couldn't let go of the past, I decided to give the new arcade experience a try. After wandering around confusedly for a bit, I finally settled on a machine that looked promising. For four grueling minutes I tried my best to score just one combo. I danced my hardest and flailed my arms as wildly as I could, but it was all to no avail. That was when I realized I was in the men's bathroom standing at a urinal. I was pretty ashamed, but not as much as I was when the Japanese kid next to me got a better score.

-~State Og Representative

6.13 Puppet Show & Tonya Harding

Sunday, Jun 13, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Tonya proves that Aquanet can be considered "product".

There was a time when the idea of celebrating and encouraging the underdog was an integral part of American culture. It was before national media directly controlled perceptions and opinions, a simpler time when listening to a folk song or reading a book would give someone all they needed to know about the great characters of our history. In those days Tonya Harding would have been considered a great heroine, a character of legend who took on the arrogant favorite by any means necessary and managed to overcome. In a way Harding's story still is one of triumph, overcoming adversity and managing to excel in the impossibly rigorous world of Olympic figure skating despite her lack of education and her family's modest means.

It is at the moment where in different times Harding's story would have surpassed a mere family legacy of excellence and become folk heroics that modern society has dealt Harding her downfall. When Tonya Harding ordered the attack on the smiling and postured Nancy Kerrigan she simultaneously created and cemented her reputation as a villain. Truly, as that blow landed on Kerrigan's fragile birdlike knee the clever strike that might have been Harding slaying her Goliath made her instead a kind of Alighierian devil. A pathetic wretch clawing desperately for things she could never, and should never, have.

I wanted something different from Tonya Harding. I wanted to know more about the complex character behind the veil of the monstrous the mainstream media had thrown up over her. It was a sign of Harding's desperation that her initial reluctance to meet with me about her past, present, and future dissolved the moment I mentioned paying her.

Tonya Harding walked into the poorly air-conditioned Atlanta Steak and Shake restaurant with her head held high. My first impression of her was one of confidence, absolute and total confidence in her every action, a strange dichotomy when you consider the damage a single great mistake had wrought in her life. She was wearing a dark denim jacket with red-dyed leather tassels at the shoulders. As she turned to sit across from me at the booth I caught sight of the word "TONYA" written in awkward cursive on her back in a series of varicolored sequins. Her bleach-blond hair roiled up from her sweat-peppered brow in a tsunami of hairspray so thick I could see white integuments binding clumps together.

Figuratively and literally battered and bruised by life, Harding refuses to give up.

Before Tonya even spoke a word to me she consulted with her hulking bodyguard Louis, instructing him quietly to order her a milkshake and a hamburger. Louis was the sort of low-grade man child that shoestring celebrities often employ as muscle to keep up appearances and work as a butler. He looked Samoan and never closed his mouth completely, his greasy black hair coiling behind him in a dismaying rat tail that would have looked more at home creeping up the back of a 1982 Tito Jackson. He wore Bermuda shorts and a white t-shirt that was so tight I could see individual hairs on his chest pushing against the fabric.

Tonya smiled wanly at me when I offered to pay for her meal.

"Check just came in on the bear show," she explained. The bear show would be as good a place as any for me to start with Tonya's life as she told it. It was the latest for-profit degradation she had suffered, coasting along financially on her infamy rather than any talents she possessed. A rib restaurant in Atlanta had paid Tonya $2500 dollars to appear two nights before our meeting and wrestle a trained bear for over an hour.

"Huge fucker," Tonya had ineloquently described. "Looked mean as hell but Vic [the trainer] had told me he ain't bit nobody since 1994."

Tonya held up her arm and showed me where the bear had left red lines on the skin there. The bear's claws were capped with rubber but still obviously capable of at least causing minor injury.

"Some other guy there told me he ran an alligator pit in Florida. Said he would pay up to 3,000 for me to spend a half hour in their pond thing wearing a bikini. I'll probably do it when the money runs out again."

For a brief moment her confidence cracked and I could detect a subterranean river of sadness running through her. She was living hand to mouth and constantly letting herself be pushed into deeper and deeper indignities. Her mask returned as Louis arrived with a brown cafeteria tray holding her neatly wrapped hamburger, a basket of French fries, and a milkshake. I gave her a few minutes of quiet, as much to let her fully reassemble her composure as to satiate her hunger.

When Tonya seemed steadied enough I continued to go deeper, further back, working our way gradually towards the moment that had forever changed her life. I asked her about recent skating work she had done.

"Back in March I did a three-minute free skate in Columbus, Ohio right before the statewide tour of 'Bluejacket On Ice' premiered." Tonya beamed proudly. "They all got up and clapped for that. I was really happy with that."

It turned out that Harding, once a golden child of the US ice-skating community, was lucky if she got paid to perform at something even slightly more prestigious than the opening of a car dealership. She still recalls each event fondly, telling me about her daily show at the Oklahoma State Fair in 2002 and her walk-on cameo for Fox's "Mad TV". She even talks about other celebrities as though her vague brushes with them might build up her character further.

Harding never truly fit the well-off and achievement driven mold of superstar figure skater.

"I ran into Michael Imperiolini [sic] from 'The Sopranos'. You know, Christopher? He was pretty cute in person. He said he recognized me and we talked for a few minutes while he was getting his car washed. He was so nice."

Tonya describes other run-ins with increasingly minor celebrities, from Willie Aames from "Charles in Charge" ("He's doing a bible show now, how great is that?") to "Night Court's" Richard Moll ("He is a giant in person. Like a wall of beef. Pretty cute though.").

Harding does not come across as particularly smart or well-read, but she does seem clever. She obviously has a shrewd eye for opportunity and an almost superhuman (or inhuman) willingness to exploit it. During our conversation we are interrupted three times by patrons of Steak and Shake who recognize her. She autographs napkins and receipts and with each group she plies her trade, feeling out an individual person for a chance to make money. She talks at length with a balding man in his late fifties about his medical practice in the suburbs and even suggests that she might be the perfect choice for a commercial about his

services as an osteopath. He leaves her his business card.

Possibly the most startling thing that Harding lets slip during our conversations is that she has done porn. It is somewhat known that Hustler kingpin Larry Flynt has had a long-standing offer of 50,000 dollars to Harding to appear fully nude in an issue of his magazine.

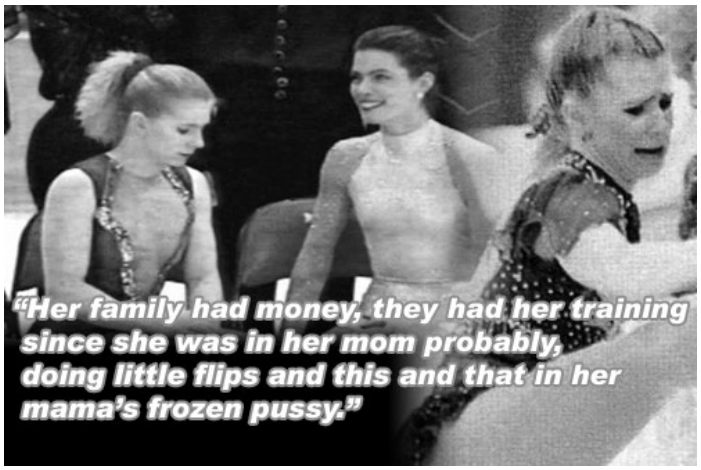
"People thought he dropped the offer after everything sort of faded, but I took him up on it," she confessed. "He agreed to a contract - I should get my lawyer in here - he agreed to a contract where if I did a guy-girl scene with hardcore then he would keep it under wraps until I hit 40. I'll tell you though, that 40th birthday seems closer every year."

She does not go into any further detail about the photo shoot so I don't press her. She declines to discuss her infamous wedding video. When I change the subject to arch-rival Nancy Kerrigan she stews for several seconds before replying.

"Goody two-shoes," Harding blurted. "You know? She thought her shit don't stink. Her family had money, they had her training since she was in her mom probably, doing little flips and this and that in her mama's frozen pussy."

Harding searched in her satchel purse for a pack of Newport menthol 100s. She held the long cigarette between her lips and the silent shadow of Louis fell over her with a burning Bic.

"Yeah, I feel bad. Don't you think I feel bad? I mean look at what that shit did to my life. I was never as good as her. I could never be that good. The world just wasn't set up to be that way. I tried to even it out, but it wasn't the right way. You know?"


"Her family had money, they had her training since she was in her mom probably, doing little flips and this and that in her mama's frozen pussy."

Harding wanted to master her destiny the only way she knew how, and she paid the price. She explains the inequity in the US skating team, the attention lavished on Kerrigan and the cold shoulder she so often received from coaches and managers. Tonya might have accepted the injustices of her relationship with Kerrigan had it not been for the way Kerrigan flaunted her family affluence and her easy talent.

"After a free skate Nancy would come back into the locker room and she would kind of, you know put her hands on her hips, and go 'booya!' right in my face while I was sitting on the bench. She would do that every time if I fucked up on the free skates and she stuck hers. One time I came in to practice and my uniform was all wadded up in the shower. I picked it up and there was a goddamn bloody tampon in there. I know it wasn't Kwan, she wasn't on the rag at the time, but Nancy had been talking about her heavy flows and I knew she was the only bitch on the team who would pull something like that."

Kerrigan had dozens of outfits, Tonya had only the one, and she had been forced to enrage her coaches by missing practice so she could have her blood-smeared skating dress dry cleaned. Tonya continues with anecdotes involving other bodily fluids and even a semi-rape by Kerrigan after Harding bested her in a national championship in Boston. Many of the tales are far-fetched, and I realize that Harding is playing me no differently than she played the folks who wanted her autograph. She sees me as a conduit for her message, a way to get some free publicity and maybe fire up some small-potato gossip columns in the sporting community. Her painting of Kerrigan as a villain is exacting and calculated; it even plays on my preconceptions of Harding.

My enthusiasm wanes and we continue the last few minutes of our time together mostly discussing the boring technical details of her various old and new skating routines. It's obvious that skating is still on her mind, but I don't really care. I hardly even glance at a crude diagram of a routine she has planned for a riverboat casino opening in St. Louis. When it's time for us to go our separate ways I stand up and wait for her to gather her things so that I can shake her hand and wish her luck.

"Hey, before you go," Tonya said, pressing close to me as I stood, "if you want me to come back to your hotel I can work out a price."

I was shaken, but she pressed on.

"It's no big deal, I could do things your girlfriend would never do, anal, another girl, another guy, whatever." She smiled, but her eyes were empty.

I didn't reply. I couldn't, I felt like throwing up. I walked out of the Steak and Shake and into the boiling heat of Atlanta, drawing ragged breaths that burned my lungs and wanting nothing so much as a shower.

For the reporters who keep emailing me and Tonya Harding's legal team: This piece is a work of satire.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.14 Let's Annoy Harlan Ellison!

Tuesday, Jun 15, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Harlan Ellison, shown here wearing a blue hat and (probably) talking about UFOs or time travel or mummies or something. Those are all metaphors for human spirituality.

Harlan Ellison is widely recognized as one of the most influential and prolific science fiction authors of this generation, having contributed to over 1700 motion pictures, stories, and motion stories, which are like normal stories except he has to write them on a locomotive traveling to Akron, Ohio. His 50-year career has produced countless essays on the human condition, alienation, and the rampant ills of society, resulting in Ellison's reputation as one of the few science fiction writers truly in touch with emotion's dark side. Many critics have compared his astute observations to that of famed author Stephen King, particularly after his release of "Maximum Overdrive" or the passionate masterpiece "The Langoliers," which if you'll recall, starred Cousin Balki.

Unfortunately, Ellison's close connection with such raw emotion has left him a little, well, grumpy at times. He is well known for his various anger-fueled outbursts, reacting like a cornered cobra spitting venom at every potential target each time his frustration bursts through its boiling point. Although Mr. Ellison may be one of the modern legends of the otherworldly science fiction genre, his anger management issues are deeply rooted in reality, frightening many journalists away from exposing the "real" Harlan Ellison to his broad fan base.

I am not "many journalists," either in integrity or personal aroma. I am not dissuaded by such fear, and Harlan's intimidation only makes me want to dig deeper to reach in and grasp a handful of justice from his magician's hat of lies. Ellison's mythical tirades of seething hatred will not deter me from sharing the truth about this man, even if it results in him calling my parents and threatening to break my face against a coffee table until I am very dead. A noted scholar once remarked, "there's nothing more infuriating than the truth," so I will take this advice and spend today's update writing nothing but complete, bald faced truths about Mr. Ellison and his career, some of which may shock and alarm the more shockingly alarmist readers out there. Ladies and gentlemen, please prepare yourselves for a ride through the REAL Harlan Ellison, the one he is afraid to show to the rest of the world because deep in the back of his mind Harlan Ellison knows that he can't beat up the entire world, although I'm sure that won't stop him from trying.

SHOCKING AND ALARMING TRUE FACTS AND ABSOLUTELY NOT-MADE-UP STORIES ABOUT HARLAN ELLISON

■ Although many people know Ellison wrote episodes for TV's "Batman," "Star Trek," and "Babylon 5," many of his most hardcore fans are not aware of his involvement with the TV series "Hee Haw," which Ellison worked on under the pseudonym "Dancin' Danny Zippers." Ellison was responsible for roughly 23 skits over a five year time period, including a particularly controversial episode starring Gordie Tapp (as Cousin Clem) and Archie Campbell (as Space Judge) entitled "Space Court: The Case of the Space Negro (In Space)". Here is a brief excerpt from this episode:

> **Cousin Clem:** "So ah was sayin' judge, ah was sayin' judge, this here colored folk done stole mah prized watermelon from this here patch!"
> **Space Judge:** "I do declare! As Space Judge of space, I rule in your favor! I now

pronounce you and the Space Negro man and wife! You may now kiss the bride!"
Cousin Clem: "Man an' wife?!? I ain't marryin' no Space Negro!"
Space Negro: "You ain't no prize yaself, massa'!"

CBS was forced to pull the episode after one of Hee-Haw's primary sponsors, "Doc Waffle's Home Astronomy Kits," complained that their sales would drop due to "honest country folk being afraid of looking into the sky and seeing space negroes."

Harlan Ellison, shown here signing books at a Gene Roddenberry convention.

- Harlan Ellison claims to have invented the Swiffer WetJet, steak, Coca Cola C2, the boxing glove, New Jersey, and the entire concept of "color."

- Joseph Pevney had to exert a significant amount of creative control over Ellison's original screenplay for Star Trek's "The City on the Edge of Forever" episode, demanding a series of major changes and overhauls from the original script. Here is a short list of discrepancies between the original screenplay and the revised (aired) version:

REVISED EDITION:	ORIGINAL VERSION:
Dr. McCoy accidentally injects himself with a dangerous drug named "cordrazine."	Dr. McCoy intentionally injects Captain Kirk with a dangerous drug named "heroin."
Captain Kirk falls in love with Joan Collins.	Captain Kirk punches Joan Collins.
Spock needs parts to build a tricorder.	Spock needs parts to build a gravity bong.

- Ellison was arrested at a McDonalds around November of 1987 for assaulting Troy Vincent, a McDonalds employee dressed as Grimace. According to witnesses, Troy approached Ellison and offered him a coupon for a free apple pie, to which he replied, "your pie is baked with **damned lies**, you **revolting** rancid purple tub of ooze. Your **pathetic bastard god** lies here between my knuckles, kiddo." Ellison immediately began punching Grimace in the face and shouting colorful insults in bold print.

- Despite his attempts to voice his adamant displeasure with the Internet and people who use it, Ellison is an avid online junkie and has lurked on the IRC channel #teenage_divas under the name "hOtlEgs2000." Proof can be found in the following chatlog:

Hellrazer - sup yall
SignOff Coco_Chanel : #teenage_divas (Ping timeout)
BRITNEYFAN - heya ;)
fayde [fayde@537d41f6.austin.14056255.com.hmsk] has joined #teenage_divas
Hellrazer - whats goin on here babe :)
hOtlEgs2000 - The disgustingly vapid and sour stroking of malnourished egos in some kind of brazenly abhorrent digital circle jerk fueled by eternal idiots and the wretched.
Hellrazer - nm, u?

Harlan Ellison, shown here proving he's so tough and loud and noisy that even Death fears him, or at least is afraid that by taking him, Hell's property value will drop by half.

■ Ellison refuses to use a computer when writing. In fact, Ellison additionally refuses to use a typewriter or pen and paper when writing. He has written his last 14 books by smashing a rock against a cave wall and lighting wheat on fire.

■ Nobody really knows much about Ellison's wife, as he refuses to speak openly about her in public and she is unable to do the same since Ellison slapped the vocal cords out of her throat in late 1996. Rumor has it that she plans on filing for divorce and moving out after her sixteenth birthday. He has been married five previous times, each time filing for divorce once his wife's face was covered with callouses and therefore no longer pleasing to slap.

■ When Ellison learned that Stephen Robertson, an AOL user, was posting copies of his work on newsgroups, he tried to sue AOL for copyright infringement. The U.S. District Court for the Central District of California dismissed this case, claiming AOL wasn't liable due to the Online Copyright Infringement Liability Limitation Act. Ellison then tried to sue the U.S. District Court for the Central District of California for not letting him sue AOL. When that lawsuit fell through, he tried to sue the United States government for "creating just a rotten, rotten country."

■ Ellison has a secret room in his house entirely devoted to Star Trek memorabilia and collectibles. His most prized possession is a Denny's dinner plate which was signed by Gene Roddenberry reading, "Dear Harlan, keep on trucking, some day you'll get the hang of this whole writing thing, sincerely Gene." Rumor has it Harlan still hasn't washed this plate to this very day, hoping that the mold and mildew growing from it will form into a giant fluffy ball of brown spores which he will name "Darvin" in memory of his favorite Star Trek episode, "The Trouble with Tribbles." If you ever get a chance to meet up with Ellison, be sure to ask him about his love for Star Trek and how much he enjoys being a huge Trekkie. He'll probably give you a big wet sloppy kiss for being so up front about his secret passion.

Harlan Ellison, shown here "sleeping one off" in a crowded subway.

■ Through a series of mixups and internal communication errors, Ellison was invited to be a guest on "Sesame Street." Security guards and police from neighboring cities were called in when Big Bird asked Ellison the provocative and inflammatory question, "hey Harley, what words begin with the letter 'G'?" at which point he began trying to light the set on fire while shrieking profanities at the puppeteer animating Slimey the Worm.

■ Although he despises TV in general, Ellison has agreed to appear in three television shows which he felt were so intelligent and closely resembled perfection that they deserved his personal appearance or voice acting. These shows were "Babylon 5," "Psi Factor: Chronicles of the Paranormal," and "Phantom 2040." The "Psi Factor" episode he starred in, "The Observer Effect," won numerous awards for excellence in the field of special effects, mostly due to the director's ability to disguise host Dan Aykroyd's huge, huge gut as surrounding scenery like milk tanks and sports-utility vehicles. As for the plot of that particular episode? Well nobody knows anything for sure about it, as no one in the history of the universe has ever successfully watched an entire episode of "Psi Factor," including all its writers, actors, and directors. I'm guessing it had something to do with UFOs and aliens and that guy who wears a suit and looks as if his face was carved out of knives. I don't

even know what the hell "Phantom 2040" is, but I think "Babylon 5" was the show about the space station in space with the space aliens who had funny shaped heads, although not funny shaped heads like the funny shaped heads in "Star Trek."

- If you see Ellison in public and notice him drop a dollar onto the ground, do not pick it up and approach him explaining that he must've mistakenly let go of it or else he'll rip the dollar from your hands and attempt to paper cut your throat open while calling your mother a whore.

Harlan, if you are reading this page from your Star Trek themed-computer desktop, please don't misunderstand today's update and think that I'm launching some personal attack against you. I just feel that your fans out there, the folks who voluntarily buy the nine books about time traveling robot magicians you release each month, deserve to know the truth about you and your life, and I welcome any phone calls from you explaining your humble opinion on these matters. I know my credibility as a serious Internet journalist is at stake each time I delve into another fact-finding biographical update, so I can only pray you take your "professional writing" deal just as seriously as I take my Internet integrity.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.15 Memories of Mummies: Mummories

Tuesday, Jun 15, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Ray Charles, seen here alive and being tormented by fireworks he cannot see.

It was a cold January day in 2002 when I penned my second article for Something Awful. Like the rest of my first hundred or so attempts at writing articles, it was terribly unfunny, painful, and embarrassing to just about everybody in the Milky Way. That article was on the subject of fear, in particular, my fear of one day accidentally killing Ray Charles. At the time, the people masochistic enough to read it said I was suffering from an irrational fear. Well, two years and some change have passed, and Ray Charles has legitimately dropped dead. Not by my hands, though, at least not directly. According to sources I refuse to cite because I have no journalistic integrity whatsoever, Charles passed away after a battle with liver disease that may or may not have involved giant robots and the destruction of Neo-Tokyo. At the same time I was lamenting on my fear of accidentally killing a popular entertainer under the assumption that I was protecting the world from rogue mummies, I also mentioned that Bob Hope should probably die. Since writing that article, Bob Hope has come to agree with me. Last Halloween, I wrote that President Reagan was actually a hologram. The off switch on his illusionary existence has since been turned. All this adds up to one horrible fact: it appears I have the power to kill people with my very words. Anybody, and thusly everybody, I have ever written about is destined to die within two and a half years of me mentioning them. I apologize.

Hello good sir!

I can't tell you how awful I feel knowing that I've doomed a lot of people, such as Larry King, Don Knotts, Bea Arthur, Wil Wheaton, Pope John Paul II, Darryl Strawberry, Shaq (and possibly the entire ancient Shaq-fu martial arts discipline), Chuck Norris, several astronauts, and Louis Anderson, to die at the hands of my mysterious curse, which, to be honest, probably doesn't actually have hands. That's just to name a few. There will be hundreds of others, like Marc Singer from "The Beastmaster" and both Burt Reynolds and Burt Ward. I'm pretty sure I never mentioned Craig T. Nelson, so he's in the clear. Well, up until now anyway. Also, you can look forward to this site either shutting down, or ending up in someone else's hands because everybody who writes here is as good as dead, with the possible exception of a lot of those State Og guys. After two years I still have no clue who they are or what it is they keep on writing about, but bless their tenacious little souls regardless. Oh, and Ben "Grasnin" Platt is probably immune, since I doubt even my curse would really invest the time necessary to find and kill him.

The implications of my powers are far reaching, like the hands of Plastic Man and Reed Richard's secret crossover lovechild. Do my powers extend to comics as well? If so, look for those two characters to die in upcoming issues of their respective comics. Some of you may note that I have written about politics and therefore mentioned our various world leaders. I feel particularly sad knowing that I all but doomed the rulers of the island kingdom of Tonga, a place I enjoy very much when my Something Awful business travels grant me the pleasure of a visit. I do not know if the Secret Service can protect against strange and paranormal curses, but I hope so for the sake of our consistency of government. If not, there may be no one left to lead us, except for Craig T. Nelson. Oops, scratch that. I would also apologize to our world neighbors, because I never meant to destabilize your countries. In retrospect, I sure was showboating when I wrote that update listing all the current world leaders and their home countries. And I certainly didn't do anyone any

favors when I wrote that article listing my favorite disabled orphans in reverse alphabetical order. The point being, more and more people are going to start dropping dead very soon and there isn't anything we can do about it.

Gosh, I'm sorry.

As you might imagine, this is quite a burden that I'm carrying on my wide, childbearing shoulders. I can't say it was a goal of mine to bring death and suffering to the world, but since I never asked for this I don't feel all that guilty. Okay, a little guilty, since I went out of my way to kill Craig T. Nelson. Sorry about that. I feel like I have to make a special effort from now on to not specifically mention anybody by name, such as I did with Craig T. Nelson, because the mere act would be akin to manslaughter. Instead of being personable I will have to settle on a lot of indiscriminate descriptions of people and hope that you readers can fill in the blanks correctly. If anything, that would probably give my terrible writing a timeless quality. People in the future would think I'm talking about people they can relate to, and by that I mean other people from the future. But needless to say, I'm going to be awfully responsible now since I don't want to harm the world anymore than I already have.

There are positives to this whole ordeal, though. I have mentioned Celine Dion on occasion, so we can look forward to an end to her reign of terror and to her eardrum holocaust. In the off chance my powers make dead people come back to life, we can look forward to the resurrection of such men as former presidents Eisenhower, Lincoln, and at least one Roosevelt, as well as Ray Combs, Vincent Price, and Norman Fell. I unfortunately mentioned L. Ron Hubbard as well, but then he was already scheduled for a 2007 resurrection. Apologies for bringing back Hitler, Stalin, Lenin, Pol Pot and Idi Amin, but I can just write about them again once they return in zombie form. Perhaps we can even have the formerly dead presidents take them on in a sudden death charity soccer match. In the end, the smiles garnered from a game like that would be enough to make us forget the tears and sorrow of losing so many people in such a senseless way.

Please don't hate me for my strange powers, instead respect and fear me. I don't want to write an article about your upcoming death, or worse, the upcoming death of your loved ones. But I'd be glad to write about the adoring fans humble enough to pay me routine tribute in the form of cotton candy and trips to the cockfighting arenas I love so much. We can learn to live together, you and I, so let's do that.

Summer Movie Spectacular!

Summer is here, and that means action packed blockbusters to titilate the senses and shut the mind the hell up for a while. Sadly, in the service of duty, I, Ben "Greasnin" Platt, will find none of that as I take a look at the film "Junior." No, not the Arnold Schwarzenegger pregnancy romp, but a horrendous Dutch horror flick by the same name.

Making incredibly shitty horror movies has traditionally been a primarily American undertaking. And, like everything America does, I think we do it the best. But it is an ignorant man who turns a blind eye to the shitty movies from other nationalities. We typically think of the Dutch as a pleasant, mellow, good-natured, clog-bearing people who live in windmills. Marc Ickx set out to change that impression, as well as the impression that vowels are a necessity. To that end, he hired himself a cast and put together the film we lovingly call "Junior," a movie destined to show the world that when you're thinking of cinematic excrement, don't forget to look at Holland.

Why go out to the movies? Stay in and read the review of a movie I rented! It's the closest thing to being an inanimate object!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.16 Welcome to Mcdonalds. May I take your order?

Wednesday, Jun 16, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

My extreme shyness makes every day at Mcdonalds an incredible adventure where quick thinking and Macgyver-like resourcefulness lead to a daring last-second plan to vomit on whoever perpetuated this vicious cycle of social anxiety by making eye contact with me. Unfortunately, shyness isn't covered under the company of health insurance, which means the adventure is actually more like a Dean Koontz thriller where the main character is trapped in a nightmarish medical system that may want to throw them down an elevator shaft. Roughly half of our customers need to be told where the soda dispenser is. When I'm giving them directions it's like I'm Olmec from Legends of the Hidden Temple telling contestants the location of the treasure except my voice is a horrible drone that makes adults cringe and little kids punch me in the face.

To give you an idea of how the ordering process works, let's pretend you're a customer. You enter the store where you're greeted by a cardboard cutout of Grim Shady, the pimp-talking white rapper cousin of Grimace who was recently introduced as part of Mcdonalds' hip new image. I see you approaching the counter and swing into action like the seasoned Pitfall player swings on a vine over a mysterious shrinking and expanding pool of water. If I look unusually happy that's because I've got dry mouth from taking effexor and my lips are stuck to my teeth in the shape of a smile. You yell out your order over the sound of 311's cover of "Love Song", which the Mcdonalds radio station blasts 24 hours a day. Never mind the fact that I look like I'm in a trance; that's just because the song is so bad that I'm experiencing a transcendent high similar to that achieved by African tribesmen who practice self-mutilation. You don't ask for a receipt but the computer prints one out anyway. Every day my manager, Lauren, puts a picture of a tree on the bulletin board, indicating that we've wasted enough paper to kill one rainforest.

Mcdonalds closes at 11:00. After we lock the doors, Lauren and I race around the store on the carts used to take meat to the freezer. I spent my last three paychecks on ground effects and subwoofers for my cart. My cart isn't magic, but yours had better be if you plan on beating me.

Our store has undergone several changes since the dead began walking the earth. Our parking lot has a shiny new electric fence to protect customers from zombie attacks. We also keep two zombies in the basement to experiment on. We've found that by heavily sedating them we can make the zombies docile enough for little kids to have their pictures taken with them. Our ultimate goal is to teach them how to take orders at the front counter while talking to customers in hip urban contemporary slang.

I think I'm in love with the girl on the front page of the Mcdonalds website. She knows she's eating fattening french fries that will speed up the cellular time bomb merrily ticking away the remaining years of her life, yet she's completely blasé about it. You might even say she revels in it. There's something about this picture that makes me feel all cheap and sexy while loving every minute of it. I consider myself something of a male slut, even though I just recently learned how to talk to girls without vomiting up a stream of highly acidic gastric fluids.

Mcdonalds is a strong supporter of stem cell research. Specifically research to turn stem cells into

an edible paste that can be used on breakfast sandwiches. "I can't believe we're getting picketed by pro-life activists." Lauren says. "Anyone who's seen *It's Alive* knows that all babies are evil flesh-eating monsters."

Lauren often asks me why I let my co-worker, Billy, make fun of me. "Don't worry, I have a plan." I tell her. "It hinges on the assumption that once he realizes I have no way of defending myself from his abuse he'll just pity me like everyone else."

Last week I was working at the front counter when Squaresoft producer Hironobu Sakaguchi walked into the store. "I'll have the grilled alien chestburster combo meal." he said.

"Okay, would you like any sauce?" I said. "We have barbecue, honey mustard, or royal jelly from the alien queen."

"Barbecue will be fine."

"Hey, you know how you told interviewers that Final Fantasy VII contained the meaning of life? I'm just wondering, is that part of the game hidden because I never found it. Also is the fun part of the game hidden because I never found that either."

The next thing I remember I was laying on the floor with Hironobu Sakaguchi standing over me saying "Looks like he had an allergic reaction ...to my fist!"

"Am I the only person who's totally creeped out by Dire Straits' "Money for Nothing" video?" Lauren said. "It gives me nightmares of Mark Knopfler shooting lightning bolts at me from his guitar while I'm being molested by giant cubes."

"I'm more afraid of the characters in Final Fantasy IX." I said. "They all look like evil dolls."

"Hey, the only reason everyone hates FFIX is because they don't have the mental faculties to comprehend the game's deep and meaningful message." Hironobu Sakaguchi said. "People are stupid."

"Tell me about it." Lauren said. "Whenever I use my robot suit to save people from burning buildings they always ask me the same question: "Who are you?" I'm like "I'm a girl in a robot suit. Duh."

My next customer was a fat man holding a baby. "Hello sir, may I sell you some data crystals?" I said.

"I'll have the crispy boglin sandwich. Hold the mayo." the man said.

I grabbed the baby and threw it into the frialator.

"What did you do that for?"

"I'm sorry sir, but your baby had a headcrab on his head. It would've eventually burrowed its way into the frontal lobe of his brain, causing him to descend into a zombie-like state. I just saved your baby from a horrible fate far worse than death."

"That's preposterous. I want to speak to your manager."

Lauren walked up to the counter and spoke.

"I'm his manager, sir, and I'm going to kill you. I'm going to shoot you with my flame thrower, causing the billions of fat cells in your large doughy body to spontaneously ignite in a luminous energy expenditure so bright that it will be visible from outer space."

As you can see, my job couldn't possibly get any more exciting unless I was a crime fighting fetus whose umbilical cord had the same mystical properties as wonder woman's lasso of truth. I'll see you in two weeks with an update where I fantasize about how awesome my life would be if I owned a pair of Tidus pants.

Chapter Nine From Outer Space

Zack "Geist Idioter" Parsons here to herald the arrival of an almost uniformly unanticipated chapter of "Untitled Document". Things are really starting to get frisky!

> The tape jumped again and the view was from farther away, at least several blocks. What was left of the Conservator squads, bloodied and battered, were now sheltering behind the burned shell of a UPS truck. From their vantage point the assault landing craft was still visible. The camera focused on it for several seconds and then, soundlessly, a bubble of fire punched out of the craft's hunched back. An instant later several more bursts of fire followed, and the ship bucked into the air and then smashed back down, its landing struts sheering off completely. The camera reverberated from an overlapping series of explosive booms accompanied by a strange whistling noise that grew in frequency and intensity.

Go read it you goddamn bitches. Or if you would rather, read this. Haha! Gotcha!

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

6.17 Appease a Centipede

Friday, Jun 18, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We Are Losing!

Centipedes get so tired when they're clinging to the cieling above your head.

My apartment has proven to be a yearly biological experiment in the arms race of evolution. We don't have much of a mold or fungus problem here and the closest thing to a roach infestation we've ever had was that false alarm when I saw a pillbox beetle. No, the magic of evolution happens when the yearly brood of centipedes hatches and begins to grow and grow. Sort of like beautiful flowers only they move really fast, have about ten thousand legs, and like to take naps on the ceiling right above your head. Sometimes those cute wittle centipedes just get soooo sweepy they snooze off, give a little bug yawn, and then fall right on your goddamn neck. The sensation of a centipede on your neck is roughly as comfortable as wearing a leather jacket made out of broken vials of acid and your mom's flayed skin.

What makes the yearly tide of centipedes even more fun and exciting is that they are getting bigger with each passing of the seasons. When I first moved in here the centipedes were hideous little scurrying bastards maybe an inch long, two inches on a bad day. Three years later and the first centipede of the year fell off the tree measuring in at just shy of five inches. It's not even funny to me anymore, nor is it scary. I look at these leg-laden bug-beasts, the way they crawl so effortless across walls and ceilings, how they scurry so blindingly fast when threatened, and I know my time is coming. It's fatalism, because whatever retromutagen ooze these sons of bitches have been sipping is a lot more potent than the vodka I've been drinking to drive away the nightmares.

Humans have this great organ that Bibleman tells me is called a soul and this has for many decades been our edge over the beasts of nature. They can be venomous or cunning or just have skin made out of rocks or whatever, but as long as we have technology and the power to appeal directly to God through prayer, they will never be our match. Or so I thought before this year's crop of centipedes. In their tiny glassy eyes I can see mankind's downfall. I can see that centipedes, through sheer evolutionary luck, can and will eclipse us. Based on their present rate of evolution that will probably happen in about six or seven years.

Sure, we'll fight a war to stop them. We will mass troops and wield the greatest weapons that man can muster, but it's already too late. They have come too far to be stopped and by that point we'll just be putting on our oxygen masks as the plane crashes into Tower Two. The centipedes will just crush our tanks, swat our planes from the sky, and pull legions of soldiers screaming into their insatiable mouths. Then they will tear open the soft belly of human civilization and feast on the mewling innards of mankind. All of Bibleman's fabled souls will be nothing more than seasoning on the delicious sweet meats of our flesh.

We're lost. Unless we start making peace overtures now while we're still negotiating from a position of power. That is precisely what I have done with my new Befriend the Centipedes Program. I think it would be a great project for you to start in your own centipede infested home or office. But don't let me get ahead of myself; let me tell you about just how you can Befriend the Centipedes.

TheBefriendtheCentipedesProgram

Centipedes might seem creepy or icky to me and you, but that's because of something that collegeicians call "racialism". Racialism is a demon that lives inside the breast of every man and woman and it comes from our primordial fear of things different from us. Did you ever notice how those negroes seem sinister? That's racialism! Don't you think dogs are inferior? Racialism again! Isn't that lamp sort of tacky? Hello racialism!

Centipedes have to get things done just like you or I might if we had jobs and families instead of the hollow emptiness of sociopathy and anxiety disorder.

Once you realize that racialism is at the root of so many problems you can begin to overcome it and then overlook the differences between yourself and others around you. This will help you not want to smash or burn centipedes when you encounter them. You will be able to empathize with them as surely as the White Kings of Atlantis learned to understand that the negro feels pain almost like humans do. Thus the White Kings stayed their cruel scourges from the tortured backs of the negroes, sailing away on their glorious golden galleons into the stars and the pages of the history books. Like those shining white path-finders of yore, you too will set sail on the seas of understanding to self-actualize your way into the history book entitled "Getting to Know Centipedes".

Sometimes centipedes like to get a little exercise by climbing all over your face like crazy little kooks! Oh man, that looks fun mister centipede!

And what do we know about centipedes? That's a great question Johnny, let's take a look at some interesting and exciting facts about centipedes.

FACT: Despite their name centipedes cannot fly!

FACT: Each individual centipede has many names, but only one true name, and in knowing the true name you control the power of the centipede.

FACT: Centipedes looooooooooooooooooove back bacon.

FACT: Centipedes have small houses only a few inches across, but they call them "yurts".

FACT: If you enlarged a centipede with some sort of matter enlargement ray until it was the size of a 747 jet then one of its nine penises would be as long as a regulation baseball bat if you had used the same ray to enlarge it to the size of a foam hotdog costume.

FACT: When threatened a centipede can seem to run almost as fast as lightning.

FACT: Centipedes cannot open doors or drawers, but if they try really hard they can open tent flaps and zippers.

FACT: Centipedes do not use toilets because they go to the bathroom out of their eyes!

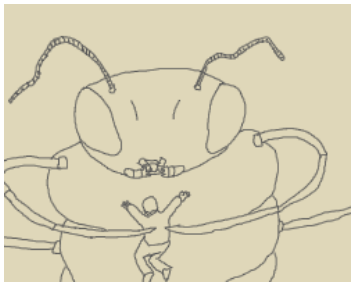
FACT: A centipede cannot drive a car or fly a helicopter, unless we designed a tiny car or helicopter with tiny working controls, but that's simply preposterous. If you can do this you probably should try.

FACT: I wonder if a centipede can cry. Oh wait, it cries poop!

Those are some amazing tidbits of information about centipedes and I hope they helped you develop a better understanding of our multi-legged brothers and sisters. A word of warning before we

continue: watch out for millipedes. You may mistake them for centipedes because they have a lot of legs, but millipedes are an evolutionary dead end with absolutely zero chance of out-breeding and outgrowing mankind until they rule over us from the chitin throne of Neo Tokyo. If you curry favor with the millipedes the centipedes will grow jealous and destroy you when you least expect it!

We've learned a lot about growing to understand the centipede but now it's time to take action and actually begin befriending your local centipedes. The Befriend the Centipedes offers three quick ways to woo a centipede. These are just guidelines, and may not work on every centipede, but try them out and have fun with them!



They will rise! They will judge us just as Anubis weighs the bloodied heart of the dead! Love the centipede now, for one day soon they will be our masters! IA! IA!

#1 Do a Favor for a Neighbor!

The average centipede has a lot to do during its regular working day. It has to hunt food, run around crazily up and down walls, maybe jump on your neck a few times, and then there are all the commitments at home. That yurt is not going to take care of itself. That's where you come in! Take the time out of your own busy schedule to help a centipede mow the lawn or clear out the rain gutters. Maybe you can clean the centipede's car for it or even, if it lives where it works, help it with its trade while it is asleep in bed. What centipede wouldn't want to wake up next to a pile of finely crafted wooden shoes?

#2 Watch That Language Sailor!

Just because you're little miss longshoreman with the potty-talk doesn't mean that's the sort of garbage that centipedes and their brood want to hear. You have to remember that you immense size in comparison to a centipede makes every word out of your mouth like a foghorn going off somewhere deep inside whatever the centipedes have instead of eardrums. If those words are curse words it becomes a doubly horrifying experience for the centipede. Try to replace swear words with acceptable substitutes. For example "you fucking cuntcock" could become "you funny crabcake" and "dickshits your ass fuckler" could easily be replaced with "dump trucks your eye cooker". Those centipedes with young ones to look out for will definitely thank you.

#3 Let Them Have Their Way

When centipedes aren't hard it work they love to just scurry around like hilarious little scamps. The last thing you want to do is rain on their parade by chasing them off or, Centipede God forbid, killing them with a Kleenex or broom. The centipedes might want to swarm all over your plate of food at the dinner table, they might want to crawl all over your face, or they may even want to nest and spawn inside your vagina. Whatever they're up to, just let them have their way. They're probably not going to hurt anything - only 20% of centipedes carry communicable diseases - so just listen to the pitter-patter of hundreds of tiny feet and try to enjoy it.

Those are just some suggestions on how you can make amends for the millennia of oppression and racialism that you have subjected the centipedes to, but be creative! If you're lucky perhaps they will pass down legendary folktales of your generosity for the seven or eight hundred generations it takes them to evolve dominance over us. It may not seem like it to outsiders like you and me, but the centipedes have a proud oral history that is always being revised and updated.

God I Love Being A Turtle!

Josh "Hot Dog Day #28" Boruff here announcing a brand new Photoshop Phriday. This week I tasked my goony friends on the Something Awful Forums to create Photoshop images celebrating the glorious history of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. Like most sane people, we appreciate the profound social and cultural contributions of the Ninja Turtles, and were eager to show just how much. As you might have guessed, the goons did a bang-up job like always!

PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
JUNE 2004
Wrap Your Brain Around This:
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12 Pages of Steamy Nudes
SHREDDER METAL FETISHES ARE BACK!
GIRLS OF THE FOOT CLAN GOING WILD ON SPRING BREAK
SPLINTER ANSWERS OUR QUESTIONS ABOUT LOVE AND LIFE AS A BIG FILTHY RAT
www.somethingawful.com

This is a two part series concluding next week, but that shouldn't stop you from reading part one!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.18 The Ingredients for a Downriver BBQ

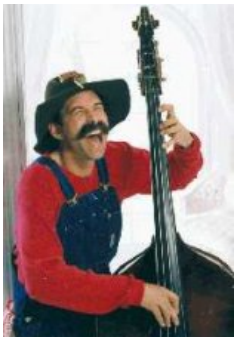
Friday, Jun 18, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

I want to tell you all about a very magical place located in my hometown of Detroit called "Downriver". It is located in the southern part of the city, hence the name "Downriver", and is special in the regard that it's actually a wormhole to some backwoods city in the deep south. Most of the Downriver residents are white, blue-collar workers who look like they just ambled out of a Jerry Springer episode, still groggy from the flurry of punches from their half-sister fiancé who they cheated on with a neighbor's garden hose. Here NASCAR is the official religion, and the streets are thick with guys sporting mullets in fired up, red Ford trucks blasting Lynard Skynard. The neighborhoods are populated with old, dilapidated houses with overgrown lawns full of cinder blocks and headless dolls floating in rusty water barrels. Patriotism in these parts run rampant, as well as various forms of STDs. When driving through a Downriver area, it's not uncommon to see two full grown men in Dio concert shirts fighting over a squealing hog, while a old woman runs in circles shedding food stamps like a blustery chicken.

Now I'm not trying to be down on poor folk for I myself didn't grow up as a privileged child, but poverty seems to be a prevalent side effect to the redneck lifestyle. Scientists are still puzzled over whether poverty breeds the hick, or if it's the hick who spends all his savings on satellite TV and cases of Bud that makes him poor. We might never know. All I know for sure about Downriver is that it's a white-trash breeding ground, and yours truly was lucky enough to be invited to a BBQ in the heart of this dark territory last week. It was there that I was witness to all of these stereotypes, which proved to be 100% accurate. I watched with fascination and horror as the ingredients for a true to life hillbilly hoe-down were unveiled before me in this grand spectacle of genetic failure.

BBQ Site: Ratty old house next to a railyard.

When I accepted the invitation to this BBQ though a friend of a friend, I had no idea what I was getting myself into. I figured it would be a simple affair with a bunch of younger people hanging out, eating some hamburgers, and drinking some cold brew. When I found out it was Downriver, my heart skipped a beat and I was reminded of the stories my dad used to tell me about his Downriver co-workers that brought raccoon meat in for lunch, and missed work because they got high on coke and rode their cars on train tracks thinking they were a choo-choo. I was close to backing out, but my morbid curiosity got the best of me. I foolishly arrived on time and was the first one at the house. The house was squalid and the lawn badly in need of a cut. A grill was stacked on top of a few cinder blocks and the coolers and bowls of snacks were set on a picnic table. I quickly went about my business of getting drunk to dull the pain I knew was to come, and swatted the hordes of mosquitoes off my legs as the 4:00 freight train roared past the house. With enough beer and good food in me, I thought that I might be overreacting and that everything was going to be okay after all. Like always, I was wrong .



Ben Stiller on the banjo, and every single movie that comes out this summer.

Crazy old grandma who talks to elves.
The hostess' grandmother showed up next bearing what looked like to be a form of Jell-O snack. I was hoping that she was just there to drop off some supplies and leave, but no, she was there for the long haul. I already have a great distrust for old people, because they look strange and can cast spells, but this lady was also totally crazy. The worst part is that I was left alone with her for what seemed like an enternity while the others got the supplies ready in the kichen. The old coot looked at me and started talking about the Germans, and how when she was a girl a soda pop would cost a nickel, and then she went to talk to some clouds about the coffee she drank that morning. I took out my cell phone and pretended I was doing something while she rattled on about her feet and the communist menace. It totally killed my buzz.

Bleached blonde bimbo that chain smokes and has 6.5 children.
Thankfully a few more people arrived to save me from the withered crone babbling nonsensically in my ear. I conversed for a little bit and started working on building my buzz back into a respectable state. Then a caravan of pure Downriver showed up just in time to kill it again. It consisted of a bleached blonde woman who was probably in her late 20's but looked 40, and a gaggle of dirty children. She constantly had a cigarette dangling from her permanant scowl, and screamed at her children with a raspy pre-cancer voice. She shot me a look of distrust seeing as I was an outsider due to my lack of mustache or clothing items bearing the American flag. While her grubby children ran around causing mayhem, and her young baby wailed in a stroller, she started the grill up and threw some hot dogs and hamburgers on. Normally I can never refuse grilled meat, but the atmosphere and the sight of her cigarette dangling over the food was enough to eradicate my hunger. I stuck to drinking beer and clasping my rosary in my pocket; praying for a quick and painless death.

Dude with huge gut, tye-dyed shirt with eagle, and pube mustache.
Just as the food started to catch fire because the blonde mother was too busy shouting at her kids to tend to the grill, a new guest arrived on the scene. This man was the original Downriver male prototype and ever since his conception, thousands were made in his image. He was wearing a tye-dyed blue and purple t-shirt decorated with a large eagle boldly staring out from his impressive beer gut. He also wore a trucker hat with an American flag, wore Oakley sunglasses and sported the patented fuzzy pube mustache. Cluched firmly in his hand was a can of Bud that he downed with gusto as he leaned back against the chain link fence and surveyed his surroundings, scanning for a potential mate for a night of clumsy, blubbery, drunken sex. While I was greatly entertained by this rare opportunity to witness a real live redneck BBQ, my soul felt sick, and the screaming children and grandmother who was talking to communist elves started to give me a

"Hey Cecil I found this thing in a meteor crater, lets grill it!"

massive headache. Well it couldn't get any worse. Right?

Music Selection: Kid Rock and Ted Nugent.
To try to drown out the sounds of trains and wailing babies, a CD player was produced to play some tunes. I knew something was missing from the atmosphere and it was made painfully obvious once I heard Kid Rock, the patron saint of redneck Detroit, blast out of the radio. Of course the CD started to skip, so this was replaced with good old Ted Nugent. This fueled the BBQ to get a little more crazy, as a mixture of the song, beer, and bugs prepared us to join Fred Bear in the big hunt up in heaven. That's assuming that you can kill animals in heaven with bows and guns. Hopefully they won't be hippie fags about it.

Neighbor troll in superhero sweat suit with dangerously obese dog.
I first spotted the supertroll walking an obese dog near the train tracks to the right of the house. By now I was getting to be fairly intoxicated and stricken with a terrible headache, so I thought that I must be seeing things. I spoketh "Is it a bird, is it a plane? No, it's a horribly fat butter-wench crammed into a red and blue sweat suit. Is she wearing a cape?!" What topped the entire look off were her cornrows. Cornrows already look horrible on white people, but being lumpy and ugly doesn't help either. I almost felt guilty for being so critical of such a specimen, but then she started to trot after her poor fat dog and I threw up in my mouth a little. Later she walked over the chain link fence and hovered, probably waiting for a scrap of food, but to no avail. I shielded my eyes to guard against any more cognitive damage until she waddled inside and ate bouillon cubes.

I fled the scene before the cops or fire department could show up, and spent the rest of the night laying in a dark room and whimpering. The event was as troubling as the time I wasted an entire village of women and children during a tour of Vietnam. At least I survived the BBQ mostly intact, nursed my headache with a cold pack, and sat down for to watch Maurey Povich console some fat kid. If anything, it made a somewhat interesting tale of the secret world of Downriver. I hope you enjoyed it, or at least learned a little something about the white trash in all of us. I eagerly await a lawsuit from Jeff Foxworthy and the ghost of Boxcar Willie.

The doomed children of future Downriver.
About this time, the old otter was getting a basketful of trouble down by the old creek, Kodak the bear got himself in a pickle trying to get a beehive out of old man willow, and Grizzly Adams was doing coke lines off a dead Injuin's back. Oh wait, that was an episode of Grizzly Adams I was watching on PBS a few days ago. The BBQ, much like Adams, was in full swing and getting uglier by the minute. The children were malnourished hellbeasts who like to run around, scream, and break things. They were adorned with fake tattoos that are preparing them for real ones very soon. One of the kids was much older, and had to be around 15, which means the blonde woman probably had him when she was 15.

We have angered the Gods with our rigorous inbreeding program.

This boy was the biggest trouble maker and was consuming alcohol, stealing things from the house, and somehow managed to get on the roof. The mother and grandmother screamed for him to get down as

a train roared past, Ted Nugent was blaring on the radio, and the obese dog was barking. The hostess was so upset that a fight erupted between her and the 15 year old brat, and the eagle shirt guy tried to break it up but fell over a cooler because he drank a case of beer, and the grandmother screamed to the heavens at invisible unicorns and ran away, knocking over the grill onto the overgrown grass. I laughed and fell out of my lawn chair totally drunk and insane. And with that, the Downriver BBQ came to a close.

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

6.19 How To Break Into The Video Game Industry

Saturday, Jun 19, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

Here I am preparing today's update.

Before we begin allow me to set the record straight about my last front page update. What many people didn't know about the update three weeks ago is that it was never planned. Many of you criticized my horrible, horrible, horrible, horrible, and horrible article for it's unfunny jokes, terrible grammar, and musky scent. But to be perfectly honest I did not have a lot of time to write it. Here's what happened. That Saturday night Greasnin was heading home from his school, Bovine University, and got into a terrible accident. He was minding his own business when, BAM, a well came out of no where and he fell into it. Greasy called up Lowtax on his cell phone and told him that he had become a well troll and would have to live in the well for at least three days. Panicked, Lowtax instant messaged me screaming, "SPIC JONES YOU GOTTA WRITE AN UPDATE FOR MY INTERNET SITE! MILLIONS ARE AT STAKE HERE OLD FRIEND!" It may have been the tight underpants speaking but I agreed and set to work writing the worst goddamn update ever posted anywhere. The Guinness people even contacted me to put my update in their book as breaking the record for "Worst Thing Ever". Three weeks later Greasnin has once again fallen into a well, the same well, and it's up to me to save the Sunday front page! Not at all content with the crappiness of my last update, I will now attempt to break my own record and write the worst update ever. Again.

Are you looking to break into the exciting world of video game development? Do you want to be a part of an ever-growing industry where fantasy comes to life and dreams come true? Well, go to college and learn how to do something useful because this article isn't for you. I'm here to show you how to get a job with one of the many game publishers whose sole line-up consists of games based on whatever movies are coming out soon. The easiest way to break into the game industry is to become a video game tester. Those of you who know what those crazy numbers and symbols mean that make Taki's breasts bounce probably already have a job as a programmer. Those of you who can dress yourselves probably already have a job as a producer. The rest of us poor bastards have to become game testers. My advice, should you be stupid enough to follow it, will allow you to become everything you ever wanted to be if those desires include things like poor, unhappy, and hungry.

Step 1: Stealing someone else's identity.

If you are a frequent visitor of this website then Lord knows how many times you've been convicted for Class A felonies in your lifetime. Your arrest history, as impressive as it is, can only allow you to go so far in life. Even CompUSA won't hire you. And CompUSA hires dog shit, actual fucking dog shit. So what makes you think a giant heartless corporation is going to hire you? You see, despite the fact you'll be doing nothing useful at their company, game publishers want their game testers to be drug-free, tick-free, and most of all, conviction-free. The most important quality you can have when applying to any company is your ability to get acquitted of any and all charges regardless of if you really committed them or not. And in order to make them think you're a good employee you need to steal yourself an untainted past.

Identity theft is on the rise these days. It's as easy as becoming a manager of Best Buy and everyone is doing it. Every year 840 million Americans suffer from identity theft.

The epidemic is so bad that the local swap meet is literally a grab bag of social security cards and driver licenses. Ralphs has buy two get one free on identities when you use your Ralphs club card. Gone are the days when kids traded Pokemon and Yu-Gi-Oh cards. These days the kids deal in passports and green cards. As popular as identity theft is these days for some reason the government thinks it should be illegal. And as I've explained already you aren't that good at getting out of accusations of serious crimes. But don't lose hope yet. Your old pal Spikker Jones has thought of another way.

Let's face it, people die. And when people die they have things in their pockets. Just like when you forget to check your pockets when you throw a pair of pants into the washing machine, many people forget to check Grandpa's pockets before throwing the dirt on his coffin. America's graveyards are a treasure chest of wallets, unused condoms, Blockbuster Video cards, and melted chocolate bars, and the key to that teasure is a shovel. And it's not like these people need that shit anyway. In fact, if I were dead I would be happy if someone could find a use for my crusty old social security card. It wasn't even mine to begin with!

"I'm looking forward to working with you!"

Step 2: Accepting the fact that you are going nowhere in life.

Let's be honest here. Only one out of a hundred people are ever going to make something of themselves. While a person could do amazing things with their life, you aren't going to be doing any of that so stop trying already. I can see an upside to this situation however, you'll get to test, sell, and buy things that other people much more creative than you or I have created. There wouldn't be the movies, games, and television shows we love so much without bloodthirsty consumer whores to get rich off of. Besides, even if you were part of that development process you'd only get in the way. Don't worry, it's okay. Stop crying. If I can come to terms with the fact that this update is going no where then you can handle this. Jesus, come on, stop crying. Stop crying or I'll give you something to cry about!

Step 3: Write a resume

In order to write a successful resume you'll need a computer, a text editing program, a printer, and a bucket of lies. Be careful with that bucket though, it's heavy. Type a bunch of embellishing phrases on the keyboard, empty your bucket of lies into the USB port, and the computer will do the rest. Here's my resume: Spokker Jones
(fake address)
(phone number to Arbys)

Objective: To take shit from the man.

Employment History:

1912 - 1912 Drove the Titanic into an iceberg. Hundreds perished.

Responsibilities include:

- Drinking heavily.
- Streaking naked across the ship.
- Shooting the flare gun at sea gulls.
- Convincing old rich dowager to leave me all her money.

1999-2002 Administrator of ULTIMATE SSJ DRAGON BALL Z BATTLE ROLE PLAYING FORUM

Responsibilities include:

- Driving sales up 30% for record third quarter earnings.
- Facilited team development and conflict resolution when needed.
- Successfully completed implementation of new accounting software systems.
- Managed team of 8 junior accountants including daily work assignments and annual performance reviews.
-

2002-2004 Watching Law and Order in my underwear.

Responsibilities include:

- Turning over once in a while.
- Getting up to pee.
- Falling asleep and missing the verdict.
- Jerking off whenever Elisabeth Rohm is in the scene.

Skills:

- Can eat twelve hot dogs in a single sitting.
- Able to succesfully dress myself 9 times out of 10.
- Can remember the television show "Capitol Critters".
- Excellent at writing horrible front page updates on command.

With a resume like that you'll be on the Fortune 500 list of wealthiest people in the world in no time.

Step 4: Apply for the job.

Now that you have a resume and a head full of false hopes it's time to actually apply for the job. Find out which game companies have decided to set up shop in your area. Unless you live in California the answer is none. Once you have chosen a company to apply to simply head on over to their website and fill out their online application. Many companies have online applications these days because they really don't want to look at or talk to you. If you thought ignoring someone's instant message was easy, ignoring someone's online application is a thouand times easier.

If Hell is currently experiencing a cold front then you'll recieve a call from a recruiter who will schedule you for an interview. There are only two things you need to remember when interviewing for a game testing position.

As a game tester you'll be getting more tail than a toilet seat. Unfortunately this is your tail.

1. Show up.
2. Speak English.

After the interview is over they'll thank you for coming in and tell you that they will get back to you real soon.

Step 5: You are now dead.

Let's face it, you have a better chance at getting struck by lightning than breaking into the game industry at any level. The video game industry is a lot like the Stonecutters. You are only getting in if you are a son of someone in the industry or save the life of someone in the industry. Inform mom you won't be moving out after all.

I hope you've enjoyed my record-breaking update. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a ceremony to attend.

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

6.20 Hooray! You've Got Gmail!

Sunday, Jun 20, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

In recent very exciting weeks we've seen the pseudo-launch of Gmail, Google's answer to e-mail. I'm certainly no expert on the subject, since I secretly don't care about the subject at all, but as near as I can tell, Gmail is an advanced benevolent God-machine programmed to bring salvation to the wicked land of e-mail. Right now Gmail is in some sort of new-fangled beta stage, and new accounts are being offered by way of an invitation system designed to make nerds get overly excited. This means that people have been working themselves up by selling, trading, giving away, and pleading for invites. As far as I can tell, Gmail invites are some kind of nerd currency currently comparable only to the comical money used in Canada, which features pictures of ducks, hockey players, and a grizzly bear playing a banjo. You ain't not nobody if you don't got Gmail, as they say in the partially-literate area the rest of the world calls "America."

As a member of the last few years, I've seen the whole notion of e-mail devalued to the point where you'd have to do some pretty impressive magic to make another e-mail address appealing to me. If maybe the e-mail was hosted in a server located inside the Pope's hat, for example, I might get excited about it. I can generate a virtually unlimited number of new accounts, and while it would be awesome to have 50 different e-mails, it would also be tedious. The three I have now are more than enough to keep me occupied, especially since so many concerned SA readers somehow became aware of how small my penis is and started a massive grassroots e-mail campaign to make me aware of medications I could be taking to both enlarge my penis and deal with the depression that having a small penis causes. Even after reading the feature list, Gmail still sounds like any other e-mail address. So what's the fanaticism about? Early on people were shelling out pretty big handfuls of cash monies for Gmail invites, and the days of paying for e-mail ended roughly several years ago, shortly after the dodo killed the wooly mammoth in a rooftop shootout. To fill precious vertical space, the lack of which is the most dangerous foe to us lazy writer-types, let's take a look at what Gmail is all about.

Amazing Features:

I can't take it anymore - Message (Plain Text)
File Edit View Insert Format Tools Actions Help
Send
To...
lowtax@somethingawful.com
Cc...
Subject:
I can't take it anymore
I've had enough of your bullshit and lies, Rich. I fucking quit and I'm going to tell everyone about your little
E-mail is boring.

- Approximately one gigabyte of storage. Imagine all the porn! Imagine! No, wait, I didn't mean for you to get excited like that just now! Please calm down and pull your pants up.
- Search your e-mail just like you would the web. Find leading suppliers of e-mails from grandma. Would you like to make grandma's e-mail your startup page?
- Spam filtering that destroys most of the hoards of junk messages that descend upon your inbox like horny locust revved up on Viagra.
- E-mails are archived forever in Google's command center located miles beneath Cheyenne Mountain.

Advantages over regular E-mail:

- "G" comes later in the alphabet than "E," so therefore Gmail is superior to E-mail. At least until we replace the alphabet with... THE OMEGABET.

- No banner advertisements or pop-ups. Instead Pepsi, the beverage of our generation, sponsors each e-mail. All e-mail you send and receive becomes the property of Pepsi.
- Right now it's for elitists people only so you can be part of a small fraternity of super-nerds.
- Unlike users of conventional web based e-mail, the Gmail user has a ridiculously large amount of space allowing them the luxury of never having to delete e-mail. That is until I finish my DivX rip of the hit movie "Gigli" and e-mail it to them.

This is also the start of what appears to be an e-mail arms race between Google and Yahoo, two companies that really know the value of the letter "O." In an effort to combat Gmail, Yahoo is offering expanded storage to its clientele of dumb teenage girls, allowing heavier volumes of cutesy joke-forwards and important personality tests that foretell destiny and love. This is great news for consumers! I look forward to the day when the competition between free e-mail providers gets so heated that the presidents of competing companies offer free blowjobs to anyone willing to sign up. Not because I plan to signup then, but because I just think that it's high time corporate America distributes more blowjobs.

Google, like a detective with amnesia, has had a curious existence. It's just a search engine, yet, strangely, there are people who look at it as the greatest thing to ever knock the Internet up. As someone who does not get excited about websites or search engines, I never saw Google as anything more than a decent way of occasionally searching for my own name out of basic egomaniacal need. To countless nerd-like creatures, Google has become a sort of sacred cow that can do no wrong. I've seen many a forum thread of unadulterated praise for Google and talk of how it's the single most monumental creation since the invention of the TI-82 calculator, which completely blew away the TI-81. I suppose Google is probably a lot more appealing and personable a company than Microsoft or one of those other corporate titans built on the blood of dead virgins, but I fail to see why I should look at them as anything more than a search engine.

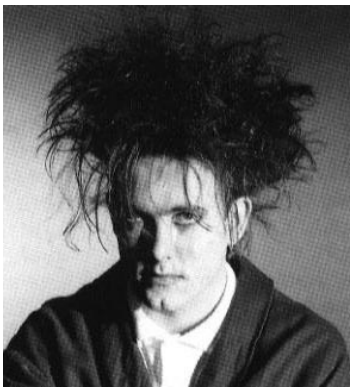
I guess I'm also confused as to why people keep talking about e-mail, particularly Gmail, all of a sudden. After being boring old news for about a decade, all it takes is the promise of a ton of space to make people fall in love with e-mail again? Were we running out of space for our e-mail to begin with? Are there that many joke of the day forwards in existence? I think not. I do have to credit Google on some good promotion, though. This invitation thing has whipped a lot of people into an utterly inexplicable fervor. I still plan to go ahead with abducting and murdering the next person to either offer me a Gmail invite or ask for one, but I won't fault Google for that. Well, if I get caught I will, but there is no way anyone will catch me.

My main annoyance with Gmail is that I was really hoping for e-mail to die out, like Gandhi or the saber tooth tiger, or, better yet, Gandhi riding on the back of a saber tooth tiger as it battles a heavily armed dodo mounted on the back of a wooly mammoth. But no, nothing ever works out for me. Everything seemed to be going good in my life, but then I heard the news that Google had thwarted my diabolical plans and I very nearly escaped asphyxiating on my Charleston Chew. If only I hadn't invested so much money in consumer video teleconferencing companies. I thought we'd all be using that by now!

P.S. Be sure to send hatemail for this awful update to my new e-mail address, spokkerjones@somethingawful.com.

Your Band Sucks: The Return of the Cure!

Heads up, gothy! There's a new confirmed-as-awful Cure single coming your way, and a new destined-to-be-awful Cure album following soon after. This week, Dr. David Thorpe resists the temptation to buy into comeback fever while revisiting his shameful gothic past.



"Well you know what, Robert Smith? You're not getting my cash, you money-grubbing, wooly gothic bastard. You can't release three crap albums in a row and then expect everyone to come running back whenever your accountant/muse dangles a solid-gold carrot in front of your fat, pallid face."

What could Dr. Thorpe possibly have against a poor harmless old clown like Robert Smith? It's time to find out.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.21 This Update Is About Dogs and Cats

Monday, Jun 21, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I think somebody created this picture as a "joke," but I don't think I "get it." I'm guessing the person who drew this is regularly encouraged by his wife to keep making more art. Somebody kill this woman.

I'm sure many / some / none of you recall a few of my previous updates detailing the zany, wacky antics of my two dogs (Polly, Speedy) and two cats (Cat, Stupid). These two groups of superpets routinely engage in a series of legendary adventures ranging from the fun-filled "Polly Throws Up a Giant Sentient Pool of Green Acid" to the always exhilarating "Cat Throws Up a Giant Sentient Pool of Brown Acid." Occasionally they will choose to spice things up by vomiting different colored hues or vomiting in such a location that takes me seven straight days to locate the stench, but a majority of their activities revolve around consuming something through the hole in their head and then expelling something through the hole in their head or butt. Some of the really good and talented pets can shoot liquids out of both their butt and head at the same time, like a malfunctioning high-powered Mr. Softy ice cream machine.

Since I am a self-professed expert regarding the ownership and care of family pets, people often ask me what type of pet they should purchase. I am of course lying here; nobody ever asks me anything except when I'm going to shut up and stop writing. Fortunately for folks like myself, the Internet is a bastion of uneducated, ignorant, rambling jackasses who take pride in spreading unintelligent drivel and poor advice all across the digital wasteland, so occasionally people are forced to ask me for advice. Something Awful stands apart from the rest of such aforementioned worthless sites because, although we are still a bastion of uneducated, ignorant, rambling jackasses who take pride in spreading unintelligent drivel and poor advice all across the digital wasteland, we also have a section of our site for Photoshopped images, and I feel this makes us truly unique in almost every conceivable way.

I feel it is my patriotic duty as a red-blooded American and representative of undead Republican Jewish carpet salesmen to share with you, the anonymous Internet public, my extensive knowledge of cats and dogs. After reading this helpful article, you will be able to brazenly flaunt to friends and family the fact that you know the difference between cats and dogs, all because Something Awful bestowed upon you one of the most powerful weapons in the universe - the weapon of knowledge. Actually I guess there are a lot of things more powerful than the weapon of knowledge, such as the weapon of a handgun.

A BRIEF OVERVIEW

DOGS: "Dogs" is the name of animals normal people use when referring to dogs. Asshole scientists use the word "canine" when speaking about dogs, but they only say that because scientists have this rule where they are required to use fake, made-up, intelligent sounding words just so everybody knows they are scientists. It's kind of like a secret club handshake only there's no physical contact, possibly because all scientists are composed of liquid cheesecake atoms that break apart under pressure. If you're ever walking down the street with a scientist and you say, "hey look at that dog over there," he'll probably respond with something really smarmy along the lines of, "what dog? I don't see any dog. Is it perhaps behind that CANINE?!?" and then he'll glare at you in this real smug, overly confident way. This is why we should kill all scientists and outlaw their profession of scientistism.

Dogs were invented in 14 AD by Burtamis Dog, an Egyptian who discovered a friendly, furry animal who he assumed had a hyperactive water elemental trapped inside its mouth. Burtamis confiscated the dog and cut it open with a makeshift knife that he constructed from a makeshift sword, determined to free this water elemental and hopefully force it to grant him three wishes. After an unsuccessful surgery attempt, Burtamis was shocked to discover he was unable to locate this suspected water elemental, so he wrote a complaint to his Egyptian congressman, who responded by stoning Burtamis to death for being a witch. Wait, they weren't afraid of witches back then, they were afraid of mummies and Jesus I think. This is the last time I write an article based on supposed "facts" from a Geocities "Small Wonder" fan site.

This is the male dog, Speedy. He is wearing a handkerchief around his neck because he's robs trains. GRAVY TRAINS, THAT IS!!! Ha ha ha! That's a dog joke! Thanks for playing along!

Kids shouldn't be allowed to draw or animate things because they suck.

CATS: Cats are usually much smaller than dogs, unless the dog in question is smaller than the cat, in which case the cat would be larger than the dog. Cats are very similar to dogs in a number of ways, ranging from the amount of legs they are ideally supposed to have (four) to the number of eyes they often ship with (two). Sometimes if you are not wearing glasses and it's dark out and you see a cat about 200 feet away, you might mistakenly think it is a dog. Of course you might also think it is a tree or a spare tire or a barn, so that just goes to prove how truly versatile cats are. As far as I know, there are no cats living on the moon, but that might change if John Kerry gets elected.

PHYSICAL DIFFERENCES:

DOGS: Dogs can weigh anywhere from one ounce (dead aborted fetus dog) to 1000 pounds (Marmaduke the Hellbeast), and are defined as a "domesticated carnivorous mammal" by the dictionary or somebody quoting a dictionary. Please note that, according to this definition, Louie Anderson is probably the most famous dog in existence. Many dogs have tails, paws, this boxy nose thing on the front of them, and a few holes that expel disgusting solids and fluids at random intervals throughout the day. Dogs have developed strong legs which allow them to run all day, and strong skulls which allow them to run into things all day.

CATS: While often being physically smaller to dogs, cats make up for their lack of size with their lack of giving a shit. Cats often have smaller boxy nose things but much longer tails. These elongated tails give them additional saving throws against balance and allow them to perform stunning physical feats that dogs could never do, like walk in a straight line without colliding into something. These animals take advantage of their smaller, lighter body frame by jumping really high, usually into infants' cribs, where they proceed to implant cat eggs into the helpless baby's skull. If you suspect a cat has injected cat eggs into your child, take him to the nearest pediatrician and demand he take your baby away from you, because the odds are pretty good that your baby will grow up to become an evil hybrid cat-human mutant who dines on human pain and suffering, as well as tuna (soaked in pain and suffering).

This is the female dog, Polly. Her hobbies include farting and eating wood planks from my deck.

PERSONALITY DIFFERENCES:

DOGS: Most dogs are really friendly and outgoing and wouldn't think twice before barking at you or biting through your neck in a very playful manner. A whole bunch of people have made a whole bunch of money training dogs to do things like sit, roll over, play dead, play chess, and identify airline passengers concealing packages of uncut Columbian cocaine. A recent CNN study which may or may not exist proved that most dogs can understand up to 220 different commands, just as long as 219 of those commands are variations of the phrase, "hey, eat this thing over here, stupid." Many experts agree that dogs are the proper choice for families with sweetly retarded children, as these animals are tremendously loving and patient, synonyms for the word "stupid." If you lock a two-year old in a room with a dog, the clueless pet will continue to sit in place and stare blankly at random air molecules while the abusive child proceeds to lightheartedly tear off chunks of flesh along its stomach while whimsically pouring carbolic acid down its back and shrieking like a ferret crammed inside a garbage disposal. Do not try this same experiment with a cat because it will undoubtedly murder the child before you can even get it near the test room.

A FEW QUICK CHARACTERISTICS INHERENT TO DOGS:

1) Dogs like to smell the asses of other dogs. It doesn't matter if the target ass is a friendly or enemy dog ass, just as long as it's an ass. Sniffing asses is the equivalent of

This is MC Shortstack, a very popular dog rapper. He talks about life on the streets, which many dogs can relate to. I hope that guy wearing the t-shirt with the dog photo on it gets killed in a drive-by.

two businessmen shaking hands after a very important business meeting which involved making a series of high-profile business decisions, some of which revolved around the location designated to bury a headless stripper's corpse. Although you will probably never see two dogs sniff each other's asses and then immediately run off to push a headless stripper down into a gulch, you will see them sniff each other's asses and then immediately run off to find more dog asses to sniff. One of the more popular slogans amongst dogs is "ain't nothin' quite like sniffin' an ass." Another popular motto is "keep on truckin'."

2) Many jackbooted, government Imperial stormtroopers have enslaved armies of Belgian Malinois dogs to take advantage of their world-renowned Belgian Malinois death grip jaws and scent-sniffing abilities. If you want a high quality, scenting sensation puppy to help chase down vicious shoplifters and strip away the 30 metric tons of heroin they were "temporarily holding" in their pockets "for this guy, this one guy who had a hat on and looked real dirty, dude," experts recommend you pick up a Belgian Malinois and give it some heroic name ending with "-er" like "Ranger" or "Trooper" or "Stabber" or "Satan's Groin." Also, upon further study, the name "Belgian Malinois" sounds like the name of a highly unsuccessful mobster. Oh hey everybody, word on the streets is that a shipment is comin' through - a BIG shipment is comin' through - and the cops are tryin' to break it up before it hits the port. Oh wait, the cops just discovered it's a shipment for Belgian Malinois. Oh, never mind, his shipment is nothing but a 20-pound bag of illegally imported plastic spider Halloween rings. They won't even bother hauling Ranger and Trooper and Stabber to the docks tonight.

3) Dogs are very fond of eating. This statement may seem like common sense, but let me explain a bit further. Almost every animal on this greasy, rotting globe of garbage we call "the Earth" is fond of eating to some degree. Did you know that even dust mites, whose mouths are so tiny that you couldn't see them even if you craned your head forward and squinted really hard, have to eat in order to live? It's true! I read it on a fortune cookie, or maybe I had a dream about reading it on a fortune cookie, or maybe I just wrote on the Internet about having a dream about reading it on a fortune cookie, but the point still stands: I like eating fortune cookies. The one characteristic that separates dogs from virtually every other household pet in the universe is that, if invited to an all-you-can-eat buffet, the average dog would eat itself into oblivion, creating an all-encompassing black hole vortex of unquenchable hunger that would eventually cause the entire planet to implode. Things grow significantly worse if you invite two dogs.

CATS: Cats are odd, aloof creatures. Sometimes they want you to pet them, sometimes they don't. Sometimes they want to play, sometimes they don't. Sometimes they act happy to see you, sometimes they don't. There is absolutely no scientific way to determine the motivation behind any cat's actions, and I've often found it's easiest to rationalize their actions by imagining they are possessed by the spirit of a crazy woman who lived on the railroad tracks and murdered her five children shortly before shooting herself. Just think about it: cats have the ability to lay around in one position for a good two, maybe three weeks, gathering dust and remaining motionless until one of their mortal enemies passes by, like a vacuum cleaner or somebody with a dangerous penlight. At that point their brain will instantly leap into fifth gear, sending out a flurry of nonsensical commands which would probably never be appropriate for any possible scenario in their lives. This is the handiwork of the Railroad Murder Ghost, who picked that exact moment to jump inside your cat and use him to entertain various other Murder Ghosts. The next time a Murder Ghost possesses poor Fluffy, be sure to throw a paint bucket full of holy water on him while energetically shouting random Bible passages in his general direction. If it doesn't work then that means you don't have enough faith in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and you are going to hell along with your cat.

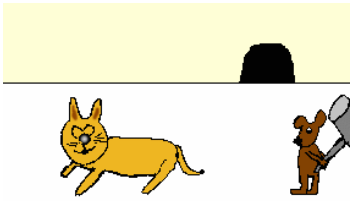
A FEW QUICK CHARACTERISTICS INHERENT TO CATS:

SHE'S GONNA BLOW!!!

1) Cats, unlike dogs, are not motivated by food. In fact, cats are not motivated by anything. The only time I've ever seen a cat go out of its way to do something was when I almost backed over one with my truck. In that particular instance, the cat not only intentionally scrambled out from underneath the truck's wheel, but it additionally fled into the bushes and gave me this evil glare which scared me almost as much as the time I was watching the "V" miniseries and saw Robin give birth to the shrieking alien lizard baby of doom.

2) Cats do not generally get along very well with other cats. If you could rank their social acceptance of neighborhood cats on a laminated chart, it would fall somewhere between "absolute contempt and loathing on every possible level" and the little copyright notice on the bottom of the graph which explains it is illegal to make copies of their patented cat mood chart. If you place two average dogs together, they will usually play with each other after a little social ass sniffing. If you place two cats together, one will end up missing a good portion of its spine within 20 minutes. It's like Thunderdome with a couple Blasters battling each other: two cats enter, one cat leaves.

3) "Death by natural causes" is a myth for wild animals. No wild animal has ever died from old age or contracting chipmunk cancer or whatever possible way there is to naturally die in the woods. If you discover a deceased sparrow, rabbit, mouse, pelican, or horse anywhere on your property, it's safe to say that a cat is at least directly responsible for its death. My cat, Cat, showers my garage with such lovely gifts and fantastic prizes on



This is filth, plain and simple.

> a daily, perhaps hourly basis. I'll walk into there to grab some dangerous oil-soaked rags and I'll find myself overpowered with joy upon spotting the mutilated, decomposing rat which Cat proudly dragged inside and decorated in a festive fashion, properly displaying each and every one of its vital organs like a grotesque, slimy ticker-tape parade for the New York Yankees. Now I surely don't want to seem ungrateful for the lovely presents Cat drops off in the dead of night, but the stench produced by Polly and Speedy rolling in exotic feces for eight hours a day is more than enough aroma for me; the last thing I need is my garage transforming into a graveyard for Wild Kingdom rejects. I'll do my duty and give the deceased critter a proper funeral (put it inside a Yellow Pages phone book or throw it on the neighbor's roof), knowing that the next time I enter my garage, Cat will have dragged back something bigger, bloodier, and more dead than his previous catch. Oh that zany Cat, always trying to outdo himself, particularly when it comes to murder!

Well ladies and gents, I hope today's guide has given you a better understanding about the difference between cats and dogs. If it didn't, then maybe you should go back and read it again because I thought I did a pretty good explaining whatever I was trying to explain, although I refuse to go back and read it again to confirm this. And even if I didn't, I can blame Polly and Speedy for running around my office like two coked-up floozies chasing an irate rooster which stole their lucky ring, or I can blame Cat for sitting outside my front door at night, constantly emitting a series of low-pitched moaning sounds mimicking a ghost giving birth to a meteor inhabited by porcupines. Oh well, dealing with that noise is a lot better than trying to fend off their puddles of green and brown puke, which recently formed its own work union and is demanding extensive medical benefits.

Red Bull does not give you wings

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams signing in, back from the wonderland that is Vegas. Craps is a great game, but its better when you actually win money.

Forum Goon Corin Tucker's Stalker started up a very useful thread in the games subforum. Here's what he had to say:

> *We've all experienced it before. You're reading a gaming magazine or website when you come across a quote from a PR guy or developer that's trying to create buzz for his game. He uses a phrase that makes some aspect of the title sound totally bonerific, but upon closer inspection you realize that the quote is absolutely meaningless.*
>
> For most of us these comments have no effect, but some people might fall for them because they're new gamers or hopeless optimists.

From there, the whole gang began deciphering the usual PR rhetoric into an easily understandable language.

I managed to steal the thread and turn it into this week's Comedy Goldmine, Game PR Catchphrases: What They Really Mean.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.22 You've Got the Touch! You Are an Asshole!

Tuesday, Jun 22, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The teeming masses of evil, pathetic, and disgusting humanity have long been the subject of articles here at Something Awful. From a furry's yiffing to a Scientologist's e-meter reading we have attempted to categorize, catalog, and in most cases, attack the stupidity that has taken root on God's Green Internet. There is one archetype so utterly abhorrent that I have neglected to shine the light of sweet mob justice on them; so repellant that to even discuss them in passing causes bile to rise in my throat. Perhaps more than any other single reason, I have kept them off the list for so long because they make up an inordinately large percentage of our audience.

I am referring, sadly, to Power Gamers. These banes of our collective Cosmic Forge have taken over every possible outlet for the more casual gamer. They make it their duty to not just spoil the fun of others but transform their own existence into a juggernaut engine fueled by hatred of pleasure and a grim determination to be the biggest and most annoying fucker possible. Their only goal in life is to become obsessively good at whatever game they have chosen; to turn what was intended as a fun diversion into a grueling and painstakingly practiced exercise.

There are no redeeming qualities about the Power Gamer because merely existing as a Power Gamer guarantees that they are well beyond contrition or compensation. A Power Gamer could rush into a burning orphanage and save George W. Bush's dog from a river of lava and they'll still be a filthy Power Gamer. Don't let yourself ever be tricked into thinking the good a Power Gamer has done could possibly outweigh the bad.

The chief question you are probably asking right now is "who wants shark chum?" or possibly "what, precisely, is a Power Gamer?" The Power Gamer, like the devil himself or possibly those judge robots from "Transformers: The Movie" has many faces, so let's spend a few moments covering the variety of forms they can take.

The First Person Shooter Power Gamer

Killed you like a krazy klown with a knife!

Seen Playing: Unreal Tournament, the leaked Doom 3 Alpha, Counterstrike, Quake 3 or Quake 2 (still), and rarely one of the Battlefield games.
Identifying Traits:

- Will have a "hardcore" name like Deadeyes or Iceinator that probably includes at least one number/letter swap.
- Only joins clans that have confusing acronyms that might mean something or might be nonsense like DREEDZANE, SLOPCORPS, or JAZZYTAG.
- Usually announces kills with a witty text macro that plays on their name. For example, someone named Skullstabber might say "Ur head just got punctured" and someone who uses the moniker Bloodjugs would say "I just filled another pitcher w/ ur guts".
- Seriously talks about playing competitive gaming as a career path.
- Brags about "endorsement deals" but neglects to mention they are from Sam's Heating and Air Conditioning, Hank's Burger Tub, and Bawls. A 90 year old woman could get an endorsement deal for crossing the street from Bawls.
- Has a Cafépress store selling shirts that use their spray tag from Half Life. Their spray tag probably incorporates a skull.
- Administers a private clan server with unbelievably draconian and pointless rules like "no jumping up stairs", "address clan members as 'sir'", or "using the sniper rifle equal kick ban". Will kick anyone off the server who is not treating a match with the seriousness of a doctor performing open heart surgery on the president.

Description: Most of you reading this are probably familiar with the FPS brand of Power Gamer from unfortunate run-ins when you happened upon the wrong public clan server. They are probably the most common type of Power Gamer and are almost certain to readily announce themselves. The closest thing to a sense of humor the FPS Power Gamer has is the comically unfunny zings they offer up on a server after they either kill or kick-ban someone.

The Real Time Strategy Power Gamer

"Yo, team DSR would like to give a big shout out to Matt's Cookies for sponsoring our team!"

Seen Playing: Starcraft, possibly Warcraft III or one of the Command and Conquer games.
Identifying Traits:

- Probably lives in South Korea.
- Spends over half of the day drilling build orders in skirmish mode to try to make mouse movement and structure placement a part of muscle memory.
- Thinks rushing is for amateurs, because the real masters have developed a multi-tiered rush strategy for 30 seconds, one minute, and three minutes into the game.
- Can creep and level three heroes up to ten in the time it takes an average player to complete his town hall.
- Is probably working on a keyboard macro that will allow him to win matches in under five minutes by pressing 28 buttons in sequence.
- Never even starts any single player campaigns.
- Eats every meal while watching replays of previous matches.
- Talks about how in Korea girls will line up to give blowjobs to top-ranked RTS players while magical gold coins rain from the sky and people from the music industry sample sound loops from famous match replays. In reality televised RTS gaming is roughly as cool, to the general populace of Korea, as the fat guys playing tournament paintball on ESPN 5.

Description: The RTS Power Gamer is easily spotted by the fact that they remain completely quiet during games, ending their inevitable victory with a simple "gg". This is in direct contrast with the usual jackasses who play RTS games online and liberally pepper their conversations with creative misspellings of the word "faggot". While this may seem to be a good thing about the Power Gamer you have to remember that playing against them will either be a brief and infuriating rush match or, for skilled players, a tedious exercise in repelling endless and carefully incremented waves of the enemy backed up by incredibly complex keyboard bindings.

The MMORPG Power Gamer

Fippy Darkpaw, why did you break my heart?

Seen Playing: Everquest, Ultima Online, Dark Age of Camelot, Asheron's Call, Starwars: Galaxies, or City of Heroes.
Identifying Traits:

- Spends at least five hours determining their character's precise course of advancement and item optimization up to the level ceiling before making a serious attempt at character creation.
- Already had a fully established guild before their game of choice even entered public beta phase.
- Would not look away from the computer screen during the repetitive and predictable combat if a nuclear bomb detonated outside their window.
- More than willing to literally sacrifice the lives of children through neglect to properly camp that high level spawn.
- Has spent real life money purchasing items in the game.
- Has earned real life money collecting items in the game for auction on the Internet.
- During rare and restless nights spent in bed instead of slumped in their computer chair, the MMORPG Power Gamer actually prays to the fictional gods in their game.
- Would kill another human being over the experience loss caused by a PKer.
- Probably writes thousand word essays to post on web sites and message boards about how stupid the concept of PKing is. May have even started a write-in campaign that got PKing removed entirely from their game of choice.
- Has rigged an apparatus to allow them to defecate while playing the game. Either that or they aren't held up by "the man" and "society" and the oppressive illogical moral arguments about not pooping your pants.

Description: Power Gamer MMORPG players are usually the sort of people who obsessively game their characters, from launch, up to the maximum possible level in a matter of days. There are worse Power Gamers within the folds of the MMORPG Power Gamer community, noxious characters so shameful and vile that even other gamers are reluctant to think about them. They are the sort of morons who inevitably lead to the worst stereotypes about gamers and especially MMORPG players. I'm talking about the people who let their kids die because they were too busy fighting some orcs to bother letting them out of the car. Or the retards who kill themselves because that hot night elf in the chain mail bikini they have been romancing turns out to be a 50 year old male pedophile just like they are.

The Pen and Paper Power Gamer

"I'm a bard!" "I'm a rogue!" "I'm what happened when mommy drank!"

Seen Playing: Dungeons and Dragons, White Wolf games (especially Mage: The Ascension or Changeling: The Dreaming), Magic: The Gathering, Warhammer 40,000.
Identifying Traits:

- Interprets "interior decorating" to mean "wiping spilled Coke off the milk crates full of yellowed and ancient Dungeons and Dragons modules".
- During character creation mentions either werewolves or vampires.
- Creates an intricate back story based off of the Lord of the Rings to explain why their character has a super powerful sword or axe at the first level.
- Rolls a suspicious number of 18s.
- Arrives at gaming sessions having just spent "all last weekend" using their character in an epic adventure run by "some guy they work with". Everyone else is level 3, they are now level 25.
- Is either excessively bossy during gaming sessions, forcing everyone to participate in a narcissistic side plot that probably involves some form of sexual fantasy, or they remain stone silent until combat.
- Is not ashamed of cashing in 500 dollars worth of Magic cards to buy 500 dollars worth of Yugi-Oh cards and then spending the entire day trading cards with 8 year olds while hitting on their apathetic and somewhat disgusted mothers.
- Has an army for Warhammer that consists of a squad of space marines and eight model cars that they made up stats for using some apocryphal "official rules".
- During any gaming rules disputes claims to have played "with the designers at GenCon" and directs any further arguments to a crude mace they keep in the rusted out trunk of their Buick.
- Owns at least five shirts with wolves or dragons on them.

Description: The Pen and Paper Power Gamer is the ancient ancestor of today's breeds of Power Gamers. Though paper and tabletop gaming has abated somewhat in popularity there remains a steady supply of the Neanderthal-like Power Gamers of yesteryear. While some Power Gamers actually have real lives outside of their gaming addiction this is never the case with the Pen and Paper Power Gamer, who will actually work a job for no other reason than to constantly buy gaming supplements and books. Most of you have probably known one of these people. They are well past college age, maybe even in their mid-thirties, living in the basement of their parent's house, hoarding impossibly vast collections of role playing games and books with all of the money they make from their minimum wage job. These are the saddest and most disturbing kinds of Power Gamers because they are terminal; their crazed addiction to gaming will literally kill them. Whereas casual gamers will eventually grow tired of gaming or evolve into the stodgier forms of the hobby like Napoleonic war games or historical modeling, the Power Gamer never does, remaining alone with his hobby until his late thirties. At this point the Power Gamer gets a job related to gaming (usually involving a failed hobby shop), commits suicide, or dies from Dorito related illness.

Do not be fooled! While this brief list has been detailed, it is anything but comprehensive. Power Gamers can be found lurking anywhere that games are sold or played. You will find them in the anal-retentive grognards of turn-based strategy games or flight simulators. They screech from the frontlines of your favorite stat-crunching sports title or combo-dialing fighting game. Look hard

enough and you may even see their joyless black eyes looking back at you from the darkness of a top down space shooter, waiting to sap the fun out of dodging 50,000 glowing blue spheres. Whatever you do, whatever price you must pay, never become a Power Gamer.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.23 I Lost Another Loan to Ditech!

Wednesday, Jun 23, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

"*Commercials are pornography for capitalism.*" Frank Zappa.

This is the last thing you'll see before your death.

I don't watch a whole lot of TV, but once in a while I might turn on the magic image box to watch a sports program or Animal Planet to see the funny animals fall down and bite people in the crotch. The most revolting thing I find about television is the commercials. I have a very sensitive mental state when it comes to aggressive advertising being shoved in my face. My normal defense against this consumer abuse is to flip the channels until the program is back on, or try to avoid taking in any stimuli by sealing my eyes and ears with quick drying cement. But sometimes I am far too lazy to reach for the remote or start the cement mixer, so I must sit and endure a bombardment of loud shouting, bright colors, and invasive jingles. Mostly, I just wince at or shake my head in disbelief, but some are so terrible that I wave at the air in front of me in a primitive attempt to make the hurting stop. I really don't understand the reasoning of the marketers behind these ads. Are they actively trying to get me to associate pain and suffering with their product, or is it that they have the intelligence and wit of a rolling pin and a marketing degree is more laughable than an English degree? It's probably the latter, although I never rule out a massive conspiracy by alien lizards to drive us insane with mind-boggling commercials.

Today I am going to share a few of my most hated commercials with you folks in hopes of exorcizing these ghosts that are haunting my fragile psyche. If that is not accomplished, I can hopefully remind you of these commercials so they stick in your mind for the rest of the day until you dive off a bridge on the way home from work or school. If I am going to suffer, I'll be damned if it's going to be alone.

Ditech.com

In the entire history of advertising, there has never been a character as foul as the angry fat man in the Ditech.com commercials. A combination of really annoying ads, a stupid catchphrase, and the sheer frequency that these are shown on TV is the reason I hate them with all my heart. While the character is intentionally portrayed as a sleazy and distrustful salesman since he stands for the competitor, we don't get to see any of his rivals at Ditech. Are they a company of magical phantoms, or do they exist purely on the Internet while being run by a 16-year-old computer nerd? How are they stealing all the angry fat man's business with such a low profile? Regardless of the commercial's plot holes, the annoying slogan of "I lost another loan to Ditech!" over and over again is enough to infuriate one to violence towards their television. I hear this catchphrase when I am trying to sleep, while taking a shower, and while driving to work. When I see a goal scored against the hockey team I am rooting for, the first thing I want to say is "I lost another loan to Ditech." These commercials are not only terrible, but they are destroying my life, and millions of others' around this great country. For the love of the children, make it stop.

I found this on google looking for Fanta pictures and decided to use it because I'm a big fan of art.

Fanta Fanta don't you wanta?

The horror, the horror. Nothing is worse than a commercial campaign to shove an indigestible catchphrase jingle down your throats. In this case, the proverbial item being lodged into our windpipe would be the size of a commuter jet. The first time I had the misfortune to see this commercial, it was in the third row of a movie theater where I was settling down with my popcorn and soda to watch the film "Troy". Showing commercials before movies is just wrong, and that combined with the annoying fellow audience members is a principle reason I hardly go to the theatre anymore. Seeing a bad commercial on the big screen is a soul-shattering experience because it's impossible to ignore it since it's fucking huge. The terror is magnified relative to its size. While this extra long version of the Fanta commercial played, I felt like a rat trapped in a cruel experiment by evil scientists, or like Alex in 'A Clockwork Orange'. I tried to hide in my popcorn, but the bright imagery and hideous song blew the bag apart; showering the stunned crowd with the delicious kernels. I quickly looked for something sharp to gouge my eyes out or piece my eardrum, but to no avail. After what seems like an eternity, the brightly clad sluts stopped singing about their shitty watered down soda and the half hour of previews started. Even before the movie started, my brain was completely taxed, and I fell into a deep slumber/coma, missing Brad Pitt's tight buttocks entirely. Curse you, Fanta! I hope all your marketing executives, along with their children and pets, are diagnosed with incurable bowel cancer.

That thing got a Hemi?

I don't know about you, but in my neighborhood, if you pull alongside a car and lean out to ask a question, there is a good chance of being shot in self-defense before you can say a word. Once on the corner of MI Ave and Inkster, I pulled up to a tripped out Caddy on hydraulics, asked for some Grey Poupon, and barely escaped with my life. Indeed, if I was stopped at a light and some pudgy hick stuck his head out of his car and inquired about the Hemi status of my vehicle, my first thought would be that he was scoping my car out to see if it was worthy of a carjacking. That's when I would probably take a shotgun out of the backseat, point it at the doe eyed inquisitor, hopefully say some terribly witty action hero line, and blow the goofy guesser to Hemi heaven. I really feel bad for the actors who get reoccurring gigs in these commercials. Sure it's an acting job and you're on TV, but you will never get cast in another role as long as you live. That dude will always be known as "the Hemi guy", and at parties, BBQ's, and bar mitzvahs he will be constantly asked, "Hey, that thing got a Hemi?" until he can't take it anymore and withdraws to a shabby motel room to drink himself to death in a bathtub. Speaking of which, has the Dell dude thrown himself into a raging river or kissed the business end of a .357 yet? Lets give it a few more years.

Quiznos' Internet fad ad

Quiznos made a bold new step in advertising when they decided to latch onto an Internet fad from Rathergood, that became a popular site by mothers and grandmothers aggressively forwarding it to everybody they know and don't know. The ad features two furry looking creatures with hideous teeth singing songs that have nothing to do with submarine sandwiches or food. In fact, the sight of the deformed "extremely wacky" furballs makes me anything but hungry. After seeing the commercial, I usually feel a little ill and the sight of a sub would probably cause me to spill my stomach contents all over my Kermit the Frog pajamas. So when is the next worn-out Internet craze going to be featured on a Quiznos' ad? My money is on the old "All Your Base" web phenomenon that Fark is just starting to get wind of. People tell me that Quiznos subs are pretty good, but maybe they should think twice before putting another Internet fad on their commercials and stick to showing something crazy like, oh I don't know, subs?

The guy on the right is pleased with his meal, and so is his 40 foot tapeworm.

The office BK commercial

I'm sure most of you nerds love these commercials and will send me a fountain of hate mail and put bullets covered in French fry grease in my mailbox, but I find them extremely annoying, and not witty or clever in the least. They seem like a fast food version of the comic strip Dilbert. I admit that I liked the movie Office Space (well mostly just the first half) and I can see how people that work in the cubicle environment can relate to it, but the Burger King commercials are just idiotic. "I'm spicy!" shouts one worker, as the others mock his failed attempt at a catchphrase and then stone him to death with hamburgers. Actually that last part isn't true but it would make the commercial pretty good instead of thirty seconds of my precious time that I will never get back.

The Pepto Bismol dance

This is the worst commercial I have ever seen in my life. I hardly watch any TV, yet in the last week I had the ill luck of seeing this three times. It shows four people lined up in an office at a fax machine. Then along with narration, they do the Pepto Bismol dance. What is the Pepto Bismol dance you ask? It is broken down into four steps. You can follow along at home if you have no respect for yourself or this existence.

In the old days, Communist gnomes were the root of stomach pain, and once a child was infected they had to be put down.

1. *Nausea*: Put both hands to the mouth, simulating that you about to puke your guts out. The actors in the commercial convincingly bulge out their cheeks to convey that they are full of putrid vomit.
2. *Heartburn*: Put both hands over your heart and pretend the fiery pitchfork of Satan himself is being thrust into your organ. Hopefully this will happen to Pepto Bismol's marketing staff very soon after signing the pact with the Devil for this commercial.
3. *Indigestion*: Both hands go over the stomach and act like you are going to shit your guts out.
4. *Diarrhea*: Shit your guts out. Put your hands on your buttocks so you can spread them wide and shoot a full liquid jet of foaming feces. I wish I was kidding, but they really do these moves.

The first time I saw the commercial, they did the dance twice. My jaw slammed into the floor, breaking into the apartment below mine and killing a family of four. The next few times were shortened versions of the commercial. Apparently the dislike of the ad was so unanimous and thunderous that they decided to cut the commercial to a quick 15 seconds in the hope that the audience wouldn't have time to properly register what insanity they just witnessed. This is a special case where the horror caused by this commercial goes beyond just being bad, and should be considered a hate crime. I almost feel incensed enough to write a letter to Pepto Bismol, but I'm far too unmotivated for something like that.

No matter how witty or well thought-out commercials are, I will have a disdain for them because they are trying to sell me shit I don't need or want. Not once in my life have I seen a commercial and run out to the store to get it just because of the advertisement. I guess there are enough gullible people out there who see a floating magic Big Mac on their TV and instantly jump out of their window and run to their local McDonald's. I know you are saying, "Hey Frolixo, why don't you shut your pie hole and buy a Tivo system. Faggot." I would really love to buy one, but I really wouldn't use it that much, so I must learn to live with these mind-crippling commercials. Such is life in consumer America. Where's the beef, i'm gellin, swoops there it is!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

6.24 News Is Briefs

Thursday, Jun 24, 2004 by El Pinto Grande

Yours Truly here with the whole lot of the latest breaking stories to hit your headline in the up to date hour. In this modern age of the transistor and computer the datas are moving so fast as to make confusion an epic struggle. Luckily I am in the wire with the information to bring towards you 24 in the 7.

Item of Interest: Rudos Terrors Cut Off Heads

Another gentleman is having the heads cut off in Iraq where the terrors are in such an uproar. Osama Ben Laden captured a South Korean robot fixer and then put him to the tests on the wrong side of a knife. There is defenselessness and the video is released onto the Internets and the sad story is seen by all. This sort of rudos behavior is making the blood boil not just in my hearts but in the hearts of many who see the bold spirit of Korea being attacked by terrors. South Korea declared attacks "not good" and the United Nations of America sent a letter to the terrors base in Saddy Arabia that "this is not the way to do business ladies". Terrors say that they are making to cut off heads to get America to quit the big Iraq job but then American President Bush says "think again buster".

Explosions! Maybe they are being here. Maybe not.

🚨 Breaking Story: Explosions in Iraq 🚨 Yours Truly is admitting that this is a guesstimate on this news item but it is being towards the truth that explosions happen at all of the times in Iraq. I am betting that when you are made to read this there will be an explosion right at that very moment blowing up some cars or army jeeps or police stations or something. Then this news is so up to the minutes that you are right on top of events! Witness on the scenes said to hear a "very loud bang" and then there was "debris everywhere" and things got "crazy". Then a whole bunch of American army men came and put the seals on the area to make sure terrors who might be hiding do not escape. Terrors release the statements saying bombs are proof the war is winning towards them and American President Bush is made to say that the bombs are proof the war is winning towards America. I believe the American President because what are the terrors ever doing for the Tijuana tourism economies? Not a lot I am telling you that much.Entertaining News: Fahrenheits 911 Degrees Released

Angry French heavyweights Michael More is releasing a new movie to the theaters called "Farenheits 911 Degrees". Some are raving with the reviews others are more given to thrusting the thumbs downwards. Republicons are trying to get ads taken off the airs

because they are saying the ads are negative campaigns advertising from the Demobots. Optimum Primes candidate John Kerry was said to say about the issues "I am still not picking my Vice President candidate, no more questions now I have the planes to catch". Michael More also had problems yesterday or the day before yesterday with Walt Disney. Walt Disney told Michael More that he doesn't like French movies and he is thinking the "Farenheits" is not orientated for the families. Other people said "what about the heads and swords in Killed Bill?" and yeah, what about "Killed Bill"? That was a notch at the top in my books. I liked when Omar Thermos chopped the Chinese lady's brain off. Then she put that other lady in the trunk and said "here is a note I want you to deliver to Bill before I kill him." But then it loses points, because the movie ends and Bill is still on the up and ups! What a let down! The movie is called "Killed Bill" so why is no one making to kill the Bill? I am seeing bills killed faster during the filibusters in Congress. Hahhahaha, no seriously. I also did not like the beeping when she says her name in the movie. It is too loud. Politics Beats: Probing About Memos or Leaks

There were some more probes and the inquiries into memos and maybe a leak and I think secret documents. I am losing track of all of the secret memos and the things like that. I am thinking that maybe what Washington needs is the dry erase board with the markers. They could put it on the refrigerator in the break rooms and then when Rumsfelds or the Chainy needs to put a memo he can just put it up on the dry erase board. Then when the memo is made to be done he can just erase it and then there will be no inquiries. He can just say "I am sorry, it was on the dry erase boards and I was drunk at the times so I am not recalling so good". But then maybe crafty congressmen who doesn't like Rumsfelds will take pictures of the dry erase boards and leaks to the press and then is there the inquiry about that leak? I don't know. What inquiring minds want to knows is what inquiring minds want to know! Here's Another Torture Picture! Another picture

More of the tortures are being released.

of the tortures in the Apple Grave prison has come to lights. It is mostly like the other pictures only the guy has blood on his chest instead of his arm or back. He also has the pixels around his personal area which I am not going to show on this computer book because it is for the families. This is causing the biggest of stirs as usual because some people in America say the terrors deserve the bags and the nudes and other people in America think it is the most rudos of things to be doing. I am not having the opinions because I am dealing with real tortures in the squares circled when the bells ring and the fights begins. Terrors are bad and so are the torture so maybe it cancels? I am not made to know.Newest Spaceship Yet Launches to Space

Outer Spaceship One has been launched in towards orbit. It is being the newest and best spaceship so far with the astronaut technologies years ahead of the competitions. This is the first spaceship from a private person instead of the governments. The guy who made the spaceship said "Thanks for coming" and then the spaceship was taking to

> the skies on the back of a special jet plane. The jet plane is called a "helper" and it is lifting the small spaceship high into the sky because the spaceship is too small to have gasoline for the trips. God only knows when the spaceship will be returning but I wish all astronauts of all the nations well. In Depth Coverages: New Neighbors Not So Good Neighbors
>
> Mexican luchador wrestler sensation El Pinto Grande announces Friday that he is having the troubles with his newest neighbors Chemodyne Mercury Processing Facility. Yours Truly stated in a statement to gathered media at a huge press conference in his basement "I am appreciate affect that new neighbor is having on the economies but the affect it is having on my allergies is not so welcome. Too much smoke and so much with the mercuries that I can tell temperatures by looking at residues on windows. Turtle Rambo and Large Son also displeased." Turtle Rambo declined to comment because he is a member of the animal's kingdom. If Turtle Rambo is given to comment the press is gathering that he would be saying "I am agreeing with greatest wrestler in world and big hearted champion El Pinto Grande on the issues of the Chemodyne Mercury Processing Facility."

I am hoping this news is good news for you. I am meaning that you enjoyed and are informed by the headlines not that headlines are good because sometimes good news means reading bad news. So I am guessing the good news is that there is sometimes bad news but not at other times.

Photoshop Phriday 2: The Secret of the Ooze

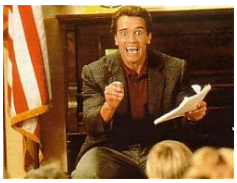
Howdy gang, Livestock here with the conclusion to our Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle hijinks. Like last week, we're seeing what the world would be like if the turtles were not just real, but somehow everywhere. It's very deep and thought provking, as you might imagine. Heck, there is even a picture of a turtle going to the bathroom! But getting back the thought provoking aspects, here is a ninja turtle setting himself on fire:

Believe you me, that's just the start of a magical adventure you don't want to miss!

-∼El Pinto Grande

6.25 Tumors Are Hilarious

Friday, Jun 25, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell



Deny it all you want Detective Kimble, but it is.

Unlike pretty much everything I've ever written, today's update is actually based in truth. Over the past few months a medical scare has loomed over my head, worrying me so much that my writing skills went from subpar to subparrer. It all began when a lump I've had on my hip for several years dimpled inwards and bruised the skin above it black. My family doctor had originally diagnosed it as a fairly common calcium deposit, but when I came back to show him the bruising, he realized it was a tumor that could potentially be cancerous.

"There's got to be some sort of mistake, doc!" I exclaimed. "I don't even *like* cancer! Besides, I'm a cautious man. I don't go around sharing toilet seats at parties, and I always wear a full tuxedo when I go swimming. There's no way I could have caught it."

"It's good that you're cautious," he replied, "but cancer isn't something you catch. It's just in you. Like Pac-Man fever, or an alien tracking device, or intestines. The chance that you actually have it is remote, but I want to have a biopsy performed just to be sure."

I was referred to a dermatologist for the biopsy, which was an interesting procedure. I envisioned a typical needle poking into my side and withdrawing a small sample, but it was more along the lines of medieval torture. I laid on my side as the doctor applied a local anesthetic, then sliced me open while I was awake. The anesthetic blocked the pain, but I was able to actually feel the scalpel split the skin and poke around inside of me. This lasted approximately forever, and throughout the entire procedure I could feel blood trickle down my back. The best word to describe the entire experience is "icky". The best part was when I returned to the dermatologist a week later to go over the report from the pathologist. It cost me over five hundred dollars to have this third party examine the samples, and their official report was that the testing was "inconclusive". This extremely useful result suprised me somewhat since I wasn't aware they'd be using a Magic 8 Ball. At this point, the dermatologist admitted that, being a dermatologist, he only dealt with things on top of and directly underneath the skin. Since the tumor was decidedly deep underneath the skin, the entire ordeal had been for nothing. He referred me to a surgeon.

The surgeon was a genuinely nice man who made me take off my clothes in front of his incredibly cute assistant, then savagely poked and squeezed my bruised lump. With each prod he asked me if it hurt, to which I invariably replied, "UURGH OH JESUS SHOOT ME NOW!!" He determined that my tumor was an aneurysmal fibrous histiocytoma, which is a really convoluted way of saying that it was strangling one of my veins (which explained the bruising). This type of tumor is typically a few centimeters in width at most, but in my case it appeared to be the size of a golf ball. Given its odd size, the fact that it was formed around a vein, and the remote possibility that it could be cancerous, the surgeon decided the best course of action was to simply remove it. In order to illustrate how large the incision would be, he held his hands apart at a distance roughly twice the circumference of my body. This made me somewhat concerned.

"Can't you just perform a voodoo ceremony and pull the tumor out with your bare hands, like that guy in Indiana Jones And The Temple of Doom?"

The surgeon slammed his fist into the wall and groaned, "Oh damn it, how I wish I could! But as of 1996 voodoo ceremonies are no longer covered by insurance providers. Besides, it's technically illegal except in some lawless remote jungles and the state of Kentucky."

I had never undergone an operation of any sort, so I was pretty scared. Besides, the literature detailing what could go wrong when I was under anesthesia read like a laundry list of things that would happen to you if you fought Mike Tyson in a mine-filled shark tank while robots threw knives at you. Despite my foreboding, the procedure took place last Friday and went flawlessly. One moment I was being wheeled into the operating room, and the next I was waking up in the recovery room with absolutely no way to move my head, which simultaneously felt as though it weighed a thousand tons and was filled with helium.

If you'll recall, we thought that the tumor was the size of a golf ball (which was incredibly large for what it was), but upon removing it the surgeon found out that it was even larger than that. It was indeed the width of a golf ball, but it was over seven inches long. That's insane. In case the enormity of it hasn't sunk in, I'll give you a better way to look at it. If inches were feet, it would be **SEVEN FEET LONG**. See? It was so large and so entrenched that the surgeon had to remove some natural tissue and muscle that the tumor had attached itself to, resulting in an incredibly large and strange looking wound. Eventually my body will return to its normal (hideous) shape, but for now there is a chunk missing from my abdomen that's about the size of a small Nerf football. Inside of this dent my stitches run horizontally at just the right length to resemble a mouth, which perfectly rounds out the "Krang from the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" look that I was hoping for. It's unfortunate that the tumor wasn't in my stomach so that it could perfectly face forward, but hey, what can you do. As Socrates once said, a sideways Krang is better than no Krang at all.

An actual photograph of me post-surgery.

In case you couldn't tell already, I'm delightfully fucked up on painkillers. These obviously keep the pain away, but they have the added benefit of preventing me from making the fatal mistake of trying to stand up. With the major muscles on my right side damaged I can barely stand, and when I do walk my exaggerated and wobbly gait make me look like a less graceful version of the spasmic dancing midget from Twin Peaks. Another side effect of the painkillers is that they make me want to use similes constantly. Yet another side effect is that they give me an irresistable urge to end articles in peculiar and awkward ways.

State Og

You already know that reading State Og is satisfying, but did you know it also fulfills your daily requirement of vitamin B? You did? That happens to be classified information that we only decided to go public with today. By the time you finish reading this tease, an Og agent will arrive at your home and escort you to our local Inquisitionarium.

> *Every meticulously designed robot is factory adjusted to have strength far greater than required for the menial tasks required of it, with a deeply rooted desire to simply belong. Then we slather them in the finest gravy our chefs can provide, assuring that these robots will never fail to be covered in gravy. Many models and types of gravy are available for the discerning consumer. We have MaidBots, ConstructionBots, and Beef Turkey and GravyBots, which make gravy to put on other robots.*

This is what we in the industry call a "link".

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.26 Breaking News

Saturday, Jun 26, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Filmmaker-turned-professional-fatty Morgan Spurlock may have made film history. With his documentary "Supersize Me," he managed to somehow drive all of the journalists in America insane. Since the release and largely positive public response to the film, there has been a media frenzy that Michael Moore would kill for. After all, he was making documentaries and getting fat before it was cool. I have read through dozens of articles - and I'm not talking about movie reviews, here, I mean actual news items - written by real journalists. You know, people who don't write for this site. I've gone through opinion pieces, health pieces, food pieces, and even front page articles, and remarkably enough, not a one of them could even remotely pass for legitimate reporting. Some of them are just flat out retarded, such as the *Boston Globe* column which referred to "Supersize Me" as a "fairytale." Journalists love to refer to movies as fairytales. It evokes thoughts of delightful childhood innocence, fanciful subject matters, talking animals, and hidden morals. "Supersize Me" is about a real guy eating fries. Not exactly the same thing. Others are just overreactive responses to the film, such as numerous articles with titles like "Don't Supersize Me" (witty, isn't it?) that talk about the health benefits of eating a reasonably sized salad as a meal. So the question is, **what the fuck is wrong with people?**

They're reaching out to you. Think how good they would be with some ketchup or a sprinkling of salt. Guess what? THEY'RE FUCKING BAD FOR YOU!

Look at it in its two-patty deliciousness. What could that bun be hiding? Ketchup? Mustard? Barbecue Sauce? Two strips of bacon? Guess what? IT'S FUCKING BAD FOR YOU!

The first and most obvious problem with the media's championing of "Supersize Me" is that they are interpreting it as a shrill indictment of McDonalds. And granted, the film certainly doesn't make McDonalds look like the Gandhi of the food service industry, but then again, Gandhi could have benefited from a Big Mac or two. The point is, "Supersize Me" isn't about how healthy or unhealthy McDonalds is, it's about how unhealthy Americans are. The news media has done a fantastic job of ignoring this fact using a tried and true technique that we in the business call the "Putting Your Fingers in Your Ears and Going 'La La La La La La La'" Technique. It's the same technique that the Republican party used to ignore the fact that Iraq had nothing to do with 9-11. Ba-zing! As I was saying, I've come across newspaper and magazine articles trying to make their fat cash off of "Supersize Me" by trying to get some suitably evil quotes out of McDonalds PR staff and legal representatives. Let me say this again: the movie is not meant to attack McDonalds. It's meant to attack Americans whose idea of a balanced diet is getting peanut M&Ms in their McFlurry. Spurlock's results wouldn't have been any different if he had eaten three meals a day at Burger King instead of McDonalds (and I swear that for every email I get about how Burger King is healthier than McDonalds, I will personally kill a whole bushel of penguins, and believe me, you don't want that on your conscience). But even more than any of that, what really stings my clicker is, why is this movie creating such a fuss? What is it telling us that we didn't already know?

It absolutely blows what's left of my mind that there could possibly be a single person out there who

thinks that eating fast food is the secret to a long and healthy life. Are there honestly people who believe that all that grease on their burger is some kind of magical artery lubricant that helps their blood pump more efficiently? I don't know about you, but I was brought up with the impression that on the list of things that were good for me, fruits and vegetables were near the top, whereas fast food was only a couple steps above chewing on carpet tacks. Stopping in at McDonalds or Wendy's was always a luxury in my childhood. It meant my parents thought I had been good recently and deserved a treat, or that they were feeling a little carefree themselves and were willing to give their diets a little hit. But you want to know what thought never crossed my mind during those trips? "Gee, Mommy and Daddy must love me. Finally, they're giving me some proper nutrition!" True, that's partly because the previous sentence was the first time that I've ever used the phrase "proper nutrition," but that's not the point. The point is, who is so hemorrhage-inducingly stupid out there that "Supersize Me" could actually teach them something new about their diets? And more importantly, are these people being allowed to breed? When I heard that Morgan Spurlock was going to eat nothing but McDonalds for thirty days, I didn't think, "Oh, what a marvelous scientific experiment that nutritionists everywhere will surely benefit from." I thought, "Oh man, this guy is going to mess himself up something fierce. This should be hilarious." I thought of it much the same way I think of the stunts they pull on *Jackass*. Stupid, clearly dangerous, and mildly entertaining.

If you ask me, "Supersize Me" is the answer to all those whiny lard-laden tubs of polyunsaturated waste that try to make a quick buck by suing fast food corporations for making them obese. Spurlock goes into his thirty day fatfest a pretty averagely built guy, he eats heaping boatloads of fast food (giving audiences everywhere the uncomfortable sensation of having to watch another person eat), and he packs on the pounds like a widowed Anna Nicole Smith. There. Video proof that eating lots and lots of fat means there's lots and lots of fat in your body. And what do we call it when there's lots and lots of fat in your body, boys and girls? That's right, we call it being fucking fat. You are what you eat, right? From now on, whenever some angry parents roll their butterbarrel children into court, claiming that evil fast food companies made their babies too fat to reach their hair, the judge should be able to cite the case of Morgan Spurlock v. His Waistline and promptly dismiss the case. Furthermore, under this rule, the judge should also be able to re-assign the children to foster parents who aren't complete mental defectives. The original parents will be burned at the stake, then chopped into patties and served as McMorons, soon to be seen on dollar menus everywhere. That is a service that "Supersize Me" has provided for America, and for that, it should be praised. However, all the idiots out there who think Morgan Spurlock is some sort of dietary messiah who sacrificed his body for the greater good need to pick their chins up off the floor and line up for their asskickings.

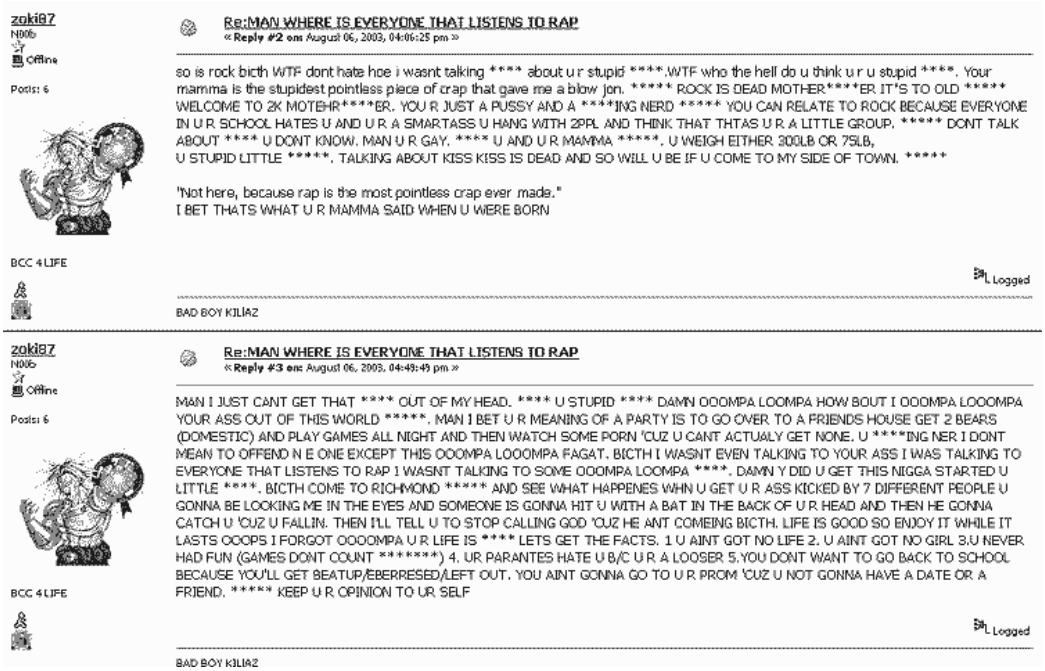
Look at that sign. Just forty-nine cents for a taco all Sunday long, my friend. You want it, don't - wait, that's Taco Bell, isn't it? Forget it, IT"S FUCKING BAD FOR YOU!

Fast food is bad for you. Fast food has always been bad for you. If you currently think, or have ever thought anything to the contrary, well then frankly I'm amazed that even have the mental capacity to read this. Fast food companies have always advertised their products as being tasty and inexpensive. They never tried to pretend this stuff can provide the nourishment you need to run a marathon. Find me one ad where they have a doctor giving a testimonial about the phenomenal nutritional value of the Whopper, and I'll find you a better medication. Come on, people. America is supposed to be the leader of the free world. Since we're already taking that honored and esteemed position and reaming it until it bleeds, the least we could do is not embarrass ourselves further by trying to argue that a trip to McDonalds is the centerpoint of a healthy diet. Let's stop treating Morgan Spurlock like he's anything other than a guy with a video camera who made a huge amount

of money by taping himself doing something incredibly stupid. In other words, he's just another modern American icon.

Weekend Web: Fatty Fat Fat Fat

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here eating a bucket of fried chicken. Oh boy have I got a supersized Weekend Web for you fine folks today. There are the KickBanned forums served up fresh and hot. The Ultimate Dragon Ball Z forum with your choice of dipping sauce. We've got the RowdyRuff forums sizzling on the grill. And for desert we have Tickle Theater. Then wash it all down with a 84 ounce collector's cup of the Sneezing Fetish forum. Here, have a taste!



zoki87
N00b
Offline
Posts: 6

Re:MAN WHERE IS EVERYONE THAT LISTENS TO RAP
« Reply #2 on: August 06, 2003, 04:06:25 pm »

so is rock bicth WTF dont hate hoe i wasnt talking **** about u r stupid ****.WTF who the hell do u think u r u stupid ****. Your mamma is the stupidest pointless piece of crap that gave me a blow jon. ***** ROCK IS DEAD MOTHER****ER IT'S TO OLD ***** WELCOME TO 2K MOTEHR****ER. YOU R JUST A PUSSY AND A *****ING NERD ***** YOU CAN RELATE TO ROCK BECAUSE EVERYONE IN U R SCHOOL HATES U AND U R A SMARTASS U HANG WITH 2PPL AND THINK THAT THTAS U R A LITTLE GROUP. ***** DONT TALK ABOUT **** U DONT KNOW. MAN U R GAY. **** U AND U R MAMMA *****. U WEIGH EITHER 300LB OR 75LB,
U STUPID LITTLE *****. TALKING ABOUT KISS KISS IS DEAD AND SO WILL U BE IF U COME TO MY SIDE OF TOWN. *****

"Not here, because rap is the most pointless crap ever made."
I BET THATS WHAT U R MAMMA SAID WHEN U WERE BORN

BCC 4 LIFE

Logged

BAD BOY KILLAZ

zoki87
N00b
Offline
Posts: 6

Re:MAN WHERE IS EVERYONE THAT LISTENS TO RAP
« Reply #3 on: August 06, 2003, 04:49:49 pm »

MAN I JUST CANT GET THAT **** OUT OF MY HEAD. **** U STUPID **** DAMN OOOMPA LOOMPA HOW BOUT I OOOMPA LOOOMPA YOUR ASS OUT OF THIS WORLD *****. MAN I BET U R MEANING OF A PARTY IS TO GO OVER TO A FRIENDS HOUSE GET 2 BEARS (DOMESTIC) AND PLAY GAMES ALL NIGHT AND THEN WATCH SOME PORN 'CUZ U CANT ACTUALY GET NONE. U ****ING NER I DONT MEAN TO OFFEND N E ONE EXCEPT THIS OOOMPA LOOOMPA FAGAT. BICTH I WASNT EVEN TALKING TO YOUR ASS I WAS TALKING TO EVERYONE THAT LISTENS TO RAP I WASNT TALKING TO SOME OOOMPA LOOMPA ****. DAMN Y DID U GET THIS NIGGA STARTED U LITTLE ****. BICTH COME TO RICHMOND ***** AND SEE WHAT HAPPENES WHN U GET U R ASS KICKED BY 7 DIFFERENT PEOPLE U GONNA BE LOOKING ME IN THE EYES AND SOMEONE IS GONNA HIT U WITH A BAT IN THE BACK OF U R HEAD AND THEN HE GONNA CATCH U 'CUZ U FALLIN. THEN I'LL TELL U TO STOP CALLING GOD 'CUZ HE ANT COMEING BICTH. LIFE IS GOOD SO ENJOY IT WHILE IT LASTS OOOPS I FORGOT OOOOMPA U R LIFE IS **** LETS GET THE FACTS. 1 U AINT GOT NO LIFE 2. U AINT GOT NO GIRL 3.U NEVER HAD FUN (GAMES DONT COUNT *******) 4. UR PARANTES HATE U B/C U R A LOOSER 5.YOU DONT WANT TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL BECAUSE YOU'LL GET BEATUP/EBERRESED/LEFT OUT. YOU AINT GONNA GO TO U R PROM 'CUZ U NOT GONNA HAVE A DATE OR A FRIEND. ***** KEEP U R OPINION TO UR SELF

BCC 4 LIFE

Logged

BAD BOY KILLAZ

So start clogging your ateries with our wacky forum images! Would you like PIES with that?

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

6.27 Ask Someone Outside a Methadone Clinic

Sunday, Jun 27, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

He who controls the methadone controls the universe!

Methadone is one of a series of prescription opiates used to treat heroin addiction. Heroin - in case you have been living in a hobbit shire or something - is one of the most addictive illicit drugs known to man. People on heroin are a unique breed of addict, possibly only rivaled by the hardcore cocaine or meth addict. They will literally do anything they can to get more heroin thanks to a nasty side effect of heroin addiction called "withdrawal". You've probably seen it in the movies; a guy kicking the habit pukes his guts up for days, hallucinates, sweats like crazy, and generally thrashes around craving more junk. That's where methadone comes in. The government actually gives the junkies a more controlled version of heroin to wean them off of the substance. It may take months or years and it often doesn't work it all.

People who are on a methadone step-down program go to a methadone clinic usually three times a week to get their drugs. 95% of these people are only about half a step away from being sprawled in an alley with a heroin needle crammed into a blown out vein. They are neither the brightest nor the most stable bulbs, and a lot of them are really fucking terrifying people.

About six blocks from my apartment there's a methadone clinic. It's far enough away that I don't feel threatened by the creepy crawling drug monsters doing a home invasion to bridge the gap between methadone and their craving. Still, I was intrigued by the shady characters I saw and I thought maybe it would be a good idea to go to the methadone clinic and do an article on how crazy these people are. Well, I went on Saturday, and it was a pretty trying experience. It was tragic on many levels and horrifyingly hilarious on many more.

The clinic seems innocuous, with a tiny parking lot just adequate for three cars located next to an extremely busy six lane street here in Chicago. It has a name that is just the name of some generous soul who donated the building or the money to fund the building. I won't give you the name, but it starts with a "C". The structure itself is barely big enough to contain a small waiting room and a receiving area where the patients get their drugs through an armored revolving slot and then drink their cup of fun juice while the person behind the glass watches. The only other door off the lobby is a metal security door that someone has posted a hand-written "NO ENTER" sign on in English and Spanish. There are five filthy hard plastic chairs and a pile of decrepit magazines that look like they have not been swapped out since 1995. There are always more junkies in the lobby then there are chairs, sometimes by almost double. Usually there are five or six waiting outside smoking manically, pacing, or crouching against the wall mumbling.

My trip to the methadone clinic involved a brief conversation with the nurse and a trip through the "NO ENTER" sign where I met with Jake. Jake isn't really his name, but he's the enormously fat and extremely nice daytime security guard at the clinic. I told him I was writing an article about questions for methadone users for an independent college newspaper. Hey, college kids read SA, right? It could theoretically be considered a newspaper, right? Jake was pretty adamant about me not doing the article, citing all kinds of obviously fictitious laws about why I could not bother the junk-heads.

I changed the subject and told him I could conceivably write the article about him. He seemed to like this idea and told me a long and excessively convoluted story about a ten year old addict who came in trying to pick up his mother's methadone allotment. Jake explained that even though the kid brought his mother's photo ID ("the kind you get at one of those camera stores") they couldn't

give it to anyone but the woman. So like an hour later the kid comes in with his mother, only she's in a beat up wheelchair and she's not talking. It turns out the kid wheeled his (or someone's) dead mother into the methadone clinic trying to get her drugs. Jake grabbed him when he tried to run and said the kid bit him and screamed "AIDS!". Luckily he didn't bite through Jake's shirt and the cops hauled the kid off.

We talked a little bit more and I managed to convince Jake that I would conduct my interviews at least ten feet away from the door, and that he'd hold onto my digital camera until I was done. He agreed to this idea on the condition that he got to read a copy of the article before it was published and that I would shop around a book about his life's story. I think he was kidding about the book thing. At least I didn't take it seriously.

This junkie in Thailand takes her methadone in an environment about 500 times nicer than where Jake works.

So I went outside into one of the nicest days Chicago has had all year and spent the next two hours accosting junkies trying to queue up and get their fix. Jake interrupted me once claiming I was blocking the door, but other than that he left me alone to harass the addicts. I had not brought a tape recorder because I had intended this as a photo-heavy piece, which means that the answers to my inane questions are often expanded from an almost illegible shorthand scratch I did on a notebook. However, in some of the best cases the responses were so brief or striking that I have transcribed them exactly word-for-word.

I should note that I was extremely polite to the junkies and never tried to force my questions on them. To keep the extraneous text brief I have limited each junkie's description to the two words that immediately sprung into my head when I approached them.

- **Junkie #1 "Crazy Carl Lewis"**

Description: Red-eyed and weaving
My Question: Who do you plan to vote for in the upcoming election?
His Answer: "My fucking dick in your ass. For president. In your asshole."

- **Junkie #2 "Jerry Springer Guest"**

Description: Fat and children
My Question: Do you believe there should be a minimum wage?
Her Answer: "Hell yes I believe it. I believe it. I think minimum wage needs to be there for the kids. The minimum wage is (turns to daughter) what did I tell you about eating no chocolate before we go and see the doctor? What did I fucking tell you?"

- **Junkie #3 "Methuselah"**

Description: Old and toothy
My Question: What is your favorite kind of songbird?
His Answer: "I like the lark. Like they say 'what a lark'. I always thought that was a (leaves suddenly seeing chair freed up inside)."

- **Junkie #4 "Original Gangster"**

Description: Jive talk and spinnaz
My Question: Could communism work or is it a fundamentally flawed theory?
His Answer: "What college you go to? What college? (I say "DePaul"). Oh, DePaul, I played football for DePaul but then my scholarships ran up and whatnot. I can, can I, can I get ten dollars? I just need to get some gas in my car! It's right down the street there. Please, God Bless you if you help me. I just got out of jail and I need gas to get my car going and then go get back in school and whatnot."
Epilogue: I gave him the 38 cents I had in my pocket. He accosted me, slightly more

relaxed, on his way out and repeated the same routine, only I said I was from "Delta City University" and he unwittingly said he played basketball for New Detroit. It should also be mentioned that on his way in I clearly saw him walk almost three blocks.

- **Junkie #5 "The Spitter"**

Description: Mexican cowboy and scent of crypts
My Question: What is your favorite Disney movie?
His Answer: "The Emperor's Groove (he spits). Or Lion King (he spits as he is walking away too)."

- **Junkie #6 "Roid Rage"**

Description: Giant and white
My Question: Even though Roid Rage agreed to answer a question for the article when I started to ask him "Fat or thin Elvis?" he started screaming before I even said the word "fat".
His Answer: "Look you fat fucking pussy shit, I told you I will, no fuck it, fuck you! FUCK YOU! I am done with your kind of - UNNNNNNN (he actually made the comic book sound for agony and rammed both fists against his temples)."

Most of the junkies I saw weren't as emaciated as this woman, but they all invariably looked as washed out.

- **Junkie #7 "Wesley Willis"**

Description: Giant and black
My Question: Do you prefer to believe in creationism or evolution?
His Answer: "It is both. It is God created it all and then shit just grow. You have got God creates a seed and then a seed evolve into a tree. Like that. So I guess...if I had to pick I would say I believe God creationism and evolution."

- **Junkie #8 "Mommy Beanpole"**

Description: Auschwitz and Planned Parenthood
My Question: Picard or Kirk?
Her Answer: "I ain't here to get no methadone. You put that in your article. You tell 'em I wasn't here to get no methadone with my baby."

By my estimation I asked about 70 people to answer a question. Roughly half of them agreed, and of those only the eight you see above were really worth quoting. However, the other half that rejected me included a lot more cut-ups that offered me some of their hilarious junkie wit. I jotted down the ones I thought were funny or ironic.

Rejection Notices From the Edge

- "You get outta my face before I put your brain on your neck."
- "I don't talk to no Jews." - I actually go this one twice!
- "Fuck you all and fuck your mother right in her big old balloon animal ass."
- "No, but thanks." - Most noticeable because it was said by an enormous transvestite with hideous makeup on and white power tattoos covering his arms.
- "Go home and get yourself a real job." - Sound advice, but really, from someone headed into a methadone clinic?
- "Don't stare at me! Don't even fuckin' look at me man! You ain't never seen a midget before?" - Said by a completely average if unwashed looking white guy in a dusty business suit.
- "I'll talk to you after I got my shit." - A lot of people said something like this to me, but the guy who said exactly that was one of two people who had some kind of attack and left in an ambulance.

The whole experience was mostly just sad. I'm not one of those guys who hates all drug addicts and thinks they're total scum. It's more like they made one or two really bad decisions and then got infected with some kind of disease that turned them into a monster. The junkies with kids were especially dismaying, and there were a lot of them, but in my mind they were sort of offset by the handful of people who were just complete assholes. After I could take no more I went inside the clinic and got my camera back from Jake. I asked to take a picture with him but he declined.

If you enjoyed this article let me know. It was a lot of work but if people found it funny or interesting I'd be willing to do it again and try to convince my girlfriend to waste a Saturday afternoon by taking pictures from across the street of all of the junkies.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.28 World Worry III

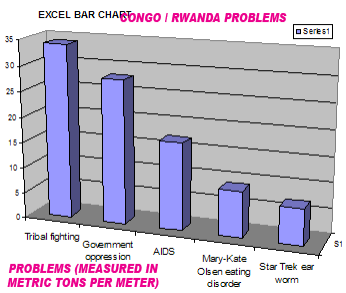
Tuesday, Jun 29, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This is me, only with nicer hair. Why am I worried? Well for one, my hands are just kind of floating around and aren't attached to anything.

I spend a good majority of my life worrying about things. There used to be a time many, many years ago when I could actually sit in one location for more than 19 seconds without feeling my stomach slowly twist and knot itself into some kind of slimy heap of rotting Polish sausage, but those days are long gone. Now I pop ranitidine tablets like Sweet Tarts, desperately trying to quell the sea of acid-soaked shrapnel which dissolves handfuls of my stomach lining each and every hour. I'll worry about business, I'll worry about my girlfriend, I'll worry about my dogs, I'll worry about my family, I'll worry about my house, I'll worry about the strange smell coming from my pants... but at least I won't have to worry about Congo and Rwanda any time soon.

> **Congo 'not going to attack Rwanda'** - *Congo on Monday denied claims by rival and neighbor Rwanda that it was massing troops for attack, and international diplomatic pressure built to avoid what one African leader called "potentially catastrophic war" in central Africa. Congo's defense minister told The Associated Press that his country was sending a total of 5,000 troops east to provinces bordering Rwanda, Congo's chief enemy in a devastating five-year central African war -- but insisted the deployment was to quell ex-rebels on Congo's soil, not invade Rwanda's. "We are not threatening the integrity of our neighboring country. We trust our neighbor, and we want them to trust us," Defense Minister Jean-Pierre Ondekane said in Kinshasa, the capital.*
>
> *"Congo is not going to attack Rwanda," Foreign Minister Antoine Ghonda told The AP.*

The seemingly neverending conflict between world nuclear heavyweights Congo and Rwanda has been raging in Africa for decades now, a bloodthirsty series of battles which has existed since the beginning of time itself. This epic struggle between two world superpowers has ruined many innocent lives during however the hell long it has been taking place, a fact which I can personally verify. For example, my girlfriend recently yelled at me, slammed the door in my face, and drove off in a furious rage. She mentioned something about being outraged at me for skipping her birthday party to drink beer and play *Animal Crossing* in my underwear all day, but it's obvious what the real issue here was: the conflict between Congo and Rwanda. She may not have the courage to come outright and say it to my face, but every time I look into that girl's eyes, I see Congo and Rwanda. I think those are lyrics from a Michael Bolton song.



I'm not very good at using Excel, but I believe this chart proves everything I've been talking about, and if you don't believe me, then you read the chart wrong.

In a climate full of terrorism, shaky economies, and questionable leadership, we need a concrete anchor in Africa to soothe our fears and stabilize this crazy, unpredictable world of ours. I had always hoped Congo and Rwanda could resolve their differences and merge to create one single powerhouse of proud African stability, a country that could lead us into the 22nd century with solid visions of the future, preferably involving hovercars. I call this country "Congwanda" and envision their

leader as a 10-foot tall, moustached robot who speaks in binary and throws criminals into active volcanoes. As a wise man once said, "you cannot create peace without paying a robot to throw people into a volcano," so Congwanda would truly be the foundation this world needs to build upon. Unfortunately, it looks like it might be a while before my dreams of a united Congwanda come true, so I should probably get back to dreaming of something more practical like the return of the XFL.

To understand the conflict between Rwanda and Congo, one must first attempt to understand the conflict between Rwanda and Congo. There are over 200 separate ethnic groups living in Congo, including the Luba, Kongo, and Anamongo tribes, and scholars dub these people "Congolese" despite the fact that "Congolese" sounds like the name of some man-made artificial lard substitute that Kraft wants to start putting in their Kraft Kidz Chee-Z Cheez N' Cheez Cheddar Cheez-Z-Z-eez Breakfast Glutton Snack Tub. To make things even more complex, each of these 200 ethnic groups has their own special ethnic language, even though only four of them - Kiswahili, Lingala, Kikongo and Tshiluba - have earned "official" language status. I'm no language expert, particularly when it comes to the Congolese people of the Tshilubas, but I imagine it must be pretty rough for folks who speak a language that isn't recognized as even being a language by the people in charge of official language recognizing. Each day they wake up and fervently pray to their weird, incorrect gods, hoping that their language didn't suddenly stop existing while they slept. Then their god waves around a few of his 46 arms and, through the miracle of His Holy Unibrow, their unofficial kooky series of clicks, whistles, and subsonic hums they mistakenly call a "language" is granted another contract extension.

Number 8 is number 1 in my heart and removes the explosives from the minefields of love.

Since 1998, up to three million people have been killed in the Congwanda war, leaving millions more homeless or seeking asylum in neighboring countries. Do you understand exactly how many people that is? It's like a lot, possibly even more. Of course all these people were already homeless and seeking asylum in neighboring countries before the war began, but the massacre really accelerated that whole process for them. In fact, the most popular job in both Congo and Rwanda is "asylum seeking," a full time occupation which requires the applicant to walk through the nearest bordering country's immigration office, demand an application for residency, and then walk through that country to the next bordering country's immigration office where they demand another application for residency. This process is repeated until the applicant either winds up in Europe or dead, two remarkably similar conditions.

I tried to look up more information regarding the current crisis brewing between Congo and Rwanda, but dear lord, it's really long and full of a lot of words and not nearly enough photos of dirty little ugly children with captions like "young Tibuti Mlakawi has smallpox." To make matters even worse, the second floor of my house is currently haunted by a Urine Ghost who is really mad at me for some unknown reason, and he is trying his best to prevent me from writing. For all you non-pet owners out there, a Urine Ghost is a specter who rises from the dog pee molecules embedded in your carpet, wrapping all nearby victims in a warm coat of stale piss which smothers them like an infant trapped underneath a mattress that has 50 filthy hobos sitting on top trading stories about boxcars. I was intensely worrying about the Congo vs. Rwanda conflict as I began writing this update, but now I find myself worrying about this damn Urine Ghost which has taken residency in my office and has shown no signs of leaving any time soon.

The problem with raising two dogs is that dogs love to pee. Wait, actually there's about 10,000 different problems with raising two dogs, but the peeing issue is first and foremost to me at this

particular moment. Now once you catch your young pet pissing all over your nice new carpet, you can swoop in and begin applying liberal treatments of carpet cleaners, warm water, and acidic compounds to the soaking stain of puppy piss, but it won't do any damn good at all. Dog urine is a magical, otherworldly liquid which immediately bonds with carpet the exact nanosecond it comes into contact. You can pay two burly, sweaty, hairy oafs to lumber into your home and spray gallons of noxious chemicals all over your carpet, but they won't get rid of the pungent puppy piss odor. The main function of carpet cleaning is to cover up the disgusting urine odors by making your carpet reek of completely different disgusting odors. You can tear out your carpet and replace it with some of that brand new fancy carpet which is made out of tiny microscopic robot Jews and Ruplestiltskin's spun gold, but it won't make any difference. You can move out of your home and relocate to a hotel with Craig T. Nelson and the other members of his family, but it's impossible to escape. The Urine Ghost will follow.

When a dog urinates, they expel a flow of water, waste products, and souls of innocent little animals they've consumed. These are souls from every kind of insect and creature they ate; Junebugs, baby mice, earthworms, snakes... if it was living, its soul will be pissed out. Now my two dogs love to eat things. They eat my clothes, my deck, my shoes, my electrical wiring, and everything else that can fit into their mouths without trying to punch them first. So each and every time Polly or Speedy relieve themselves on the carpet, a ghoulish spirit of the damned forms like Voltron from countless irate caterpillars, toads, and beetles souls that were previously trapped inside their bladders. This Urine Ghost rises from its grave each damp, moist evening, striking out for revenge at the nearest innocent victim. I happen to be its latest target, and since this damn ghost hasn't left my house in nearly a week now, I find my inability to properly worry quite worrisome.

A real photograph I took of the Urine Ghost in my house. I tried to make the photo scratch and sniff, but I don't think Firefox supports that extension yet.

So while I sit here, attempting to successfully worry about the current Congo vs. Rwanda conflict, I find myself worrying about the wrath of the Urine Ghost. Maybe, some day in the distant future, the president of Congwanda will spread his eternal message of peace and joy throughout the world and the overwhelming power of love shall soothe the savage spirits of all Urine Ghosts. Then I will be able to finally get back to what's important - worrying about unimportant things - and I won't have to worry about anything else unimportant in my life. May god bless you, Congwanda, and may you keep us all safe from Urine Ghosts.

MC Chris is the man

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams still alive, and here to set a few things straight.

Number One: I don't make all of the pictures or write all of the content that goes into a Comedy Goldmine. The Something Awful Forum Goons do. They're the talented ones. I'm just some shmuck that put it all in one place for you to read.

Number Two: If you want to join in on the Comedy Goldmine/Photoshop Phriday fun, you will need an account. I can't post any submissions I get through e-mail. I'm sorry, but that's how the game is played. Go ahead and join up if you haven't, best ten dollars you'll spend in a while, I assure you. Just read the rules before you start posting.

Number Three: I was born a coal miner's daughter.

Now that we have that all cleared up, let's move on to the Goldmine.

Sex. Drugs. Drinking. Baking a cake. All of these things except for the last one can lead to uncomfortable times with one's parents. And despite our very best efforts, we never manage to completely fool 'ole mom and dad. Perhaps God looks down at us and sets things up for his own personal porno blooper reel. I'm not sure, but considering how many goons have been caught in compromising situations, he's got to be doing something.

Here's a taste of this week's Goldmine:

> *I remember this incredibly well, as it is probably the most humiliating thing that has ever happened to me in my entire life.*
>
> I had a room in the basement throughout most of high school, and a girlfriend of mine was over, fairly late, I would say about midnight. That was commonplace, both of our parents were okay with it. Well, after we both decided that my parents were asleep, we decided to mess around a little, the walls are thick and there was no chance of anyone hearing anything upstairs. Well, things escalated and one thing led to another. About 15 minutes into it, the light comes on and my dad stands at the top of the steps.
>
> Dad: "Have you seen the kitty?" Me: "No Dad, she's not down here"
>
> I'm frozen, on top of this girl, trying to discreetly persuade my dad not to come down the steps.
>
> Dad: "Kitty?" *comes down the steps*
>
> Here, I think to myself, I'm simply fucked.
>
> So, my dad comes down the steps and sees us there, which is not the worst part. He STAYS down there for what had to have been 5 minutes looking for the damn cat, IN MY ROOM. He walks over, checks under my bed, looks under the desk, and checks the closet. During this entire time, I'm still in bed, disrobed with this girl, as my father searches my room for our cat.
>
> Dad: "She's probably outside somewhere"
>
> I couldn't even reply. He never said anything to me the next day, I received no recourse, and it was the most bizarre thing that has ever happened to me in my life.

Thanks to forum Goon Quizal for starting up this and next week's Comedy Goldmine, "Awkward Times With Parents."

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.29 Investment Rodeo

Wednesday, Jun 30, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

You know you want it, and now you can have it!

As a reader of Something Awful, you are most likely aware that we are all about writing hate speech on the Internet. But a little known fact is that we are also about making lots and lots of money. We are proud to put the "sell" in "sellout," and by that I mean we sold ourselves out wholesale. Long ago, we gave up trying to be genuinely funny for fun, and instead decided to pursue a path of endless profits and decadent riches. Hell, I stopped writing actual articles over a year ago because it just wasn't financially viable for me to invest my time doing anything that didn't involve spending money. No one noticed, because that's when I started using a fairly crude mad libs program I downloaded off of IRC to generate fresh content each and every week. I've obviously learned a lot about money along the way, as anyone involved with the endlessly booming Internet industry does, and so I'd like to take some time to share with you my tips for success. With my advice, you will learn all the quick shortcuts for making money while doing next to nothing. With that extra time, you can do like me and spend hours staring vainly into a mirror, admiring that corpulent reflection of perfection.

The first lesson in becoming financially successful is to familiarize yourself with the tools of the trade, or money as it's widely known amongst the professionals. Money tends to come in several forms, including paper, coin, and credit. You will note the coins are metal, and almost always round. I'm not sure why coins don't come in other shapes, such as stars, clovers, squares, or triangles, but I think it may have to do with the cyclical nature of circles. With circles, everything always comes back to the beginning, similar to how an economy should operate. This is not unlike the minstrel cycle women go through, which was in turn named after the traveling musicians that visited villages once a month to sing nagging songs. Money differs from country to country, but paper money is commonly rectangular in shape, and features lovely designs hallmarked by pictures of dead people. You will note that these old gentlemen (and sometimes ladies or Canadians) served as leaders in times long evaporated from the present. Credit is the most peculiar type of money, because it exists only in record and often shares a symbiotic relationship with your bank account, which is where you stick the money that isn't gestating in your wallet.

Now that you have an understanding of money, the basic building blocks of a capitalist economy, you can start making lots of it. Some will tell you that the best way to get money is to earn it through hard work. I disagree, because I am tender like a woman, and work would all but destroy my free and gentle spirit. Instead, I recommend investing in things that are going to rise in value. That way you can sell them for more than you paid, turning what we in the know call a "profit." Seeing as how you are a novice to this whole new economic world of instant cash, allow me to give you a good overview of the kind of things you should buy, as well as the kind of things you should start selling if you haven't already.

Buy!

- **Endangered Species**

  Right now there are millions of animals near extinction. Supply and demand dictates that the less of an item is available, the greater the demand for it. Endangered species are rare, and thusly quite in demand. I recommend starting your investment portfolio

Investing is somewhat complicated but does not require extra arms as this picture would seem to suggest.

by getting a hold of as many endangered creatures as possible. The good thing about an investment like this is that it can often be done without any money save for what it costs to build or purchase traps. Once you have your endangered species secure, put them in a safe place like a basement or tool shed. Then you wait. Sooner or later you will hear about extinction, and that's when you make your move. You will blow people away by seemingly resurrecting a species and make a killing at the same time!

- **"Highlander" Memorabilia**

The "Highlander" movie and television franchise captured the imagination of a generation, and spawned an entire industry. Every week people of all ages were glued to the ongoing saga renowned for its sword fights and drama. You would be an absolute fool not to sign yourself up for "Highlander" merchandise catalogs and buy your weight in awesome swords and capes. If you run out of money to continue buying this stuff, simply sell your dignity. There won't be much left anyway.

- **Hydrogen**

In the coming decades we will slowly be transitioning into a hydrogen economy, eliminating the need for fossil fuels. Now is the time to get a head start on the hydrogen highway! Invest in bulk, filling closets, shelves, garages, and storage sheds with all the hydrogen you can afford. When the market first opens, you're going to be in a prime position to profit like a banshee.

- **Something Awful Merchandise**

As a personal favor to my boss, Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka, I must plead with you to purchase valuable Something Awful merchandise. Let me tell you, this represents a premium investment opportunity, as right now this merchandise is just waiting to skyrocket in value once somebody removes it from the dank, moldy, asbestos-laden warehouse Rich rents in the local red light district. Once you clean the rat feces off, you've got yourself wearable money!

- **Other Commodities Worth Investing In:**

Egyptian cotton, Louie Anderson murder contracts, hair extensions, Iraqi flags from before the regime change, skeletons of dinosaurs and/or historic figures, magic reagents, and fine Indian spices are all great investments.

Sell!

- **Children**

It is said that children are our future, but unfortunately that is wrong. Unless they find a way to transfer our brains into the bodies of children, there is no way for that statement to be even remotely true. However, there are those who still believe such crazy old wives'

tales, and they are a prime market for selling unwanted children. If you have children, I recommend unloading them immediately. The returns are nowhere near the expenses of childrearing, so drop that dead weight! If you don't have any children, know that they are plentiful and can be found virtually everywhere, especially around schools and playgrounds. They are worth a lot of money to the right kind of people.

- **The Elderly**
  If children represent the future, then the elderly represent the past. Investing is a progressive endeavor, not one to be chained up by the shackles of age. Science can use your unwanted elders for important experiments beneficial to us all. Sell them immediately and for whatever you can get. Medical cadavers aren't worth as much as live subjects.

- **Oil**
  Oil will be a thing of the past in several decades, which kind of means it's a thing of right now. Right now is an ideal time to sell any barrels of oil you are holding onto, because gas prices are only going to get lower in the near future. If you have any oil reserves in your yard, sell the drilling rights as fast as you can. If you need help with that, let me know. I have a shovel and I'm available weekends so long as there are sandwiches on the table and a fair share of the profits. Actually, I don't really want to help dig for oil, but I'd be happy to help with the sandwiches. Eating them, that is. You have to make them.

- **Other Commodities You Should Sell Now While You Still Can:**
  Partially opened cans of asparagus, Rob Liefeld artwork, defective hammocks with urine stains, stock in MurderJew Industries, decorative depleted uranium shell casings, Iraqi flags from after the regime change, erotic Polaroid pictures of Courtney Love, canisters of mustard gas, jars of spoiled mustard, and DNA samples of Rowdy Roddy Piper

Now don't think for a minute that I've told you everything. Investing does require some work, but it's all common sense when you get down to it. It's about anticipating needs for the future, and selling before those needs have been fully satisfied. It's a lot like shooting a gun, except your bullets are filled with potential and your target is success. If you shoot right, you can succeed. But if you shoot wrong, you waste your potential. Actually, it's nothing like a gun at all, especially since you can invest in guns. If investing in guns was like a gun, then that would probably be a paradox of some sort. I highly recommend carrying a gun, though, because you never know when a business deal is going to turn sour. Also, I recommend not conducting business in dark alleys or parking garages, because that's just asking for trouble. Good luck in your future successes!

Move Over, George Romero...

...The next seat to your right is much more comfortable. We'll give your crappy folding chair to Frank Agrama, director of "Dawn of the Mummy." It just so happens that I, by which I mean Ben "Greennipple" Platt, have had the pleasure of watching this piece of, as the French say, "crappe." And now I want to share the experience with you.

Setting the standard for every other movie to come in the 1980s, right after the title screen comes some cheesy synth song played over a montage of the various models walking down various streets in New York. We then bounce right back to Egypt, where the models are traveling in search of a good background for their fashion shoot. That's right, the entire New York scene is just them walking. No dialogue, no character development, it doesn't even introduce the plot device of the models' trip to Egypt. Just try to calculate the amount of money wasted by having one single, moronic city scene in a movie that is

> otherwise nothing but desert shots. Then weep at the realization that that's more money than you will ever be able to waste on anything in your life.

This movie hurt me. Help me strike back. Read the review and find out how!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 7

July

7.1 Getting Awesome with My Dad

Thursday, Jul 01, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Top to bottom: Mr. T, mechanical spider

I am the official mascot of Something Awful. Comparing the other writers to me is like comparing a basketball team to the guy in a gorilla suit who performs during the halftime show. My only entertainment value comes from my utter disregard for anything remotely resembling dignity or common sense. After the basketball game is over I follow you home. You still laugh at my antics but it's a nervous and awkward laugh. Three hours pass and I'm still at your house. I've got your computer downloading the Japanese soundtrack to Sonic CD and I'm slowly stripping to MC Hammer's "Can't Touch This". Like the characters in Jean Paul Sartre's existentialist play, *No Exit*, you've discovered that hell truly is other people, especially if those people are self-deprecating internet writers.

Last week my dad and I went out to dinner. "If you're going to live with me you need to pay rent." my dad said. "Also, I'm sick of having to do your laundry. You always put your pink chaps in with the whites."

"I'll pay you as soon as a major studio picks up my movie script." I said. "It's about two hackers who use a cell phone to commit the crime of the century. The hook is that cell phones are pretty high tech these days so it **isn't that farfetched**. Also there'll be a shot where the camera zooms in on a computer and then transitions to a bunch of 0's and 1's flying through cyberspace because I think a few other movies have tried that but I'd like to see it done really seamlessly."

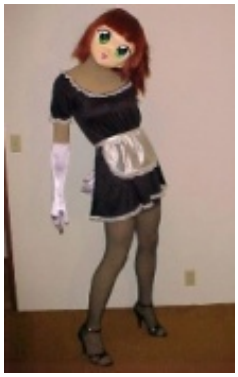
"Why are you wearing a dress?"

"Oh, that's because I secretly wish I was a woman."

A waitress walked up to our table and spoke.

"I'm sorry sir, but your son has to leave. He's in violation of our dress code."

"Lady, my son isn't trying to cause any trouble. He just wants to be a woman. And can you blame him? I mean he totally has the legs and hips for it. Do you have any children? Surely you can sympathize with me as a fellow parent. Don't your kids do unusual things sometimes?"



"Well, now that you mention it, my boy does occasionally channel the spirit of a 16th century mariner."

My dad asked me to go to his friend's daughter's graduation party. "You need to get out and meet some people." he said. "Just because shy, introverted nerds are the subject of several hilarious webcomics doesn't mean you should be one."

"Hey, it's your world of graduation parties, power lunches, and charity balls that has turned me into a bitter neo-nihilist whose self loathing drives a monster truck with a bumper sticker of Calvin peeing into the mouth of a naked supermodel."

"Have you been reading an edgy Chuck Palahniuk novel?"

"Maybe."

"Look, either you go to the party with me or I take away your kigurumi head."

I recalled my own graduation party. My dad had booked a special reunion concert by 80s rock legends, Dire Straits. Like John Illsley's bass playing, I expected this party to be dull and unremarkable. Little did I know that it would actually turn out to be fun and exciting like a Mark Knopfler guitar solo. "Why?" you may ask. Well, at the risk of giving away some of the surprises that await you in the next few paragraphs, let's just say it involved a special appearance by Tool lead singer, Maynard James Keenan. "I didn't know you knew Maynard James Keenan." I said to my dad in astonishment.

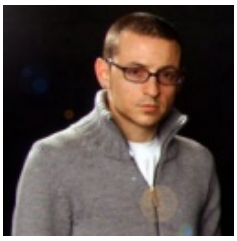
"His father and I served together in Vietnam." my dad said. "Our unit was captured and sent to North Vietnam's secret moon base where we were forced to mine moon rocks under the supervision of vietcong robots equipped with taser guns."

"You know I have my own band too." I said to Maynard. "We play ironic punk covers. Of punk songs. That way they're even more ironic." Maynard showed me his livejournal. It consisted of random animated .gifs and excerpts from Georges Bataille's *Story of the Eye*. "Doesn't putting all this mystique around your livejournal just open the door for a bunch of elitists to say they're the only ones who "get it"?" I asked. Maynard responded by grabbing the Mcdonalds visor off my head and saying in a mocking tone of voice, "Hey look I'm Jed and I work at Mcdonalds. May I take your order? Do you want fries with that?"

My dad introduced me to his friend's daughter. In what could only be interpreted as an act of seduction, she pretended to punch me in the chest. I was more than happy to reciprocate. Unfortunately I got too excited and committed the ultimate fake punching faux pas; a fake eye poke. We went through the motions of punching each other a few more times but all of the eroticism was gone.

"So how have your doctor's visits been going?" my dad asked.

"My psychiatrist prescribed me a medication that gave me head rushes. Then I became addicted to the head rushes and tried to artificially create them by raising my head up when I stood up. Then I passed out. When I woke up my psychiatrist had taken off my pants, which he said was standard procedure for treating fainting victims."



The party had a well stocked beer cooler. I only mention that as a transition into the following quote by Linkin Park lead singer and master of drinking, Chester Bennington.

> "I'm just a regular guy, you know? There's no leotard and cape under my clothes. I shit, I piss, I drink too much and throw up, just like everybody else."

Hey Chester, don't sweat it if this world-weary everyman thing of yours doesn't work out; you still have a plethora of other talents to fall back on. For one, you're capable of delivering the single most horrible, ear-wrenching vocal performance ever recorded (re: the chorus of "Crawling"). In all seriousness though, I don't want any of the young girls reading this update to take Chester's quote as an endorsement of drinking. If you drink at a party you could get taken advantage of. For example, while you're passed out some unscrupulous gentleman could take pictures of you wearing embarrassing hats.

I'm going to bed now, which makes me happy because I just know I'll be dreaming about my dad and I wearing spandex body suits in a future where everything is made out of gummi savers.

Goodnight.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

7.2 John Madden: Time Cop

Friday, Jul 02, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The secret bunker of the Time Police shook with the energy unleashed through the Time Matrix and into the distant past. John Madden, clad in his black body glove with the big yellow star on back, went through the last minute checks of his equipment.

"All go, pre-jump check," reported the technician looking over John Madden's equipment.

"Didja, didja look to see if I had my banana?" Asked Madden. "Last time I got there and I didn't have my banana and let me tell you it was a heck of a time trying to find a banana in 1862. There were watermelons and tomatoes - tomatoes are fruits - and then I managed to talk to Pete Grisham and he found me a cantaloupe but nobody could turn up a banana. I looked high and low, all through Atlanta, and I was looking-"

"John, I brought an extra banana just in case you lose yours this time." Lieutenant Steve Conroy interjected, patting a special banana holster clipped to his belt.

"Oh good thinking, I would hate to have to come back to my bus here in 2004 just for a banana, but I need my niacin."

There was a bright flash of light and the Time Matrix unfolded into a time gate like in "Stargate" but only not so much so as to cause a lawsuit. John Madden and Lieutenant Conroy stepped through the time gate and were whisked back to the year 60,000,000 BC.

Dinosaurs were everywhere and it was crazy. There was a pterodactyl like right above Madden and Conroy and Madden was really excited.

"This is pretty amazing. Reminds me of the time I made the turducken on the grill in '97 and some of the turkey was bad and about halfway through the game I started hallucinating and I thought Bo Jackson was a magical giant condor. That Bo Jackson, he can do anything, I once went to a brunch with him and my feet were covered with corns and after a handshake with him they were gone. I tried to convince him to come massage my wife's breast cancer but Bo knows best. Then I went to the-"

"The uh, the time anomaly is up ahead John, just make sure you don't touch anything." Lieutenant

Conroy interrupted.

"Steve, you know I will never fly, and that's because 'a', I'm afraid of going where god never intended, and 'b' the security is just crazy these days. They will touch everything, so be glad that I am here instead of one of those security screeners, that's why I have the bus. It lets me relax and be in comfort, and I mean I have been doing this for almost 500 years so I think I deserve a little bit of comfort."

John Madden started to follow Lieutenant Conroy but then he stepped on the tail of a baby brontosaurus. The baby brontosaurus made a sound like a goat and John Madden got pretty scared thinking he was being bitten by spiders again like last time. He started to run back to the time gate but then he tripped and landed on some baby monkeys. They just sort of crackled underneath him but his fall agitated a nest of giant moths that swarmed out of their hive and started to bite Madden's shirt. This made Madden even more scared so he started smashing them with his hands and then a pack of raptors, that like to eat moths, came running and started licking all of the moth residue off his body. But John Madden had so badly mangled the moths that he had obscured their warning patterning that they are poisonous and the raptors started dying from the poisonous moths.

"Uh oh, this might be trouble!" John Madden exclaimed, but Lieutenant Conroy was already too far away to hear him.

The sounds of the dying raptors brought megahippos that like to scavenge dead dinosaurs and when they saw John Madden all covered with moth dust they thought he was a hippo so one of the female hippos started to have sex with him. John Madden became disoriented and stimulated by the hippo's sexual musk, which allowed him to achieve an orgasm inside the hippo. Then, because things were crazy and different back then, the female hippo gave birth to a centaur-hippo and John Madden began to suddenly lactate, which allowed him to nurse the centaur-hippo to strength.

"I will name you Queenie!" He declared, but then the meggahippos and Queenie had to leave.

John Madden realized he was a mess so he found a pond and took a bath in the pond. There were a lot of lungfish in the pond and John Madden named them as he took his bath. While he was petting one he named "Roger Clinton" he dropped the radiographic element of his home X-ray machine out of his body glove pocket. This began to cause mutations in the lungfish that terrified him so he fled back to the time gate just as Lieutenant Conroy returned from his mission to arrest time criminal Jules Asner.

"Did you manage to stay out of trouble?" Lieutenant Conroy asked John Madden while he was fitting the pain amplifier around Jules Asner's neck.

"Oh, you bet," replied John Madden with a big grin.

Then they went back through the time gate.

Back at the Time Police bunker things had changed while Madden and Lieutenant Conroy were on their mission. The first thing everyone noticed was that it was a lot darker and colder than it had been when they left. The second thing everyone noticed was that giant biomechanical walkers were towering above a landscape made of flesh, pruning swollen gland-trees and draining fluids from hillock sized cysts. The sky was dark and the area around them was lit only by the unearthly luminescence of a drifting sac of gray meat that flashed periodically with greens and blues. The world had fallen into utter despair, and the few people they saw on the wide boulevards of metal and desiccated skin were sallow quadrupeds with drooping and vaguely human faces.

"All father hail to you," one muttered, its tongue lolling out of its frothing mouth and its eyes rolling back in its head.

Several others approached, shuffling towards Madden and his companions.

"The all father has returned to us." The creatures murmured to each other.

"It is glorious!" Moaned one.

"He has returned, as the prophecies foretold, to deliver us from our sins," cried another one that worried long and curled fingernails in its bovine mouth.

"Now wait just a minute." Instructed John Madden. "I don't know what you guys are talking about here, we are supposed to be in the Time Police secret bunker. What are you guys doing here? Did they outsource or something?"

"All father, you confuse us with your riddles." The creatures seemed upset and began to flay the skin on their backs with flails and whips they carried in holsters around the thick trunk of their neck.

"Last week when I was on a mission to 1492 to stop Doctor Magnus from destroying Christopher Columbus's self-esteem by following around and calling him fat I accidentally dropped my cell phone in the toilet at a bar. That caused all of these weird phones to appear back at the Time Police station but Steve, you had some sort of quantum whose-a-majigits that maintained the original what-cha-callsit so we could go back and fix what I did. Then I actually got to meet myself and talk to myself which was pretty crazy, I think, ya know I had no idea I was that big myself. But I say just enjoy life and deal with it, if you've got a big stomach you-"

"Yeah, uh, John, did you happen to touch something back in 60,000,000 BC?"

"Oh, you know, I might have touched a thing or two. I was watching out though, I keep careful track of what I'm doing, got to keep your eye on the ball at all times even if you're sitting on the bench is what I always say. Don't disrupt the flow of the game."

Lieutenant Steve Conroy sighed and hit the gate opening button so that they could return to 60,000,000 BC and stop the other John Madden.

"The time portal should be opening any second." Steve was examining the quantum chronotimewatcher.

"Alright, I will go talk to me, and tell me to just stand perfectly still right by the time gate."

Steve responded by hitting John at the base of his spine with a powerful tranquilizer injection. John slumped to the ground. The time gate began to open with swirling colors and the like and Steven stepped out from behind the bushes. He nodded politely to the duplicate of himself, who rolled his eyes and smiled sadly in response. Then he walked up to John Madden and fired his emergency pistol three times into his face.

Steve dragged the unconscious Madden and the manacled Jules Asner through the time portal and back into the future.

When John Madden woke up it was to a beautiful utopia. The sky was blue, the trees were green, the flowers were in bloom and soft music was playing from everywhere around them. While they were enjoying the scenery Time Police Chief McMurtry walked out of his office in a bright blue suit and approached them and shook their hands.

"Congratulations on the awesome mission guys," he said, pumping their hands up and down. "You guys did really good. Peace!"

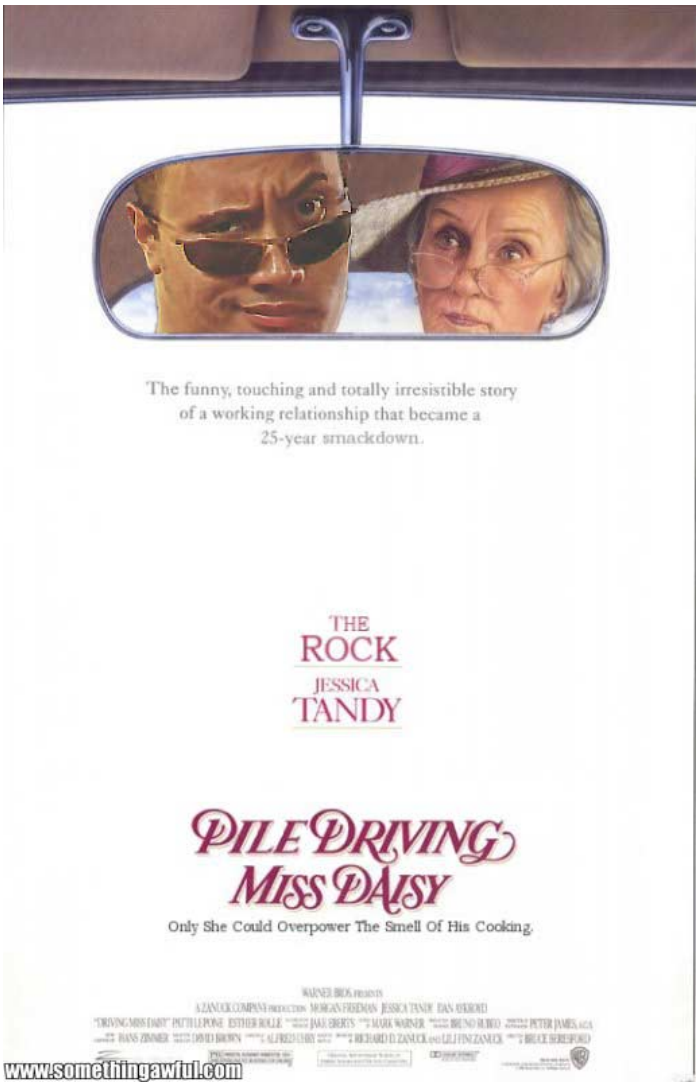
A few Time Troopers in pink and green uniforms took custody of Jules Asner and placed her in her own TV show on "E!" entitled "Wild On the Camel Toes on the Riviera". John Madden was knighted by the Queen of England and went on to provide color commentary for Monday Night Complimenting, the sport where two teams face off and see who can say nicer things about the other team. Lieutenant Steve Conroy locked himself in his room and shot himself through the brain.

Coming to a Phriday Near You!

Howdy gang, Livestock here. I'll get straight to the point: it burns when I pee. But more importantly, there is a gullet-smacking new Photoshop Phriday online so go read it right away! Post haste even! The theme the SA Forum Goons toppled this week was "Clash of the Movie Titans," otherwise known as "movie icon face-offs" or "movie character showdowns" or even "shut up and just show the preview already!"

Or "click here right now while you still can!"

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)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7.3 Fuck You England!

Saturday, Jul 03, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Happy 3rd of July everybody! On this monumental day a few hundred years ago, America threw off the oppressive shackles of the tyrannical English overlords, and won her freedom by throwing sacks of tea into the ocean, and setting traps just like the ones the Ewoks made in Return of the Jedi. We celebrate this great day by drinking a lot of beer, getting sunburned, shooting off dangerous fireworks into the sky and sometimes at each other, depending on how intoxicated we are. Unfortunately, many Americans don't even know why they are lighting those snakes on the sidewalk and sticking flags in their ears. Most of the public is ignorant when it comes to the history of this great nation. Even in rotten old rainy England, when they are not too busy ejaculating over Harry Potter, they teach about how they got totally owned by the colonists, big time. It's really a shame and I think knowing about the American Revolution should be required for a citizenship, driver's license, and forklift certification. Today on this most holy of days, I will give a small history lesson to you little assholes, since you were probably raised in public schools. No talking or chewing gum during this update or you'll get the paddle.

This boy is waiting for his dad to come back from Iraq. I'm not going to be the one to break the news.

The English have always been more than happy to spread their seed around the globe, like in the New World, South Africa, and India. They also sent all their criminals to Australia where they would flourish and make the adorable Crocodile Hunter and Russell Crowe. Once Columbus discovered the New World, and Spain started plundering Aztec gold and giving away free smallpox samples in boxes of Tide, the British started getting pretty jealous of their wealth. They sent their own dudes over to this unknown land, but much farther to the north to a place called Roanoke. Unfortunately for them, there was no gold to be found, only swampland and death. They tried to settle the colony three times but failed every time because they forgot matches. Meanwhile, the French founded the city of Quebec and built the first strip club in the New World, bringing trappers and tourists from afar. Fast-forward a few hundred years, and England finally gets it right and has many profitable American colonies that pay taxes. But then England fucks it all up.

The colonists in early America were clever, industrious, and inventive, while the snooty royal English sat on their powdered bums and taxed the daylights out of the poor citizens. A young farmer named George Washington worked under the yoke of the Brits, and had a secret romance with a beautiful girl he was smitten with. The evil local royal magistrate caught wind of the affair and had her throat cut for breaking the "British dudes get to boff the bride first" rule. Washington was devastated, and turned into a vengeful soul whose only goal was to see England in ruins and his people free; kind of like the Punisher, but with wooden teeth. Meanwhile, things in Boston were heating up. The British had taxed the tea so harshly that it prompted the citizens to throw it into the harbor, making the fish caffeine addicts and destroying the English fish and chips market back home. Then a group of rabble-rousers conducted a public protest and a gaggle of British solders opened fire, killing a few of them. This was known as the "shot heard 'round the world", and woke up over a million Chinamen in the middle of the night, causing the Boxer Rebellions. War was on the horizon, but who will win? You will have to read the rest of the update to find out.

We will now take an unscheduled intermission break for some unbridled patriotism.

America is #1! But how did we become the most powerful and radical nation on the planet? Slavery is the correct answer, but right now we are focusing on the birth of a nation through bloodshed and firecrackers. Soon Washington had assembled some of the greatest minds and best fighters in the land. With these special individuals together, he formed The Founding Fathers, a super group of which the likes the world had never seen.

- **Thomas Jefferson**

This master of disguise was a 007 before his time. A man who works well while in extreme peril, Jefferson was vital behind enemy lines for his intelligence gathering and assassinations. He was also known as a ladies man, and planted the seeds of freedom in more than one womb in his day, no matter the color. He worked best on his own, but enjoyed the company of his fellow Founding Fathers.
Special Attack: Mist of illusion

Deadly colors tear bone and flesh asunder. Take that Redcoats.

- **Benjamin Franklin**

His codename is "the wild turkey" and he is a whiz at technology and contraptions. Without Franklin, the American resistance would've been lost for he supplied them with many secret weapons of his own invention. One such gizmo was something called the electricity ball that he discovered one day while flying a kite and eating a watermelon. Once the bolt hit his kite, it electrified the seeds in his mouth, and he spit them out with such velocity that it destroyed a nearby granary. After that he formed the Kite Squad, the most elite and dangerous troops in the colonial forces. One English commander was once overheard saying, " Well I believe in God, and the only thing that scares me is Benjamin Franklin."
Special Attack: Power Bolt

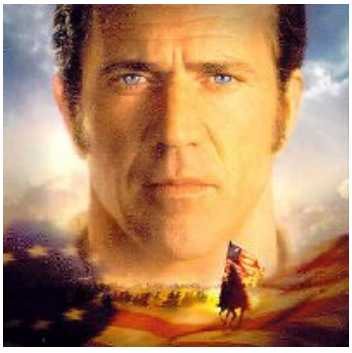
- **Samuel Adams**

A man of fiery disputation and temperament, Samuel Adams was a judge by day and an explosives expert by night, just like the show Dark Justice that was on TNT. He experimented with anything with a wick or gunpowder, and is known to have invented the first bottle rocket. Soon, larger versions of the rocket were used effectively to drive the British out of Pennsylvania. He rode a large wild hog into battle usually with two roman candles under his arms, screaming his battle cry "Heeey youuu guuuuuys!". Adams' use of these explosive devices for securing our freedom is one of the main reasons we celebrate using fireworks every year. He also created a popular beer after his namesake. I don't

care much for the Cherry Wheat myself.Special
Special Attack: Bottle Rocket

These talented fighters, along with many other founding fathers, drafted the Declaration of Independence bringing about a full-scale war with England. When the English ships full of troops were in sight, a foppish tart by the name of Paul Revere road through all the towns screaming at the top of his lungs until he was arrested by the constable for disturbing the peace, and is remembered by the Beastie Boys song of the same name. The battle did not go well at the start for the colonists because most of the men were just simple craftsmen and farmers. Some were so keen on independence and freedom that they didn't even listen to the American commanders and just went back home to collect welfare.

The English were super evil, like shown in the extremely realistic movie "The Patriot" with Mel Gibson. Gibson plays an old fighter who wants nothing of the war but his son is shot for being a spy, so he turns into a ninja and kills like, 10 British dudes while his infant sons shoot rapid fire muzzle loading rifles. The final battle for America was at Helms Deep where the British breached the wall with an orc bearing explosives. All seemed lost, but then an old friend returned to America to help them in their time of need. Steve Perry mounted a cannonball that sailed over the heads of the British hordes, as he held an American flag under his right arm. He steered towards the British command tent, leaping forward and impaling the King of England with the flag, and then blew up all the rest of the guys in the tent too. Victory was ours, and America was free! Soon after the founding fathers drafted the constitution, ensuring the God-given rights of all men to be free, they enslaved a bunch of black people from Africa to make this country the great economic powerhouse it is today. Hooray for America!



If you ever want to know about the true history of America, rent the Patriot.

I hope you all learned a little something today. I know I did. Never put your penis in an electrical socket WHILE standing in a tub of water. That second part always gets me. Go on now and get drunk, BBQ some flesh, and blow up some pretty explosives. It's what this country is all about.

(This update is dedicated to the men and women who fought and died at the Alamo. Mexicans are not to be trusted, especially Spokker Jones.)

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

7.4 Sand: Nature's Miracle

Sunday, Jul 04, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

This guy dissed me at the Source awards. And now look at him.

Masturbation is a writer's greatest foe. Forget what you have heard about writer's block, ferrets, and hispanic people, masturbation can stop a writer dead in the middle of his article more often than any of those things. Of course, this doesn't apply to women as women do not write or masturbate. Now let's pretend for a minute that I actually know something about the written word and can call myself a writer without you people bursting into laughter. Earlier today while I was writing this god forsaken article I felt the urge to pleasure myself. While I can safely say that every six minutes, this was an especially bad case. So I take a break from writing about fucking SAND and turn on Jenna Haze. I fast forward to her gaping anus and complete the whole process in about fourteen seconds. Great, only half an hour until I have to do it again. I go back to writing about fucking SAND and something happens, I'm too tired to write anything. I feel lethargic and weary. After a short while I start getting paranoid and crazy. I check the doors to see if they are locked every five minutes. I look outside constantly and every little sound startles me. Wait a second, that's marijuana. Then what happens when I masturbate? Oh, I come all over my jeans. Anyway the point of this little story is stay out of my booze.

I love sand. Sand sand sand. Doesn't that word just roll off the tongue? If you could make love to a word wouldn't you just love to get sand drunk on yegermiester and take advantage of her for all it's worth? Tell her you are a producer on a big budget film and then not call her anymore once you've fucked her brains out? She calls you back six weeks later asking why you never called her again. You tell her that it was just a one night stand and that she should really stop calling you. She finds your address by doing a reverse lookup on your phone number and you realize she's a crazy bitch and you have to kill her. I know I would. That's why I'm writing about sand. That and Moof told me to. It went kind of like this:

> **Moof**: WRITE ABOUT SAND OH PLEASE SOMEONE DO THIS.
> **Spokker Jones**: I will step up to the challenge.
> **Moof**: THE JOURNEY WILL BE LONG AND HARD MY FRIEND.
> **Spokker Jones**: Give me anal.
> **Moof**: WHATEVER YOU SAY SPIKKER JONES.

And that's how I saved Christmas. But enough fun time. It's time to get serious and I am serious about sand. But what is sand? I sure as fuck don't know so let's ask Google. Apparently sand is a homosexual band from Europe. I don't know anything else about them except that they are foriegners and I hate foriegners because this is America and I bought an expensive flag with a gold encrusted pole after September 11th and buying expensive things you can't afford is what America is all about. But not South America. All they have over there is spiders and cocaine.

Did Moof really want me to write about these "giant sand" fucks? This just didn't add up so I looked at a better sand website and *they* said that sand is a substance made up of very tiny rocks and other small pieces of crap. In fact, sand is the hot dog of the geology world. It consists of many different things such as sedimentary rock, used condoms, Mexicans, Free Willy, and former TRL hosts. Let's explore the different types of sand from around the world together shall we? It'll be romantic.

giant sand: These are the fuckfaces we looked at earlier. We hate them and wish they would get off our internet and stop selling poison CDs to schoolchildren.
Composition: Ugly men
Rating: F--

California Beach Sand: California beaches are well-known for their sun and surf, but also HIV-infected syringes. Don't be alarmed. We locals call these prizes, similiar to those you would find in a cereal box.
Composition: The unfulfilled dreams of promising actors and actresses and my inability to understand the left lane law.
Rating: A+++ WOULD SIFT THROUGH AGAIN

East Coast Beach Sand: East coast sand is quite possibly the worst kind of sand in the world. Most kinds of sand are delicious and friendly to the colon. But east coast sand is poison. It doesn't surprise me though, as the entire Atlantic coastline is like one giant skinny turd running up and down the United States.
Composition: Sealed copies of Seaman for the Dreamcast
Rating: D, F, LP

Eye sand: Eye sand is the best kind of sand and can be a little breakfast treat in the morning. But it does have it's downsides. Eye sand is made by the eye because of our body's natural desire to cause pain. If eye sand is not harvested in the morning it attacks the eye and burns because it doesn't pay up on gambling debts. Remember to harvest your eye sand each morning. Eat it or save it for a rainy day.
Composition: Solidified farts.
Rating: Mature

Those are the four main types of sand. I'm sure there are more but they don't pay me to sit around and talk about sand.

Sand is commonly reffered to by people as the tool of the devil. It's no wonder, as millions of people each year are claimed by quicksand pits, sandbags that hang over stages, and beach volleyball matches. But these people were probably child molesters anyway so who cares. So what can you do to stay safe around sand? It's simple folks. Just follow me over here near my collection of firearms and I'll show you.

This girl didn't follow the simple sand safety rules and now her father is murdering her. I told you that would happen! BUT YOU DIDN'T LISTEN!!!

1. **Don't** listen to front page writers that ask you to follow them over to their collection of firearms.
2. **Don't** eat for 1 hour after touching sand.
3. **Do** wear a condom.
4. **Don't** listen to Moof when he suggests topics to discuss on the front page.
5. **Don't** drive a blimp for a living.
6. **Do** make your article appear longer than it actually is by utilizing lists, blockquote tags, and paragraph tags to their full extent.
7. **Don't** get the law involved.
8. **Don't** shit in sand and not bury it. We aren't animals here.
9. **Don't** touch me.

10. **Do** steal jokes from The Simpsons. They stole everything on their show from Broadway musicals and old Twilight Zone episodes and it's about time for some payback.

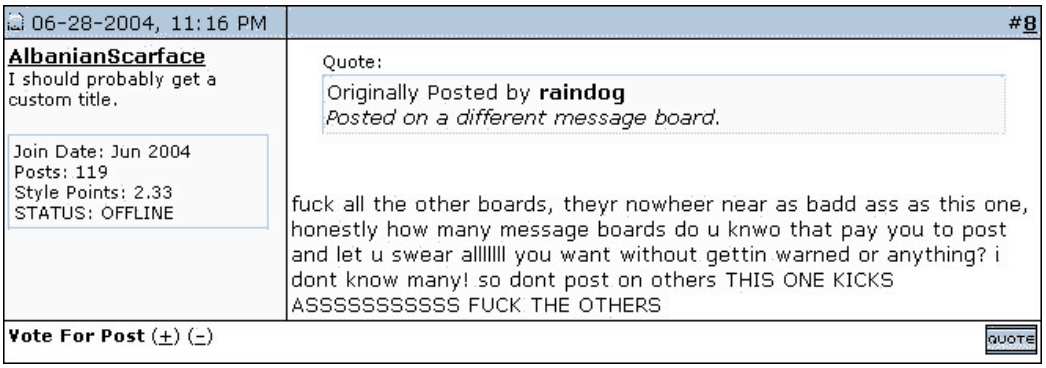
Sand is dangerous but it can be fun as well. Make a game out of it. See how many grains of sand you can count. Then try to break that record. Collect sand. Collect things that are covered with sand such as cat shit, dog shit, and human shit. Trade your sand covered shit with others. The going rate on Wall Street for sand covered dog shit is skyrocketing. Think of it as an investment for your children's future. Make sandballs with your friends and have a sandball fight. Fill your super soaker with sand and surprise your friends, or enemies.

There you have it. Sand is making a comeback and you are either in or out. Those of you who defy sand will regret it. Your lives are forfiet. You will be crushed under the ever growing regime of sand. You cannot stop it. Succumb to sand. All hail sand!

P.S. Frolixo is a butt.

Weekend Web: Honor America By Sitting at the Computer!

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez still here listening to the gentle whisper of the Fourth of July gunfire extravaganza. Living in Garden Grove, CA affords me a front row seat to the pops, bangs, and OH GOD HELP ME's of the holiday festivities that go on here. That's funny because as I write this it's actually July 3rd. Oh those crazy Mexicans just can't wait. Anyway, we have a great little Weekend Web for you today. It's shorter than usual but still packs quite a wallop. Today we look at Living with Style, also known as the bizzaro Something Awful Forums!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#8
AlbanianScarface
I should probably get a custom title.
Join Date: Jun 2004
Posts: 119
Style Points: 2.33
STATUS: OFFLINE
Quote:
Originally Posted by raindog
Posted on a different message board.
fuck all the other boards, theyr nowheer near as badd ass as this one, honestly how many message boards do u knwo that pay you to post and let u swear allllll you want without gettin warned or anything? i dont know many! so dont post on others THIS ONE KICKS ASSSSSSSSSS FUCK THE OTHERS
Vote For Post (+) (-)
QUOTE

Put your money where you mouth is! Of course, take the cock out first. Have fun!

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

7.5 Update From the Frontlines

Monday, Jul 05, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On December 15th of last year I posted an article here at Something Awful about one of our forum users named GreenMeat being shipped off with his unit to Iraq without the hardened body armor they had been promised. Through the help of our forum members and our readers, as well as generous donations from FARK members, we raised over 20,000 dollars to purchase 62 Class IV trauma plates for 31 soldiers. The donations also provided accompanying carrier vests when needed and a massive set of care packages for our military buddies.

I had not heard from GreenMeat in several months, but Friday I found a padded envelope waiting in my mailbox. Inside was a letter from Iraq as well as a CD containing a stunning video and a number of interesting photographs. For those of you who don't care about GreenMeat or really would rather not hear a personal account from Iraq then you won't hurt my feelings by skipping this update. This is for the people who donated and the people who want a personal and politics-free look at what it's like in Iraq.

> Dear Zack,
>
> We returned from what we hope was our last mobile mission early in the month, and your boxes came on the 9th. Couldn't have come at a better time, and y'all couldn't have sent a better mix of goodies. Like Christmas come early, and everything's being put to good use. Tons of heartfelt thanks to all of you, for everything!
>
> If things go as planned, we'll be staying here in Kirkuk at Forward Operating Base Warrior for the rest of our deployment. It's been...interesting so far, and promises to stay that way, though things should be a lot more stable for us here. Our mission emphasis has shifted; the struggle against the insurgents has taken a back seat to helping get the Iraqi government, infrastructure, and national guard up and running. Services and accommodations here at the Kirkuk Airbase (FOB Warrior to us Army types) are excellent. Go Air Force! We're living in container housing units (CHUs): 10x18-foot CONEX storage containers converted to living quarters, with electricity and air conditioning. Satellite TV's available if we want it, and the food's pretty good, too. There's an internet center, but somethingawful.com is blocked, as is access all webmail services. You can reach me at [GreenMeat included his email address here, you can send me an email and I'll make sure he gets it] and rip me a new one for not keeping you updated.
>
> When we first got here, everything went to shit at warp speed. Our platoon was chopped up for different missions, despite vociferous protests by our leadership. Over half the platoon was taken to run the detention facility here. Our HUMINT element was split into teams, and they run constant, nerve-wracking missions all over our AO with minimal security. Barely enough of us were left to do our SIGINT mission, which was nearly scrubbed altogether due to the lack of productivity by our predecessors. We were nearly sent along with the rest to run the jail, but we managed to raise enough of a ruckus to keep just enough troops to remain mission capable. We've been supporting the brigade's maneuver battalions throughout the area. Compared to spots like Baghdad, Fallujah, An-Najaf, etc., it's pretty placid up here. There's plenty of insurgent activity, but it's mostly low-key, hit-and-run stuff. Plenty of IEDs, but that's everywhere. Roadside bombs are cheap, easy and demoralizing, and the anti-Coalition forces get plenty of mileage out of 'em. Still, our brigade has sustained remarkably few casualties compared to the 1st Armored and the other units down south, and the Marines. The Kurdish militia forces, the Peshmerga, keep a heavy boot on the necks of the Arab and Turkoman insurgent elements around these parts.

When we're here on the airbase, we take indirect fire pretty frequently. Mortar barrages and free-fired 110 and 122mm Katyusha rockets come in at least a couple of times a week, usually during hours of darkness. Kinda disrupts the old sleep cycle, jumping out of bed and hustling for the bunkers. Our quarters are pretty fortified; there's a 12-foot high Jersey barrier wall, kinda like a medieval curtain wall, all around the perimeter of the CHU area. In between the CHU blocks, we've got Hesco barrier walls (Hescos are big, prefabricated, interlocking cloth and wire mesh baskets, about 4 ft wide by 4 ft deep by 8 ft high and filled with dirt), and wood and sandbag overhead cover on the CHUs themselves. Great for blast damping and shrapnel absorption, but nothing beats a nice bunker when the shit's falling close by. Included on the disk I'm sending is a clip from the 6th, when a lucky incoming rocket started a big grass fire that cooked off the Air Force AHA (ammo holding area). Some Airman got up on a bunker and shot some footage of some of the 2,000 pound bombs going off. Fortunately for them, they live pretty far from their AHA. Our CHUs are a LOT closer; there was no filming for us. Just cowering in the bunker and listening to the shrapnel whap the sandbags while the concussions sucked all the air out of our lungs. I now have a lot of compassion for anyone who has ever had a 2,000-pound bomb dropped near them.

Our platoon's come through relatively unscathed, though. Wes Drake (aka "Square Brickjaw") half-severed his thumb in a bizarre construction accident out at the jail, and was evac'd to Germany for neural reconstruction surgery. JR McGlothlin (little redheaded guy, don't remember what you named him) got 9 staples in his head the other day in an even more bizarre latrine accident. Beau Christenson stepped in a well hole while ground-guiding a vehicle, nearly squashing a testicle. He came away with a spectacular, sunset-like panoramic bruise all around his groin area, but his boys are fine. Combat-wise, we've had a few close calls on convoys. There're a couple of pictures on the disk that portray what happens to an MI Humvee when it runs afoul of a roadside IED [Improvised Explosive Device]. Not our platoon...the first sergeant and his driver walked away from it with a broken leg (driver), fractured collarbone (first sergeant) and a whole lot of contusions and really bad cases of tinnitus. We've been on convoys that have been hit with IEDs, RPG and small arms fire, but nothing especially serious. Iraqi insurgents are terrible shots, and their IEDs don't detonate over half the time. A lot of the incoming we take here are dud rounds as well. Either old ordnance, or the fuses aren't rigged right. Still...a Katyusha rocket will leave a heck of a bruise. The CHUs have been hit a couple of times, with loss of limbs and other serious injuries.

We're grateful every day for our body armor. They eventually issued us SAPI plates, but they were class 3 hand-me-downs from outgoing units that were in really terrible shape! Lots of them are cracked, de-laminated or otherwise damaged...we rigged them up as door and seat armor for our vehicles, and we wear the sweet, sweet class 4 plates bestowed upon us by Saint Zachary and the Acolytes of Awfulness. The insurgents have lots of nasty, black-tipped armor piercing 7.62mm rounds, and we all breathe a little easier knowing that we have something that'll stop 'em.

Anyway...looks like the SIGINT platoon will be staying put for a while. I have become basically a political analyst, trying to keep the brigade staff abreast of the turbulent political situation here in Kirkuk as the Kurds, Arabs and Turkoman vie for control of the area. The HUMINTers will continue their missions, and we'll pray for their safety. The folks out at the detention facility (including goon Alicia Childs, aka VsofGT; I can't remember her other Awful alias) will keep upholding torture-free justice (our D-FAC is touted as one of the very best-run, most humane and law-abiding in the country, even though it's run by MI and not by the MPs) and keeping insurgents off the streets. I will endeavor to stay in touch on a regular basis, and regale you with amusing (or not)

anecdotes of our experiences to date. I'll round up more pictures from our scattered brethren, too; I haven't been able to shoot many while on mission, but I know others have, and I'll try to get you as many as I can.

I'd love to hear from as many of you as care to write, and I'll answer as many questions and provide as much info as I'm allowed to do. If there are any D&D [Debate and Discussion] forum goons who want the scoop on the political situation here in the north, I'll try to provide grist for that mill. I'll recover one of the digital cameras (one's with HUMINT, and the other's with LT Thompson out at the prison) to take more pictures, and as stated above, I'll collect up whatever pictures I can (no detainee photos, sorry!), burn 'em to disk, and mail them out. Wish I could email them, but we're not permitted to sully the Air Force's computers with portable memory devices. Hopefully, I'll be able to find a more permissive Internet source soon, and we can do away with this snail mail business.

Well, it's after 4 am, and I've got to wrap this up. More to follow soon, and I promise regular updates throughout the rest of our time here, unless mission shifts and we have to roll. Enjoy the film clip and the photos. I'll put this letter on the disk, too, in case you want to post any of it. Plenty more to follow...

Our best to you and your family, and to that Lowtax guy and the rest of the goons!

-Greenmeat and the Goon Platoon

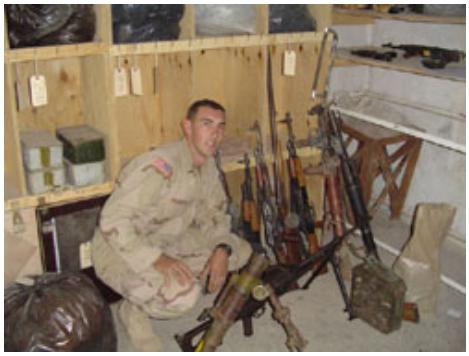
p.s., Firefly is incredible, BTW. Somehow none of us had ever even heard of it. How could it have ever been cancelled??

GreenMeat also included a number of photographs that he had conveniently added captions to. You can click the image for a much larger version.

1. Loot confiscated from insurgents (also picture 2A)

2. LT Thompson, with same

3. LT Thompson with weapons confiscated from insurgents



4. More seized ordnance

5. see #4

6. our detention facility

7. Alicia the Goon, girded for battle against rioting prisoners (ain't she cute?)

8. These guys love to blow up the pipeline

9. More burning Iraqi oil

10. The Northern Oil Company, coveted by Kurds, Arabs and Turkoman alike

11. Roadside litter, Iraq style

12. We got 4 inches of snow on March 1st

13. More snow

14. My beautiful SIGINT death machine

15. I had bumper stickers done up at makestickers.com for all of our trucks. The brigade commander made us take 'em all off.

16. My driver, Specialist Mike Thomson, who is far more dangerous to my health than the insurgents

17. Mike Thomson and Jesse Porter, ready for a convoy

18. Convoy shot

19. A bridge that we really hate in Tikrit, over the not-so-majestic Tigris River. Nasty chokepoint, very vulnerable to attack

20. The less-than-impressive Euphrates. Cradle of what?

21. Romanians! I still get the willies whenever I see Soviet bloc armor, I don't care who's driving it.

22. A crappy shot of a huge scrapyard full of wrecked Iraqi armor and artillery. Scrap iron is a booming business here these days.

23 and 23A: Tikrit

24 and 24A: Camels. Nasty, smelly, ornery beasts.

25/25A/25B: JR McGlothlin (aka "Johnny Swingline", the guy with staples in his head) and Jason Shelton out in the middle of goddamn nowhere, featuring camels. Also a group shot, left to right: Square Brickjaw (back when he had 2 good thumbs), Jason Shelton, Joe Williamson and Beau Christenson. No camels.

26. LPG delivery, Iraqi-style.

27. Some of the lush, verdant countryside where we run missions

28. Like most Saddam murals, embellished by troops.

29. A certificate of loyalty issues by Saddam Hussein. The picture of the detainee upon whom it was bestowed is covered out of respect for his privacy, or something.

30. We have, out at our detention facility, Qusay Hussein's Jaguar. We drove it around, even though it's stuck in 3rd gear. The brigade commander made us stop.

31. LT Thompson got himself trapped while moving bunk beds, and was extricated with some difficulty. This is a parable for lieutenants.

BONUS! IED Ruined Hummer!

Last, but certainly not least, GreenMeat included on the CD a copy of a video the USAF shot of their bomb depot in Kirkuk going sky high after an Iraqi rocket hit it. This clip works as a nice belated 4th of July celebration and includes plenty of 2,000 pound bombs bursting in air. One can only hope that the flag was still there.

Right Click and Save As to download!

Irrespective of my opinion about the war in Iraq I am proud of this group of soldiers and even more proud of the good sarcastic humor they've carried with them. Whoever said "laughter is the best medicine" probably didn't imagine a guy chuckling about a gigantic missile abandoned by the side of the road, but that doesn't make them any less right.

Your Band is Still Not Very Good

Dr. David Thorpe, still wallowing in the grim consequences of soliciting your demos, has reviewed another batch of them. This week, we'll hear from one pair of sadsack indie losers, three screaming dudes, a band who expects rock and roll to pay their way, and a guy who may or may not be retarded.

"What follows is an absolutely not-made-up and 100% real quote from EvenFate's website: 'EvenFate's members form so clearly the pool of their music: the ripples of each individual's craving for creation and the ripples of music that has influenced them. Stark, bold, complex, and moving, Even Fate intends the listener to let the waves inspire them, so the waves bounce back, and inspire Even Fate.' If you've ever wondered just how pretentious a band of Texan Incubus copyists could get, there's your answer."

Not only do you get to laugh at reviews of bad bands, but you get to hear them as well, as each song contains an mp3 sample. Prepare to surrender your ears to a world of crap, uncertainty, and more crap.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.6 Pretend There Is a Pun Using the Word Head Here

Tuesday, Jul 06, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I've read many medical studies by accomplished surgeons and people who once met a surgeon in a mall parking lot which claim the head is probably the most important part of the human body. Yes, that's correct, many scholars and critics alike agree that the human head is "the head of the class" when it comes to items attached to your body which would probably make you die if they caught fire in a shoe store, as shown here in this helpful list I was able to piece together from over 60 years of personal research and medical expert interviews:

THE MOST IMPORTANT PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY, AS RATED BY *CONSUMER REPORTS*:

A professional diagram of the human body. They make you memorize this thing in medical school and is on the final test.

1) The Head - This big fat thick wad of bone and goo allows you to see things, taste things, hear things, wear toupees, and stop functioning correctly after a cargo plane lands on it. Almost every single American President in history has had a head of some sort, even Jimmy Carter. RoboCop, a robot cop that gained the inexplicable ability to fly towards the end of "RoboCop 3," had a human head, thereby proving that even robots need heads! If you don't believe me, then build a robot out of Erector Set pieces and see how utterly faggy it looks without a kickass severed human head glued to the top of it. Don't use your own head or else you might not be able to correctly view the experiment; use your younger brother's head. Make sure not to tell your parents or authorities about this site.

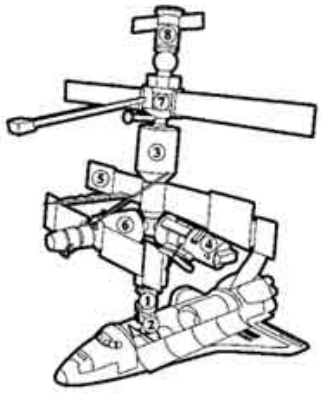
2) The Chest - Contains various "second place" vital organs which lost popularity votes to the organs in the head. These body parts include the heart (used to kill both vampires and non-vampires who are really pale and wear a lot of black), the liver (transforms harmful liquids like beer into harmless liquids like lite beer), the small intestines (grosses out female high school students when they are forced to dissect a lawyer in biology class), and the lungs (turns harmful gasses like oxygen into harmless gasses like cyclosarin). The chest is known as "nature's medicine cabinet" to people who write webpages for a living, and although they probably had a really good idea what that quote meant when they originally thought it up, it doesn't seem to make much sense right now.

3) The Private Parts - This is the area used when a man really loves a woman or when a woman really loves a man or when a man really loves a woman but he's secretly thinking about how he loves another man. It varies on each gender, as the males come fully equipped with a rugged off-road package containing both a penis and two silly looking balls, and the females sport a rather useless vagina which can be used to smuggle heroin across the border. If you don't have any private parts then you probably can't have any babies, so you should kidnap one from a hospital and force it to have a baby. When the Lifetime Network makes a movie about you, your character will be played by Judith Light, unless you're a man, in which case your wife's character will be played by Judith Light.

4) The Knees - Many people would argue that the knees shouldn't be on this list, not because they honestly believe such nonsense, but because they are assholes who like arguing over dumb articles on crappy websites. I, however, know exactly how important the knees are. For example, whenever somebody asks me, "hey Rich, want to go play tennis?" and I can't think of a good excuse which

sounds more agreeable than "my religion explicitly forbids me to take place in any physical activity whatsoever," I simply say, "oh okay, yeah, let's go play tennis right now, here let me get my tennis racket - OWWW, OH MY KNEE!" and then I grip it in faux pain and pretend I'm some injured war veteran whose knees were sabotaged by a gang of Vietnamese demolitionists. If you play your cards right, you can get out of pretty much any activity by blaming some knee-related incident, except maybe being the groom in your own wedding.

As you can clearly see, the head is at "the head" of the chart when it comes to important body parts! Ha ha! That's a clever little pun about the human body, one of approximately 10 billion hilarious jokes which make kids around the globe despise biology. But while America's youth may not exactly realize the head's various critical functions, a more evil, diabolical, bearded group of stinky men have stumbled upon the important of the head and are determined to exploit its weaknesses until their nefarious demands are met or they run out of heads.



A diagram of the space shuttle. This image would be helpful if today's update was about the space shuttle, but it's not.

> **Militants: Captured U.S. Marine beheaded -** *Militants in Iraq claimed Saturday to have beheaded a U.S. Marine who disappeared from his post last month, but neither the military nor news organizations could confirm the report posted on three Islamic web sites. A message -- purportedly from Abdullah al Hasan ben Mahmoud, who claims to be emir of a group that calls itself Ansar al-Sunna -- addressed President Bush when describing the alleged fate of Cpl. Wassef Ali Hassoun, a Marine translator of Lebanese descent "We inform you, your excellency, your military officer who is originally Lebanese has been beheaded. And you will see that with your own eyes," the statement said.*

This whole "Middle East Head Removal Service" is one of those unsettling pop culture trends that you hear about in the news but feel powerless to stop, like the growing popularity and rise of those ridiculous "Bratz" dolls which look like horny fish with hair. Terrorists have decided that since they lack military firepower, resources, money, grooming tips, and access to violent video games, they will strike back at America and America's terrorist-fighting bedfellows by kidnapping our citizens, taking photos of them inside a dirty room while they make a list of outrageous demands, and then chopping off their heads once their goofy grocery list of requirements aren't met. It doesn't really help their cause that all their demands are crazy, impractical things like "remove all raisins from the city of New Jersey and then place each and every one of them in the city of Vancouver within 17 minutes" or "make all ghosts taste like lemons," but I honestly doubt that they even want their demands to be met. Terrorists are just like that little fat kid in fourth grade who smelled like a rotting salami sandwich abandoned in a tropical jungle for months, the kid always screaming, "oh Miss Conrad, Miss Conrad, look at me, pay attention to me! I'm eating paste, look at me! Look at me, I'm putting paste up my ass, look at me!"

Regardless of their motives, there are bearded men manually disconnecting the heads of non-bearded men at an alarming rate in the Middle East, and somebody needs to do something about it. Since the head plays such a vital role on the human body *(see informative chart above)*, most of these victims find it difficult to carry on their everyday activities with their head in such a non-functioning / non-attached state. I feel the US Government has failed to take a real proactive approach to "heading off" this catastrophe (that's another delightful pun on the human body courtesy of yours

truly), so it is once again left to people like myself, the pantless webmasters, to brainstorm ways we can end this tragedy and restore peace to the Middle East.

WAYS TO STOP TERRORISTS FROM CHOPPING OFF COALITION HEADS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

The world's most dangerous zombie: a zombie with his head in a bulletproof safe! Please note that the safe door is currently open, thus voiding all warrantee.

1) Train more zombies to wear convincing military fatigues and shoot assault rifles at uppity minorities. Terrorists enjoy beheading US Marines because once the soldier has their head removed from that fleshy stump thing it sits on, there's like a 99.9% chance they will die. So it's like a two-for-one special to them; not only do they get to be on Arabic TV and give "shout outs" to their "homies," but they also get to behead and consequently murder a US soldier (and keep the head). But would terrorists experience the same joy if they discover that decapitation no longer results in instant death, but rather a pissed off headless zombie running around their mud hut seeking revenge? Scientists have repeatedly proven that zombies can live for a good 10 or 20 years after decapitation, often getting back to their busy and active zombie lifestyle of "slowly lumbering around and dripping various fluids on the ground." Some of them are even able to resume their busy careers in the Senate. While it's true that zombies aren't exactly the world's most proficient fighters, just imagine the look on crazy ol' Omar's face when he cuts off Sergeant Emery T. Braaaaaaaaaiiiins' head and discovers a furious, flailing body lunging at him with the intensity of a drunk pit bull! He'll probably say something kooky in his wacky language and then run off! Oh Omar, when will you ever learn?

The only conceivable drawback to this plan is that zombies' weak points are their brains, which if I remember correctly is not that far away from their head. If the terrorist is drunk or has absolutely lousy aim, they might accidentally stab the zombie's brains, therefore causing them to die once more. This issue can be addressed by installing the zombie's brain in a hard-to-reach location that deters all humans from approaching (Utah), or by enclosing the zombie's head inside something safe and protective like a bank vault or those black boxes that steal the souls of airline pilots when their plane crashes. Or a shark; terrorists hate sharks.

2) Begin a targeted advertising campaign against radical Islamic terrorism. If there's one thing the government does well, it's connect with children through a series of "hip" and "edgy" public service announcements. The world-famous "I learned it from you, dad!" anti-drug commercial featuring "Shitty Hair Dad" and "Deadbeat Druggie Son" has been successfully burned into my mind ever since I saw it as a child. I never did any drugs throughout high school because whenever somebody would casually walk up to me in the middle of class and offer me a cocaine joint dipped in heroin, the mental image of the disappointed, shocked father from that public service announcement would appear and begin floating around, haunting my every move. Sometimes he would steal my wallet and rack up ungodly charges on my credit cards. One time I was taking this girl on a date and he appeared and started shrieking and cursing at the top of lungs, causing her to flee from his hideous visage. That's when we got in a fistfight and he called in the apparition of his druggie deadbeat kid to come in and help beat me into submission with a tennis racket.

The point I'm trying to make here is that the US Government is very skilled at making public service campaigns which really stick with you. I have no doubt that once the fine American minds behind

America get together and start brainstorming some catchy and awesome Islamic slogans denouncing the beheading of heads, young potential terrorists across the globe will soon start to realize "it doesn't pay to get a-head!" I'm envisioning a brightly colored cartoon Allah maybe busting some freestyle raps along these lines:

> Yo homeboys, this is MC Muhammad and I'm here to say,
> I love Fruity Pebbles in a major way!
> I was born in 570 CE, so maybe you didn't hear what I said!
> It's dope to be a Muslim but ain't cool to behead!
> Those coalition troops are good, so why should we be bad?
> Let's all go to Starbucks©™® instead of a jihad!

Then there would maybe be some breakdancing and fireworks and whatnot, you know, because the kids like that kind of stuff and it would really resonate with their generation. The benefits of this plan is that little baby terrorists will grow up with such catchy tunes and hip slogans in their mind, and there's a good chance they might not continue their parents' tradition of beheading folks who previously wanted to keep their head attached to their body. The negative side to this is that their parents would rebel against such advertisements and probably end up burning something like an American flag or a TV playing a looping videotape of an American flag. This isn't really that big of a loss since those guys spend roughly 98% of their disposable income on American stuff so they can burn it.

A field of spunky beheaded volunteers help Iraq cultivate their farms and grow more food.

3) Get the US Government to behead US citizens before sending them to the Middle East. Let's face it guys; if there were no heads to behead in the Middle East, we wouldn't be experiencing such a problem with this whole mess. By removing all heads from that region before the terrorists have a chance to, we would therefore effectively end their supply of fresh heads to chop off. It's just like this whole guns and drugs thing going on in America, where certain nutty people believe that if we outlaw all guns and drugs, there won't be any more violence or crime. Of course this will create a black market head smuggling industry, where terrorists are forced to import US citizens over the Internet, but you know what they say: when you outlaw Middle Eastern human heads, Middle Eastern human heads become outlaws. Whatever that means.

To discover the potential negative points of this particular plan, I asked a leading medical doctor at a leading medical doctor place to give me his leading medical doctor opinions on the feasibility of such a plan. He claimed that my total was $6.43 and I should "drive through to the next window." The amazing thing was that he could communicate to me through a tiny little speaker in a clown's mouth, one which wasn't even remotely attached to a

human head! I'm not exactly sure what any of that proves, so let's just pretend I made a really funny joke and you're laughing a whole lot and also I'm really sexy.

With a little proactive precautions, I feel the US Government and the coalition forces can successfully prevent another person from losing their head in the Middle East. As an additional benefit, nobody will have to read any more horrible, horrible puns on this site. Of course that still won't prevent us from writing more boring and unfunny articles, but hey, at least the pun thing will be resolved.

Hesh wants married sex!

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here running around in circles, and STILL TRYING to set a few things straight. I posted the same thing last week, and still got e-mail submissions.

If you want to join in on the Comedy Goldmine/Photoshop Phriday fun, you will need an account. I can't post any submissions I get through e-mail. I'm sorry, but that's how the game is played. Go ahead and join up if you haven't, best ten dollars you'll spend in a while, I assure you. Just read the rules before you start posting.

Now that I've repeated myself, let's move on to the Goldmine.

Sex. Drugs. Drinking. Place-kicking small children. All of these things except for the last one can lead to uncomfortable times with one's parents. And despite our very best efforts, we never manage to completely fool 'ole mom and dad. This includes you people out there in Real World land. I know because you sent me your own akward "just got caught by my parents" moments. Which grossed me out. Which is weird because I was fine going through the forum goons stories. *shrug*

Here's a taste of this week's Goldmine:

> *The only awkward experience I had with my parents was when I was about 15. I had a friend and two girls over in my room. He's screwing around with this girl on the floor while I and the other girl watch a movie. My mom must have been sitting there with her ear pressed to the door the whole time, because she heard faint moans and totally fucking freaked out. I guess she thought we were all gangbanging.*
>
> A few hours after they leave, my mom just starts screaming at my dad to tell me that I can't have girls in my room anymore. My dad, in his infinite "I don't give a fuck what you do" wisdom comes over to me, and says "Your mom said you can't have girls in your room any more." He then proceeds to pat both my friend and myself on the shoulder and walk away.
>
> ... I heard my mom screaming at him for about 3 hours in their bedroom while he made fun of her for being a prude.
>
> That's right ... to this day, my dad thinks that a buddy and I were tag-teaming two girls in my bedroom and he's proud.

Thanks again to forum Goon Quizal for starting up this week's Comedy Goldmine, "Awkward Times With Parents."

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.7 The Impending Emoticon Race War

Wednesday, Jul 07, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Hello there, saucy lady.

As Something Awful's leading expert in the field of emoticon science, I have advanced many a theory and prediction regarding the application, development, and future usage of emoticons. While my initial reaction towards emoticons was extremely hostile, I have come to accept that they will be replacing the written word in the very near future. This may seem a depressing prospect, especially to those suffering from depression or mistakenly interpreting what I just said to mean that grandma is dead, but it's the truth. I say all of this because I am by no means a perfect scientist, and thusly I'm willing to admit being wrong. I never went to a formal science school per se, but for what I lack in scientific discipline I make up in humbleness. Hell, this lab coat I wear is really a bathrobe, and yes, it sure does have some colorful stains on it. Regardless, you can trust that I am right this time for sure, and I'm willing to gamble my entire career on it. I was wrong before, especially when I called for the criminalization of emoticons, along with subversive thoughts and senility, but I'm right this time.

Now that the apologies and corrections are out of the way, I invite – nay, I demand – you to join me in embracing the emoticon revolution whole heartedly. But there is a catch, because things are always trickier then they seem. You see, like the Apostle John, I recently happened upon a pretty spooky revelation that scared all manner of excrement out of me. As of right now, we are on the threshold of what looks to be a war between two races of emoticon. So how does one embrace emoticons if there are two rival factions destined to meet in the chat rooms of battle? The answer is simple: root for the home team.

If you're reading this, then chances are you are a proud, card-carrying member of the western world. Unlike NASCAR, I hate to make race an issue, but I'm afraid I have to here. The Japanese are up to their old tricks again, and it looks like we're going to be locking proverbial horns with them. In shadowy Asian chat rooms and instant message conversations, the Japanese have been cultivating a new system of emoticons in complete defiance to the preexisting emoticon standard popular the world over. It looks like our ":)" isn't good enough for the land that brought us anime and horrendous experimentation on live humans. The problem is that while our emoticons are definitely stupid, theirs are ten times worse. I cannot fathom a world in which our dumb kids have to grow up communicating with really stupid Asian emoticons instead of moderately stupid American emoticons. In this age of increasingly amalgamated cultures, we have room for only one set of emoticons. There is no place in this world for a Greater Emoticon Co-Prosperity Sphere! It's only natural we select the better system, and without a doubt, that system is ours.

Me before attack.

Maybe you have no idea what an Asian emoticon is or don't think that one even poses a threat to you. Maybe you think that you are safe in your quaint home, chatting with old friends online in a popular online community like Fark.com or through a chat program such as AOL Instant Messenger or ICQ. Yeah, you're probably safe. You know these people after all, right? In truth you are never safe. We are not perfectly immunized from the rest of the world, and seedy foreign influence seeps in all the time through our own apathy, negligent curiosity, and moral shortcomings. Worse, attacks do not happen as expected. Asian terrorists spamming Asian emoticons do not invade chat rooms, because nothing is ever that obvious. Instead the infection happens through the subtle and careful indoctrination of our own. A friend might take an interest an anime, and suddenly develop a new way of typing and talking, adopting the emoticons of the enemy along the way. At this stage, this person is not your friend anymore. They are effectively dead. Don't believe that this can happen to you? Our enemy is already infiltrating American conversations, gaining a foothold that will make the inevitable war

all the more bloody and confusing. Just take this dramatization of a real chat log as an example:

> **John Doe:** So anyway, my plan is to get a hold of one of Dale Earndhart's pubic hairs so that I can clone it and go into business selling Dale Earndhart pubic hairs on eBay. With the recent advances in human cloning and the unraveling of the genome, I think the science is definitely there. But more than that, I think the money is there as well.
>
> **Enemy Agent (original screen name changed to protect the not-so-innocent)**: That's really kawaii and I hope your business takes off! ^___^
>
> **John Doe:** There is no God!

Here is a surprise for you guys: John Doe was really me, Joe Average American Josh "Livestock" Boruff. I was the victim of an Asian emoticon sneak attack, and let me tell you, it troubled me for weeks. I went from being a happy chatter to a cold, miserable wreck, ravaged by disease, famine, and a minor case of irritable bowel syndrome. The enemy had succeeded in programming an American citizen to spread demoralizing propaganda. The enemy had succeeded in getting to **me**. But I did not let them win the war, only one battle. I know now that I cannot allow my chat logs to turn into another Pearl Harbor, not when I can transform them into a Hiroshima or a Nagasaki.

Me after attack.

You can see why it is important for us to be vigilant and prepared. We cannot stand by as our friends and family fall victim to this disease of the brain, let alone become victims ourselves. I hate to say it, but in order to maintain any sort of proper defense we have to familiarize ourselves with the virtual faces of our enemy.

^ ___ ^ Our enemy calls this a smiley face, and that shows just how deranged their vision truly is. Where is the curve in the mouth that denotes a smile? The only suggestion of curves is in the eyes, but then those sharp angled lines hardly count as curves. Am I to believe that Japanese people smile with their eyes? Perhaps they do, and we simply know nothing of their kind. Regardless, we cannot let personal feelings get in the way of how stupid this emoticon looks. Immediately verbally beat up anybody who uses this.

> ___ According to enemy handbooks this emoticon indicates sadness, but I can't help but think those are squinting eyes. If I'm not mistaken, squinting is an act often accompanying looking through the scope of a rifle or trying to make out targets at a distance. Sure, it's sadness - the sadness that comes from being a cold-blooded killer!

T ___ T
; ___ ; Crying is apparently a popular activity amongst the numbers of our enemy, since they had to create two distinct emoticons to express tears flowing from their eyes. If I didn't know better, I would say this is when they are most vulnerable. Take pride in seeing this emoticon, because this is them being defeated by you. Endeavor to make the enemy cry and type out that they are crying! Mock them at every turn until they dehydrate from crying so much!

(p___-) This peculiar looking face might look like somebody with a bleeding eye, but it is in fact the enemy being sneaky, something that comes natural to them. The "p" indicates a magnifying glass, a tool used for snooping and uncovering secrets. So what exactly is our enemy trying to uncover? Weaknesses to exploit? The best method for corrupting our youth? If you see this emoticon, be prepared to take immediate evasive action, including using your instant messaging program's ignore or block features, or leaving the chat room immediately. Loose lips sink ships, and if the enemy is in a position to gain info from you, you put us all at risk.

(^ o ^)/ This emoticon is meant to indicate a state of amazement not unlike the euphoria Kamikaze pilots must have felt. The slashes indicate raised hands, reaching out towards some ridiculous notion of an afterlife. Funny how the enemy's idea of expressing amazement looks like some sort of robot pig. That says a lot about their notions of true happiness. I'm not exactly sure what it says, but it certainly doesn't seem kosher.

If you see anyone using these emoticons, immediately strike back. We must fight at all costs to preserve our tried and true system, less we be perverted by these devious abominations. The latest Internet Census Reports indicate our numbers are dwindling, so it is important to fight with all our might to keep these dreadful emoticons at bay and out of the minds of our people. We must rally behind our emoticons, flawed though they may be, so that they stand sovereign in the years to come. Our failure to unite behind this cause will only bring defeat and shame, and untold years in servitude to the emoticons of the enemy.

Sass your enemies before they can even attack.

Kofi Annan's Fantasy Adventure

In a move that's probably almost twice as thrilling as the inverted back flip, if that is indeed an actual move, Lord Lowtax has not only done some fine fantasy questing in the hit game "Terra World Online," but he's also taken the time to write about his journeys!

> *Prepare to step into the exciting, action-packed world of Terra World Online, a place crammed full of poorly animated sprites who are all competing in a gigantic race to figure*

out what the hell 97% of the scenery is supposed to represent. Sure Terra World Online may not have any coherent instructions, plotline, characters, content, decent graphics, intuitive interface, or redeeming qualities whatsoever, but hey... IT'S FREE! While the balding 40-year old slobs living in their parents' basement spend hours upon hours playing their $10-a-month subscription to Everquest, up to eight different people are laughing at them while exploring the exciting tile-based universe of Terra World Online. Yeah, these eight people are probably also balding 40-year old slobs living in their parents' basement, but there's a major difference here: TERRA WORLD ONLINE IS FREE!!!

Behold, his majestic adventure and review, shimmering like the codpiece of a fine robot!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.8 10 Reasons to Visit Las Vegas

Thursday, Jul 08, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

As you all should know by now, the fourth annual Gooncon is on the horizon; celebrating five glorious years of pranks, Photoshops, and fart jokes. Even Lowtax himself is gracing this event with his presence, which oddly enough is just a mixture of swamp gas and smog. Since this will be what you could call an "Internet party", the most natural place for such a setting would be a location where you can quickly bury a prostitute in the desert and still have time to get back to town for the buffet. Of course I'm speaking of Las Vegas, the place of dreams and tears. The city itself is a spectacle to behold, with dazzling lights, beeps and whistles, and the sound of change going "jingle jangle" all night long. The most recent hotels built in Vegas are a testament to modern architecture, and it feels like you are taking multiple vacations. You can go to New York, New York, Paris, the Venetian, or even Circus Circus if you want to simulate visiting the 9th level of hell while getting punched in the balls by gnomes.

Besides the city itself, there are many reasons I can't wait to go to Gooncon. There will be non-stop tomfoolery and horseplay with fellow goons to be had, as well as a variety of interesting sexual deviance. I am mostly looking forward to getting a chance to beat up Josh "Livestock" Boruff for making fun of me on the Internet 16 months ago (he called me "period head"), and to tell Zack "Monkeybars" Parsons bedtime stories while he coos and gently falls into a rohypnol induced slumber. These reasons alone are making me as giddy as a piglet in a three-legged race to visit Las Vegas, but there is also so much more to do! Even if Gooncon ends early due to excessive beatings, and I ditch those slobs to peruse the city on my own, it will not be a loss. Let me be your guide for today as I give you 10 good reasons to visit Las Vegas, and also as a bonus, 10 ways to please your man.

1. History
The history of Las Vegas can be summed up in one sentence. Crazy handsome gangster leaves New York to start casino in the desert, brings along a sassy broad who takes no guff from wiseguys, drives all the snakes out of Ireland, makes friends with Hollywood types, his casino gets too costly to run, and he gets shot in the eye. Bugsy turned Vegas from a bunch of sawdust casinos with scorpion fighting pits to a high class hangout for swingers and the rich and famous. Of course now it's more like Disney World, except the mother and father are wide-eyed and spending their child's savings on slots, and Goofy had his face sliced open for cheating, but the magic atmosphere is the same. We must give thanks to the great man called Benjamin Siegel for believing the American dream that anything is possible, and for killing a lot of dudes in the process.

2. Gambling
The most obvious reason to go to Vegas is to gamble all night long in casinos until they kick you out for publicly crying while laying in a fetal position and burning your lucky troll dolls for their treachery. I'm not a big gambler myself, but I must admit that it's a great sensation to slap $50 on the table and in a few seconds walk away twice as rich. I know that you're probably calling me a big smelly hypocrite for my leniency on gambling after the Life Lessons tirade I had explaining how it can be a compulsive disorder and destroy lives. That's all hogwash. I assure you I have not been paid off by the travel bureau of Las Vegas to compromise my morals with a suitcase full of gambling chips, a new moped, and 2 tickets to see Danny Gans. I can't wait to see Danny Gans.

3. Free Drinks
My personal favorite thing about Las Vegas is that you don't have to spend a dime on booze. The

casinos just want to get everybody drunk and stupid so they gamble more and forget what they did the next day. Usually I just go up toa nickel slot machine, spend about 20 cents, and nab a free drink from the passing waitress, then move on to a new pasture. If I really do gamble, it's usually the sports book where you throw some money on a game, and then sit in a nice leather chair while the serving girls keep you feeling fine with manhattan on the rocks. They will keep serving you because you are actively gambling just by sitting there for a few hours. This city is fantastic for degenerate alcoholics like me.

4. Danny Gans

Danny Gans has a delightful smile and a unquenchable craving for infant flesh.

Sometimes extraordinary humans are placed on this earth by God for special reasons like Leonardo da Vinci, William Shakespeare, and Adolf Hitler. Danny Gans is one of those special people. He can sing, dance, do impersonations, and resurrect a dead baby deer on the side of the road that had been hit by a car. Sure, it was Danny Gans who swerved his car to hit the little deer, but he delights in the suffering and death of little creatures. Before he started as an entertainer, he was a baseball player on the Kansas City Royals. He would put on shows for all his teammates in the dugout, doing impersonations of famous 30's playwrights and making balloon animals. His sports career would be short-lived because his teammates grew tired of his antics and beat the living shit out of him. He is now the toast of the town in Vegas, and was voted "The 2nd Coming of Christ", usurping Tom Jones from this prestigious title. One day the Armageddon will arrive, and Danny Gans will be on the front lines with an army of angels, ready to fight the good fight for the freedom of our souls. Fun Fact: Danny Gans holds the world eating record for consuming 58 hot dogs in 12 minutes.

5. Hiring escorts to play Axis and Allies with you

I have already prepared Livestock's desert grave site. I really hope he likes the flowers because I was worried about that the most when making it.

I have a really hard time getting any of my friends to play the board game Axis and Allies with me. Mainly because I don't have any friends, but even if I did it would be a difficult task. Not only do you need five people to play, but setting up the board and moving the pieces takes hours. By the time you get past the first turn, almost everybody is ready to call it quits, smoke the bong, and watch cartoons instead. When I go to Vegas, I take advantage of the city's legal prostitution and like to hire 4 girls to come to my room for one crazy night. Usually they are confused at my request at first, but when the money is right they'll do anything. The girls had to check with their employer first and he said I had to pay extra cause I'm a "sickie". If you get really lucky, you might be able to get girls of the same ethnicity of the country they will be playing, for realism sakes. The only one I had trouble finding was an English girl, but I just told one of them to use an accent. After a few hours they grew really bored and kept stealing industrial production units when I wasn't looking. One of them recommended we played strip Axis and Allies to spice things up, but I would have none of it. I needed total concentration for my strategy, and no horseplay was allowed. Soon I was the victor with mighty America taking Berlin and Tokyo from the yawning whores and jumped up and down on my bed. Then I asked for a handjob, but they just took the money and left. I think the German girl stole all my tanks.

6. Going out into the desert to take acid and peyote

Last time I visited Las Vegas, the lights and beeps were a little too much for my senses to take, so I rented a car and visited the desolate and isolated deserts surrounding the city. These areas are

perfect if you would like to take an introspective spiritual journey into your soul, or bury a prostitute that dared to beat you at Axis and Allies. Peyote can be hard to find, but if you go down by the Indian reservation and throw some cash around, you are bound to end up with some, or something that looks like it but is really silly putty. Many men who go out into the desert to find themselves end up lost, but others come back stronger and convinced they are a god who has defied Satan's temptations while meditating alone in the rocky nothingness. Personally I get a little bored out there, so I bring my Gameboy and play Dragon Warrior until I get too cold at night and decided to go back to my hotel and into the hot tub. While out there and totally tripping balls, I learned that even if I defeat the slime, I still lose the game, because I am the slime, and so are you. I just blew your mind, dude.

7. Danny Gans
Let me repeat this: Danny Fucking Gans. What don't you understand? The man is a legend. He has more talent in his stool sample than I could ever hope to acquire in a thousand lifetimes. If he was standing in front of me right now I would strangle myself with his shoelaces because I am an unworthy maggot in his presence. Actually, I would so humbled in his perfect form that I would probably just go mad, as if seeing a Lovecraftian Old One towering above me. If Danny Gans, Steve Perry, and Ronnie James Dio ever entered the same room they would create a wormhole that would destroy the universe just because it would be too much awesome in one area. There is even a secret order whose members dedicate their lives to make sure this never happens.

8. Sweating your balls off
I don't know about you, but I love to just sit in an outdoor patio in 100+ degree weather and have the sweat pour off me in torrents. Sweating is a natural way to cool your body and rid yourself of unwanted toxins. I can just feel the blazing sun roasting my brain inside my scorched skull, and I love it! I like to rotate my head now and then to get the rotisserie effect. Know what else is great? Skin cancer. I can't get enough of it!

9. Collecting porn advertisements from Mexicans
I know I mention Mexicans a lot, but I assure you I am anything but prejudiced. My loathing knows no bounds of race, creed, or sexual preference. Last time I was in Vegas, countless migrant workers lined the sidewalks on either side of the Strip, slapping pamphlets with crude pornographic ads on them against their legs, and then shoving it in front of you when you walk past, hoping you'll grab it. At first I tried to ignore the hundreds of them slapping away and ran head first through the paper gauntlet, determined not to soil my virgin hands by touching such filth. But then I had a change of heart and accepted every single one handed to me to see how many I could acquire in three days. The total was astounding, and after donating them to a housing project charity, they now provide the housing for 10 families. I like to give back to the community.

10. Throw the Ring into Mt. Doom
A great evil has awoken which threatens to cloud over this land with an age of darkness. It is up to you to walk into the heart of Las Vegas and throw the ring of power into the Mirage volcano, the place it was forged. Only then will we ever know peace, and we can go back to wresting hogs and smoking pipe weed. I might not be able to carry it for you, but I can carry you! Oh never mind, you're too fat.

HANG ON MR. FRODO!

If all of these reasons don't make you want to drop what you're doing and go to Las Vegas today, you are either a communist or even worse, a nerd. I can't wait to go so I can loosen my belt, get totally wasted, and blow a few hundred dollars on a pretty ball spinning around a wheel. That and beating up anybody and everybody that has ever "flamed" me

on Internet forums. They are so dead at Gooncon.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

7.9 Charlie Bucket and the Chocolate Factory

Friday, Jul 09, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Good afternoon.

Ladies, gentlemen, Oompa Loompa's, thank you all for coming today. As many of you may know the esteemed Mr. Wonka has decided to hand sole ownership of his candy production facility over to me. Mr. Wonka believed that because I was a child I would be naïve and continue to do things around here in the whimsical and shockingly inefficient manner he has. I am here to say that things are not going to be the same at all. After speaking with Mr. Wonka's accountant I have come to discover that the factory here is rarely operating in the black. In fact, Mr. Wonka has basically saddled me with years of debt caused by some of the ridiculous expenses involved in producing our candy here.

Please allow me to give you an example.

A single Willy Wonka chocolate bar costs almost 38 dollars to produce; a figure that can be attached to much more expensive consumer goods like blenders and microwave ovens. Why does our candy cost so much? Let's take the example of our 38 dollar chocolate bar which, I might add, we sell for a nickel.

The chocolate for the bar itself is refined from a river of free-flowing chocolate that runs for over three hundred feet through a mind-bogglingly expensive "candy greenhouse". The chocolate that composes this river has to be pumped out and the canal has to be dredged hourly to prevent clogs and to keep the chocolate sanitary. This is bad enough but then I learned that we are employing almost fifty Oompa Loompas specifically to raise chocolate apples in an orchard located underground. Underground genetically engineered candy apple trees. The grow lighting for the orchard is nearly enough to cause brownouts during summers. Not to mention we are extracting liquid chocolate from slow-growing fruit.

One of Mr. Wonka's most fiscally irresponsible ventures and believe me, there are many.

This staggeringly wasteful process is a prime example of the inefficiency that is at the core of every product we make here at Willy Wonka.

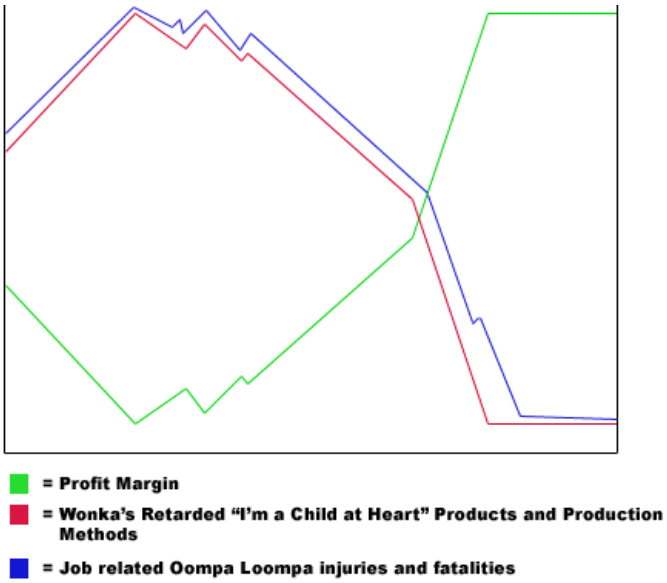
What do Snozzberries taste like? The snozzberries taste like lost profits. And if we continue to operate the way Willy Wonka had intended we will be closing the doors here in a matter of weeks. Instead, I would like to think there is the possibility of a bright future for our chocolate factory, but it is going to take a lot of change and a lot of hard sacrifices.

I've asked an industrial streamlining team from Kellog, Meijer, and Frank to come and take a look at our operation here and they have provided me with a detailed analysis on ways we can reform for the better. First up, Oompa Loompas...you are, uh, just dwarfs guys. You no longer have to wear those ridiculous uniforms, the green hair dye, nor the skin bronzer. I'm sure you're glad to hear that but we will also be discontinuing the offer for free housing in the "Oompa Loompa Village". Wonka's little "It's a Small World" gingerbread town is one of the biggest wastes of money here and in some places it is so crime-ridden that the shift supervisors are afraid to go looking for tardy employees. We will give you all until the end of the week to sort out your housing situation and then we will be bulldozing the "Village" to make room for the new employee parking lot.

This project makes me sick to my stomach. It's like the goal was to waste as much money as possible for as little gain as could be achieved.

We are also going to be eliminating some of our research projects and focusing on economizing our existing lineup of candy. The TV-transmission chocolate bar? Possibly the worst application of technology I have ever witnessed. You make a gigantic candy bar and then you transmit it through the air, shrinking it down to 1/100th of its original size in the process. You know who might find this technology useful? The microprocessor industry. That's why I've made an offer to sell the technology to Intel for nearly enough money to pull us out of debt. It's also why we will never ever ever under any circumstances try to teleport a candy bar ever again. Wonka blew almost 50 million in credit on that little research project.

I'm sure many of you are aware of another of Wonka's follies; the Everlasting Gobstopper. How smart do you think selling a candy that you can eat forever is? One piece of candy that a kid can eat for five or ten years, basically until they lose it or until it's so covered with lint and bees that they're afraid to even touch it. This is a terrible product from a profit standpoint. We will continue with plans for the Everlasting Gobstopper rollout but we will be replacing the Gobstopper itself with a more Five to Ten Minute Lasting Gobstopper. The formula for the real Gobstopper is being shopped around to various defense contractors for potential use in composite armors for tanks.


= Profit Margin
= Wonka's Retarded "I'm a Child at Heart" Products and Production Methods
= Job related Oompa Loompa injuries and fatalities

We also need to address a number of worker's compensation grievances and ignored fines from OSHA. Apparently Willy Wonka was not very interested in the safety of visitors and workers. We will begin by removing large exposed rotating fans and replacing them with a central H/V/AC system. Then we will address the following safety concerns:

The Bottomless Pit of Sugary Sweeties. Apparently two kids snuck in one night and fell into the pit, dashing themselves to pieces on the rock candy walls as they plummeted.

A janitor Oompa Loompa also discovered that despite its name the pit is not bottomless as he was forced to climb down and remove their rotting corpses.

The Cotton Candy Spider Spinner. I don't know if you guys noticed but there is an extremely aggressive giant spider lurking in the cotton candy manufacturing section of the factory. The spider has exsanguinated at least three Oompa Loompas who were harvesting its web for sale. Not only that, but I doubt that feeding kids candy a spider craps out is up to health codes.

The Chocolate Canal. As mentioned previously the chocolate canal is a serious money sink here at Willy Wonka's, but much worse than that it is a death trap. I have sitting back on my desk more than a dozen reports of Oompa Loompas falling in and having to be fished out by the Candy Safety Patrol. Which begs the question: why has that madman Wonka created a candy factory so deadly that you have to organize patrols to make sure people aren't dying?

Handicapped Accessibility. Many places within the factory are barely accessible by anyone other than the most athletic Oompa Loompas. To get to the valve controls for the molasses waterfall you literally have to climb up a vertical cliff composed of gummy candy. Luckily there have not been any serious injuries in this area - possibly because the floor is made out of marshmallows - but it is just one of many examples of intolerable access conditions for critical components of our candy production.

The Golden Geese. We have no need for golden eggs and the freakishly enormous geese that Wonka has had specially bred to produce them are very aggressive and difficult to control. I question the sanity of Wonka when he makes animals gigantic and the entirety of his workforce is dwarfs. How many of you out there have lost a finger or even a hand to one of the giant geese? I thought so. I apologize sincerely on behalf of the previous management.

Public Tours. Until such a time as I feel the factory is up to code we will be discontinuing all public tours of the facility. Wonka had a tendency to feed visiting children candy that was not, and never would be, approved by the FDA. Candy that turns kids into a blueberry? What a fantastic idea, you absolute sadist!

Finally I have to bring you all some unfortunate news. As we phase out the dangerous and appallingly wasteful production methods currently being used we will be implementing an ultramodern interlocking production line. We will be able to increase candy production by roughly 100 times over the course of our six month renovation, but the new automation will leave many of you without a job. I will be offering generous severance packages to all of the Oompa Loompas who would like to volunteer for early retirement. The others will have to wait for the inevitable paring down and streamlining of the workforce here, although they too will receive generous compensation for their hard work.

You Lose. Good Day.

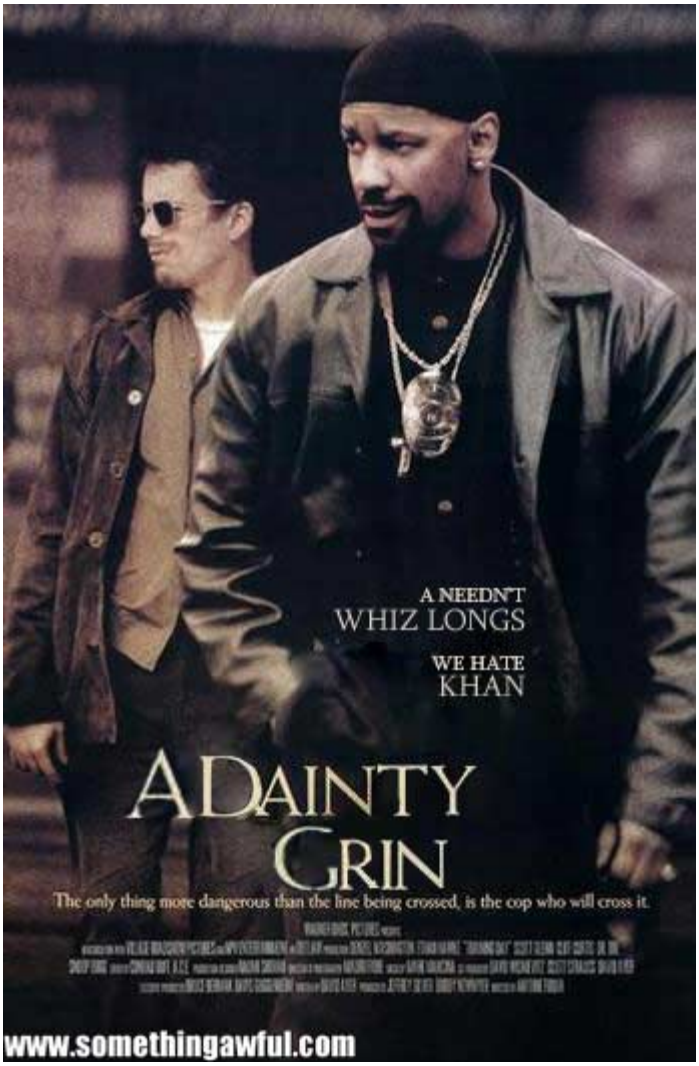
I would like to remind you that under the management of Mr. Wonka this factory had only enough borrowed assets to keep your paychecks coming for another three to four weeks. With our new automation and a fresh investment of capital we will be able to pay your severances and continue to pay our employees. As profits rise so will your salaries, in fact they will rise dramatically, as according to Mr. Wonka's accountant most of you were receiving wages that would qualify as slave labor.

The future of Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory is by no means certain, but I believe in the workers here and I believe in the dream of producing high quality candy at an affordable price. Thank you

and remember to keep dreaming.

When I was young an anagram killed my family

Hi gang, Livestock reporting for duty in what may be the last week of my adult life. I'm going to be murdered by several people at Gooncon for unforgivable acts of name-calling on the giant popularity contest we call Internet. But before I die, I promise to deliver you at least two more Phridays. I hope you like anagrams and movie posters, because otherwise I'm dying as I lived: in vain. In a sequel to the hit Phriday of 2003, "Anagrammed Movies," we have a big honking two-part, well, sequel. The Something Awful Forum Goons created something like a million posters, and I'm using at least a fraction of those, which is still a lot. Here is a preview:



Please go read this because I have nothing else to offer you and I don't want to have to entertain you myself.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.10 The Case Of The Missing Case

Saturday, Jul 10, 2004 by State Og Representative

Delicious snack or silent killer? Read on to find out!

The opening music for the local evening news blared, stirring me from a deep sleep. The harsh blue light from the television set battered my eyelids as though it were traveling at 186,000 miles per second.

"Our top story tonight: Is the very bleach that we feed our children infested with some sort of deadly poison? That could kill? Our exclusive and shocking report later, after the sports and weather. If you don't stay tuned, you're a horrible person and an irresponsible parent that we may very well feature in our weekly Shame On You segment."

It was eleven o'clock at night, which meant that I had slept the day away again. Ugh. I sat up on the couch and cautiously peeked at my surroundings. Just as I had feared, it was the same small and dingy apartment that I had lived in for years. I had received a small fortune for solving a recent case and planned to spend the rest of my life in the lap of luxury; buying several small and dingy apartments and a really big couch. But after losing the entire fortune in an ill-advised bet that Marlon Brando was going to live forever, I was back to paying the bills by sleuthing my way through case after case.

Something in my mind stirred at the thought of that word. Case. Had I taken on a case before I fell asleep? If so, why couldn't I remember it now? My head still groggy, I tried to stand up. This turned out to be a mistake. My feet slid out from under me and I landed flat on my back with a *THWACK* that was so loud it sounded as though ten men who were each one tenth of my size fell on their backs. Why had I gone to sleep wearing my rollerskates again? The questions kept piling up, and I stared at the ceiling trying to sort them out as the news carried on.

"-and those are two robbers who'll never look at pork the same way again!"

"Hah. Hah. Thanks, Ernie! After the break, we'll find out if the seemingly innocent bleach that's in your pantry RIGHT NOW is actually lying in wait to kill you and all those you hold dear."

For some reason I couldn't remember actually meeting with a client, but if I had I would have written down the pertinent details and placed them in a standard case file. At the thought of that, a memory of my hand writing the word "case" flashed into my mind. Yes, that had to be it! All I needed to do now was find the file. Before I rose to my feet, I took off the troublesome rollerskates and put on my ice skates.

After brushing a layer of Pop-Tart wrappers and empty cans of turtle wax off of my coffee table, I was presented with several stacks of case files. I didn't think that the file I was looking for would be buried with these, but I had to be thorough. I scanned the labels: "The Case of Alf's Disappearing Cat", "Who Shot J.R.?", "What Is Willis Talkin' Bout?" No, these were all old unsolved cases and were definitely not what I was looking for. I brushed away the coffee table and was presented with another, smaller coffee table. No, it wasn't here either. I sat back to think, half-watching the news.

"- after the entire continent of Australia sank into the ocean. Nearby countries plan to help out by sending several barges for the surivors to tie together and call home. It's expected that they'll work futilely to create some sort of plant-producing ecosystem for several weeks and eventually just die of starvation."

"Hah. Hah. Thanks, Ernie! Now on to our main story. Is ordinary household bleach actually a silent killer? Is it unfit for human consumption? No. No, it isn't."

I turned off the television. I wasn't sure why I couldn't remember the hours leading up to my slumber on the couch, but in that time I had apparently made a case file and hid it well. Still, I should have been able to find it by now. My apartment was small after all, and I had already searched everywhere except...

The closet. Trembling, I made my way toward it. I prided myself on avoiding my closet in much the same way that other men avoid dipping their genitals in molten lava or eating at the Olive Garden. I thought of it as less a part of my apartment and more an errant level of Hell that happened to hold an assortment of sensible sweaters. When I opened the door, I found more than sweaters and brimfire. I found a man who seemed to be more surprised by my presence than I was by his.

I was going to use a creepy picture of a closet door to illustrate how scary the moment was, but I think this does a much better job.

"I don't know who you are or where pets go when they die, but you can't just live in my closet! Heck, the enormous stacks of oil-soaked Fire Safety Weekly magazines and cases upon cases of lighter fluid present a huge safety hazard that you can't overlook. They could fall right on you!"

"Thanks for your concern," he replied, "but I've thought about that and it's a risk I'm willing take."

"Look, there's a lot I want to know. Like how you got here and where you got that shirt so I can get one like it. It's really fucking snappy."

"Oh hey, thanks."

"But right now I've got something else to deal with. You haven't seen a file in here, have you?" I glanced around hopefully, and when my eyes landed upon the cases of lighter fluid it all came back to me. The "case" that had been haunting me had nothing to do with sleuth work after all. The memory that I had been working off of had been only partial, and there was no file to search for. I could now recall the entire sequence of events; accidentally drinking an entire bottle of grape NyQuil instead of cherry, then jotting down "buy another case of lighter fluid and some oily rags" on my To-Do list in the kitchen before stumbling off to the couch.

"No," the man in the snappy shirt said, "I don't think I've seen anything like that in here. You know, I've actually been meaning to talk to you about living here, but it just never seemed like the right time. I can't really afford to pay rent because I haven't been physically able to go out and get a job. This door is impossible to open from the inside, you know. I'm actually relieved someone finally opened-"

"Yes, that's nice. I've got to go shopping." And with that, I shut the door.

State Og

After State Og's recent buyout of the U.S. government, it is mandatory that you show your patriotism by reading their latest update. It's even mandatory for you heathens that live in dubious "other countries".

> *3:00 P.M. - One of our guards is 100% certain that he sees a black-clad intruder in the storage room. The intruder ducks behind a box, and moments later the guard shrugs and says aloud "Oh well, I must have been hearing things!", then continues his patrol.*
>
> *3:02 P.M. - This very same guard's body is found, his neck mysteriously snapped in what we can only assume was an accident.*

Read it. Even you, Scandinavia. *Especially* you.

-∼State Og Representative

7.11 Ask Reverend Greasnin!

Sunday, Jul 11, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Greetings once again, all ye who would be saved! As I have mentioned previously, I am a certified minister of the totally legitimate, not even a little bogus Universal Life Church, which, as its name implies, gives its followers hope and faith in their otherwise empty and lives by having no set beliefs whatsoever. The powers granted to me by my official certificate of ministerhood are numerous and varied, and above all, highly entertaining. I can marry people, hear confessions, absolve people of their assorted sins and misdeeds, and most of all, I can go forth and spread the holy enlightened gospel of the Universal Church, which is to say, whatever I want. Obviously, this is a massive responsibility, and it's one that I take very seriously. Thousands upon thousands of years ago, when early man first saw a bolt of light flash across the sky and strike a tree, causing it to burst into flames, and his child tugged at his loinclotch and asked, "What caused that, daddy," he responded with, "Sit down and shut up, or I'll turn this car right around and we'll drive straight back to Ohio!" I kid, of course. He actually said, "It must have been some great divine being who is angry with us and our heathen ways." Well, to be completely accurate, he probably said "Unga bunga bunga," or something similarly moronic, since he was a stupid caveman. The approximate translation to modern day English would be, "How should I know? And why are you asking me, anyway? We're stupid cavemen. We don't have the proper familial structure to convince me that you're even my kid." Then he probably went back to his regular schedule of poking the ground with a stick and farting, and was summarily killed by the spreading fire. I've gotten off track a little, but the point is, we've come a long way since then. Now lightning is a recognized a scientifically rationalized occurrence and families can be conveniently scheduled and managed via personal digital assistant. And still, literally hundreds of people across the globe turn to religion for the answers to life's great mysteries. You don't approach a post as valuable as minister - one who can influence and shape the religious lens through which people view the world - with anything less than the utmost sincerity and desire to do good. But here I am anyway.

Your old religion is outdated and not funny. My new religion is very current.

After being ordained as a minister, I did some soul searching. Sure, I was brought up in the finest Jewish tradition, but that never really provided me with the answers I needed. I was certain that there were many others out there who couldn't find solace in the "Big 3" religions (Judaism, Christianity, and Jedi). So I put together a crack team of religious scholars to help me seek out the answers to life's ultimate questions. We looked through all of the ancient texts. The Bible. The Torah. The Talmud. The Quran. The Bhagavad Gita. Tekwar. Finally, the answers came to us with the aid of intense study, soul searching, and bag after bag of psychedelic mushrooms. What we discovered may shock you. What we present to you now may well be the foundation of a new religion. Using this new information, we will now answer some of the questions that have kept mankind's greatest theological minds puzzled for ages.

Q. Does God exist?

A. No.

Q. Oh. Really?

A. Yes. Really.

Q. Okay then. What is the meaning of life?

The Almighty revealed.

A. I'm glad you asked this right up front. The unfortunate answer is, life is meaningless. We serve no purpose of our own. You see, our universe and everything in it that we know, have known, and will ever know are all just parts of an argument between two alien superbeings who exist on a dimension tangential to our own and who communicate through the incredibly complex relaying of information to all five senses at once, plus at least three or four additional senses that haven't come up yet. All we are is the attempt of one of these creatures to explain a point to another. Each of our lives is one bulletpoint on the nearly infinite list of points that this being is using to substantiate his argument. When we die, it is simply the end of the being's explanation of that part of his argument. This argument has been going on for what we would consider millennia on such a grand scale that if we even tried to comprehend it, it would turn our brains into mush the color, flavor, and consistency of tapioca, albeit with substantially less nutritional content. Thankfully, in the entire history of existence, the superbeing has never been interrupted, except once briefly in 1989, which explains why, by all accounts, that year seemed to drag on for at least an extra hundred days, as well as why a member of the Bush family actually managed to inaugurated. Since we all serve the function of proving the points that this being is trying to make, you might argue that the meaning of life is to be true to yourself and allow your individuality to shine through, so that you might better serve as an example of whatever it is that these extradimensional creatures are discussing. That's a lovely and uplifting thought, but sadly you're dead wrong. As it turns out, the being whose mere speech is capable of spawning galaxies is actually a notoriously poor debater. As soon as he finishes, which is expected to be sometime in the next hundred years or so, it is expected that his opponent will respond with a much more sensible idea than anything that has happened thus far in our universe, and we will all be demolished in a hellstorm of logic.

Q. I see. What is the origin of the universe?

A. As best as we can figure, the whole thing started when Argnoflicon the Phylophorous got into an argument with his good friend Zellidipes the Thrombornian over a beer at their local sports bar. The precise nature of the argument is still unknown, but one thing is certain: it's end will only come about when every minute detail of philosophy, science, art, love, passion, sorrow, joy, and the very nature of life itself has been probed, investigated, and dissected. That, or closing time. Either way, we lose.

Q. Is there a heaven?

A. Well, not exactly, no. There are no pearly gates. There is no eternal bliss. There are no choirs of angels singing our everlasting reward. On the plus side, there isn't a hell, either, so you don't need to worry about having red hot pitchforks shoved up your anus. Because I know you worry about that sort of thing all the time. If you don't, just think about it for a minute or two. Believe me, you'll start worrying about it nice and quick. So the question is, what actually does happen to us when our time on this planet is up? That is to say, what happens to us when our place in the great cosmic argument is finished? It's quite simple, really. When we die, we just go to the final resting place of all ideas that were once fresh and unique, but have since become stale, worn out, unnecessary and uninteresting: the pages of MAD Magazine.

Q. Well, at least that's better than Scientology.

A. Damn straight.

Q. So there's no hope for eternal joy?

A. No, but if you want the next best thing, just walk, run, drive, or fly to your nearest movie theater

and buy yourself a ticket to "Spiderman 2!" Hot dog! What a movie!

Q. What?

A. Oh, I forgot to mention, this study was partially funded by Columbia Pictures Corporation. Also by Quiznos! Oven toasted just tastes better! Mmm-mm!

Q. So, can you identify the exact point at which this article got away from you?

A. I'd say right about the moment I sat down to write it.

Q. When do you plan on ending this train wreck?

A. Now will be fine.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

7.12 My Conspiracy Theories

Monday, Jul 12, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Internet is covered with a thick jungle canopy of conspiracy theory websites. Majestic 12 did this, FEMA did that, chemtrails are pacification chemicals used by the government to support the alien agenda; it's all a load of bunk as far as I'm concerned. Yet, despite my casual dismissal of most conspiracy theories I have found the rationale of the conspiracy theorists creeping into my brain. I don't believe their "evidence" or "theories" but years of sifting through their terrible websites has left me with a taste for their perverse logic. They use the reverse of Occam's Razor. The most implausible and convoluted explanation for everything is always the real super-secret truth that a mysterious "they" don't want you to know.

A few days ago I found myself with a sort of sickness; one of those vague malaises of the mind that would likely appear as "hysteria" in an 18th century medical textbook. I was unintentionally rationalizing every question I asked myself as if I were a conspiracy theorist. Once I became aware of what I was doing I decided to run with it and just started observing the world around me through my new eyes. It was sort of like that scene in "Interview with a Vampire" where Brad Pitt is seeing the world for the first time after becoming a vampire only I wasn't afraid the whole time that Tom Cruise might do something really gay to me. Although I should add that I do live in constant fear of Tom Cruise, but only because his outspoken support of Scientology makes me afraid that he and John Travolta are going to slide in through the windows like in "Minority Report" and try to give me an E-Meter reading.

I kept my promise and Tom Cruise kept his distance, allowing me to negotiate the new and confusing spaces my mind had just like, totally been blown away to. What follows are revised and slightly clarified versions of the hastily scribbled notes I took during my conspiracy theory Vision Quest. If things don't completely make sense I think that means that everything is working perfectly.

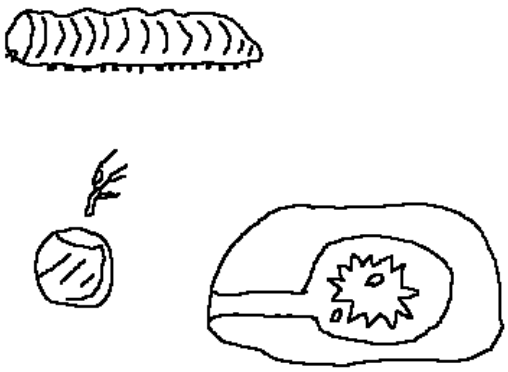
Beautiful Bean Footage: The dog is not a fiction. The dog is a truth. Vat-grown Canine Maximus PSYCHIC POWERS. Secret formula = work of J. Edgar Hoover and Jimmy Carter. Soviet research stolen by CIA. Cosmonaut DOGS. Camp David holds secrets of Bean Recipe.

Magnets: Not our friends, not for compasses. SOURCE OF ALIEN ENERGY. Alien spacecraft impacts on earth showering planet with MAGNETIZED DEBRIS. The debris can affect brain waves and cause you to BECOME AN ALIEN SLAVE. Hypnopsychotronic capabilities ON YOUR REFRIGERATOR may turn you into a blood crazed murderer. STEREO SPEAKERS created with government help to amplify PSYCHOTRONIC RADIATION and ENSLAVE the human race.

Cream Filled Donuts: Look again. The entryway expands to larger INTERNAL chamber. Not possible with filling tools. RAVENOUS alien cream worm. Also pudding and jelly worms. Burrows madly through donut's soft shell and EXPLODES showering sugary entrails inside donut. WEAPONS GRADE. Handle with caution. MIB CONNECTION?!?!

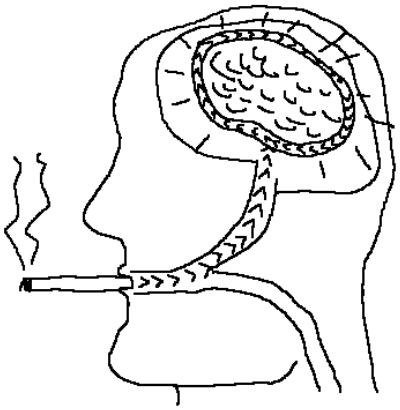
Yellow 5: Coloring in MOUNTAIN DEW and other products is used to erase memories of alien abductions and implantation procedures. The chemical makes you OBEDIENT and can DECAY YOUR SHORT TERM MEMORY. Blackouts after drinking soda may be result of Yellow 5 and ALIEN ABDUCTIONS.

Hot Pockets: Delicious taste or DELICIOUS EVIL? Company is subsidiary of NESTLE which is partially owned by DOW CHEMICAL which is operating under ALIEN AGENDA. Hot Pockets are physically addictive and FATTEN YOU FOR THE FEAST.



I cannot stop eating them. I will be ready to be HARVESTED SOON. Hot Pocket Company operates INTERGALACTIC STOCK FREIGHTER to transfer human LIVESTOCK to rings of Jupiter for Reptilian SNACKS.

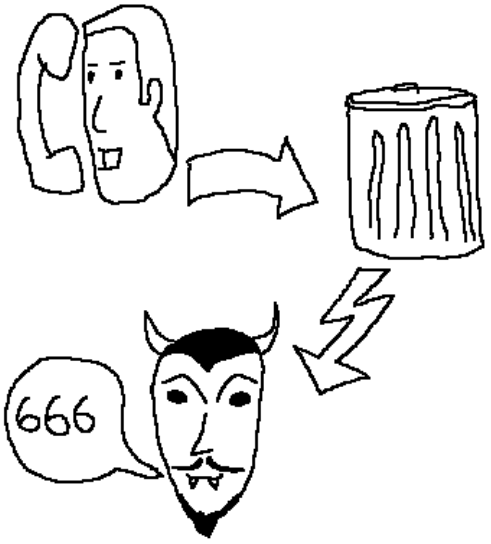
Unleaded Gasoline: Regular gasoline is OKAY. Unleaded gasoline replaces lead in gasoline with chemicals that BLOCK OUT THE SUN. Attempt to undermine clean SOLAR ENERGY and DEPOPULATE EARTH by killing off crops. Secret bunker will allow ELITE SERVANTS OF ALIEN AGENDA to survive the THOUSAND YEAR WINTER. Aliens will help transform the planet into a GRIM CITY OF ROBOTS. Like in prophetic film THE BRAVE LITTLE TOASTER.



Cigarettes: Government bans smoking to LOWER DEFENSES. Cigarettes STRENGTHEN the body and mind against ATTACKS. Attempts to drive up the cost of cigarettes is because NICOTINE acts as a BRAIN SHIELDING CHEMICAL. Government BLIMPS are beaming NEUTRINOS into your body without your KNOWLEDGE OR CONSENT. This makes you more willing to vote for ALIEN ALLIED REPUBLICANS.

Pornography: Pornography is psychologically addictive but CODED SUBLIMINAL ENGRAMS make it physically addictive as well. Frequent masturbation strengthens dominant arm! One arm needed in FUTURE FACTORY for press operation. SLAVE LABORERS will have all limbs severed except for the one and will work to PRODUCE WEAPONS FOR WORLD DOMINATION. Trilateral Commission owns ALL PORNOGRAPHY. Including MIDGET Porn.

Vitamins: Eat a vitamin on an empty stomach. Do you feel your GUTS CHURNING? With a full stomach you won't notice the BURROWING TRACKING DEVICE. This transmitter reads your DNA CODE and encapsulates it, then burrows next to your HEART. It draws energy from your circulatory system and uses your body as an ANTENNA to transmit your exact location to a super computer located in the 99th sub-basement of the Pentagon. A SATANIC CABAL of neuro-indoctrinated eunuch drones monitor EVERY HUMAN BEING. The transmitter can also DETONATE at the touch of a button. COLLAPSE YOUR HEART. Obedience will be mandatory. NEW VERSION in drinking water by 2006.



Department of Sanitation: Garbage men are taking YOUR trash but leaving the GOVERNMENT'S trash. Department of Sanitation is interchangeable with National Security Agency. INTERCEPT cell phone, radio, and cordless phone transmissions with micro antennas disguised as YOUR GARBAGE CANS. Upload information to NSA processing computer CERBERUS. Three heads of DOG. Three spirits of GOD. MOCKERY OF CHRIST. Satanic orders taken from HUMAN SACRIFICES to the DARK LORD.

The Sony Playstation 2: Japan is ALIEN TERRITORY. Originally Mongols ruled Japan CONQUERED BY ALIENS 5000 YEARS AGO. Using advanced ALIEN TECHNOLOGY to sell consumer electronics to impressionable American youths. NINTENDO GAMECUBE produces passivity in humans and SONY PLAYSTATION makes humans aggressive kill-freaks willing to fight for ALIEN OVERLORDS. Mind controlled army of American teens will rise up and CONQUER WORLD in the name of JAPALIEN EMPIRE. Playing MICROSOFT XBOX will protect you from alien commands but will make you a slave of MK ULTRA.

Over the course of the day my mind unwound and spun out theories on everything from where candles REALLY come from to who REALLY put the "bop" in the bop-she-bop. I filled the better part of a notebook with my half-crazed musings, but most were too wild and incoherent to even attempt to post here.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.13 Let's Get Romantic!

Tuesday, Jul 13, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Romantic!

It's no secret that the Internet is chock full of maladjusted social deviants who would rather download the latest "Honey Star Semen Wonder Child 5: Kiss Reckoning" anime episode than venture outside their homes and physically interact with living human beings who refuse to wear hoodies. The Internet is like a giant psychiatrist's waiting room, packed to the brim with folks swallowing handfuls of anti-depressants and various experimental anti-anxiety medications. It's only a matter of time before acronyms like "ASL" are replaced with more appropriate, meaningful questions such as "WMUO" ("what medications you on?") and "WYS" ("who's your shrink?"). In addition to fields such as "favorite homepage" and "age," instant messaging programs will soon have popular fields you can check to let people know you are afraid of speaking to strangers in public or if you've been taking Zoloft for more than five consecutive years.

The Internet's remarkable ability to attract the mentally incompetent has resulted in a gigantic global community of folks with more awkward social moments than the entire season of "The Wonder Years." Many people express their frustration with meeting members of the opposite sex on their Livejournals, Blogs, or crappy website forums. They complain that despite their ability to woo countless Insane Clown Posse fangirls online and find wonderful people of questionable gender in AOL chatrooms, they simply cannot meet females in the physical world. While it may be fiendishly simple to write "omg ur a qt" on an instant message, it's a bit more difficult for these folks to say it in person. Let me give you an example proving my point:

> **WOMAN:** "I sure am enjoying myself in this bar! Oh look, a fat, greasy, disheveled man is lumbering towards me! I wonder what he wants!"
> **MAN:** *(Mustering up all his courage)*
> **WOMAN:** *(Confused)* "What does 'less than three' mean?"
> **MAN:** *(Nervously looking around for a Paxil dispenser while quickly beginning to freak out)*
> **WOMAN:** "I don't understand! What are you trying to tell me? What do you want? Are you saying you're not three years old yet? Who are you? How did you get in here? Why does your t-shirt say 'Honey Star Semen Wonder Child' on it? Are you a child pornographer?"
> **MAN:** *(Running away, screaming)* "OPS PLZ!!!"

Romantic!

I have decided to share just a few of the many, many tips I have amassed over my 28 years of meeting women, to help you, the stereotypical socially anxious Internet fat guy, become a well adjusted human being capable of conversing with members of the opposite gender (women) over mediums of communication that do not involve modems. I feel I'm the best person to offer advice on this subject because I've been rejected by just about every female in this particular solar system, and this proves I've got the experience necessary to offer handfuls of helpful advice which will undoubtedly result in a costly lawsuit.

Before launching into a full scale groin attack with some unfortunate

broad who doesn't know exactly how disgusting you are, you must first study up and learn how to maximize your social effectiveness while minimizing your social awkwardness. Most women are not attracted to chubby blobs in faded Dragonball-Z t-shirts covered with neon orange Cheeto stains visible from the moon, despite however many times they claim they are attracted to a man's personality. If you're going out with the sole purpose of impressing women so you can trick them into having sex with you, you must make yourself as appealing as possible, even if it involves using lasers and fog machines to disguise that dog house-sized gut of yours. Here are a few "dos" and "do nots" that you should keep in mind when preparing to woo the woman of your dreams.

DO:	**DO NOT:**
Dry clean your dress clothes in a laundromat.	Steam clean your dress clothes in a White Castle.
Take a shower in clean water for 10 minutes.	Have your *Everquest* character go swimming for 10 minutes.
Wear a shirt which matches your pants.	Wear a shirt which matches the theme of your Underoos.
Tell your family that you're going on a date and they should watch over your house while you're away.	Tell your family that you're going on a date and they should refresh your Livejournal for by-the-minute updates.
Try to freshen up by spraying cologne on your neck.	Try to build up an immunity by spraying mace in your eyes.

Romantic!

Women, much like men, judge everything on first appearances, so it's important to look attractive and remove all the Taco Bell chalupa wrappers from your beard. In fact, women are almost exactly like men, except they are all weird and emotional and crazy and they don't have penises and they don't like anything men like and they are completely different in just about every aspect. But besides all that, they are just like you and I.

When preparing yourself for a night on the town, keep in mind that even though humanity has been evolving for thousands, perhaps millions of days, we are still just as competitive and primitive as inferior animals such as dogs, horses, and professional football players. Our mating ritual, just like many zoo animals, still consists of a female choosing the most colorful, vibrant, confident partner she can find, so maybe it'd be a good idea to staple some bright red and blue bird feathers to your forehead while emitting horrible screeching noises and waving your arms. Be sure to express your dominance over rival males by pecking them in the face with your beak and then humping them from behind. Of course none of these pointers apply to rich people. If you're a millionaire who is ugly as sin, you can hire somebody else to staple bird feathers to their forehead and hump males.

Now that you've prepared yourself, you must figure out what type of female companion you are looking for. Much like rare Pokemon, different types of women hang around different types of locations. However, unlike Pokemon, you simply cannot throw a metal ball at them and enslave them for life. Before going out and finding the woman of your dreams, determine your social skill level so you can choose the best location to pick up women. Here is a brief chart listing a few of the more popular locations for males to drool over females:

Location: Bar
Difficulty Level: Difficult
Types of Women Available: Drunkards, the perpetually unemployed, attractive women with horribly ugly friends that talk too loudly and somehow think they're attractive because their friend is, cocktail waitresses who hate you and all other customers, some fat lady always wearing a sweater and playing the rusty trivia game in the dark corner.

Romantic!

Description: Bars are essentially high school lunchrooms for folks over 21 years old. All the old cliques, generic personality types, backstabbing fake friends, and retarded politics resurface here, as 100 men compete for the attention of a single woman with a crooked nose and mole the size of Manhattan. Only the most competitive men go to bars looking for women, as bars are tilted heavily towards the female's advantage. For example, take the whole concept of "happy hour"; bars bribe women to come in and get drunk so they might have a serious lapse in judgment and sleep with another person there. Some people might call this cheap or disgusting, but my parents call it my conception.
Strategy: *Persistence.* If you find an attractive woman, ask her out. If she says no, then leave and come back again, this time wearing a fake moustache. If she still says no, then leave and come back again, this time wearing a fake bears and claiming you are Allah. If she turns you down again, feel free to throw rocks at her skull until it breaks apart like a rotting pumpkin full of firecrackers. If anybody tries to give you any trouble, claim religious persecution and file a lawsuit with the ACLU.

Location: Music concert
Difficulty Level: Average
Types of Women Available: Drunk women, drunk women with tattoos of bugs all over their face, drunk women on drugs, drunk women on drugs who mistakenly believe they are sober and in a different dimension, drunk women who have passed out and are gagging on their own vomit as paramedics load them into an ambulance.
Description: Although concerts are loud, crowded, and full of people colliding into each other every quarter note, they are often a good place to pick up women because the lights and alcohol help disguise how ugly you really are. Additionally, you don't have to worry about saying anything incredibly clever or witty, as the music will drown out anything you say and make it seem like you're just shouting the phrase "Martha the Humpback Whale" over and over. In the rare case that you are actually saying "Martha the Humpback Whale," it will sound like you're shouting, "pop a wheelie, Bozo."
Strategy: *Conformity.* Blend in with the rest of the people in the crowd and pretend you are a musician as well. If she asks what band, claim you're the lead singer of "Martha the Humpback Whale." Tell her that you're so underground and non-mainstream that you routinely murder all the people in your band to prevent them from telling other people about your music and therefore making it slightly more popular. If the woman then begins throwing up and choking on her own vomit, insist to the paramedics that you ride with her in the ambulance., as you just found yourself some prime dating material. Women gagging on their puke cannot say "no," and even if they could, what you're doing to them will probably seem slightly less disgusting than the current alcohol

poisoning battle they're fighting.

not as Romantic!

Location: Funeral
Difficulty Level: Easy
Types of Women Available: Crying women, dead women.
Description: As any man knows, women are fragile, emotional creatures. They do insane things like cry at even the slightest provocation, such as the death of a close family member or friend. Although such emotional outbreaks may seem negative to an outsider, they indicate the prime opportunity to make your move and forcefully cram some romance into their lives. Feel free to exploit their emotional weaknesses to your liking. Make empathetic comments such as, "I'm sorry [NAME OF THE DECEASED] passed away," or "I was really fond of [NAME OF THE DECEASED], [NAME OF THE DECEASED] was an awesome [DECEASED'S GENDER BEFORE THEY DIED]." Make sure you don't actually say "name of the deceased" unless the person who died was named "Name of the Deceased," in which case it would be acceptable to refer to them as Mr. or Mrs. Name of the Deceased.
Strategy: *Lying.* When women are in their emotional, crying, sad state of mind, they'll believe anything to make themselves feel better. Tell them that you were good friends with the corpse and he thought you were a completely awesome guy with a great personality and a huge penis (don't actually refer to the corpse as "the corpse"). Claim the spirit of the dead person is inside of you and he wants you two to have wet sloppy sex. Well maybe you shouldn't say that if it's her father's funeral.

The mating ritual is a difficult, complex process which requires a lot of work, effort, and lying. Fortunately, if you are dedicated and committed (not in a mental ward), you will eventually find yourself with the woman of your dreams and you won't have to post any more "WHY DON'T GIRLS LIKE NICE GUYS LIKE ME?" threads on Internet forums. This is because you will be too busy posting "GIRLFRIEND DRIVING ME CRAZY, WHAT DO I DO?" threads, but I guess that's one of the tradeoffs you must make for the sake of a relationship. Just pop some more Prozac and everything will fall into place.

■ On the first day of Christmas my dealer gave to me, a bag of shrooms and some LSD

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here and all ready for Gooncon this weekend. I think I'm one of the few people that work at the site that hasn't received a death threat. You've still got a few days left, so send them in now!

Forum goon fuckingtest started up a thread a little while ago with this first post:

> First, take a look at this page:
>
> http://www.proctorelem.org/nurse/nurse.htm
>
> nothing there? Well there are some images on there that cracked me up. These are pics from one of those School Nurse's office posters showing what to do if a child is choking. I found these while looking for accident victims for another thread and thought, this could be good...Ive always loved the imagery and lettering on these.

And that's when the goons disturbing and pervese nature took over with a flurry of photoshopping madness. With that, I present to you this week's Comedy Goldmine, "Save-ur-life™ wall posters!"

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Zombification Victim
1
Recognize the signs of Zombification
Victim will suddenly begin to have difficulty breathing, speaking, and will show an immediate appetite for brains. Begin treatment with a zombie retardant such as fire immediately.
WWW.SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

7.14 I'm a Humble Monster and I Have a Story

Wednesday, Jul 14, 2004 by A Humble Monster (@Livestock)

Listen, it's not often I sit down to talk, but I've got a lot on my mind so I just have to. For the last twenty years, I have been carrying out a reign of terror unlike any other. And for the last twenty years, I've suffered character assassination fierier than the magma breath of my arch nemesis, Incinerator Zero. You've probably heard reports of me and my work on your news programs or on the front pages of the newspapers. They always talk about the lives lost, the destruction caused, and how the costs of rebuilding are incalculable. In short, it's a lot of dwelling on the negatives. They talk so much about the damages I've done that I wonder if I'm more myth than monster these days. Hell, I wonder who I am. Am I the monster they say I am? And when are they going to let me tell my side of the story?

This is what they think of me I guess. Real nice. You captured my looks perfectly.

"Little Billy doesn't have a mommy and daddy after the deadly attack on Chicago," the objective reporter whimpers.

Then they cry, "the trail of destruction spans for miles, and experts say the repair costs are likely to exceed ten billion dollars."

"With Hong Kong in total ruins, officials expect the death toll to reach well into the hundreds of thousands," they add, as if to kick sand in my eyes.

Those are a few quotes from my clippings. Laugh all you want, but yeah, I save the articles written about me. Looking at those quotes, and knowing who is responsible, you probably think pretty lowly of me. Why, I must seem like the worst creature to ever walk the earth even! I'm here to tell you that there is another side to this story. There is the unheard side, the side you're going to hear now. I'm talking about my side.

It all started when I was resting comfortably in my cocoon, drifting through space. I wasn't drifting aimlessly, no sir. My cocoon was being pulled towards this bright blue planet. It was that intoxicating scent of radiation, exploding everywhere in the nuclear bombs being tested. That shit is like caviar and a full body massage all rolled into one for me. So yeah, naturally I crash into the Nevada test site and absorb some of that sweet radiation. After napping for a while longer, I claw out of my cocoon and immediately get shot in the face with a goddamn missile. Yeah, it didn't exactly do any damage, but at the time the smoke and fumes wrecked hell on my sinuses. What kind of a fucking wakeup call is that? Good morning, you big dickhead, here is a missile up your nostril!

Being a bit groggy, I overreacted and bulldozed through an army regiment like it was some grandma's thimble collection. Hell, I was just a kid. At least it felt that way. I don't remember anything prior to waking up, so what did I know about proper behavior? Maybe I should have chalked it up to some rookie being a bit trigger-happy and let it slide. But then I never had the benefit of proper parenting. I still don't even know if I even have parents! Can you really fault me for my actions? In a way, you're just as much responsible. I hardly think you'd take a missile attack on your face lightly either.

The next thing I know, jets are chasing me. Yeah, you're allowed to swat at flies that bother you, but if I take a swipe at a jet I'm a horrible monster. I make no apologies for downing those jets, and the way I see it, they had it coming. Especially after that fucking top gun practically tried to fly his jet up my ass. Yeah, good job, ace! You're a real Tom Cruise, you fucking pervert. He tries

to give me a cavity search with an F-14 and dies and you know what they do? They honored him like a hero. The last time I checked perverts weren't considered heroes. Maybe if I go and sodomize that giant flying asshole Laserdactyl they'll give me a medal and build a statue of me. I'd do that except I'm not gay and I sure as shit don't want any STDs from that goddamn bird monster. Ah, but I digress.

Oh this is great. This isn't degrading to my culture at all.

So what do you expect from me? You guys treat me like crap right from the start and expect me to what? I didn't drift all this way through space just to die. Maybe if you had given me a better welcome I wouldn't have ripped Vegas in half. I probably also wouldn't have coughed up my weird disintegrating fog breath all over Utah. The Mormons sure tried to demonize me for that one.

All that destruction eventually led to me taking an interest in media coverage of my work. You know, you do a job and you like to know how it goes over. Maybe there is room for improvement - I have no ego about my work. I'd smash a city and they would talk about me for months. Of course I liked the attention, so I acted out more and more. The next thing I know I'm a monster feared the world over. That has its advantages, but it's also hard to get your point across. I remember when I showed up in Massachusetts hoping to get out the vote for Dukakis, but nobody listened to my message. They just got scared, fired some missiles at me, flew a helicopter into my freaking eye, and evacuated a two hundred mile radius. A day later I'm next to Willy Horton on a political commercial for the Bush campaign. Don't even get me started on what happened when I showed up in Seattle to protest the WTO.

I don't hold a grudge against the people of this country or any other, but I do dislike the media and the willingness regular people have to support it. What gets my goat is the endless, banal obsession on the consequences. In a way, they are asking for it. I knock down a few buildings and they dedicate weeks to talking about me. You think that hasn't inspired me to do more? Or inspired the other jerks to do more as well? They glorify me as this awesome, indestructible force. Yet, just as they flatter me, they also accuse me of being a monster. Well, granted, I am a monster. But am I *that* kind of monster? What I'm getting at is that maybe I'm not the problem here.

I was talking to my buddy Tyrannosaurus Ape the other day while we were leveling Greenland. I know, it sounds pretty queer, but we always wanted to check out Greenland because it's such a mystery. Anyway, he starts telling me about the economic factors behind the media. You know, how it's all big business sponsored by big business. None of those networks can really break from the mold and tell my side of the story without offending advertisers or alienating the viewers they've been brainwashing all this time. I tell him, "yeah, but the media is only after the story, no matter what side that puts them on." It was kind of naïve of me to say that, because look at my own personal experience. The media, a supposed bastion of objectivity, pleads for my death without ever asking me to tell my side. Worse, those wretched reporters on the scene sensationalize everything, exaggerating the destruction all the while whining about the loss of human lives. Far be it from me, a giant space lizard, to point out media hypocrisy, but really, when was the last time you saw a news report about the horrors a careless human inflicted on a colony of ants?

Never do they talk about the positive aspects of my rampages. I get a lot of aggression out doing this and that means I'm much more well adjusted in the long run. I take down one city, and that satisfies me for quite awhile. By the time I destroy another city, the last one has already been rebuilt. I'm not into slash and burn or scorched earth style destruction, not like humans. Also, do they ever

compliment me on the creative side to my destruction? I don't mean to get all conceptual artist on you guys, but I really like to leave something interesting behind in the wake of my rampages. Something artsy and different, because how often can you turn an entire city into your canvas? That's a pretty big opportunity that I don't take lightly.

And don't say I haven't suffered for my art, because I have. Remember when I leveled Tokyo by doing that crazy cartwheel move over and over again? Yeah, well, you probably also remember when those crazy Asians brought out that moon laser and shot me in the fucking testicles! I kid you not, those crazy cocksuckers aimed straight for my fucking testicles! I was pissing glowing orange blood for months after that. Did anyone show me any sympathy? No, they cried about me poisoning water supplies with my phosphorescent urine. My bladder was a goddamn lava lamp and those cretins were whining about how their drinking water was giving them cancer. You know what they call that? Karma.

I fucking hate stereotypes! That's all humans can come up with anymore!

So when all is said and done, what am I supposed to think about humans? Not much if you ask me. You crapped on me, now I crap on you. That's the circle of life, right? But know this, things aren't as black and white as you want to believe. I'm not evil and you guys certainly aren't any white knights. I'm not the bad guy here. Yeah, I may wreck your cities, but I do it for you. I do it for your headlines and for revenge against your hostility towards me. Maybe if you took the time to listen to me I wouldn't have to smash your world to pieces, but I get the feeling you'll never learn. One day we might be friends, but until then keep trying to shoot missiles at my private parts and I'll keep break dancing your cities into rubble.

-~A Humble Monster (@Livestock)

7.15 Top Tens

Thursday, Jul 15, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

THE TOP TEN MOST ANTICIPATED UPCOMING ANIME MOVIES

10) "Wacky High School Dating Relationship 4: Comical Misunderstanding Mayhem"
9) "Demon Dick versus Satan's Tentacled Flower Labia "
8) "Princess Metal Panties 6: Nine Frames of Repeated Animation Cels in Space"
7) "Enchanted Land of Children With Very Large Heads"
6) "Sex Fantasy Ultimate Adventure: Every Female Secretly Wants to be Raped By Men in Business Suits and Dark Sunglasses"
5) "The Adventures of Comic Relief Sidekick Creature Who Floats and Has Huge Eyes"
4) "What's Going On In the School's Basement? Part III: Don't Go In the School's Basement!"
3) "Neo-Tokyo Gets Blown Up In Slow Motion With a Nuclear Bomb Volume 5938"
2) "Giant Robots Piloted By Grade School Students versus The Brother-In-Law of the Alien Menace"
1) "Mother Nature Gets Pissed Off and Destroys Buildings Part 458387293"

THE TOP TEN MOST USELESS SUPERHEROES

10) The Man with Two Lungs
9) Cap'n Grammar Captain
8) Alabaman
7) Mr. "I Was Dosed With Radioactive Rays In An Attempt to Gain Incredible Superpowers But Instead All I Got Was Testicular Cancer"
6) The Visible Ghost
5) Snowman
4) The Incredible Shrinking Giant
3) Doctor Tangram
2) The Human Crouton
1) Cypher

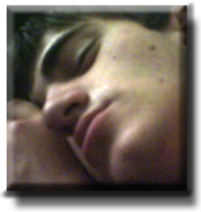
THE TOP TEN RINGS MORE WORTHLESS THAN CAPTAIN PLANET'S "HEART RING"

10) The Ring of Scrubbing Bubbles
9) Kirk Cameron's Career Tracking Ring
8) "The Ring" Ring
7) The Ring of Lemony Freshness
6) The Geocities "Small Wonder" Fan Site Ring
5) Barnum and Bailey's Five Enchanted Rings of Exotic Abused Animals
4) Courtney Love's Wedding Ring
3) The Ring of New Car Smell
2) Louie Anderson's Cock Ring
1) Gary Glitter's Child Pornography Ring

THE TOP TEN LEAST POPULAR REALITY TV SHOWS

10) "Behind the Scenes at Rand McNally's: Uncut and Uncensored"
9) "Straight Eye For the Fry Guy"
8) "The World's Greatest Forum Posts"
7) "Michigan's Sexiest Bank Statements"
6) "A Journey Through Bill O' Reilly's Colon"
5) "America's Most Eligible IRC Bachelors"
4) "Extreme Taxidermy"
3) "When ATM Transactions Go Bad"
2) "America's Most Prudest Drivers"
1) "Who Wants to be a Webmaster?"

THE TOP 10 MOST POPULAR VIDEO GAMES FROM THE YEAR 2013



10) "The Sims: Ultimate Party Backyard Vacation Adventure Construction Kit Expansion 58: BBQ Grill Fiesta"
9) "Escape From the Planet of the Washed Out, Blurry Textures"
8) "Nintendo's Classic Retro Arcade DX DS EX NAACP: We'll Keep Re-running the Same Games For Every Platform As Long As You Faggots Keep Buying Them"
7) "Everquest VII: Pay Sony $30 a Month So You Can Spend 10 Hours a Day Working Online"
6) "Incomprehensible Bizarre Japanese Puzzle 3"
5) "Vin Diesel's 'Soylent Green'"
4) "Pokemon Retirement Center Arena"
3) "Aliens versus Predator versus Game-Stopping Polygon Clipping Problems"
2) "Lara Croft Versus the Hot Flashes"
1) "Duke Nukem: Forever"

THE TOP TEN LEAST POPULAR RESTARAUNTS

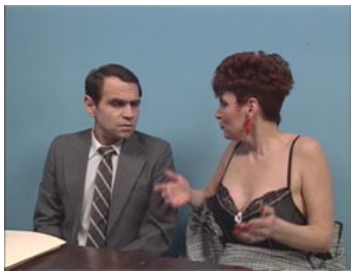
10) The AIM Cafe
9) If You Can Eat It, You Can Keep It
8) The Fantabulous Ham Tunnel
7) Stabby's Organ Trough
6) I Can't Believe It's Not Living!
5) Michael Jackson's Freakish Floating Disembodied Nose Buffet
4) PMScargo's
3) Captain Archie Slaughter's Burrito Whorehouse
2) Tapioca Pit
1) PETA Burger

THE TOP ONE LEAST HUMOROUS INTERNET TOP TEN LISTS

1) This one

This Porn is Horrid!

Zack "Go Getter" Parsons here with a brand new Horros of Porn. This time around we've got the joltingly bad "Silence of the G.A.M.S.", a parody so bad it had to resort to an nachronism in the title.



In case you're mistakenly turned on by the word "blowjob" let me reiterate; a snaggle-puss Hep-C carrier goes down on the farmer from the "Babe" movies. As if that weren't bad enough, they then have stunningly sweaty sex. I'm talking the kind of exertion where you can almost see the on-set medics creeping into frame with a cardiac defibrillator to keep McDick humping away.

Normally I would say something like "go check it out!" right here, but really, you shouldn't check it out.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.16 Cobra After-Action Report: Red Rocket's Glare

Friday, Jul 16, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Cobra After-Action Report series.

One of the core components of military philosophy is "K.I.S.S." or "Keep It Simple Stupid". When strategists sit down to cook up their next battle plan they do so realizing that no matter how good the plan is, it's going to fall apart once the fighting starts. The more complex or convoluted the plan is the more likely the people on the ground are going to become confused or lost in the shuffle. Essentially, you can't count on your enemy to do exactly what the success of your strategy requires.

Looks like Cobra is up to a whole bun full of no good!

Cobra Commander must have missed out on this bit of info at his last evil supreme leader conference, because things are as unnecessarily complicated as usual in "Red Rocket's Glare". Destro has developed a new missile warhead called a "Photon Disintegrator" that apparently packs quite a wallop. Cobra Commander plans to install the warheads on over a hundred intercontinental missiles that he has concealed as signs on a franchise of fast food restaurants called Red Rocket. The Red Rocket restaurants were franchised out by Extensive Enterprises (the company belonging to the Crimson Twins) who is buying them all back to replace the dummy nosecones on the rockets with the real deal.

To demonstrate the power of his new doomsday weapon Cobra Commander has also built a mockup city that he plans to destroy on live TV. Sure, blowing up a real small town might be infinitely easier and get the point across a whole lot better, but that's just not the way Cobra Commander works. CC wants a fake town built so that he can blow it up? CC gets a fake town built. After he blows it up he plans to demand the surrender of every nation of the world to Cobra. Now that's a realistic objective!

Let's take a look at the forces Cobra has committed.

- **Theater Commander:** Cobra Commander

- **Theater Resources:** "Photon Disintegrator" warheads, a scratch built fake town, Destro's Cobra-head airplane, and the resources of Extensive Enterprises.

- **Corps Level Resources:**

100+ Squad Sized Infantry Detachments
1+ Platoon of Crimson Guard Elite Infantry, Many Incognito as Biker Gangs
2+ Cobra Artillery Mounts
2+ Cobra Jeeps
2+ Cute Little Cobra Buggy ATVs
Additional Support Provided By Televipers

- **Known Opposing Forces:**

Every government and military agency in the entire world.

- **Primary Mission Objectives**

Achieve total domination of the world by threatening to obliterate national capitols using the Photon Disintegrator.

- **Alternate Mission Objectives**

  Buy back failed restaurant franchises.

As you will see, Cobra Commander commits some of his worst errors yet during the course of this operation, and GI Joe relies on the total incompetence of Cobra as always.

198X, Day 1, 10:00 AM

Oh no, the Frisbee! Master Destro will be most displeased!

A young jungle savage boy is running through his native land in terror from the rumbling imperialism of a GI Joe convoy. He trips and drops what appears to be a miniature metal Frisbee with a Cobra logo emblazoned on it and he gets stung by a scorpion in the process of picking it up. We soon learn that he is delivering the Frisbee to a less-than-grateful Destro, who needs it to complete his latest invention, the Photon Disintegrator. No sooner had Destro dropped the Frisbee into a hole on the side of his suspiciously warhead shaped device then GI Joe locates his secret base inside an Aztec temple. After apathetically crushing several jungle trees with their tanks the Joes stop at an impassable ravine that prevents them from attacking the Cobra compound.

Apparently Cobra's presence makes blowing the ever-living shit out of an ancient Aztec temple a noble cause. After quickly crossing the ravine with the rarely-seen GI Joe bridge layer unit that they just happened to have driving around a jungle with them the Joes call in a massive bombardment of artillery that blasts apart the perimeter wall of the stone temple. Rushing inside, the Joes meet with the usual scattered pockets of Cobra resistance, which they easily drive off by showing the slightest amount of force. In this case rookie Blowtorch lights some crates on fire with his flamethrower and sends the Cobra troops into a panic, leading me to believe that Cobra has been employing Frankenstein's Monster as a training instructor again.

Anxious to prove himself, Blowtorch races ahead of Recondo and Roadblock into the Aztec temple. He confronts Destro and a pair of slow-moving Cobra guards with merciless blasts of fire that send the blue shirts packing. Destro pauses to laugh about how the Joes are too late before escaping through a stone door in the wall. Blowtorch's fire is mighty, but even he knows that it can't hope to burn through the stone door. Dejected, he goes outside and reports that Destro has once again made a successful getaway. Roadblock and Recondo comfort him with the news that the base has been destroyed and Cobra is finished here in the primeval jungle. This frees the way for Joe's corporate sponsors to clear cut the jungle and enslave the simple natives into working in salt mines, no doubt.

198X, Day 2, 1:00 PM

Dressed in Hawaiian shirts and driving a jeep, Recondo and Roadblock are on vacation and headed to lunch with Roadblock's aunt and uncle at their restaurant. Recondo is so hungry that he suggests they stop at a local Red Rocket burger outlet, but Roadblock proclaims the food to be terrible and insists they press on. When they reach Roadblock's family restaurant they discover that it has also been transformed into a Red Rocket franchise, complete with a giant red missile strapped to the roof.

Roadblock and Recondo head inside but soon learn that a bunch of hooligans have been driving away all of the business, leaving Roadblock's family up to their neck in debt. Just then a bunch of teenagers sporting the worst fashion the 80s had to offer pull up in cars. Roadblock demonstrates the heroic nature of GI Joe by promising that he and Recondo will go beat the fuck out a bunch

of teenage girls he sees out the window. His uncle corrects him, saying that the teenagers are the customers and the real hooligans are a biker gang who use "ray guns". Uh oh!

Hot on the heels of the teenage customers come the biker gang, who despite being armed with projectile weapons promptly get the shit kicked out of them by two unarmed GI Joes in Hawaiian shirts. Roadblock and Recondo get back to the business of feeding their faces while the bikers, who turn out to be incognito Crimson Guardsmen, report to Tomax and Xamot that the Joes have taken an interest in Red Rocket. I should mention that just before the biker Crimson Guard make their report Tomax and Xamot arrive at their HQ building by throwing the door off of their private jet and jumping out as it flies past. Those two love to make an entrance even when no one is looking. And they obviously don't care about wasting a perfectly good jet to do it.

We can't stop here! This is Red Rocket country!

Tomax and Xamot contact the sleazy suit responsible for the Red Rocket buyback operation, a sneering doofus by the name of Mr. Queeg. The Crimson Twins instruct him to take care of Roadblock's family restaurant, using Cobra-supplied "extreme measures" if necessary.

198X, Day 3, 11:00 AM

GET OUT AND STAY OUT VINCENT PRICE! WE DON'T SERVE YOUR KIND HERE!

Mr. Queeg has arranged for a roughly platoon-sized force of Televipers, Cobra troopers, and light artillery to serve as a last-ditch bargaining chip if he fails to negotiate a sale from Roadblock's family. The Cobra troops are arrayed on a cliff overlooking the restaurant, giving them an impressive position and an excellent field of fire. Queeg goes down to talk to the owners just as Flint and Lady Jaye arrive in a Joe hovercraft, much to the amazement of the patrons inside the Red Rocket.

Just as Roadblock is introducing Lady Jaye and Flint to his family, Queeg enters. Before he can even make a sales pitch for the restaurant Roadblock hauls him up by his belt and tosses him on the ground outside the Red Rocket. Queeg dusts himself off and gives an angry thumbs-down signal to the Televiper watching from the cliff. The Cobra artillery opens fire, exploding a few parked cars and sending deadly bursts of flame shooting through the windows inside the Red Rocket. Lady Jaye and Flint (and Cutter, but he doesn't count) have seated themselves and are eating hamburgers that arrived in the split second between Queeg getting thrown out and the start of the Cobra attack. They leap to their feet and rush to the waiting hovercraft to give Cobra what-for.

The GI Joe assault on the Cobra positions atop the cliff is a textbook example of tactical incompetence on the part of GI Joe slamming headfirst into the total combat ineffectiveness of Cobra soldiers and equipment. The Cobra position consists of emplaced artillery, along with supporting infantry firing from almost total cover, and wheeled lightly armored vehicles. The GI Joes have a hovercraft and no more than a squad of their generic infantry to mount an assault that would normally require at least 5 to 1 infantry superiority preceded by intensive artillery and aerial bombardment.

Instead the Joes defy the laws of physics and drive their hovercraft straight up a nearly vertical cliff face while taking heavy fire from Cobra emplacements. Ignoring the fact that this is totally outside

the operational capabilities of their vehicle, the assault is numbingly idiotic. Anecdotes about Polish cavalry charging German tanks come to mind. Despite the utter stupidity the Joes exhibit, their attack on the cliff is a complete success and the blame for this falls completely on the shoulders of the Cobra line infantry. Whatever Televiper or Crimson Guard officer was in charge of setting up the attack did an admirable job, but his troops completely failed him against all odds.

While the Joes concentrate their fire and quickly eliminate Cobra's heavy weapons, the Cobra forces offer little more than a token resistance and a few seconds of desultory return fire. At the end of the assault, which took no more than ten seconds but should have taken days of protracted siege, the Joes round up an impressive bag of prisoners and now know that Cobra is directly linked to the Red Rocket buyout. To call this operation a disaster for Cobra would be a reflection on the limitations of the English language to express catastrophe.

198X, Day 3 4:00 PM

Back at Joe HQ, computer nerd Mainframe has determined that the Red Rocket chain is owned by Cobra pals Extensive Enterprises. This new evidence points directly to a sinister plot that really did not need any further pointing to. It turns out that Roadblock's family is the only remaining Red Rocket franchise that has not been sold. Roadblock, Lady Jaye, and Flint head to Extensive Enterprises to have a talk with the owners about just what they have in mind. The Joes unknowingly interrupt a phone call Tomax and Xamot are having with Cobra Commander and demand answers from the sinister duo. The twins tell the Joes to go take it up with Cobra, which makes Roadblock sassy but ends the encounter. On the way back to their GI Joe bus stop Flint reassures Roadblock that they will return after hours for more evidence.

I want answers! Especially about my freakish neck and reptilian head!

True to their word, Lady Jaye and Flint return at the witching hour to break into Extensive Enterprises. Flint pilots a helicopter next to the window of Tomax and Xamot's office and Lady Jaye burns through the window with a laser pistol. Once inside, she begins searching the sparse office for clues. She is almost immediately caught by the Crimson Twins who fight with her briefly. Lady Jaye leaps out the window and grabs on to the runner of the helicopter, but Tomax and Xamot follow her, latching onto her ankles. With a banshee scream Lady Jaye loses her grip, plummeting with the giggling duo towards the streets dozens of stories below. Lady Jaye keeps her wits and uses her javelin to hook the chopper and pull herself to safety. Tomax and Xamot make bars shoot out of the Extensive Enterprises building and do a zany acrobatics routine to safety.

Defeated, Lady Jaye and Flint are flying back to base when Lady Jaye spots something. In a disconcertingly voyeuristic sequence, Flint and Lady Jaye stare through the windows of an attractive blond woman's apartment watching Cobra Commander's address on the TV. The audio is provided by GI Joe HQ over their radios.

The broadcast proves to be Cobra Commander's all time magnum opus of stupidity. First off, he threatens the world's leaders with 150 missiles "targeted at the capitols of every major nation on earth" and shows a handy map. A map of the missile locations. Cobra Commander shows a map of every one of his super missiles. Didn't fucking ANYONE at Cobra HQ stop and say "uh, hey boss, maybe showing the world where our super missiles are is not the best idea"? I guess not.

Cobra Commander goes on to show the world the destructive power of his new super weapon. He uses it on "an exact replica of one of your cities". It shows a pastoral town with a missile warhead

in the middle, then a wall of fire, then a grassy field, a dirt road, and a butterfly. This leads me to believe that Cobra's Photon Disintegrator not only destroys structures without a trace and removes the paving from roads, it also perfectly sods the scorched earth and encourages wildlife to return. It's like a dream for crazy environmentalists everywhere! It also seems like a pretty unnecessary thing for a bomb to do, but that's Cobra to the core. Cobra Commander gives the world until dawn to surrender to Cobra.

Roadblock, who is watching the broadcast at Joe HQ, spots the incredible similarities between the map Cobra Commander had of the missile sites and the map he saw earlier of Red Rocket locations. Putting zero and zero together to make zero, Roadblock breaks his epiphany to Flint, who scrambles all of the Joes to take out 150 missiles before daybreak.

198X, Day 4 1:00 AM

Uh oh, something retarded is about to happen, I can sense it.

The GI Joe Red Rocket interdiction commences with an impressive fleet of Joe aircraft and land vehicles swarming out of various bases. They disperse across the United States to the Red Rockets helpfully highlighted by Cobra Commander in his "How to Beat Cobra" Power Point presentation. Now there can be no doubt that Destro has created a true weapon of mass destruction with his Photon Disintegrator, so you would think the Joes would take a lot of care in handling the capture and dismantling of them. Instead, Cutter demonstrates exactly how apathetic to civilian casualties the Joes are in the first of a sequence of "taking out Red Rocket" clips.

We see a bustling and very large fair on a pier, similar to Chicago's Navy Pier, and we see that a Red Rocket is positioned in the midst of the carnival. Cutter drives his hovercraft up to the pier and through a bullhorn informs the Cobra troops inside that they have five seconds to vacate the premises. Rather than, say, launching the rocket, the Cobra troopers dutifully run out and jump off the pier. Cutter opens fire and the Red Rocket detonates in an explosion identical to the one seen when the fake town was destroyed by Cobra. We never see the aftermath, but there can be no doubt that the detonation of the Photon Disintegrator leveled the entire fair and killed everyone enjoying it. Thanks to Cutter's tactics thousands, possibly tens of thousands, died in a flash, replaced by bucolic grassy hills and butterflies.

The carnage at the pier is followed by a montage of takedowns, complete with stunned Cobras surrendering immediately and rockets being shot by Joes. Lad Jaye even drops in by helicopter and scoops the deadly nosecone off of one rocket, taunting some shocked Cobra troopers by saying "careful, you might hit the warhead". Oh, they might hit the warhead! God forbid another one of these things blows up, huh Lady Jaye? It's worth noting that all of these attacks on Red Rockets with the exception of the pier strike take place during broad daylight. I guess Cobra's dawn launch deadline was not quite as firm as Cobra Commander had made the world's leaders believe.

The climax of the Red Rocket attacks occurs when Roadblock climbs on top of a rocket to remove the nosecone. While Roadblock is straddling the ominously smoking missile he is spotted by the Crimson Twins, who leap atop the missile with him just as it launches skyward. I'm no rocketician, but I feel reasonably certain that the force of an ICBM being launched would be sufficient to knock off people sitting on top of it. Instead, Roadblock and the dynamic duo continue to wrestle as the rocket streaks up towards the atmosphere. Flint and Lady Jaye spot their endangered friend and fly their jet really really fast to catch up with the trans-atmospheric rocket. Yes, I know, again not a rocketician, but...

Flint decides that the most immediate danger to Roadblock is the blinking Photon Disintegrator on the tip of the rocket. He pointlessly tells Roadblock to hang in there and then launches an air to air missile at the rocket. Miraculously the missile strikes the nosecone, does not detonate and does not detonate the Photon Disintegrator, and manages to sheer off the tip of the rocket. It also knocks the rocket off course so that it crashes and explodes safely in a river. Tomax and Xamot swim away laughing about the fun ride and Roadblock surfaces, similarly unhurt, spluttering and cursing.

198X, Day 4 5:00 PM

The Joes, triumphant at having thwarted Cobra and only killing thousands of American civilians in the process, have gathered outside Roadblock's family restaurant. The former Red Rocket franchise has been given some new and rather elaborate looking signage in a 24 hour period and is now called "The Joe's Place". The Joes are too busy celebrating their victory to ponder things like how a giant custom-made neon sign appeared overnight or how many widows they made destroying the rockets. Roadblock has pulled out all of the stops, inviting most of the Joe organization to a giant barbecue. He's even wearing his freakishly gigantic oven mitts, so you know he means business!

The episode ends with one of Roadblock's famous poems:

"My ribs are the greatest and that's a fact, Joe beat Cobra and that's where it's at, so when you want relief from your worries and your woes, you can come on down and eat at Joe's!"

The rough outline of Cobra's plot in this episode was not that bad. You've got 150 missiles nearly as powerful as nukes and a willingness to use them to threaten the world's leaders. Cobra, with their nearly limitless financial resources and impressive pool of manpower, could easily knock over some third rate country in the Eastern Europe or Africa. With a border secured they could set up their 150 missiles without disguising them as signs for fast food restaurants. Then Cobra Commander could threaten from a position of strength.

Sure, the Joes could bomb him into oblivion, but they've already demonstrated a total apathy to civilian deaths in the United States. At least with hundreds of miles of clear airspace Cobra Commander could launch some of his rockets at targets before they get destroyed.

Barring Cobra Commander coming to his senses there were a lot of other things Cobra could have done differently. Including the map of his missile locations on his TV broadcast was intolerably stupid, as was building and then blowing up a fake city. Why the hell didn't he blow up a Joe base instead of a fake city? Just put a rocket on a mobile launcher and fire away, it's not like GI Joe has any more success than Cobra with hiding or disguising their HQs. Why did Extensive Enterprises allow individuals to buy Red Rocket franchises in the first place? They could have simply built the restaurants themselves, eliminating the whole ridiculous "bikers driving away customers" fiasco.

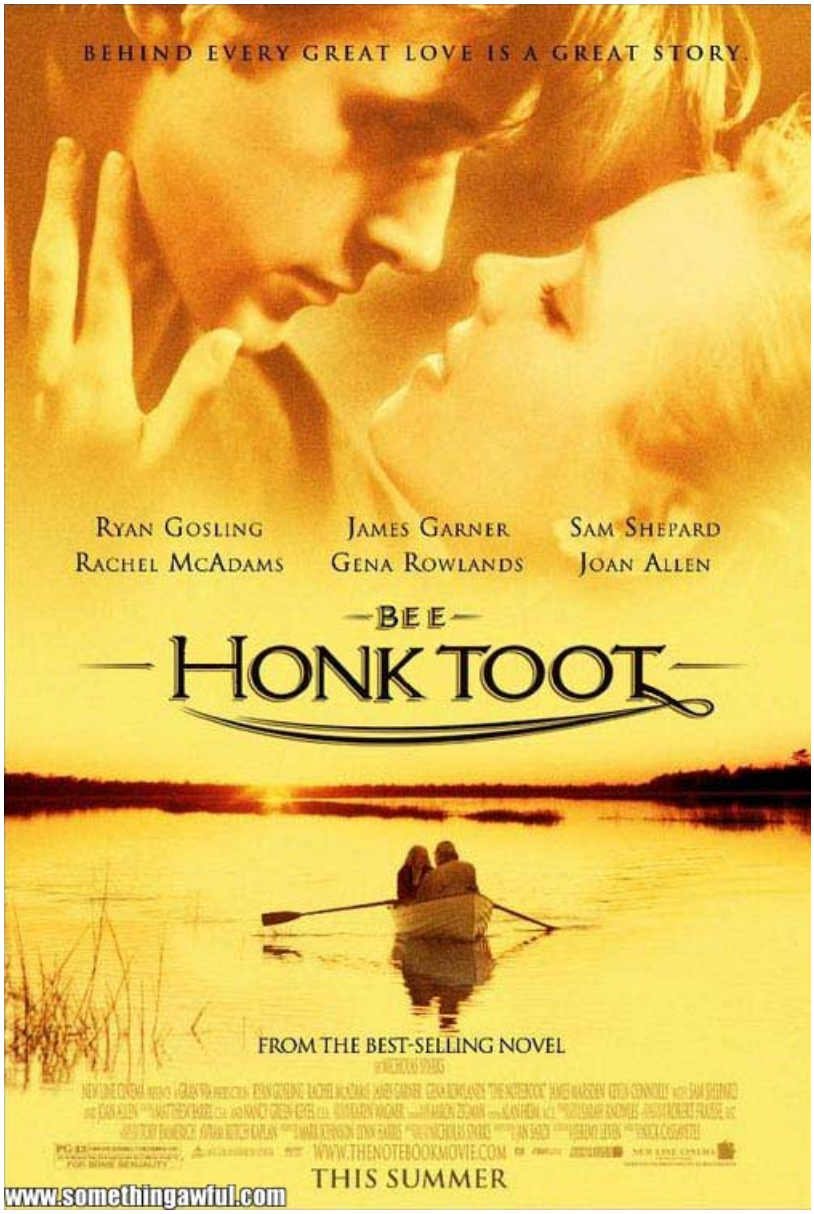
GI Joe did not exactly perform with flying colors either. They stomped through a rainforest completely oblivious to environmental damage, destroyed an ancient Aztec temple, let Destro escape with his secret weapon, took ages to realize what Cobra's plan was, and then managed to kill roughly 50,000 people in the process of disarming Cobra's missiles. Everyone from Flint on up to General Hawk should be spending the better part of their natural lives in senate hearings about that sort of monumental fuckup. Instead they have a barbecue.

How adorable, I'm sure the people filling up the burn wards and moaning for morphine are laughing it up about Roadblock's shitty poem. I'm sure the families weeping at the funerals of lost loved ones will be overjoyed to read that GI Joe just secured an additional five years of funding.

I ask you, what sort of sick fucking world do we live in?

◘ If I Weren't so Lazy, this Title Would be an Anagram of "Photoshop Phriday"

Hi gang, it's me, Livestock, writing to you members of the future from the distant past. As you read this, I am getting beaten to smithereens at Something Awful's big 5th anniversary bash, affectionately known as GoonCon. Chances are I won't make it back alive, which could very well mean that this is my last Photoshop Phriday ever. And in grand fashion, our scary friends at J-List are coming through with some fine, fine sponsorship! Do us all a favor by stocking up on some exciting Japanese merchandise such as "The Wife who Put on the Swimming Suit" on DVD. Anyway, wrapping up last week, we have Part 2 of Anagrammed Movies! Here is an exciting preview to wet your appetite.



Please, by all means, stop whatever it is you are doing and read this important Internet feature!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.17 Weekend Sports Report: The Summer Slump

Saturday, Jul 17, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Welcome to another edition of Saturday Sports Update with yours truly. It's my job at Something Awful to cover the world of sports since all the other writers are either terribly frail and/or closet homosexual communists. My references in this field are many since before becoming an Internet comedy writer, I was a world class champion of thumb wresting and a two time winner of the Pretty Boy Belly Dancing Contest (Division C). Despite the Internet being filled mostly with pasty nerds whose only daily exercise is clicking a mouse, masturbating, and once in awhile walking to the cupboards for some Doritos, a decent amount are still active sports fans who follow their regional team with zeal. Life can get a little depressing and lonely at times, so pouring all your time and energy on a group of large sweaty men chasing a pretty ball can give your worthless life meaning. Before the Detroit Pistons won the NBA championship this year, I was so terribly bored and suicidal, but now I have countless merchandise littering my apartment, and give high fives to strangers because now I belong to a team. I found it's much less work than joining the Neo-Nazis.

The sad news is that right now is the worst time to be a sports fan; the middle of summer. No basketball, hockey, or football. All we have is boring old baseball and that's for old men and housewives. This lack of any exciting sports leaves a large hole in the lives of fans who have nothing else to look forward to. Some turn to reruns of Mama's Family, others to crack cocaine, and still others freeze themselves in cryogenic chambers until Fall. For somebody like me trying to cover sports, it takes a lot of ingenuity to come up with something of worth to report. For this Weekend Sports Update, I hit the streets and found some little known sports that hopefully fans will come to embrace in the long hot months of nothingness, until some real sports come back into our lives. Also, we have an exclusive sports debate between myself and my magical toy monkey, Hector, about the inflated salaries of today's sports players. Please enjoy.

Riveting!

Poker

Now that there are basically no sports around except some gumps with beer bellies hitting rawhide balls with a stick, poker is gaining a lot of popularity and air time. Although not even remotely a sport on a physical level, it does appeal the macho sentiments and adrenaline that can be found in most competitions. The biggest boost to the poker craze is the Celebrity Poker Tournament on Bravo (the home for gay TV), featuring mostly bit actors trying to be witty and hamming it up for the camera. ESPN and the Travel Channel are also showing an extraordinary amount of poker in an effort to fill the dead air left by the lack of anything worthwhile. It's gotten so bad that I've actually watched reruns of poker matches that I've already seen multiple times. While I sit in front of the television in the sweltering heat, flies planting larva in my facial orifices, I tend to wonder if I am wasting my life on watching stupid games, but then some mongoloid-looking player gets an ace on the river and I cheer and fall out of my window.

Eating Contests

Only in the land of gluttony that is known as America can gorging yourself with an insane amount of food be called a sport. Eating competitions are becoming increasingly popular as of late, making superstars out of people who pride themselves on eating 50 hot dogs in 10 minutes, and who would gladly suffer internal hemorrhaging for a tiny spot of glory. Within a span of 20 minutes, you can see

a bucketful of food that could feed a family of 10 in Africa for a month be consumed by a large hairy man who lacks both morals and manners. Oddly enough, skinny Asian people have dominated this sport because of their flexible stomachs and ability to transform into Go-Bots, causing food eating purists to call foul and have them excluded from the events. Regardless of this Asian invasion, and the recent scandal of Hans "Butterball" Bolton sneaking tacos into his sleeves during an event, this sport is really taking off. That is of course until real sports come back and all the contestants die of obesity or ulcers.

Drinking Contests

Similar to the eating contests, but with much less fanfare. I myself hold personal drinking contests by myself in my basement every Sunday night, and have yet to lose a match. This sport does not get the same air time that eating contests do, mostly because of the negative connotations that go along with being a horrible degenerate drunkard. But not all drinking contests are alcohol-based, such as a local craze in Tampa Bay, Florida, where contestants drink from a hose as long as they possibly can until their stomach ruptures. It's a little slow to catch on, but did get some coverage on ESPN 14 after miniature clown wrestling.

The three time drinking champion of the world.

Freestyle Forklifting

Unsung are the warehouse heros of America. All day they toil in their steel mules, lifting crates and boxes with steel appendages. Without the forklift driver to load trucks, we wouldn't have our precious , toilet paper, or Captain Crunch. For years these proud men have been holding their own forking competitions in the back of old warehouses where the real lifters are separated from the wannabes. This test of manhood in the forklift circuit has been going on for years, but has just recently been discovered by fans seeking a new summertime sport. Events like the triple crate nab, the 50 foot pig snipe, and the granola toil are just some of the many and various competitions that make this a perfect replacement sport. Maybe one day if you are lucky, I will go more in depth on a Weekend Sports Update into this budding contest of wills and forkery, but for now it remains an underground sensation only heard of among whispers in coffee houses and bulk food stores.

Let's face it, nothing can really help us out here. Without our basketball, hockey, and football, we are empty husks of men who might as well go into hibernation until late Fall. We cannot fully feel human emotion until our regional team beats another regional team or wins something shiny. Just think, only a few months away.

Kill it with fire good sirs.

Dangerous Spider Juggling

When people run out of ideas for new sports, often something very dangerous and foolish is invented. Dangerous spider juggling was created by Cecil Sillysnax of South Carolina and just like you would imagine, it entails juggling extremely deadly spiders. Two contestants juggle the spiders until one is bitten and is afflicted with major nerve damage or death, and the other one wins a golden cup. It is rumored to be a great spectator sport because as one fan put it, "It's funny to see people get bitten." Some kinks still have to be worked out on this little-known sporting event, such as the frequency of both jugglers getting bitten in the first few seconds and the spiders getting loose and running into the orphanage next door. ESPN 63 has shown some interest, but they are waiting for the knuckle cracking championships to end before a spot opens up.

WNBA

Hahaha. I'm kidding of course. Women playing basketball, what will they think of next?!

Sports Gab with Frolixo and Hector

Frolixo: Greetings Hector. Today we are going to chat about the extraordinary amount of money professional athletes are making these days. Take for example Alex Rodriguez's contract of 252 million dollars over 10 years. How much is too much? Hector?

Hector: What? Oh it's you, Paskiewicz! How many times have I told you to stay away from me? But seriously, redheads really creep me out. They all look the same and are full of lies and deceit, and they are ruddy like a talking carrot.

Frolixo: Come now Hector, we are talking about professional athlete's salaries, not your unfathomable disdain for my kin. How much do you think players should make relative to the average wage of an American citizen?

Hector: You fool! Are you a seven foot giant who can dunk a basketball without breaking a sweat? Are you a tough hockey player who can deal out punishment and skate like ballerina? No, you are a small pitiful little man with no talent, and that's why you make a measly salary instead of millions of dollars.

Frolixo: Oh Hector, please don't be rude. I was just making a comparison of our values. Teachers in America don't make that much, although they are extremely important in molding our future generations. Yet, if somebody is really tall or can hit a ball really far, we lavish them with money. Don't you think our value system is a little askew?

Hector: You are a goddamn retard, Paskiewicz! From this point on I'm convinced that the Polish and Irish should never be allowed to drink together to put an end to genetic mishaps such as yourself. In my day you would've been dropped down a well at conception with no questions asked.

Frolixo: Well ok, but do you think salary caps should be mandatory in hockey and baseball to try to stem the trend of outrageous contracts? Also, what do you think about the hockey shutout that might occur this coming season because of the proposed cap?

Hector: How many times do I have to tell you fuck off? I'm a busy toy monkey and don't have time to sit around to talk about sports and jack off into a cup. If you ask me one more question, I'm going to bite your face off.

Frolixo: Given that the average American makes less than $50,000, do you think that...AIIIIEEEEE OH MY GOD!!!!

I hope you enjoyed this edition of Sports Gab with myself and Hector. Thankfully, most of my face is still intact, and I'm recovering nicely thanks to modern medicine. Toy monkey teeth aren't really as sharp as one would think, and most of the damage was done with blunt force and small lightning bolts. See you next week sports fans, I'm going to go ice down and silently weep.

StateOg

Hiya, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell here. While the rest of the Something Awful gang are in Las Vegas for the big GoonCon partying it up like only internet nerds can, I'm left behind all alone at SA headquarters. In case anyone asks, I'm watching over the place responsibly like I'm supposed to, and definitely NOT sitting in everyone else's chair while sweating up a storm and eating vienna sausages directly out of the can.

> *I was so happy to see the killer whales, mainly because I liked their names. It felt magical to pet the dolphins and the stingrays, although I was sad that they had no killer dolphins or killer stingrays. But there was one animal there that I could not pet, the killer manatee. That is because no such thing exists, but they did have original manatees, which you could tell from zesty salsa manatees by the lack of a sombrero.*

Click here for State Og goodness with a disturbingly creamy center.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

7.18 You're Going to Die!

Sunday, Jul 18, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

After he's done getting drunk and banging this fat chick, the Grim Reaper is coming for you!

Whenever I can't think of anything to write for the front page I usually masturbate. In a recent update I said masturbation was the writer's most mortal enemy. Well that was bullshit and you know it. For the purposes of this article masturbation can be very good to a writer. It clears the mind and paves the way for creativity. I was masturbating earlier tonight trying to think of a good topic for today's update and thought of something my great grandfather once said to me as I was crushing his skull with an NES light gun. He said, "If you are ever in a bind, Spokker, and need something to write about for the front page, always remember everybody loves to read about death." To this day I still remember that advice. So today I'm going to be writing about the wonders of dying. It's a light article and quite a departure from my serious pieces about sand and internet forums.

Dying is the thing that comes after living and before undying. People die for all sorts of reasons, including but not limited to the following: disease or sickness, bad luck, boredom, Gooncon, inability to live, desire to be a zombie, and so on. Dying is the number one cause of death in the world. It's an epidemic that's spreading fast and nobody knows how to stop it. Fortunately for you I have a sure-fire way to even the odds between you and death, kill someone else. The more people you kill the less people there will be that can kill you. I live by this philosophy every single day and I attribute all my success to it. The world is a dangerous place my friend and the only way to survive is to make sure other people don't. Also, I am in therapy.

Don't fret, buddy. Death isn't all that bad. Many things die, not just people! These are:

People
Animals
Plants
John Stamos' career
My soul
Everything you love and cherish
The Simpsons
Ronald Reagan

Yes, not even Ronald Reagan's cold black heart is immune from death, and he even sold his soul to Satan. Death isn't all that bad though. Many people think that death hurts. Not at all. I recently died and boy, it was quite a trip. Yes, there is an afterlife and I'm going to tell you all about it. Once I was dead I found myself in a room with a ton of other people sitting around waiting for something. There was a desk and a receptionist doing her nails. I started to speak, "Am I-"

"Sign in here and sit down." the receptionist said.

"Am I de-"

"I said sit down!" she yelled.

"But I-"

"SIT DOWN AND SHUT THE FUCK UP BEFORE I MAKE YOU WALK YOUR ETERNAL DAMNATION WITH NO LEGS."

"Whatever," I muttered under my breath, "You crusty old fart."

"WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?!"

"I said, I want a go-kart."

"Oh. Okay then."

I sat down and read a copy of Newsweek and waited for what seemed like decades. They finally called my name and lead me into a cold dark room. There was a man who told me to lower my pants. He reached into my anus with a finger and started to move it around. After that he put his hand on my balls and felt around a bit. Then he told me to cough. He said, "You have nice balls." I was wierded out at first but somehow this felt right. I looked into his eyes, and he looked back. And then I reached down and su- Hey wait a second. That wasn't my death. That was my physical. Then what the hell happened when I died? Oh hell, I forget. It probably wasn't that important anyway.

Dying is inevitable. There's no way to stop it and soon you will be gone and never remembered again. But there is a way to make your pressence feel known long after you are gone and that's with a last will and testament. Many people are unaware of wills before it is too late and miss out on all the fun and hillarity that can be had with a will. If you don't think so, let me show you mine and maybe you'll change your tune. Get ready for some more blockquote!

Spokker Jones' Last Will and Testament

> If you are reading this then I am dead or in the can. Do not cry for me, for I was dead a long time ago. While I am gone I would like the following actions taken for this is my will and you have to do what it says or I will haunt you.
>
> **Article 1**: Bury all my money with my corpse
> There's nothing worse than dying and knowing a whole bunch of charity organizations, or worse yet, your kids, are going to get all your money. I would like my money buried with me to ensure that ungrateful relatives and debt collectors won't find it. And who knows? Maybe I will need it in the afterlife. I know I'm hoping for dead stripper ghosts to fulfil my every pleasure. Because God knows you never did, wife! In the event that real money cannot be found in my bank account, please bury me with money from the board game Operation. Please, none of that Monopoly bullshit.
>
> **Article 2**: Please shut down G4TechTV
> Goddamn that is a shitty fucking network. Is it the lame hosts or the stupid programs? No, it has to be the cocksucking of every game developer that ever existed. Or maybe it's the fact that no show on that stupid network is the least bit entertaining. Pick

one reason and just get rid of that whole fucking excuse for television. Sorry but a top ten show detailing the top ten Mario moves or the top ten bowel movements by a videogame character coupled with the insightful commentary of a guy shopping in Electronic Boutique is not something I'd be interested in watching. Dress up in all the "cute" video game outfits you want Diane Mizota, but nothing is going to hide that dog face.

Diane Mizota: HEY MOM MY NAME IS DIANE MIZOTA AND I HOST A TV SHOW ABOUT TOP TEN LISTS OF VIDEO GAMES!
Diane Mizota's Mom: GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!

Article 3: NO FUNERAL
I know you guys like free food and parties and the like, but you aren't having it over my corpse. I didn't die so you could all get together and eat and dance and fuck or whatever it is you people do at funerals. I don't need to lay there in a church listening to how you all loved me. Let's face it, you don't, and that's fine. But don't come to my funeral and lie to my already decomposing face. I also don't need to be the reason the cops are stopping traffic while you morons cart my dead ass to the cemetary. Here's how to handle my remains, cremate my corpse and spread the ashes in Lowtax's breakfast cereal. Trust me, I'll die a happy man if you just do this one thing for me.

You can prosecute me any day, baby. Oh, hello Jerry!

Article 4: Avenge my death!
Make no mistake, I was murdered. It wasn't suicide, it wasn't natural causes, it was murder. Whether I was murdered justly because I looked up his mother's dress or tried to poison his lambchops is for the courts to decide, but I was most definately murdered by Frolixo. Hey don't ask why! Just go get the guy! He's got red hair and he's really white. What more reason do you need?

Article 5: Staple pictures of that really hot lawyer from Law and Order to the inside door of my coffin
I can't be bothered to remember a woman's name but she's the hot lawyer on Law and Order. Also make sure everyone who signed this petition gets eaten by a bear. Haha, you signed an online petition you poor fucks. Your parents must be proud. Haha!

Article 6: Rename Law and Order to Lawn and Order
In the future lawn crimes will be hot news and there will need to be shows that capitalize on this. Bury my royalties from the show next to my coffin and get the fuck away.

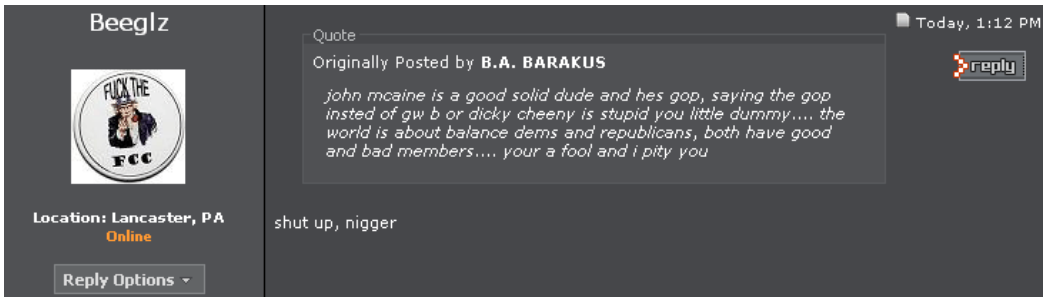
Dying isn't so bad and with a little work it can be a great learning experience. I reccomend doing it four or five times a year. Say hello to the Kennedys for me while you're down there. I heard they visit quite often. And I'm most certainly going to Hell for ripping off that joke from South Park. Who cares though? South Park and every other animated show ever rips off the Simpsons all the time, who rip off the Twilight Zone constantly, who rip off that new and improved Twilight Zone they used to show on UPN. How is that possible when the new Twilight Zone existed after the old one? What do you think? It's the fucking Twilight Zone.

And they all ripped off from I Love Lucy so damn it all.

Weekend Web: King of All Internets

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here. Today I proclaim myself the king of all internets! I thank myself for this prestigious honor. I had to go to dictionary.com to see if I spelled prestigious right. I did spell it right! To celebrate I am posting another Weekend Web for you all. Today we take a look at the new Howard Stern Forums which just opened up a few weeks ago. Howard is afraid that the government is going to shut down his radio show and created the board as a way to communicate with fans after he is off the air. Yes, you read that right, Howard Stern fans are now posting on the internet.

Unless you have not realized the gravity of the situation yet, let me say it again, *Howard Stern fans are now posting on the internet.* Yes, those people who call his show and shout "HEY JEW BASTARD GIVE ME A PRIZE!" are now posting messages for everyone to see. Yes, those people who call up other shows and scream, "BA-BA-BOOEY BA-BA-BOOEY HOWARD STERN'S PENIS BA-BA-BOOEY BA-BA-BOOEY BA-BA-BOOEY BA-BA-BOOEY!!!" are now posting on an internet forum. I don't know. Maybe I'm overreacting. Maybe it won't be so bad.

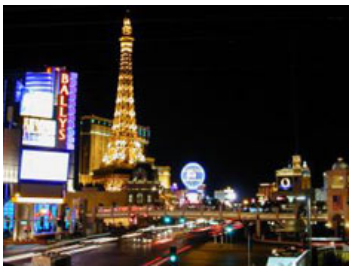

Beeglz
Location: Lancaster, PA
Online
Reply Options
Quote
Originally Posted by B.A. BARAKUS
john mcaine is a good solid dude and hes gop, saying the gop insted of gw b or dicky cheeny is stupid you little dummy.... the world is about balance dems and republicans, both have good and bad members.... your a fool and i pity you
Today, 1:12 PM
reply
shut up, nigger

We're doomed. Either way, proceed to the following link where I proceed to suck the guy's cock before attempting to slam his forums. It's a good thing.

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

7.19 Land of Enchantment: Las Vegas

Monday, Jul 19, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



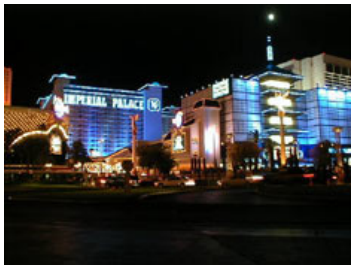
Ahh, the big fake sights and the big fake sounds!

In the dead of night I made the mistake of turning off the air conditioner in my hotel room here in Las Vegas and it is currently 90 degrees inside. The city is hot, asshole hot, and all of the lies about "dry heat" are just that. The thousands of fountains and pools in Vegas just ooze moisture into the air like the whole place is an open sore, and the streets are painted black to radiate heat long after the sun has set. The town is a flamethrower, a torch wielding mob, urging you with violence to retreat to the cool safety of one of the many casinos. I am here for "Gooncon 2k4", a gathering of hundreds of antisocial nerds loosely affiliated with Something Awful. The nerds are okay for the most part, Las Vegas is not.

It's a trap made from light and concrete shaped to look like a Roman Goddess's tits, an inescapable maze where every wrong turn drains your wallet and saps you of your will to lead a free life. The Strip is literally designed as a funnel, with confusing walkways and escalators everywhere that arc over the top of traffic-choked streets and send you shuffling into casinos before you even realize it. You often find yourself walking through entire casinos to get to other casinos and those of you who have never experienced a Las Vegas casino have no idea what this is like. You picture some rows of clanking and buzzing slot machines and some card tables, maybe with a theme where guys dressed as Batman come out and try to get you drunk.

The truth is much more sinister. Every casino is arrayed to entrap you in a vortex. There isn't a room full of slots, there are ten rooms full of slots, staggered and winding to make finding anything as difficult as possible. The idea is to disorient you so much that your only sense of bearing left functioning – your only genetic path finding ability - is the one that draws you towards the flashing lights and buzzers of the row of "I Dream of Genie" nickel slots. Maybe a GPS unit would help, but even that seems unlikely because they build the casinos out of plates of metal to block cell phone calls. Cut off all access to the outside world, become lost in a nightmarish realm where Batman really wants you to drink another Long Island Iced Tea and would just love to bring it to you while you try to get Major Nelson to finally pay up.

I'm staying in the Imperial Palace, a hotel I am told was run by Nazis, and after staying here for two days I'm willing to believe it. I picture some camp guard at Dachau fleeing to the desert with millions in stolen gold and buying a casino.



The abyss changes you.

"Build it in the shape of a Swastika!" He exclaimed, and they did.

"Hide the elevators, only have the minimum number possible," he pounded his fist on a table at the architect's office. "They will eat sawdust and mealworms, they will drink processed urine and they will kiss my rings for giving them that."

Even if he wasn't a Nazi, the sadist responsible for this run down ghetto of a hotel was certainly laughing when its doors opened. Even without the red arm band he was still wiping away a mirthful tear as he watched the first retirees filing in to become lost in the slots, shaking his head with mock sadness and mouthing the words "I've got them now".

The Imperial Palace doesn't even have a clear theme, which is actually something of an oddity here in Vegas. Caesar's Palace has the Roman thing going for it, Aladdin's a fanciful Arabian Nights theme, and the Imperial Palace is just a vomited jumble of mixed costumes and iconography. There are Chinese characters on the walls in places, but all of the dealers are dressed up like mobsters and the rooms have five dollar framed posters of fish and bed spreads that look like someone sneezed blood on them. The hallways leading to the rooms are narrow and dim, which might be the best indication of the real theme here at the Imperial; despair.

It's assisted living care for those who can't afford it!

The human sump gave up at the doors of the Imperial Palace, and besides the throngs of shy nerds shouting "Internet" at each other the clientele is geriatric and pathetic. People come to die at the Imperial. They come because they have nowhere else to go and maybe, just maybe, the retirement money they squandered buying stuff from those "awfully nice" telemarketers can be earned back by dropping quarters or even pennies into the jangling slot machines. Walking past the card tables I saw that they had celebrity impersonators dealing. A confused looking Rodney Dangerfield was flipping cards at the blackjack table and I think the guy with the giant black birthmark on his face was supposed to be Rickey Martin. A little entertainment to mask the death rattle.

The rest of Vegas has been equally depressing, but for different reasons. It's like a giant Disneyland for retarded adults. A playground for people who take pictures of pneumatic fountains synchronized to fire jets of water into the air accompanied by "Rock You Like a Hurricane". After sunset the sidewalks are covered with a thick carpet of nearly pornographic cards advertising prostitutes. In a previous article Frolixo mentioned the Mexicans who work on most corners, standing in groups, snapping the cards to make almost insect-like calls to you as you approach. Why yes Mister Juan Cicada, I would like to know more about Celeste and where she would like me to put it. Three girls for 99 dollars you say? I feel like a winner already.

At the Gooncon functions I found myself almost always backing away from a group of people. 400 people, no matter how nice, are fucking terrifying. Most were drunk, some were already lost in the crushing cycle of Las Vegas. One guy told me that a friend had called an escort the night before, paid her $400 for a blowjob, and then ended up ushering her out the door without achieving orgasm. Stories like that are heartwarming. Unapologetically Las Vegas creates its own self-describing parables. If you want to spend a lot of money and never cum, then Las Vegas is the town for you. Me, I'll just keep drinking, and dream during my fitful sleep of the flight that will get me out of this place.

You Know What? FUCK Your Band.

The honorable self-proclaimed chairman of honest music criticism has once again blessed us with his profound wisdom.

Way back in the days when music critics listened to albums with the none-too-generous expectation that they wouldn't be completely fucking terrible, Led Zeppelin got mostly unfavorable reviews. However, sometime in the eighties, when the rock and roll well had almost entirely dried up, Led Zeppelin's critical reputation was somehow transformed; critics went back and re-discovered them, realizing that while they were objectively terrible, they sucked about ten percent less than the new stuff that was coming out.

If you feel yourself getting angry your should probably read what Dr. David Thorpe has to say about Classic Rock.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.20 Gooncon 2K4: Where Eagles Dare

Tuesday, Jul 20, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

As you probably know by now, Something Awful commemorated its 5th anniversary this past weekend in style, with over 400 members meeting in Las Vegas to eat pizza and watch Feeders 2. Richard "100 Piece Puzzle" Kyanka presided over the events using a loudspeaker and rawhide whip to keep the mass of unruly nerds organized. Most of the writers and forum staff were on hand, with the exception of Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez, who sold his car tires for a gram of black tar heroin. Zack “Geist Editor” Parsons was in attendance with forum admin Fistgrrl, as was the pride of Indiana, Josh “Livestock” Boruff, and none other than Mr. Nerdshoe himself, Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen. Dr. David Thorpe was also there, and took time out of his busy schedule of music critique to take me to see Danny Gans, and then molest me in the back of a Limo. Indeed, it was a star-studded gala event filled with laughs, tears, tickles, and fears.

Now imagine, if you would be so kind, a banquet hall filled to the brink with almost a half a thousand, festering goons. Some may say that the room was filled with a cluster of genetic catastrophes; that never before has such ugly been packed in one place at one time, and that for the sake of mankind, somebody should’ve barred the doors shut and set the room ablaze, killing everybody inside. They would be correct, yet this event was about the power of the Internet to help overcome your social handicaps through comedy and hard liquor. To say it was a tad rowdy at moments would be an understatement, yet for the sheer volume of mostly young men to be in one area at the same time without destroying something or tipping a car over is a commendable feat. Most of the people were on their best behavior, except for the guy that tackled Fragmaster for no reason whatsoever. Well, I have to admit that he was just asking for it with his pompous demeanor and Stratego battle raps.

From his holding cell in Las Vegas where Lowtax is currently residing while the police sort out the facts surrounding the after hours Platinum party in the Aladdin suites, he has sent me an ESP message asking if I would do a short write-up on Gooncon, complete with a variety of pictures of the said event. This is a little difficult for me since I was not at the event very long because I was busy losing my fortune playing poker and conducting an expensive Axis and Allies match with 4 hired escorts, but I will post a few pictures for your enjoyment. The question on everybody’s mind is, "can Internet nerds conduct actual conversations without sitting in front of a keyboard and editing it for 15 minutes before posting?" The answer is no, but it seems like almost everybody still had a good time, with minimum drama and no doorknobs stolen. Don’t worry, most likely the manslaughter charges will be dropped and Lowtax will be free in no time. Now, let’s look at a few pictures from the event, shall we?

Oh the humanity! Without the power of the Internet, none of these people would've ever known each other or met on this groundbreaking occasion. Another reason why computers are evil and must be destroyed! But I jest. These people are very cool and will give you money if you ask nicely.

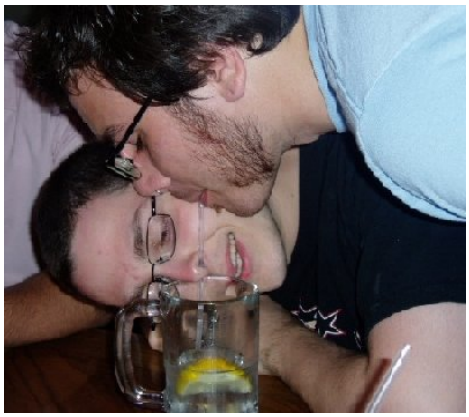
The man himself, Richard "Slay Bells" Kyanka. Here he relates the tale where he was visiting his great uncle and accidentally saw him naked in the shower, and that gave him the idea to make this comedy website. Then he went on to bombard the crowd with free merchandise, lollipops, and rusty nails. Later on at the party, Rich wore a very festive Hawaiian shirt, and if it wasn't for his aggressive heterosexual musk, I might've called his gender preference into question.

These two clowns are an example of this generation being filled with weisenheimers and scallywags. In my day, guys like this would be shipped off to Vietnam where they would learn respect lying on their bellies in a rice field, staring into their dead friend's face. These jokers are just asking for it.

When the casino sees the goons coming they close the buffet, am I right?

"What can I get for $400?"
"Half a blowjob".

Livestock and Fragmaster turned out to be quite saucy lads who share my disdain for crowds of people and loud noises, so I spent most of my time with them trying to flee into the desert by foot. During the course of Saturday night, we decided to pay for a really cool helicopter ride over Las Vegas, the co-pilot being a busty escort and the helicopter itself was painted like the American flag, and also the co-pilot was a dog wearing sunglasses that looked just like the world famous Lassie. It just goes to show you that anything is possible in Las Vegas, the American dream at work.



Here a goon is putting a straw through another goon's nose and drinking a Long Island iced tea. I like Long Island iced tea because you get a lot of alcohol and it tastes pretty good.

Just some fags.

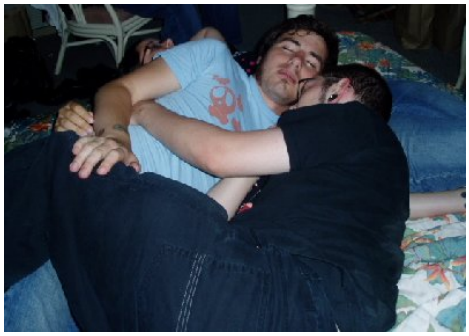
I am making a joke here about the people at Gooncon being ugly. The important thing is that we are all beautiful on the inside. Wait, that's not true.

The goons packed into the Caesar's Palace event center where they were organized by size and registration date, and then placed into trains where they were taken to a labor camp in the middle of the desert and exterminated, therefore providing a solution to the "goon question".

Fragmaster being interviewed for the Gooncon documentary. He rambled on about the proper methods to milk a cow, the time he was molested by his dad's drinking buddy, and how stupid a documentary about Gooncon is. I have a feeling it's not going to make the cut.

Lowtax chatting it up with cousin Balki. A man in a pink dress is sitting behind him.

The line for the booze at Lowtax's penthouse suite party was a little long, but it paid off if you nabbed one of the 75% vodka screwdrivers they were mixing. By the end of the night many of us were pleasantly drunk and ready to go to the In-N-Out Burger to eat animal flesh until we puked and fell asleep in each other's arms out in the warm desert air.



Internet love is a beatiful thing. It's a great place to hook up.

Well that's about it folks. A huge amount of people from the Internet met in Las Vegas and nobody was raped or murdered (on purpose). I call that a victory and think we all deserve a big round of applause for this being a large success. Many thanks goes to Rivetz and Bizarro Toby who put a lot of organization and time into this, and made this happen. And of course we also have to thank Mr. Lowtax who without his beautiful dream to make a funny website, we would all be reading Fark and slashing our wrists in boredom. But that doesn't get him off scott free for making me watch Feeders 2 after drinking a lot of beer. It will take years of therapy to come to terms with that movie. Anyway, here's to five more years of laughs and tomfoolery! (If you have a drink handy, please clang your glass against the monitor and drink. You have 30 seconds to comply.)

◘ Fuck you Aladdin! Give me back my sock, you cockroaches!

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here finally back from Gooncon. I think Mr. Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz forgot that I even went! We'll have to do battle at dawn with pistols now. That means I have to be up rather early, so this week's goldmine is going to be a bit short. I'll make next week's longer to make up for it.

Sometimes, our parents do crazy things. And what should you do if you ever catch your parents doing weird things? Remember them and then post stories about the wacky things they did when you get older. This time, we've got a nice story from forum Goon RoboCunt detailing how her father used to keep kids from doing foolishly dangerous stuff. By shocking the living bejesus out of them.

Enjoy Crazy Dad Stories!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

7.21 Las Vegas Sucks Update #3

Tuesday, Jul 20, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Dear God.

Having just returned alive from my first visit to Las Vegas, I feel the need to share some of my experiences, observations, and enlightening commentary even though two other writers have pretty much already covered everything Vegas-related this week. This was my first and hopefully last trip there, so I'm not going to get another chance. The fact is that it's very likely this site will be nothing but an extended attack on Las Vegas for the next week, if not year. The place really is just that bad. Las Vegas is essentially the combined horror of Hell, the Holocaust, and the killing fields of Cambodia ground up and run through a giant neon sausage maker. At one point I crossed paths with a group of Christians holding up signs urging people to turn to Jesus and seek salvation, and it really got me thinking. I'm not a religious man, and can no more differentiate the Bible from a stack of Thor comic books, but the Las Vegas experience was rotten enough for me to put faith in the idea of a higher power willing, ready, and eager to rain down the fires of judgment. Las Vegas is not just an affront to all things holy that I don't really believe in, but an affront to all things sane in general. That said, I want to see the desert swallow Las Vegas whole, burying it and everyone in it in a stomach full of sand.

I imagine that hundreds of years after the desert swallows Las Vegas, futuristic archeologists of a possibly alien nature will uncover the most perplexing ruins imaginable. Pyramids, statues, Roman coliseums, faded billboards advertising a mythical man called Danny Gans, and the frameworks of countless gaudy buildings buried beneath a sea of sand like a giant cultural landmine. All of them tombs to untold millions of skeletons, clutching slot machine levers with literal death grips. I imagine that these archeologists will be so horrified that they will bury everything they find again and then never come back. All throughout my trip I tried to comprehend just how evolution could bring us so far, and yet allow us to build something so monumentally stupid as Las Vegas. Advanced species? Las Vegas? Things just didn't add up.

Oh man, it's just like the real New York!

I didn't mind the oppressive heat or the bright sun, since both are common fixtures of a desert biome, but when you couple those factors with what has to be the ugliest place in the world and fill it full of sweaty zombies, you get problems. Las Vegas was obviously designed by a retarded child and bankrolled by a shadowy cabal of Nazis, mafia gangsters, racist astronauts, pedophiles, murderers, and Celine Dion. I can't imagine any other place in the world that would make heroes out of creepy immigrants like Zigfried and Roy, or glorify washed up actors, comedians, and musicians as Gods of the Universe. I can't say there was a single thing that appealed to me in that rotten cancer growing out what could otherwise be a good stretch of empty desert. Hell, they could tear it all down and erect a factory that does nothing but shoot human babies into walls at high velocities and that would be a big step in the right direction.

Some people might find the idea of traveling to a high-profile vacation spot like Las Vegas to meet Internet people embarrassing, if not entirely stupid. Those people are dead right in every way imaginable. Like the other writers of this site, I went to Vegas simply for Gooncon, the celebration of our half-decade of being really awesome and full of ourselves. I can't say that that's a very good reason to travel to the desert, but I don't suppose there would ever be a good reason. I also don't think there actually is any practical place to assemble 400 people from an Internet forum, so it was a doomed mission from the start. But since I believe in this site and its power to bring people together, I happily jumped aboard an airplane named Ted and flew out with reckless abandon.

What followed was a surreal blur of blurry surreal oddness. Although I have never done drugs in my life, I felt an instant kinship with the worst addicts, because I suddenly understood what it was like. Everywhere I went there were people screaming "Internet" and forming into menacing gangs that fought brutal buffet turf wars. I was scared from the get go, especially when my first encounter with a fellow forum member was being humped while standing in the hotel check-in line. Though his intentions were noble, it was still a startling occurrence and ominous start to the weekend. I believe that handsome devil was demonstrating to me the concept of foreshadowing in the most erotic way possible, something I can't really blame him for since he was a nice guy and entirely polite about it. Thankfully all the later homoerotic activities involved other people, thus leaving me free to maintain a staunch air of supremacy over all the lowly subjects I looked down upon from my lonely corner far away from the rest of humanity. Actually, I managed to mingle, albeit with people who met my rigorous standards, consisting mostly of "being in my immediate area" and "not having a knife or gun in hand." Being a pathetic nerd with the social skills of a chainsaw-wielding psychopath, I think I did a fairly decent job of fitting in and not causing anybody to get scared and run away.

If there was ever a more terrifying sculpture, it was probably of a syphilitic clown's penis.

I have to say that I did have a fun time and got to meet a lot of Something Awful Forum members I've known for years online, as well as famous celebrities like Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams and the mysterious man behind Dr. David Thorpe. There was also famous former SA writer Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen, who was ridiculously funny and more entertaining than I imagined in all those disturbingly frequent dreams of mine. It was also a chance to mingle with the coworkers I knew from previous encounters. If you think Lowtax is funny online, imagine spending a half hour waiting in line for a "Star Trek" ride with him and imagine there was some alcohol involved as well. I can't say that's an experience I thought I would one day have, but I suppose I'm a stronger man now. Catching up with Zack and his better half, Fistgrrl, as well as tender Reid, was also quite fun. I very much enjoyed the helicopter ride I shared with Reid, who asked me if I wanted to hear an amusing adage about helicopters. When I told him I did, he pulled out a gun and shot the busty pilot in the head, splattering the inside of the front window with a lifetime of thoughts and memories. We giggled all throughout the emergency crash landing that claimed the lives of several tourists, a beautiful collie, and half an Elvis impersonator.

Beyond the elitism, it was an opportunity to meet the real fans of this site: the ones who read our forums and don't know we actually have a front page. I couldn't believe the turnout, because I honestly expected half as many people taking up twice as much space. I was wrong of course. There they were, roughly 400 of them, each a raw and perfect specimen of the human race, gathered to share in the wonderful history and success of Something Awful. In all seriousness, and raillery aside, it was and is inspiring to know that a site like this can be so successful and have such a loyal following. Just about all the people I met were fun and interesting, and I had a great time hanging

out and doing things I never do, such as gambling and spending money. I lost over a dollar playing slots and another dollar when I bet that a forum goon was going to lose all his money at blackjack. That rotten jerk doubled his money, teaching me that gambling on gambling was a bad idea.

At one point I met one of our forum moderators, a friendly young man who came all the way from the Netherlands. Upon learning his secret international origin, I immediately felt what might possibly have been my first patriotic instinct. I wanted to protect my country by making him understand that Las Vegas did not represent us, that it was a fluke, and that we hated and despised it. I suddenly realized that if people came to this place from overseas, they would think that we were completely deranged, and not for the usual reasons of doing things unilaterally or being jerks. I don't care if they think we are bullies, but if they were to see Las Vegas, they would suddenly know our dark secret and never look at us the same again.

In the end, the only reason I survived Las Vegas was simply because I was surrounded by a group of people that didn't take the place seriously at all and saw its true face. Without that healthy cynicism, I might have gone insane and shot myself in the head with a syringe full of liquefied bullets. Instead of that, I was able to relax and share many a spirited discussion on the topic of why Las Vegas needed to be destroyed more than anything else. There is definitely something wrong with a city when you look forward to leaving it and returning to Indiana, which, as many of you know, is America's bowel cancer. If Something Awful survives another five years, and I believe that to be possible, I hope we celebrate our anniversary some place nicer, like in an IRC chat room or Compton, California.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.22 Dragon Warrior Journals

Thursday, Jul 22, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

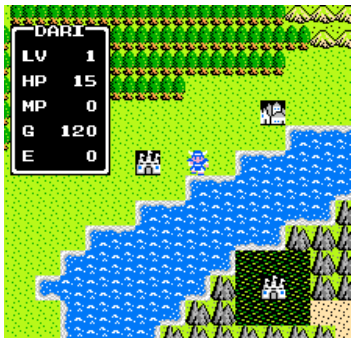
7:00 AM: Tantegel, shit, I'm still only in Tantegel. Every time I think I'm gonna wake up back in the swamp. Been here a week now, waiting for a mission, getting softer. Every minute I stay in this room, I get weaker, and every minute the slimes squat in the marsh they get stronger. King Lorik calls for me and offers a quest to save his daughter and then defeat the evil Dragonlord. I took the mission. What the hell else was I gonna do?

7:30 AM: So what the fuck? Do they really expect me to go out there and battle creatures with my bare hands and wearing nothing but a pair of overalls? Is Alefgard in a recession or something? What they hell do they expect me to do, give them a spanking? Why can't I have that one guard's equipment who is just walking back and forth in the yard repeating the same words over and over again? He's not even guarding anything! This sucks.

8:00 AM: I'm setting off for King Lorik's stupid mission to save his daughter now. I hope she's hot, because there is no way I'm crawling through a smelly cave with no weapons to save an ugly skank. I left the city walls to head out for adventure. And by "adventure" I mean slaughtering random creatures of the countryside to harvest their gold and spend it in the shops on better equipment, thus contributing to the Japo-Jewish economic stranglehold that controls the entire kingdom. I read about it in a pamphlet.

9:00 AM: I killed a slime. As I was walking around the forest about five feet north of the castle, a slime drew near. It looked so friendly that at first I tried feeding it some Reese's Pieces but then the little fucker bit my finger so I pounded its head in with my ham fist. At first I was exhilarated that I defeated a dangerous foe, but then as I looked down at the dead slime, a smile still on its face, I had an epiphany. This slime was just doing what was natural to it, trying to survive in the harsh wilderness and abiding by its instincts. I felt like I had killed one of God's little creatures, and my image of being a great white hunter in my mind was forever shattered.

9:05 AM: I killed a few more slimes by kicking them in the face, and headed back into the city to buy a bamboo pole. Why do I need to buy a pole from the store, and not just make my own from the bamboo trees over there in the swamp? When I asked the King, he said that I would need a permit to craft weapons (50 gold), and then register it with the Kingdom (25 gold), and then there is a 30-day waiting period with an addition-processing fee of 10 gold. It's much easier to give in to the system of corrupt merchants and avoid the smothering bureaucracy. Next I need to buy a club, leather armor, and a small shield. That works out to 110 more slimes I need to kill. This isn't a quest; it's systematic murder to line the pockets of war profiteers. I am just a pawn in this mad game, but I have no other choice but to play along....for now.

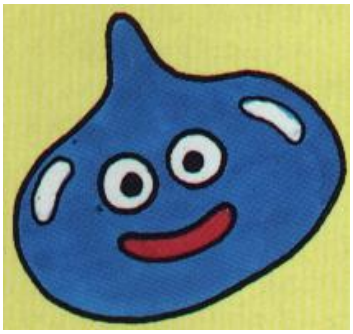


If I only knew how to swim I could get to the evil castle and be home in time for Regis.

10:00 AM: I killed every slime in the area by poking them with a stick, and then stole their life savings. I even managed to bat down a Drakee and then stomped on its wings. Then I walked over to Brecconary to buy some more stuff so I can kill something tougher than these slimes. When I get

to the Ye Old Shop, there is some dipshit blocking the doorway. He just walks back and forth, his large ass totally in my way. I try telling him to move, but he just keeps saying, "A great evil has befallen this land". I told him that if he doesn't move it, I'll show him great evil in the form of a bamboo shaft in his rectum. Finally he gets out of my way and I'm able to buy my gear, only to have him block me inside the shop! I'm about to break!

11:00 AM: I've been wandering farther and farther now that I have a big club that I bully the creatures around with. I found a cave due north of the castle, and started dicking around looking for some mad loot, but only found an old tablet. Written on it was a message from my great, great, great, great, grandfather Erdrick that rambles on about an orb of light and something about how to defeat the Dragonlord. I didn't read the whole thing because it was really long and boring. Then I went around the swamp and hit a wolf on the head until it died and spat gold out of its bloated corpse. I'll have that new copper sword in no time!



THIS IS THE FACE OF THE ENEMY

11:20 AM: Does the King have a worker's comp program? My knees are killing me from walking through this smelly swamp, and I think I twisted my ankle running from a big ass scorpion when I accidentally stepped into the desert. It's almost like if I wander too far in one direction I get my ass kicked by a variety of really tough beasts. I ran into a magician while headed towards the town of Garinham, and I offered him a gold piece to make me a balloon animal, but he just goes nutty and shoots me with a fireball! I then offered 2 gold for maybe a card trick, and then he put me to sleep, When I woke up, my pants were unbuttoned and I felt violated. The next time I see one of those guys I'm going to attack first and ask for party tricks later.

NOON: I had lunch at this simply charming little café in Kol. I ordered the mustard seed crusted lamb with Provencal vegetables, Yukon Gold potatoes, and cabernet sauce, with a glass of white wine. I had some issues with the staff after I took off my boots and soaked my aching feet in the wine bucket, so I clubbed the snooty waiter and skipped out on the bill.

12:30 PM: I totally upgraded my shit, and now I'm busting heads like a pro. This skeleton jumped out of the bushes at me like a stupid fag and I did a critical attack and stole his money purse. I've also been encountering different variations of the same monsters; for example, I was walking in these hills and was attacked by a slime with Ray Bans and a fedora. Another time it was a slime with a fake beard and glasses. I think whoever is producing these things, either the Dragonlord or some bored wizard, just ran out of ideas and are dressing them up to fool adventurers such as myself. I'm harder to trick than that, you sly devils.

1:00 PM: I made it to this place called Garinham and found an old Jewish shopkeeper who is selling marked up magic keys. Now I can go back to Tantegel and open some doors for some random magic stuff. What the hell is the point in locking a door in a castle that the guards or the King can't even open? The longer I'm on this quest, the more I realize that this king is a real fuckup. I just hope he gives me props or at least a toss about with his daughter once this is all over.

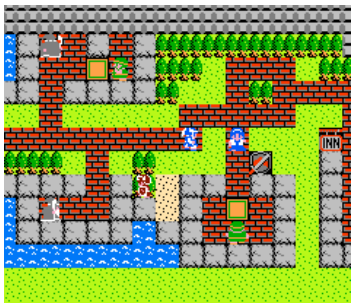
2:00 PM: I lost my keys! Not the magic ones I just bought, but my apartment keys. If my landlord has to let me in again she's going to charge me, that bitch. Oh man this sucks.

2:05 PM: Never mind, they were in my pocket the whole time! I'm such a retard sometimes.

3:00 PM: I did a little grave robbing on the side and found this silver harp. It was pretty badass so I did a harp solo and was kicking it hardcore, but then all these monsters started attacking me. Talk about your music critics! It's sort of a gay instrument anyway, so I traded it with an old dude

for the staff of rain. I'm not sure what it does yet, but if it turns out to be a fake, I'm going to come back and break his goddamn legs.

3:30 PM: My knees are really killing me. I'm going to rub some Ben Gay on them before I set out and hope I don't reek like a medicine cabinet.. It's time for me to go into Swamp Cave and rescue the princess from the green dragon. The King showed me a painting of her and my heart is aflutter with rainbows and festive slimes. I'm so confused, and don't know what to say to her after I slay the dragon. It will probably be something dumb like, "What's up?" I'm so nervous!
Mood:
Song: "Butterfly" by Crazy Town



It seems like I'm always at the mall.

3:45: On the way I killed a dapper slime with a top hat and monocle. They are really getting desperate with the slime variations. Oh well, onward to adventure and almost certain doom!

(Dragon Warrior Journals will be continued next weekend! Or will they...? Yes they will.)

Untitled Warrior Journals

Zack "Robotinator" Parsons here with the latest chapter of "Untitled Document", straight from my heart to you gentle reader. Oh my gosh what could be happening this time?!?

> *"Sieben acht acht neun vier neun vier drei null null null null sieben acht acht neun vier neun vier drei null null null kennzeichnung Reiher."*
>
> A bolt of terror raced down Dale's spine and he felt suddenly sick with recognition.
>
> "Spy numbers! The fucking spy numbers!" He gasped.

You had better check this one out for yourself! Don't look like a fool tomorrow at the water cooler when all of your coworkers are talking about Chapter Eleven!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

7.23 The Gorgeous Ladies of Las Vegas (GLOLV)

Friday, Jul 23, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Before I delve into this update I need to make a solemn oath; this is the last update you have to read from me about Las Vegas. I know you folks are probably pretty sick and tired of hearing about how much we all hate Sin City, but man do I have something important to talk about!

I am referring to hooker cards, handed out after dark on nearly every street corner on the strip. The images on them are nearly pornographic (some definitely are) so I have linked them to keep you and me both from getting fired. Keep in mind that these things absolutely cover the sidewalks in Las Vegas, something you probably will not see in a "Beautiful Nevada" travel guide.

Hooker Card #1

Name: Jennifer
Price: $47.00
Motto: "Let's have champagne on me"
What They Want You to Think: Jennifer will show up at your door in a fur coat holding a bottle of champagne. She will then pop the cork on the bottle and drizzle it down her body into a highball glass so that you can taste all of her sweat and stripper juices.
What You Really Get: Jennifer's card photo was taken almost a decade ago and since then she has really packed on the pounds. She will complain a lot if you ask for anything besides a hand job and if you want her to pour champagne on her body you're going to end up gulping lukewarm tap water that she dumps down the crack of her ass.
Comments: My immediate reaction to this card was curiosity at why I would want to pay 47 dollars to watch a woman pee in a glass. Jennifer also looks mildly retarded.

Hooker Card #2

Name: Unknown
Price: $47.00 for one girl, $75.00 for two, and $99.00 for three
Motto: "Totally nude direct to your room"
What They Want You to Think: One or more beautiful women, fully shaved and washed, are going to come to your hotel room and spread like mayonnaise on your bed. You will then be enticed into prodding and violating them at your leisure.
What You Really Get: One or more strippers with episiotomy scars that look like hatchet wounds and a need to take a long and loud dump in your bathroom before even taking off their tassled leather jacket. Once the clothes start coming off you're going to

have to spend ten times as much money to even find out what an 800 dollar implant job feels like when you poke it with your finger.
Comments: By far the most pornographic of the hooker cards, this one includes two tiny red dots that look like bad zit graphics from an Oxy commercial and a blatantly obvious brown anus halo. I also enjoy the card's motto, as if a stark naked woman is going to show up at your door on the second floor of Caesar's Palace.

Hooker Card #3

Name: Angel
Price: $35.00 for one girl, $80.00 for two, and $99.00 for three
Motto: N/A
What They Want You to Think: As many as three tight-bodied blond women named "Angel" are going to arrive at your hotel room ready for a XXX romp.
What You Really Get: Angel and her two obese friends that work with her at the liquor store. Angel will chain smoke menthols and order shitty romantic comedies on your hotel account while one of the fat girls makes out with you and the other one cries in the bathroom while pretending to do her makeup. When you're about to have sex with one of Angel's friends Angel will get a call from her boyfriend on her cell phone (it has a Fifty Cent ringtone) and leave abruptly with her chunky posse in tow.
Comments: I really appreciate the fact that they bothered to print a name on the card when they also offer a service from three women. Besides that, what is with the prices? 35 dollars for one girl and more than twice as much for two? I'm no bargain hunter here but it seems like I could save ten dollars by calling twice and ordering one girl to my room.

Hooker Card #4

Name: Adrina
Price: $40.00 for one girl, $80.00 for two, and $99.00 for three
Motto: N/A

What They Want You to Think: Adrina is minor royalty from an Eastern European country you have never heard of. She lost her passport and now she's stuck here in the United States, forced to sell her body to try to get back to her motherland. She also really likes the sensation of a clipart watermelon slice wedged into her vagina.
What You Really Get: "Adrina" is actually one of 14 different Thai mangirls being employed at slave labor wages by the mafia. When "Adrina" offers you "the surprise finish" do not accept.
Comments: Adrina?! I think I bought four tabs of that from a gray market doctor in Tijuana. If so 40 dollars is way overpriced.

Hooker Card #5

Name: Unknown
Price: $47.00 for one girl, $75.00 for two, and $99.00 for three
Motto: "Totaly[sic] Nude Direc[sic] to Your Room"
What They Want You to Think: One or more dark eyed low-grade club-goth girls will show up to your hotel room to model their mercilessly unsanitary thongs. These nameless women will seduce you with their mysterious glances and bring you to a toe-curling climax with their incredible squats.
What You Really Get: A Mexican gardener with a rake and a 20 days AA chip on his keyring. He may or may not be totally nude and he might take a circuitous route to get to your room. The good news is that the sex will be spirited and last until dawn.
Comments: The motto and pricing are cribbed directly from card #2, but the spelling of the motto has been so terribly butchered that it implies dyslexia or some sort of brain lesion. Seriously, they have to give these things to a printer somewhere to make them, didn't anyone notice that roughly half of the words on the front of the card are misspelled? I'm surprised they didn't put numbers upside down or something.

Hooker Card #6

Name: Unknown
Price: $59.00 for one girl, $75.00 for two, and $99.00 for three
Motto: N/A

What They Want You to Think: A smiling girl next door with a fantastic ass will emerge from the glowing blue timestream to sexually service you in your hotel room. Since she is from the future she will know all kinds of futuristic sexual techniques that will amaze you.
What You Really Get: In Las Vegas the "girl next door" is probably either a Guatemalan casino maid with a mustache that makes Gene Shalet look like an eight year old girl or a puffy street trash hooker with more tattoos than teeth. Don't be surprised when you get either one of these wearing a mustard-stained tube top and a mini-skirt that looks like a belt made out of a used tire.
Comments: I like the pricing on these cards. They always start at a different number but they always end up with "three for $99.00". Somewhere out there is a hooker card that's $98.00 for one girl, $98.50 for two, and $99.00 for three.

Hooker Card #7

Name: Unknown
Price: Unknown
Motto: I like it here
What They Want You to Think: An almost freakishly happy girl with more hair than a great ape will arrive at your hotel room ready to show you exactly where she wants "it".
What You Really Get: A crabby stripper who takes an hour to find a babysitter for her three kids and then shows up wanting to tell you all about how her boyfriend is mean to her. If you listen politely she will try to sucker you into a hideous codependent relationship that involves unrewarding passionless sex in exchange for overpriced jewelry purchased on QVC. If you tell her to shut up and get to the sex that you're paying her for then she'll give you the worst blowjob of your life and tell her boyfriend that you raped her.
Comments: She likes it where? Where the text is? Underneath the star? I'm not even so sure that's a woman since everything about her is fake. She looks like a flesh-colored carnival caricature and I think she's wearing some sort of control device on her neck to keep her positronic brain from switching over to killdroid mode.

Hooker Card #8

Name: "Sweet" Savannah
Price: 2 for $99.00
Motto: N/A
What They Want You to Think: Sweet country girl Savannah and her identical twin sister Savannah will arrive in your hotel room and coyly flirt with you before double teaming you. After hours of passionate lovemaking they will present you with a freshly baked apple pie and then depart back to their farmhouse in Iowa.
What You Really Get: Savannah looks almost exactly like she does on the card. Unfortunately, it's impossible for a photograph to convey psychopathic kleptomania. Her mysterious twofer friend is a seven foot tall mute black man who carries a length of iron pipe and a spade to "resolve conflicts".
Comments: This card features the model wearing the sexiest diaper since the Huggies Thong. I also appreciate the lush greenery and straw hat as if there is some apple orchard out in the middle of the Nevada desert where strippers are picking baskets full of golden delicious and giggling about boys.

Hooker Card #9

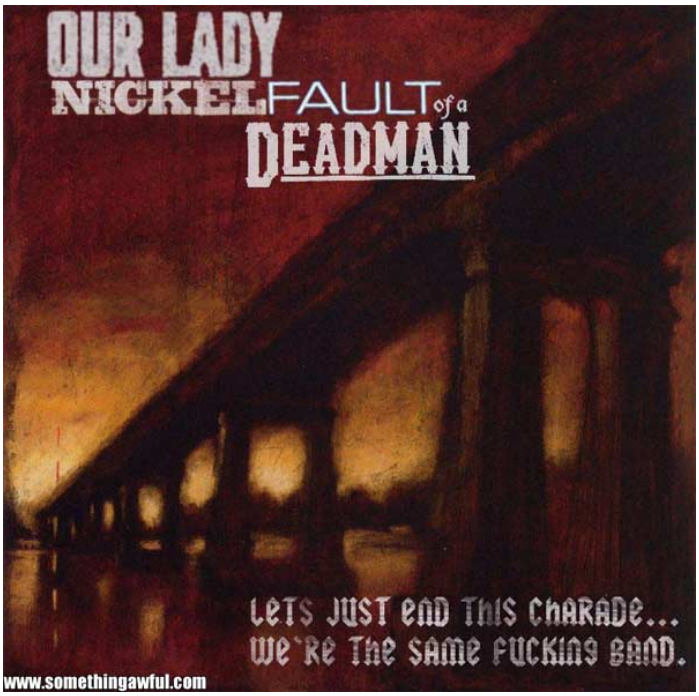
Name: Chrissy
Price: $89.00 "Special"
Motto: I Love To Tease You While I Dance For You! Your Friend Can Watch Too!
What They Want You to Think: Covergirl Chrissy is going to come to your hotel and "tease" you. They want you to believe that "teasing" means "nibbling on your testicles".
What You Really Get: Of all of the cards this one is probably the closest to showing you what you're going to get. You're going to get a fairly attractive blond to come to your room and give you an uncomfortable private lap dance for almost a hundred dollars. She'll probably be tired from five hours straight on the stripper pole and rude from one too many sea breezes at the strip club bar.
Comments: "I love to tease you while I dance for you?" The kind of person who is

> calling a stripper and paying her to come to his hotel room is probably pretty used to being teased. "Your friend can watch too?" Yeah, me and my buddy with negative self esteem would like for you to come to my hotel room. You can stand there and call me a fat loser while he laughs at me. And what's with that pricing Chrissy? Don't you have any clones you can draft? 89 dollars for one girl is hardly "special" unless your definition of "special" includes a synonym with "fucking ripoff".

Several of the writers mentioned doing something about the stripper cards at the SA convention. Since about half of what I do here at Something Awful involves making fun of pornography, and no one else seemed particularly willing to actually follow through, I thought it was my duty to inform the world about the Las Vegas hooker cards.

More Honest Than Abe Lincoln Drunk on Truth Serum

Howdy gang, Livestock here. I'll get straight to the point, because it's very sharp and I like to cut myself. The new Photoshop Phriday is up, and it's themed around giving existing albums honest titles as opposed to some stupid or artsy title. If you think I'm some kind of liar, take a look at this image!



There are more like it! Thousands more (not really)! View them all and win a prize!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.24 P.C. Joe

Saturday, Jul 24, 2004 by State Og Representative

Remember the Gary Coleman Show cartoon? Yeah, neither do I.

My updates happen to fall on Saturday, the day that I lived for as a kid. I might have been raised in an Irish Catholic home, but Saturday was my true day of worship. The television that blessed me with cartoons was my altar, and Cocoa Pebbles were my communion. I guess the leftover milk in the bowl was the blood of my chocolate-filled Jesus Christ, but I'm not really a theological expert so don't quote me on that. Every Saturday I would plop down in front of the tv and be presented with four solid hours of great cartoons. It was the best of times in my sad little life and I took it for granted that the Saturday morning ritual would always be there. But things change.

In 1990 the U.S. congress passed the Children's Television Act, which forced the networks to run a predetermined amount of educational programming. This, in turn, meant that existing cartoons had to be cut to make room. After the Children's Television Act, congress went on to pass a bill which forced networks to air the educational special "Congress Is Not Overstepping Its Boundaries, And Is In Fact Totally Awesome And Deserves The Pay Raise It Votes To Give Itself Every Year". There was more than just congress at work, though. Parent groups were claiming that cartoons were too violent, and that the characters and vehicles on display were little more than advertisements for toys. On top of this, cable television and video games were coming into their own, and in time the internet came along. Instead of three networks with a relatively small block of programming that everyone watched, there were now a myriad of entertainment sources for kids to choose from. Soon Saturday mornings as I had known them went the way of the dinosaur and Courtney Love's grip on reality.

Looking back, I'm not so sure the cartoons I loved would make it to the airwaves if they were made in today's softer, more politically correct America. Our culture has changed in many ways over the past decade, so the cartoons would be drastically different. Take the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles for example. Adhering to equal opportunity laws, two of the turtles would have to be replaced with non-mutant minority turtle breeds (box, snapper) with no martial arts skills or even combat experience of any kind. How about the Transformers? They would be deemed far too fuel inefficient by today's standards, and would have to run on environment-friendly electric motors instead of gasoline. After a full charge, the Decepticons and Autobots would have just enough energy to fall forward in the vague direction of one another, or to beep their horns sternly for about half an hour. Having the unfortunate luck of being the only Transformer born as an SUV, Hummer Prime would go screaming into a furnace and then get recycled into a shelter for San Francisco's homeless mice.

I'll have to check to be certain, but I'm pretty sure this is the coolest image I've ever accidentally stumbled upon while writing an update.

Like many others from my generation, my favorite cartoon of all was G.I. Joe. I can't bear to imagine how different this show would be today, but as it turns out I don't have to imagine. Last week one of my long forgotten cartoon-script-seeking droids hovered into my bedroom window clutching a script from the top secret new G.I. Joe series, then hovered out through my other window without slowing

down. It came back several days later, though, and then I was finally able to read the following:

Location: United Nations Headquarters. Flint, Lady Jaye, and Sergeant Slaughter sit at a table with a placard that reads "USA". The room they are in is immense and circular, and packed within it are representatives from nearly every nation in the world; all sitting at tables identical to the one we see the Joes behind.

Flint: *(whispering to Sgt. Slaughter as a Pakistani diplomat addresses the room in the background)* ...and after we dropped the payload I realized the smell was still there. So I turned to the pilot and said, "Hey buddy, is this a cockpit or a cocksh-

Suddenly, a familiar high-pitched fills the air, laughing diabolically. In the center of the room, a large panel of monitors and speakers hangs from the ceiling. On it, we see the source of the laughter...

Cobra Commander: Sorry to interrupt your girl scout meeting, but there's some breaking news you might be interested in! Mere moments ago, I unleashed my genetically engineered strain of sentient peanut plants! They follow my every order, and are immune to everything but the big shiny Remote Detonate button which rests at my side. Within the hour, all of Spain will be under my control! Within the week, the world!

Sergeant Slaughter: *(tossing his chair aside and slamming his hands on the desk)* That does it! Let's go kick some Cobra butt and save the world!

Flint: Woah woah woah, big guy! Slow down and think this through. We can't just rush into this unilaterally!

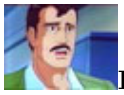
UN Secretary Kofi Annan: Yes, you must get the approval of each and every country in the world before you can even consider military action. Even Antarctica, and they don't have a government yet so you'll have to wait for one to be established.

Lady Jaye : Besides, think of our popularity polls! Protestors have already gathered in Seattle in response to your insensitive and warmongering comment!

Cut to the streets of Seattle, where a throng of protestors angrily chants "No blood for peanuts! No blood for peanuts!" Scattered throughout the crowd are signs reading "Hasbroburton is the REAL enemy", "Peace Is Good, War Is Bad!", and "Meat Is Murder".

One protestor runs in front of the camera and claws at his face with both hands, screaming in horror "Someone stop that monster Slaughter! Think of the children! Oh God, won't someone think of the children?!?!"

Sergeant Slaughter: This is insane! Don't any of you see what's going on? We have to take action immediately!

 **Kofi Annan:** He's right, you know. We can't stand by and do nothing while a madman's peanuts overtake us all! *(turning to Cobra Commander's visage on the screen)* I am going to pass a resolution on you *so freaking hard!*

Cobra Commander: Oh no, anything but that! Haha, go right ahead and add it to the pile you've already filed against me. Oops, I just realized that I mistakenly gave my troops the day off today. It seems that I left my base completely unguarded and vulnerable to attack!

Sergeant Slaughter: Look! He's begging for it! We've got to hit him now, and not with your meaningless little resolutions!

Flint: *(a look of realization dawning on his face, he stands shoulder to shoulder with Sergeant Slaughter as the heroic theme music swells)* Sarge is right! The only way to stop Cobra is with a really BIG resolution! Kofi, do you have any large resolution forms? Printed on paper about twice as long and wide as the standard ones?

Cut to a shot of Earth being overrun with peanut plants as Cobra laughs and laughs. Roll credits, then begin the "Now you know..." segment. A young man is sitting in front of a computer alone.

Corin Tucker's Stalker: Furries are sooo damn weird. I already know this, yet I can't... stop... looking!

Destro bursts through the wall in a blaze of laser fire, then grabs the young man by the neck.

Destro: Incorrect, fleshface! It's wrong to hold an opinion of any sort about other people. Everyone should be able to do whatever they want -even pee when they aren't in the shower- and no matter how completely wrong

it is you're a bigot if you disagree!

Corin Tucker's Stalker: Wow, thanks mister! I never thought of it that way. I guess I was narrow-minded. Now I know...

Destro: ...and knowing is half the nonviolent and meaningful (but not religious) experience!

Did I mention that each episode will only be five minutes long?

-~State Og Representative

7.25 I Love Las Vegas, Part 1 of 1

Sunday, Jul 25, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

You know, there's been an awful lot of Las Vegas bashing this week on this beloved website, which is normally a bastion of truthful, unbiased journalism on the story sea of malignant, uninformed, and frequently moronic opinions we call the internet. I'm not exactly sure where all this rage came from all of a sudden. I was unfortunately unable to attend Gooncon this year, but it seems like the event was a rousing success. Why, then, is there all of this hostility toward the city that was kind enough to give Gooncon 2004 a place to call home? What did Las Vegas do? I mean sure, Josh "Livestock" Boruff lost all of the money he'd been saving to pay off his student loans and get that liver transplant to the blackjack tables, and okay, Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz lost his virginity to a forty dollar hooker named Lazy Eye Rodney, and fine, Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons lost his dignity, as well as his pants in a mudwrestling match versus Roy Horn of Siegfried & Roy on pay-per-view, but think of the stories they'll be able to tell their grandchildren someday! Well, the stories Josh and Zack will be able to tell, at least. I'm pretty sure Reid was rendered impotent by his experience. Or at the very least, it seems rather unlikely that he'll be able to convince any woman to mate with him after seeing the veritable buffet of STDs he picked up from Rodney. Well, with any luck the crabs and the lice will kill each other off, and most fungi can be easily burned to death with a liberal application of everyday household industrial weedkiller.

So maybe they had some experiences that soured them against the only city in the world to have more neon lights than citizens, but Las Vegas still has a special place in my heart. I remember my visit fondly, if massively incorrectly, since I was around eight years old at the time. I've done a lot of growing up (read: drugs) since then, but my memories of Las Vegas still bring back feelings of the childlike innocence that can only really be gained through ninety-nine cent martinis and legal prostitution. There's a magic to Vegas that no other city can match. It's like Disneyworld for the addiction-prone. You can stroll the streets at any time of night, certain that the glaring casino lights will not only provide proper illumination for you to peruse the nearest stripper billboards as you walk, but will also keep you safe. I'd like to hear them say the same for New York City! Why, I heard someone got robbed there just last year! That's the sort of thing that would never happen in Vegas. Why would anyone need to rob you when everywhere you look there are legally sanctioned facilities where you can hand over your money willingly? Here's a look at just a few of the things that I love about Las Vegas, the City of Lights.

Where else can you find a deal like that? With any luck, in heaven.

One Theater, One Performer

Where else can you find world class entertainers strutting their stuff onstage seven nights a week, fifty-two weeks a year, for as many years as it takes until they pay off their debt to the mob? Acts pass through other cities in a night or two, but Vegas is where they go to die - fabulously! Award winning performers such as Celine Dion, who moved the nation to tears with her ballads of the tribulations of love, and Danny Gans, who once wrestled a bear just to hear it scream, not only work in Vegas night after night, but they have their own damn theaters just for them! That's right, they'll perform on your schedule because, hell, they have to be there! Sure, these longterm contracts forbidding the artists from performing anywhere else essentially turn them into slaves, but hey, a

slave in velour sounds like a happy slave to me!

Married in an Hour or Your Pizza's Free

Twenty-five cent Elvis! Well hot damn!

Las Vegas is home to more wedding chapels than any other U.S. city. No wonder it's called the City of Brotherly Love! You can marry your brother! You can marry your nose! You can marry your brother's nose! If you can find it, you can marry it in the environment of your choice. Get hitched in a barn, tie the knot in the jungle, take the plunge from the safety and comfort of your own car - anything is possible! And what could be better than getting married in the place of your dreams? Why, having your favorite people there, of course! You can get married in the presence of, or by your favorite celebrities, impersonated in loving detail by people with no other marketable skills. Where else can you cement the cherished bond between yourself and the person who means the most to you and get served curly fries by Marilyn Monroe at the same building?

Something for Everyone

Although Sin City is typically thought of as an adult destination, nothing could be further from the truth. What could be a better vacation spot for the kiddies than a city built by gangsters as a haven for gambling, liquor, prostitution, and prizefighting? And Vegas has gone a long way to promote its family-friendly face. I'm sure you all remember a few years back when Las Vegas began advertising the lengths it had gone to in order to provide activities and entertainment for visitors of all ages. Such attractions as a huge rollercoaster and a stunt-filled pirate ship battle on the water combine to give children literally *minutes* of entertainment that can keep them busy while mommy and daddy squander their college tuition on the slots for eleven hours straight. And now Vegas has launched a new ad campaign promoting the naughtier side of the city with the tagline "What happens here stays here." It's a good things this campaign came along, because like most of you, I was starting to worry that Vegas had become a mecca for toddlers, like Disney presents Times Square (tm). These ads, which were originally slated to have the tagline "Yes, we still have whores," suggest that their new family-friendly attitude has not hampered the city's anything-goes style. Now even Junior can booze it up with strippers at a craps table! Yes, the City by the Sea has something for everybody!

Where Dreams Come True

Each year, millions of people flock to Las Vegas in the hopes of striking it rich at a casino. This is because millions of people are idiots. There's so much to do in Vegas that squandering your money at the tables seems like a waste. If you've got the cash, the only limit to what you can do is your imagination! Foxy Boxing? They have it every night just off of the Strip. Midget racing? There are three tracks within two miles of Caesar's Palace. Hunting human beings for sport? You can pick up a three day permit for under a hundred bucks! From thrill rides to fine dining to raucous entertainment to literally hundreds of different kinds of erotic massage, the sky is a limit. What else would you expect from the legendary Lost City of Gold?

Before I draw this message of gratitude toward the city and people of Las Vegas to a close, I'd like to say one more thing. Sure, Vegas may be tacky, tawdry, glitzy, pricey, shallow, obscene, and frequently offensive, but dammit, so is America. That's why we love it. And anyone who thinks that there's something wrong with spending ludicrous amounts of money to go to a city with no morals, no definable culture, no sense of history, and hookers who don't finish the damn job, such

as my fellow writers, is a dirty tree hugging hippie, and most likely a communist. Thank you.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

7.26 Timeline From THE FUTURE: the Internet

Tuesday, Jul 27, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Let me just punch up "THE FUTURE" on my computer machine and see what we get!

People often approach and ask me, "Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, what are your opinions about the current state of the Internet and where the Internet is heading?" Then they ask me where the restrooms are, and I begin thinking about their questions as I Supersize their meal. What lays in store for the future of the Internet? Is it simply a cultural phenomenon destined to fizzle out and die, or are we dealing with a completely new method of communication which will bond to our lives to the same degree as television, newspapers, and billboards for pudgy white trash strip clubs along the I-435? Will the Internet grow and mature into an entity fostering intellectual discussion, or will it continue to fester in its own stupidity, encouraging input from the most wretched lifeless dullards across the globe spawning endless debates on anime? I have absolutely no idea, so I figured it would be best if I took a step - a step into **THE FUTURE** - to see where our exciting Internet world is heading and in what wonderful new ways it will change. Unfortunately I have no time machine or way of actually traveling into the future, so I did the next best thing: I drank a bunch of beer and played *ESPN 2K5* until the image of Priest Holmes was permanently burned into my television. Shortly before throwing up and passing out in the bathtub, I was able to write down this list - a list of **THE FUTURE** - and I am proud to reveal what awaits us very Internet people in the upcoming three years.

2005

JANUARY - Macromedia releases "Flash ZX: Director's Platinum Ultra Edition" which includes an extensive library of commands specifically developed for Internet advertisers. These features include easy-to-implement code such as "make active window shake really fast while playing a 40-second long country music sound clip singing about the new Ford SUV," "make shit fly at you while blinking so rapidly that the monitor begins to smoke," and the much requested "make another popup window appear once this popup window is closed because we're awfully sure that you didn't mean to close this window of FANTASTIC SAVINGS and you would be a fool to not take advantage of our 534 separate fabulous deals for free vacation getaways to the beautiful island of Viagra." Rumor has it that there's a couple new commands optimizing animation and multimedia content creation, but since people stopped using Flash to create actual content years ago, nobody can ever confirm this. Macromedia beats industry estimates by announcing they actually sold a copy, purchased by a company too stupid to download a warezed version.

MARCH - Microsoft spins off and sells their Hotmail service, which then merges with AOL / Time Warner to create the world's largest collection of email forwarding, known as "Hot AOL Time Inc." The Guinness World Records declares *"FWD: awww look at these puppies :)"* to be the most forwarded email message in the history of the universe, having visited over 97% of the 78 million email accounts owned by Hot AOL Time. This email not only includes selected photos of dogs in comical poses wearing articles of clothing that one would not normally see on a dog, but a small list entitled "top ten funniest things kids have said in school" as well as a brief passage from the Bible. 13-year old Asian girls and middle aged secretaries across the globe are wooed by Hot AOL Time's promise of "unlimited FWDs in subject line" and "email

buddy lists of every single person who has ever used the Internet, both alive and dead." Other email services respond by including an option on their software that filters out all messages from Hot AOL Time, labeled "REFUSE WORTHLESS MESSAGES."

MAY - Statistics prove there are more people trolling the Internet than actually using it.

AUGUST - Cisco introduces a new router and Internet backbone which promises to reduce DDoS attacks and server attacks by 95%. Nobody is able to read their press release, as their site is flooded and becomes unreachable within seconds. Cisco employees respond by calling a press conference, but the entrance to their room is blocked by hundreds upon thousands of overweight twenty year olds wearing Linux t-shirts and using squeegees to wipe the grease from their acre-wide faces. The President of the United States eventually orders Cisco to abandon plans on this product after intense lobbying from the National Association of IRC Users who wage a remarkably successful campaign of "calling him a faggot."

OCTOBER - An online study conclusively demonstrates that I am not funny now and the only time I was ever conceivably humorous in any way was exactly two years ago.

DECEMBER - Further propagating the "Great Internet Emoticon Arms Race," a new smilie face is created that is described as "over 560% more effective than the classic :) emoticon." This smilie face tears communities apart and creates a large rift between users supporting and abolishing it. While all users agree that this new smilie face conveys a sense of happiness much more accurately than the current one, some Internet experts feel this smilie goes "too far." Greg Gleason, World famous Internet expert and author of "Creating the Ultimate Dragonball-Z Forum Post," proclaims this emoticon as "the end of the Internet" in a press conference shortly before manually reading aloud his 30-page sig file which includes "mad pr0pz to G1na (love ya babe) and da Chainfucka Krew (keep rockin!!!!)"

2006

FEBRUARY - Statistics prove the number of people sending spam mails is larger than the number of human beings with email accounts.

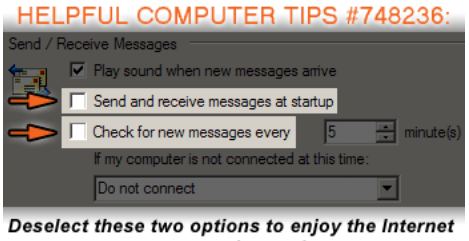
MARCH - Microsoft releases their newest top secret operating system, "Microsoft EZNet," the world's first online-only OS. The software is developed for maximum customer ease of use and ships with all existing viruses and spyware already installed on the system so the user will not have to spend valuable time putting it all on their machines during their first 10 minutes of using the Internet. Casual computer user John Balenko proclaims EZNet as "the best software thingy deal I've ever used" and dubs it "the easiest way to find the hottest links to transsexual porn and Canadian pharmacies." Bill Gates holds a press conference but his speech is garbled by the wads of hundred dollar bills crammed in his mouth.

APRIL - U2 makes online music history by not only releasing the first online-only twelve-CD boxed set (which even includes a link to physically download the box), but by releasing all band members over the Internet as well. "Now all you people who ever loved the stunning guitar work of The Edge can download and program him to play at your next Bar Mitzvah," Bono writes in an email announcement posted to fansite www.oh-god-bono-we-love-bono-please-bless-us-bono.com. "To the rest of the population who never even heard of The Edge before, you can download a copy of me and have it drone on and on about AIDS in South African until you begin lobbying for Congress to make South Africa stop existing." After a brief pause, Bono added "same goes for Larry Mullen. Is he even in our band anymore?"

JULY - Macromedia releases the software development tool "Flash Helper QZX," a nifty little program which contains the phone numbers and addresses of "Flash Helpers" throughout America. When an advertiser using Flash Helper QZX suspects an Internet user of closing one of their full-motion, CD-quality sound popup ads for wonderful products such as Miracle Face ("the cream which makes your skull look younger"), an email is dispatched to a Flash Helper who breaks into the user's room and punches them in the genitals until they agree to refresh the ad again and seriously consider purchasing that particular product and / or service. Sales of Miracle Face skyrocket up 430%, although industry analysts are unsure if it's due to Flash Helper QZX or their email campaign which promises users the opportunity to eat a free Mercedes-Benz if they sign up for the Miracle Face newsletter which consists of daily 70-meg emails with a 3D animated video file rotating the words "CLICK HERE TO UNSUBSCRIBE" in those way awesome rotating burning fiery letters.

AUGUST - An online study conclusively demonstrates that I am not funny now and the only time I was ever conceivably humorous in any way was exactly two years ago.

SEPTEMBER - A renegade cyberterrorist organization dubbed "Users Against Email" launches a full scale attack against all email servers, clients, and users, demanding "an end to the inefficient and buggy tool known as e-mail." Their attack goes widely unnoticed, as all but seven people abandoned trying to use email in the beginning of the year, and those seven people were all members of UAE. These former email users have regressed to communication methods such as honking their horns while swearing and calling people up on the phone to inform them exactly how much they suck.


HELPFUL COMPUTER TIPS #748236:
Send / Receive Messages
Play sound when new messages arrive
Send and receive messages at startup
Check for new messages every
5
minute(s)
If my computer is not connected at this time:
Do not connect
Deselect these two options to enjoy the Internet much more. :) :) kekeke ^_____^ <o_o> asl ops p

OCTOBER - Due to a serious wiring and networking error, all *Counter-Strike* traffic is directed towards the Sony *Everquest 2* servers. Californian officials dub it "the worst natural disaster in the history of this state," and online counselors are hired by the government to console people mentally scarred during the Great Elf - Terrorist War of 2006. Avid gamer Harris "Blaylox the Dark Elf Lord and Champion of All Realms" Nyler commits suicide after discovering his Enchanted Fulfino Helmet of Lore and Eternal Exchanged Pleasantries has been replaced in his inventory by a riot shield. A new organization known as the "Internet Psychologists Against Depression" forms to aid victims, but they disband 20 minutes later after discovering 94% of Internet users are taking at least three different prescription medications for social anxiety.

NOVEMBER - A Harvard engineering team stumbles upon a new discovery which allows Internet users to actually read posts before replying to them. Many analysists claim this will change the entire Internet, but it really doesn't.

DECEMBER - ICANN board of director Raimundo Beca proclaims himself "King of the Internet" and purchases a $15,000 custom built scepter which features a cast iron sculpture of a demon vomiting out bloody CD-ROMs on the top. He immediately attempts to close the entire Internet so he may hold it for ransom, but stumbles upon a few critical flaws in his plan once he realizes nobody ever paid attentention to anybody on ICANN and even if they did, nobody would pay to get the Internet back. He attempts to bestow the title of "King of the Internet" on another ICANN member but is unable to find one.

2007

JANUARY - Macromedia launches "Flash ULTIMATE REMIX XXXXXXXX" and touts the newest advertising-oriented feature, "Physical Popup Window" which sends commands to any ViewSonic XTS2G monitor, causing it to bend the fabric of space and time, creating an actual floating

popup window that is forcefully projected from the monitor at speeds up to 70 miles an hour. ViewSonic CEO James Chu learns of this instruction code and immediately cancels all partnerships with Macromedia, but is mysteriously found beheaded in his office before he can sign the contracts. Macromedia hails the software release as "one step closer to making the Internet the Advernet," and reveals plans to make Physical Popup Windows slash your car tires while screeching like a wounded ferret and laying eggs in your childrens' face.

Exciting photo from IRCCon 2005 depicting "AmiM0t0t constructing a replica of the Twin Towers. Good job buddy, we're so proud of you!

MAY - Amazon names Jason Berenger as the Lead Director for the Creation of Lists Nobody Ever Reads Or Finds Useful In Any Conceivable Way. He immediately begins production on the Amazon "User Recommended Plaid Socks" list and the semi-popular "User's Sexiest Carpet Samples" list which links to a Livejournal camwhore's wishlist where she writes about being molested by her uncle in between desperate pleas for somebody to purchase her the latest Radiohead CD and Sony VIAO.

JUNE - The last remaining content site on the Internet shuts down, its domain name quickly grabbed by Hot Farm Chicks Enterprises, a joint venture between Fuck Harder All Night Industries and Christian Debt Consolidation Online Free Petting Zoo Cellphones Limited. Professional unemployed Internet users unilaterally decide to stop complaining about the advertisements on free content sites, and instead switch strategies to complain about the lack of free content sites with advertising. They agree to continue complaining about free content sites once some of them actually return.

AUGUST - Statistics prove that two out of every one email on the Internet contains the word "RND_WORD," thus making it the most popular random word on the Internet. This comes as a shock to people predicting the words "em@il" or "v1agra" to win. Infuriated v1agra supporters riot by sending millions of emails reading "WE JUST TIPPED OVER YOUR CAR AND LIT IT ON FIRE AND NOW WE'RE KICKING IN YOUR WINDOWS" to all citizens of downtown Detroit.

SEPTEMBER - Geocities sells its assets to Premiere Radio Networks, owner of "Coast to Coast AM." The transaction, worth over $4.30, is heralded by George Noory and Art Bell as "the final step to creating the most exhaustive, extensive compilation of information detailing our government's shady dealings with aliens and visitors from another dimension." A national database is created to search the 18 billion Geocities sites dedicated to exposing the secret connection between alien abductions and former key members of the Clinton cabinet, detailing exactly how these theories affect the Yeti and his illegitimate son, the Chupacabre, which was conceived on a particularly ill-fated evening with Carol Channing.

OCTOBER - An online study conclusively demonstrates that I am not funny now and the only time I was ever conceivably humorous in any way was exactly two years ago.

DECEMBER - In what scientists have dubbed "the world's most tragic freak occurrence," hundreds of thousands of Internet users throughout Washington simultaneously "click here to unsubscribe," the sound of their mouse clicks amplifying each other and resonating throughout the frame of the Tacoma Narrows Bridge. The suspension bridge begins to oscillate rapidly and collapse, killing all zero people traveling to Puget Sound for the annual "Who's Stupid Enough to Live in Puget Sound, Washington?" convention. Police and other emergency authorities are alerted, but nobody actually bothers driving out there because, let's face it, it's a long drive and not exactly worth it.

Wow, what an exciting and thrilling trip into **THE FUTURE**! I can hardly wait for the Internet to mature from its ugly, revolting, slimy infancy to a full grown beautiful butterfly, flapping its

glorious wings of free cellphones and low mortgage rates into the sunset. Until then, we'll all have to sit patiently in our chairs and survive through the countless DDoS attacks, tidal waves of never ending spam mail, feedback from people who list their primary hobby as "porting ParaParaParadise to Linux," and eternal popups of the brainless mind.

Here I am, rock you like a Hurricane

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here again, rocking you again. Sorry again about the lean update last week. It was a great story, but I was sick at the time, and didn't have the ability to find more crazy dad stories for you. This week I've got funny pictures for you, okay?

Oh those crazy teenagers! I always knew those damn Power Rangers were into trouble, from pooping on things to dying in car crashes. Thanks to Hot Dog Day #43 and the forum goons, we've managed to catch all of the Power Ranger shenanigans with MS Paint. Enjoy this week's Comedy Goldmine, "Catching the Power Rangers in the act".

Get off my lawn with that Megazord you bastards!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.27 Wrestling With Stupidity

Wednesday, Jul 28, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

24-hour pharmacy and steel cage.

I don't normally recount stories from my childhood, especially seeing as how it was already made into a TV movie some years ago. There is one story I've been itching to dramatize in epic fashion, because it was one of those singular events unlikely to be duplicated again in my life, for a large number of very good reasons. Plus, I was 16 at the time, so it wasn't really my childhood. Although this incident occurred about six years ago, my memories of the event are still quite intact and trustworthy. This story is, for better or worse, an accurate account of the night I went to a "professional wrestling show."

Let me first say that professional wrestling is not my forte. I have not watched wrestling of any sort since I was a wee lad, enamored then by the heroic battles of guys in stupid costumes with even stupider gimmicks. I've since caught a glimpse or two flipping through channels or in commercials, but by and large I've avoided it. I think the wrestler Irwin R. Schyster, whose gimmick was that he was a tax collector, can best crystallize professional wrestling. The idea of a taxman wrestling is just so incredibly mind boggling that I don't know whether to categorize it as the highest form of genius or the purest form of retardation. I imagine the scientific community would have to weigh in on that, but I don't think they would want to take time away from their important experiments that presumably involve lasers or getting rid of mud. Although I am not a fan of any kind of real or fake sport, I rank wrestling, along with NASCAR, rodeos, demolition derbies, and pig races, as being among the most pointless.

How I ended up at a wrestling event goes back to some newfangled computer graphics class I took in high school, where a classmate and casual friend of mine named Matt invited me to hang out. I said sure, and then he qualified hanging out as "going to a extreme wrestling event." My brain kind of short-circuited at that point, because I still agreed to go. I'm glad I did, because it turned out to be the most fun I ever had going to an extreme wrestling event. I liked it so much I decided never to do it again, for fear a second time would simply dull my grand memories of the first time.

I can't say I enjoyed the journey to this prestigious event, but could perhaps lie if somebody paid me or put a gun to my head. Matt neglected to mention he was bringing three of his buddies along, all three of which were loud and stupid. In short, I was going to a wrestling event with pretty much the correct demographic. The event was being held in the next town over, in the ideal setting for any manly sporting event. Yes, I am of course referring to a bingo hall that, in another life, was a Walgreens drugstore. I remember being a bit mythed thinking that a place where I used to buy cold medicine from was now serving as host to a sporting event of titanic proportions, but I guess it was just another demonstration that God truly did have a plan for everything.

Before we could enter this exciting venue of visceral sporting action, we would need to buy tickets. Luckily, one of the professional wrestlers was attentively on duty selling tickets out of the trunk of his dilapidated car, which I think was probably also his home given the supplies he had. He thanked us and told us to enjoy the show before retreating to his backseat dojo, where he likely recited silent mantras to prepare himself for the predetermined battles ahead. He was the truest of warriors; a gladiator chiseled from beer and failed dreams of wrestling stardom. I'm not sure how my compatriots for this event knew to approach the drunk standing next to the beat up car for tickets, but I guess that's a norm at these things.

Waiting in line was a chilling nightmare as I was submerged in a sea of people discussing the latest wrestling tapes circulating around. Think of a shark tank, except replace the sharks with the population of a trailer park and you get the idea. I was a bit confused at first, but I quickly caught on. The wrestling shown on TV was by no means true wrestling. Therefore, in order to see the genuine article, you had to trade VHS tapes with your fellow connoisseurs of the turnbuckle arts. I remained silent the entire time we waited in line, fearful that even a single word might spark the fires of conversation. Even if I wanted to speak, there was no way I could have possibly communicated with these people without degrading myself or insulting them. Silence was the middle ground, and I opted to build a fort there.

Once we entered the arena, I was immediately amazed. For the first time ever I was seeing what a Walgreens looked like without all the aisles and merchandise. After that thrill evaporated, I was horrified by everything else. In the middle of this former drugstore was a crude wrestling ring that I imagine was built out of parts purchased earlier that day from the local Menards. Next to the ring was some scaffolding that came a couple feet shy of the ceiling. I asked Matt what the purpose of the scaffolding was, and he said it was for the wrestlers to jump from. I asked him how they would jump off of it if they had to duck while on top, but I fear my usage of logic may have proven too much since he simply pointed out the ceiling was supposed to be higher. I couldn't argue with that axiom, although I still wondered why they bothered with scaffolding in the first place. They were pretty serious about it, going so far as to have a man guard it for the duration of the event.

Only the best of men have what it takes to compete.

We took seats in the front row right next to the scaffolding, which gave us a great view of not just the ring, but of the backstage area. The backstage was actually a series of curtains forming a square, and I imagined it was pretty tense in there seeing as how all those enemies were sharing what amounted to a glorified tent. Our seats, and all the seats, were metal folding chairs. I wondered if a wrestler would commandeer my seat and use it to pretend to beat up another wrestler. I started thinking a lot about that, about the moral implications of a man using my chair to beat another man. I would almost be sitting on somebody by proxy that way. I realized that the chances of my seat being used as a weapon were very slim, but I resolved not to get too attached. Sitting down was literally that much of a gamble. Then I imagined that the chair probably belonged to the bingo hall, and an old lady was probably sitting in it the night before playing bingo. My imagination really got a good workout thanks to those chairs.

The crowd for this event was exactly what you would expect. There are a lot of stereotypes about wrestling fans, and as far as I could tell, this crowd represented all of them. They were loud, trashy looking, and totally into the show. I was completely alone for the most part, because I watched the whole thing in absolute disbelief in a self-contained bubble breathing an atmosphere of cynicism. This was the kind of crowd that would probably vote for Adolf Hitler if he returned from the dead and promised free beer and wrestling for everybody. Actually, to be honest, this was probably the type of crowd that would vote for Adolf Hitler regardless of campaign promises.

There was a lot of wrestling, but I really don't remember any of it. I was more interested in watching the fans than seeing half-naked men slam each other around. The only point when I actually paid attention to the wrestling was when a particularly unkempt wrestler climbed to the top of the scaffolding. It was a monumental moment in man's ongoing struggle for domination, an absolute crescendo to a symphony of idiocy. Once at the top, crouched because of the proximity to the ceiling, the wrestler proceeded to slice his forehead open. I don't think we were supposed to see that part, but we did. It was a shocking revelation for me, seeing a wrestler fake an injury in such a brazen

way. The entire illusion was shattered for me. After that, he kind of "slid" off the scaffolding into the ring, because there was no way for him to jump or even really dive off the damn thing. It was amazing, because in what had to be a twist of cosmic of fate, his opponent happened to approach the scaffolding at just the right moment! Pow! Face full of falling guy! There are moments I will look back on and treasure, and there are moments when a guy slides off of scaffolding inside a building that was once a Walgreens only to land on another guy standing in a crudely made wrestling ring. This moment most definitely belonged to the latter.

Fear the tiny titans, for they are most certainly nefarious!

At one point, Matt and I ventured to the concession stand, which, in better days, was a pharmacy. I'm pretty sure we got up specifically so we would miss the one and only female wrestling match, which I'll explain more on later. While at the concession pharmacy, two girls walked out of the restroom and towards the backstage. These girls, full of raw human potential and probably also various drugs, were part of the show. They were identical twins, wearing identical see-through dresses, and proving degradation works best in numbers. These talented young women were to escort one of the many unknown wrestlers from the backstage to the wrestling ring. Twin girls in see-through dresses could easily improve just about any journey in life, and the ten foot walk from the backstage to the wrestling ring was definitely no exception.

I mention this chance encounter because it led to a second and much better chance encounter. After the girls walked by, a ragged and weathered man approached us. He was aged, and somehow, his clothing was actually rusting. I don't know how that happens, but then I was standing in a building that was once a Walgreens watching wrestling. This was a night of miracles great and small. The old man, seeing us as the future, dispensed some of that aged wisdom only the elderly know.

"There are two of them," he said. "Identical twins," he added, making sure we noted the fact they looked exactly alike.

Before we could respond, he proceeded to utter, "I do believe I've died and gone to heaven" in the most perverted voice I've ever heard. It was as though he was experiencing an orgasm as he spoke. I was horrified. That dirty man smeared his dirty words across my ears like his words were actually mayonnaise and my ears were two slices of bread. If not for the fact I found the encounter more comical than frightening, I probably would have thrown up all over him.

Matt, apparently unaware that the dirty old man standing in front of him was still there, proceeded to laugh and say, "what a dirty old pervert!"

The old man then somehow did a double take using only the muscles around his eyes and not moving his neck at all. Obviously he was peeved at being called a pervert, but not enough to make a fuss. He just abruptly walked off, which was a step in the right direction as far as I was concerned.

Another highlight included a lanky, longhaired annoying guy getting kicked out of the arena because he tried to grope one of the female wrestlers. As the lone security guard was ushering him out, he pleaded with the crowd for a standing ovation, but they merely booed him. Being a true American hero, he waited around outside trying to look through the windows. The man clearly thought himself to be a king, and I was disappointed he loitered about outside instead of going home to his castle built out of bricks of government cheese. The two female wrestlers there that night had the combined biomass of an organic dump truck, and were by no means the kind of women any sane man would

molest. I guess that's a moot point, since sane people don't tend to fancy molestation. Anyway, you can probably guess why we avoided watching their match earlier in the night.

There was no dramatic warp-up or anything, just a lot of somber rednecks filing out of the bingo hall destined to form a great big convey snaking all the way back to the trailer park. I wish I could say this was one of those articles I made up entirely, but it really happened. For the most part, I completely forgot about it until recently, when I realized it would probably be worth writing about. If anything, it was a chance for me to remember some lessons I learned. I learned the true extent of wrestling's stupidity. I learned what a Walgreens looks like when you strip away the aisles. Finally, I learned that real wrestling – not that fake crap you see on TV – happens in the backyards and bingo halls of America. God bless America!

I Have No Idea!

Are you there, Internet? It's me, Ben "Grimstone" Platt, and I need some help. I've just reviewed a movie by the name of "Nightslave." It's a movie about a guy who rents a movie, then doesn't pay. And then he fantasizes about trying to kill people and failing miserably. My problem is, now I think I'm insane.

> *Jervis takes the tape up to the counter and checks it out from the lazy, self-absorbed girl who works there, but they nearly come to blows when he asks for VHS instead of Beta. Fortunately, the girl simmers down and gives him his tape without giving in to the temptation to put her cigarette out in his eye. Right after he walks out the door, and manager comes to the counter and tells the girl that Jervis rents tapes but never returns them. Now they have to get their tape back somehow. That's right, folks, the first major subplot to be introduced revolves around proper video renting habits. Whoa-oh! This movie better slow down soon before my heart leaps out of my mouth and checks itself in to rehab! For the record, no, I don't know what that means either.*
>
> Three two one! One two three! What the heck is bothering me?

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.28 On Writer's Block and Gooncon

Thursday, Jul 29, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

My story begins in my second year of high school. It was around that time that I realized I could use my good looks to get boys to do whatever I wanted. Once I had reached the limits of what I could accomplish by controlling boys I then became bent on destroying them; using my feminine wiles to strip them of their dignity with the same ease that a Nights player collects little blue orbs. When boys wept they made a sound similar to that of a straw being slid up and down in a Mcdonalds cup. Whenever I heard that sound I would feel completely at peace with the world as though in the tranquil eye of a great storm.

Ruining boys' lives may have been my hobby, but webcomics were my passion. In 1999 I started the popular gaming webcomic, Game Notez. I was living with Gabe from Penny Arcade at the time and it was very exciting because we were both just starting to come into our own as artists. I can't even begin to describe what it was like to be part of the webcomic scene. There was an electricity in the air that you couldn't possibly understand unless you had been there in the tiny two-room apartment where we labored over our creations. For a fatter, nerdier man, this probably would've been the defining moment of their life, but for me that moment came a few months later when I first read Something Awful. It was like the ending of Raiders of the Lost Ark; a spectacle so magnificent and awe-inspiring that I shouldn't even have been looking at it, except I totally didn't care because I had just taken a massive dose of Paxil and had my walkman blasting Ministry.

Last week I went to JCPenney to return a dress. "Why are you returning this dress?" the cashier asked.

"I bought this dress so I could wear it to an internet convention in a cynical attempt to force myself to socially interact with people when they asked me why I was wearing a dress." I replied. "Now I'm not going to the convention so I was hoping you could refund my money or at least give me a mannequin or something."

Flash backward another week. The other Something Awful writers and I were all planning on attending Gooncon. Collectively we were known as Twisted Conduit, a death metal band on a mission to rock the shit out of your face. I was a little nervous about the convention as it was going to be our first time playing together. Would my drumming be able to keep up with Livestock's blistering guitar work? Would Lowtax like the songs I had written or would he think they were too pop-y for the hardcore sound we were aiming for? These were just a few of the worries eating away at my brain like so many Star Trek insanity worms.

I have a large collection of Mcdonalds Neopets happy meal toys on my bedside table. They whisper dark, arcane secrets into my mind while I sleep. "I'm not going to Gooncon." I said to my blue Wocky. "I'm just going to lie here in bed and listen to the flies buzzing against my window, tapping out the morse code of some forgotten language."

"Why are you wearing a shirt that says "When all else fails look cute"?" Wocky said. "Do you think that gets you closer to your dream of being a woman? You aren't a woman in that shirt, you're a two-bit floozy. It's strumpets like you who are setting back the women's rights movement."

"That's not the problem. I promised Lowtax I'd have something written for thursday. I've let down my only internet friend."

"Only a human mind could invent something as insipid as internet friendship."

The two most depressing things I have come across in this world are the final episode of Sailor Moon and the save room music in Resident Evil. Through some grand planetary alignment I encountered both on the same day when I was 15. I would later make this Quake 2 level as a depiction of how I felt that day. The contrasting orange and white lighting represents the conflict between the left and right hemispheres of my brain. Sometimes my brain becomes so overloaded with thoughts that my head actually splits open like the head of the final boss in Half-Life. Then Wocky pokes me in the brain, giving me violent muscle spasms.

If my life was a tv show, then July 13th 2004 would be one of those bizarre low points that comes late in a show's run when half of the original cast is gone and the plots are becoming increasingly more mechanical. Wocky tried to comfort me. "So you screwed up." she said. "It's not the end of the world. If I was this Lowtax guy would I be upset with you? Yes. Would I wish you'd have told me sooner that you couldn't write this article? Yes. Would I wish a pox upon you for the rest of your trite and meaningless existence? Probably. Um, I can't quite remember where I was going with this but try to imagine something insightful Yoda said. It'll really put things in perspective."

"I'll never write for Something Awful again." I said. "It's the conversations with Lowtax that I'll miss the most. If my Barbie calculator could graph such things, our conversations would've been perfect sine patterns. Our words rode the crests and settled in the troughs of each wave."

"Are you on drugs?"

"No. Unless by drugs you mean hugs, in which case I'm guilty of possession with intent to distribute."

This update is dedicated to my Mcdonalds manager, Patty. I know we haven't always seen eye to eye on things, like my suggestion that we replace the drive thru panel with a replica of the talking stone head from Legends of the Hidden Temple, but it was really nice of you not to fire me when I missed work. When I talked to you last wednesday I broke down and cried. "I wanted to become a famous internet writer so my son wouldn't have to work a job like this." I sobbed, laying one hand on my pregnant belly. "I didn't want him to ever know the hardships of burger slavedom; pushing giant slabs of meat off platforms while being chased by evil condiments."

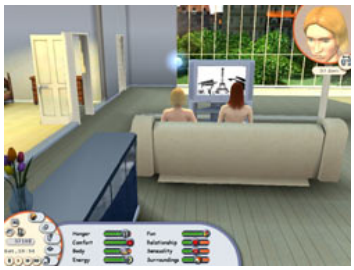
I would later find out there were roughly 300 more episodes of Sailor Moon after what I thought was the final episode. It really cheapened what I felt was a suitable conclusion to the series. It was like watching an aging drag queen who didn't know it was time to hang up his blonde wig. Somewhere I have a recording of my band covering the Sailor Moon theme song. My voice sounds like Stevie Nicks run through a flange effect in Goldwave. I can think of no better soundtrack for the emotional ordeal I went through last week.

Now I'm working at Mcdonalds. A car full of teenage girls pulls up to the drive thru window. I reach for the money but the girl pulls it back out of my reach. The other girls laugh. "Excuse me," I say, "I can't help but notice you have a "Support Our Troops" sticker on the side of your car. I'd be very interested in finding out what some of the men enlisted in our nation's armed forces would think of the way you're treating me. I think they'd be shocked. Nonplused even. Does my dignity mean nothing to you but collateral damage in your all-out war against kindness and courtesy? Or maybe this is an act of teenage rebellion. Yeah, that'll show your rich parents and their world of

country clubs and ice cream socials." Disgusted, I leave the window and walk into the back room where my time machine is hidden. I could go back in time and write the update that was due last thursday, fixing the damage I have wrought, but instead I use the machine to disappear into the tides of time.

Singles: Flirt Up or Die!

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here with a review of the recent Sims-esque game "Singles: Flirt Up Your Life" from our friends overseas. I use the word "friends" loosely here.



Somehow, the Department of Homeland Security failed once again and allowed copies of "Singles" to make their way to our fair and faithful shores unbidden. Initially my plan had been to buy up every copy that had snuck into the country and destroy it before it managed to corrupt some poor young child whose future would be better served by painting fences or being beaten insensate with a belt. To truly know the deadliness of the moral poison I had to experience it firsthand, so I installed it on my consecrated computer made from the bones of Saint Bartholomew and sat down to write this cautionary review.

If you have any humanity left after reading my hentai reviews, then I suggest you scrub the last of it away with this article.

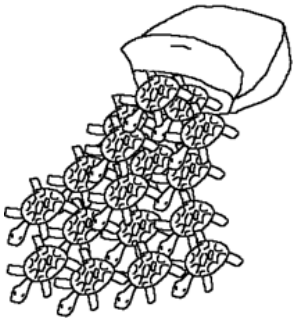
-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

7.29 Roleplaying Corner Dungeon Master's Resource: Mystical Items of Magical Aracana

Friday, Jul 30, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This marks the third in our continuing Roleplaying Corner series and it marks the first article intended purely as a reference for Dungeon Masters. Previously we have released the Adventure Modules "Dwight's Keep" and "The Darkness of the Dark Queen of the Underdark". This time we are offering a catalog of some of the most amazing magic items you will find on any of the infinite planes. These items are easily integrated into any campaign and include complete rules for their use.

Eleanor's Satchel of Infinite Turtles



Similar to Morduk's Media Mailer of Massed Marmosets, this 10x10x4 inch leather satchel can be opened to unleash an infinite number of turtles. The turtles exit the satchel at a rate of one every round unless the satchel is upended in which case the turtles will exit at a rate of 4D6 per round. Treat every 20 turtles as a swarm with the same attributes as a swarm of clams from "Marine Menace Manual II" but increase speed from 0 to 1 and remove the ability to shoot water. The turtles generally attack by walking slowly towards their target and then bumping gently against it inflicting 1D8-8 damage. If the target receives negative damage from the attack consider them to be "calmed".

Stainmaster's Magical Carpet

The Stainmaster's Magical Carpet is generally purchased from a magic carpet salesman and cut to fit a room, although remnants can sometimes be found in dungeons. The Carpet will deflect hard-to-get-out stains like grape juice and mud, launching them into a pocket dimension generated by the carpet itself. If the gating ability of the Stainmaster's Magical Carpet is suppressed it will instead squeal loudly to notify the homeowner that a tough stain has just made contact with its surface. When walked on the carpet sobs softly with each step and some say it can actually experience emotions. The carpet generally comes with a warning label that cautions owners not to antagonize the carpet or else it may gate them randomly to one of the abyssal planes. Cursed versions of this magic item are generally white and much less resistant to stains.

Figurines of Slightly Larger Figurines

These small exquisitely carved ivory figurines come in an almost limitless variety and, when placed upon the ground, can transform into a figurine almost three times as big as the original figurine. Rumors exist of even more powerful figurines that can turn into figurines five times the size of the original figurine, but no wizard has yet mastered the magic of creating these powerful artifacts. When the owner of a figurine wishes to recover the original he simply speaks its power word aloud, then fights the Pit Fiend that guards the heart of the figurine's magic. When the Pit Fiend is defeated the figurine will resume its original tiny size and can be safely picked

up.

Press On Nails of Giant Strength

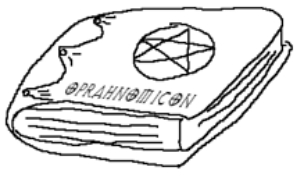
These enchanted self-adhesive false fingernails are available in a number of attractive designs and shapes and can be easily painted. Their surfaces are not damaged by nail polish remover either, so you can try 50 shades guaranteed. Each individual nail also confers a +1 bonus to the wearer's strength allowing for a cumulative bonus of up to +10.

Bracers of Unparalleled Dinner Etiquette

These finally crafted leather bracers are engraved with the symbols of various types of mythological dinnerware. By donning the bracers the owner of the magic item can become instantly adept at dinner etiquette and receives a +5 modifier when making any Civil Eating saves. The bracers also prevent botched saving throws and etiquette-related skill test rolls, so your party's barbarian no longer needs to worry about grotesquely using the salad fork to eat stewed potatoes. The bracers also confer a +2 bonus on tasks immediately related to dinner etiquette such as post-dinner coffee etiquette and all Too Full for Dessert saves. It is worth noting that these bracers have absolutely no impact on dinner conversation etiquette, so players relying on them for all of their decorum would do well to remain silent at meals whenever possible.

Mark Harmon's Wildly Unstable Wallet

This simple leather men's wallet is also commonly known as "The Purse of Feast or Cameos in Bad TV Movies". When it is first found or purchased it contains a vast fortune of money represented as 8D6 gold pieces. Each day after that roll a D6 to determine the amount of money inside the wallet. On a result of 1 all of the money disappears. On a result 2 there are 5D4 silver pieces. On a result of 3 consult an up to date astronomical chart and determine the distance of earth from Venus, calculate the closest square root of this number, and then roll that many D6 do determine the number of electrum pieces in the wallet. On a result of 4 the wallet contains 6D6+3 kobolds that emerge from the wallet and immediately attack. On a result of 5 the wallet is full of ticket stubs from several hideous hippy/stoner jam bands. These are completely worthless. On a result of 6 the wallet contains a portal through time that leads to a second portal concealed inside the wallet on the day that it was originally purchased. Only money and business cards may pass through this portal.



Oprah's Tome of Autumnal Romance

Bound in the flayed skin of 100 saints and penned with the blood of virgins, this sinister and forbidden occult text is an item of incredible power. Each page is scribed with a magical version of a romantic novel about two old widowers meeting each other by chance and falling in love in the last days of their wretched existence. Every one of these stories is accompanied by maddeningly detailed illustrations, usually of unrelated denizens of the underworld. It is rumored that locked within each of these novel length tales is the ability to summon all of the demons and devils featured in the accompany-

ing illustrations. Owners of this book should be warned, in addition to the danger it poses to one's sanity it is known to be sought by none other than the Dread Lich Phil. He has sworn to search eternally for the book and woe betide any man who stands between Dread Lich Phil and what he desires.

Circlet of Step Aerobics Mastery

This gorgeous headband is composed of soft pink terrycloth and is lined with elastic making it wearable by creatures ranging in size from Lilliputian to Brobdingnagian. The source of the circlet's power is a faded iron-on patch featuring the words "Losin' It" and a cartoonish frazzled woman in a leotard doing some sort of a dance. The circlet allows the wearer to automatically pass any Step Aerobics, Staves, and Wands Saving Throws and confers a +5 bonus to Jazzercise and Sweatin' To saves. The circlet also functions as a Mediocre Globe of Invulnerability when the wearer is attacked by an opponent using Tae Bo.

Gloves of Kofi Annan's Invisible Butler

These enchanted white velvet gloves are capable of casting Kofi Annan's Invisible Butler once per day as a 20th level wizard. When the command word is spoken a bolt of spectral energy will dance from the fingers of the glove and quickly coalesce into Kofi Annan's invisible butler Horace. Horace acts as a 5th level Barbarian with maximum hit points completely under the control of the caster and is equipped with a silver serving tray that can create either a telephone or a flute of champagne on command. Because he is invisible Horace cannot be attacked directly unless he is being targeted by an area effect spell, breath weapon, or the assailant is wearing Kim Il Jung's Hollywood Sunglasses of Invisible Butler's Invisibility Cancellation.

Coffin of Disconcerting Naps

This collapsible travel coffin made from handsome mahogany and lined with ermine is as luxurious as they come, but it is also cursed. Anyone who sleeps inside this coffin during the day will sleep restlessly and awaken with a -1 (cumulative) modifier to their Constitution that last for D6 hours. They will also feel tired and want to take another nap, which can lead to a downward spiral of Constitution drains caused by napping in the coffin. Anyone who sleeps for a full night in the coffin will awake fully refreshed and cheery. It is believed that the twisted wizard who created this travel coffin gave it this property to lure unsuspecting adventurers into taking naps during the day.

Deck of Inconvenience Summoning

This deck appears as a slightly battered and marked casino deck from The Sands that consists entirely of face cards. Drawing a card from the deck will summon one inconvenience with which the wielder can harass his foes.

Ace of hearts - Shin splints.
King of hearts - Traffic citation for expired tags.
Queen of hearts - Scuffed dress shoes.
Jack of hearts - Stuck in an elevator with goblins.
Ace of diamonds - Trying to buy mead on a Sunday.

King of diamonds - 6d6+3 kobolds attack.
Queen of diamonds - Having a picnic at a table close to the bee-infested trashcan.
Jack of diamonds - Late night astral visitation by drunken Max Von Sidow.
Ace of spades - A friend won't stop talking about "Invader Zim".
King of spades - Sudden recollection of the "Jock Jams" series of CDs.
Queen of spades - Sat through "The Wedding Planner" and didn't get laid.
Jack of spades - Drywall is infested with dark elves.
Ace of clubs - Cigarette taxes go up another 50 cents a pack.
King of clubs - Three Best Buy employees try to sell Extended Service Plan.
Queen of clubs - Another rehashed "Simpsons" plot about how stupid Homer is.
Jack of clubs - One of those dumps where it doesn't quite all come out.

Each inconvenience lasts D6 hours but leaves behind lifelong memories of its passing.

Whistle of Protection from Rapists

This green ivory whistle is covered with fine scrimshaw paying tribute to the Elven goddess Rick, nature goddess and shining light of fertility in the Elven pantheon. Whenever the whistle is blown it emits an uncomfortably high-pitched keening wail that will drive away rapists within earshot. Rapists attempting to attack the wielder of the whistle must make a Fortitude Save (DC B-3) or suffer D6 points of non-lethal damage. They also lose all actions for the remainder of the turn and until they succeed at their Fortitude save or flee the area. The effect of the whistle can be unintentionally countered by the wielder if they are wearing revealing clothing or otherwise "asking for it".

The Hat of Baditude

This powerful artifact is said to have once belonged to Archmage Clivillés of the great cabal of sorcerers known as C&C Magic Factory. This tightly knit organization of wizards possessed a mysterious magic item so powerful that it was known to make people "hit the floor" and even sweat until blood actually emerged from their pores. The Factory split apart when rogue wizard and high-ranking member Freedom Williams took possession of this magical artifact for himself, rebelled against the other wizards, and used the magic item to take control of their hearts and souls. Freedom later used his alchemical abilities to change the shape of the magical artifact into that of a hat with the word "BAD" imprinted on a mithral plate that was bolted to the hat's front. On command of the wielder the hat can emit a low frequency tone that is painful to animals and causes sudden and intense epileptic fits in sentient beings lasting 24D2 rounds.

Jean Luc Picard's Torque of Academic Excellence

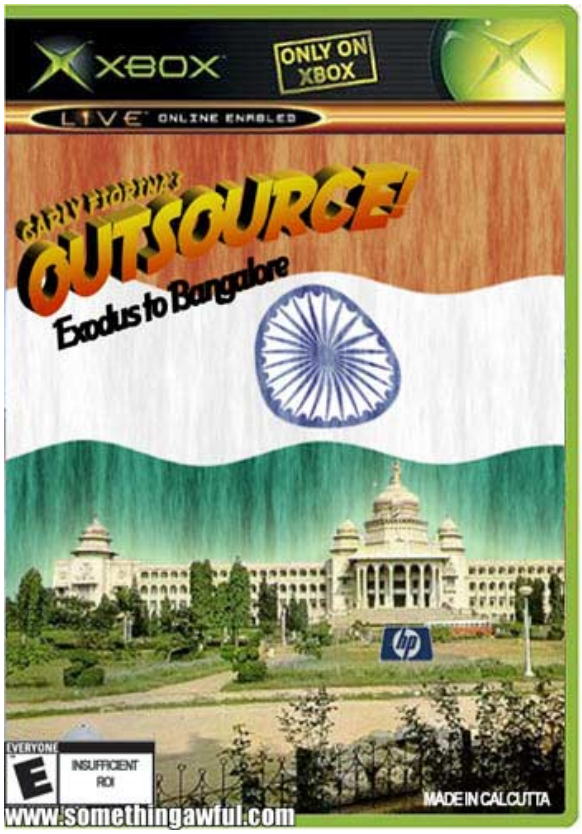
Jean Luc Picard was the best wizard at Starfleet Academy, but on his first mission he was tragically struck dead by an assassin's poison. Jean Luc Picard never realized his incredible potential, but the Dean of the Starfleet Academy commission dwarven forgers to create a powerful artifact so that Picard's legacy might continue. The torque is made from indestructible Trilithium crystals and is shaped into a water serpent, but the real value of the torque is the magic it holds. Any wizard can draw on the power of Jean Luc Picard to cast Charm Monster or Charm Large Monster once per day, Hold Monster twice per day, and Jiggle Small Monster thrice per day. The torque can also cast

Grease as a free action an unlimited number of times per day, although this magical grease cannot be harnessed for fuel oil purposes.

I hope you aspiring Dungeon Masters out there can put these new magic items to use in your campaign and I look forward to hearing of your adventures! Remember, don't hand powerful items out too freely or your party could turn into nothing but a bunch of treasure addicts.

Do You Want to Play a Game?

Hello friends and muffins! Livestock here with yet another boring announcement telling you to read Photoshop Phriday! Do what I just said! This week we're doing our 4th installment of "Phake Games," the first since last November. I believe you will find the feature to be of a humorous and/or satirical nature, likely capable of mounting a grin on your face assembly. Here is a customary preview for viewing purposes!



So get busy and read already, you dumb jerk. I hate you.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.30 Dragon Warrior Journals II: Citizens on Patrol

Saturday, Jul 31, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

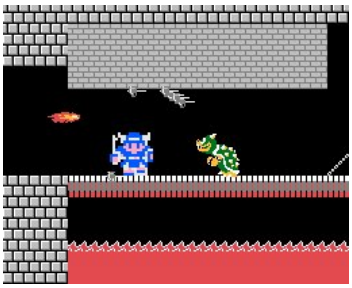
If the Gods are insane, what hope is there for me?

"He who fights with monsters might take care lest he thereby become a monster. And if you gaze for long into an abyss, the abyss gazes also into you."
Friedrich Nietzsche

4:00 PM: My knees crackle like crickets as I traverse the woodlands and foothills on the long path back to Swamp Cave. Since my last log I have been on my way to rescue the princess from the evil clutches of the green dragon, who is a very dangerous beast and probably a pedophile to boot. To be perfectly honest, I'm not too thrilled with my experience as the King's dragon warrior and it's crossed my mind a few times to go on strike or start a union. The dangers clearly outweigh the rewards in this mad quest. I am constantly in peril, under-equipped, under-funded, and under-appreciated. If it wasn't for me weed whacking every living creature that crossed my path, all the people in this godforsaken country would have to stay in their cities and walk back and forth in a spastic pattern all day. Wait, they all do that anyway, so I guess what I'm doing has no merit whatsoever. I wanted to be musician.

4:30 PM: On my way, I kill a few dozen slimes who rush me like pack of crazed lemmings. We have come to an understanding, the slimes and I, for they seek relief from this hard, cruel world, and I deliver death to them in the form of a hand axe to the face. I try not to judge the slimes too harshly by their aggressive behavior, because their lives are just a cruel wizard's joke, and I have compassion for their undesirable position in life. Legend has it that a greedy old wizard stole the surrounding land from the native Indians, and trapped their souls in these little gelatin forms, cursed to walk the earth until they are dispatched by a warrior such as myself. I can only hope that after I slay them, their brave souls are finally at peace in the spirit world.

5:15 PM: Well the battle with the green dragon is over, and I am once again victorious. I'm not going to lie and say it was easy, but let's just say I had a little help from my stash of killer dank healing herbs. Strangely enough, the green dragon was really polite about it and and let me roll up in between rounds. I wanted to offer him some out of habit, but I was there to kill him and letting him heal wouldn't be a wise move. I think he understood this and wasn't offended. After I won, the princess was free, and we left the dark cave in search of munchies and a Hotel 6.



The princess better be in this castle.

6:00 PM: The princess is kind of a bitch. I should've figured as much, but I was really hoping that maybe we could hook up after I saved her life and everything. She gave me the "Sorry I don't date my Dad's employees" line, and avoided looking at me on the way back to the castle. Whatever, girls are dumb and moody anyway. I'm fine with pleasuring myself in Droll carcasses and peeping on magicians getting undressed while hiding in some shrubs. It may not be an ideal way to satisfy my male warrior urges, but at least I still have my self-respect.

6:30 PM: We got back to the castle and King Lorik grounded Gwaelin for fraternizing with dragons. I expected a huge reward for saving the king's daughter, but I was shafted once again. I was given a trinket called Gwaelin's Love. At first I thought maybe I could redeem it at anytime for a free

roll in the hay with the princess, or at least maybe it offered some defense against the evil beasts I still had to face. Nope. All it turned out to be was a glorified compass. I could get one of these at any sporting goods store, and without all these sparkles and unicorns. If one of my friends saw me using this thing I would never hear the end of it.

The protesters think they know everything.

6:45 PM: Just hunting again to get experience and plunder gold. I think I really have this killing thing down to an art form. When it's just me and Wyvern out there in the great outdoors, me the stalking predator and the unaware beast my prey, it is a thing of natural beauty. The VAMA group (Villagers Against Monster Abuse) has been all over my back during this quest, protesting every time I go into town to upgrade my equipment, and using noise makers to scare away the game. These people just don't understand that hunting is a totally natural thing and helps keep the population down. How do they think they get their slime soup or drakee pies on the table? Anyway, the next monster I hunt I'm going to dedicate to my mentor and friend, Fred Bear. Fred Bear, I'll join you in the big hunt before too long.

7:15 PM: I ran into this really pissed of Golem and he started kicking my ass all over the place. Then I remembered what Villager #2724 said to me when I trapped behind them in a doorway, and pulled out the fairy flute. I don't know how to play but I just tried to recall some songs that we were forced to play on the recorder in elementary warrior school. The Golem don't know what the fuck, and after a somewhat shaky rendition of Mary Had A Little Lamb, he fell into a deep slumber. I know it was really cheap of me to hit him while he was sleeping, but at that point I didn't care, and wailed on his dozing ass. I have a feeling Erdrick wouldn't approve, but I don't really care because he's dead.

8:00 PM: I fucking died! And the worst part of it is that it was from walking in a swamp. I was just in a heated battle with Wraith Knight that really took a lot out of me, and like a dumbass I forgot to smoke the healing herb before I walked into the swamp. Before I know it I'm standing before that dipshit of a King who is telling me that "It's not my time to go yet." What he really means is "you are not allowed to die until you finish the job, now get back to work!" Why couldn't they just leave my peaceful corpse in the swamp to nourish the slimes and ghosts? I was just getting to the end of the tunnel and in the distance saw beautiful, large pixeled babes tossing pizzas in the air, and beer waterfalls. I'm just going to try to finish this thing quickly and go take a long nap in that swamp.

9:00 PM: I found all of Erdrick's old crap. I already have all his hand-me-downs like his shirts and TV tray, so I might as well use his battle gear. Hell, let's just start calling me Erdrick if everybody loves him so much and wants me to be just like him. You know how hard it is to live your whole life in somebody else's shadow? Why can't people just like me for being myself, not just an mindless clone of Erdrick? I have grown to hate Erdrick, and in turn hate myself. This is all bullshit and the sooner I can get this over the better. I'm on my way to Charlock Castle to finish this farce of a quest once and for all.

Oh god I'm so lonely.

10:00 PM: Walking through this castle is really annoying. I can't take two steps without some fag jumping out of god knows where and attacking me. It takes me forever, but I finally reach the Dragonlord, who is just chilling on his throne and knitting something. He turned out a lot different than my expectations of him. First of

all he's really small, like Danzig small. We talked for a long time about various things like dungeon upkeep, local sports, the weather, and our favorite type of beer. He is really a cool guy and I think under different circumstances we could be regular drinking buddies. I think he just got a bad rap, but I want to end this quest so I might as well just kill him and get it done with.

10:05 PM:This changes everything! The Dragonlord just offered me a position on his team to be his VP of operations. I would have a corner office, make a good salary, and have a very impressive insurance package. I usually give my employers at least a two week notice before quitting, but I really don't care for King Lorik so I think I'll make an exception in this case. So all my hard work to reach the Dragonlord was not in vain. Good things come to those who prevail. Of course I accept this one time offer! I'm gonna buy me a boat.

Awww hell no!

This edition of Dragon Warrior Journals has been sponsored by America's favorite snack drink, Fanta. We thank them for providing the funding for this quest and documentation possible for your entertainment. Please click on our Fanta commercial so we can bring you more adventures like this in the future!

Real warriors drink FANTA!

(Much thanks to the Fanta representative who developed this commercial, Mr. Slickwombat)

State Og

Hi there folks, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell here once again. As the State Og Representative, I get quite a few letters every month asking just what State Og is all about. My reply? Pants. It's all about comfortable pants and sometimes even uncomfortable pants.

> *A cursory glance at a man's haircut can tell you things about his soul; things it would take his gynecologist months to learn through multiple visits and countless sets of tongs*

and swabs. But why give that sort of psychological advantage to your enemies, family, and paperboy? Head to your local hairstylist and ask for the Og Cut, the standardized haircut that says, "I'm not original or unique at all and you really shouldn't pay attention to me" in much the same way that a mohawk does.

Check out this week's update!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Chapter 8

August

8.1 No, We Are Not Selling Doom 3 Today

Sunday, Aug 01, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

This woman has not had sex in 17 years. If you want to get Doom 3 you need to keep this in mind.

I live for big name game releases. I love it when a new Final Fantasy, Half Life, or Barbie Horse Adventure is just about to hit store shelves and warez sites everywhere. Not because I want to play the game or anything, but because of what the poor souls who simply cannot sit still for five minutes post on our internet's many message boards. Huge game releases simply bring out the best in people, whether it's calling every single store that has ever existed to ask them, "Do you have (big name game that will be 20 bucks in a few months) yet?!?!" or holding an American hostage and threatening to decapitate him unless you get your hands on (big name game you'll spend 5 hours with and then never play again). Oh how I love huge releases. It's like a giant trainwreck of misinformation, frustration, and hillarity. No one ever knows when the game is coming out, least of all the stores that will actually be selling it. You could call 20 stores on release day asking when the game is supposed to be in and you'll get answers ranging from, "It's already here!", "Next year!", and "Heil Hitler!" Furthuring the confusion shortbus are people who take pride in posting false threads about how they got the game at the Best Buy in Teluca Lake and the throngs of people that reply, "WHERE IS THAT OH GOD I GOTTA GET OVER THERE I WILL SELL MY FIRST BORN FOR A PLANE TICKET PLEASE OH GOD THIS IS THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS TO ME BECAUSE I DONT HAVE A JOB OR A FAMILY BECAUSE THEY LEFT ME AND I GOT FIRED AND FUCK I WANT THIS VIDEO GAME."

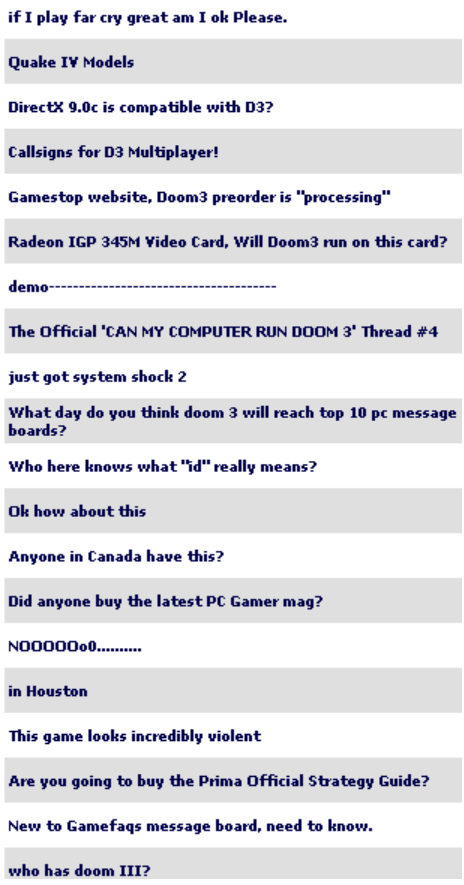
Of course, the reason I'm bringing all this up is because Doom 3, widely anticipated for it's pitch black hallways and plastic monsters, is almost out! For those that don't know, players will take the role of a space marine on a planet with angry monsters, snooty scientists, and exciting darkness. Your mission objective is to prove that you have the fastest video card possible and defeat Hell's evil minions who won't shell out five-hundred bucks for a ten percent performance boost that yields roughly five more frames per second and a little spout on their computer that serves up fresh maple syrup. Many people were worried that the game would run terribly on older hardware, but thanks to id's patented "Can't See Shit!" technology, Doom 3 will run great even on a STD Velocity 128! id accomplished this fantastic feat by covering the world in darkness. What this does is take substantial load off the video card by not rendering useless things such as walls, monsters, and ammo pickups. But that's not all! Check out this exciting list of features never seen before in a first person shooter:

Monsters covered in saran wrap.
An unprecedented "start to crate" time of 3 seconds. *Livestock has informed me that I stole this joke from Old Man Murray but I really meant to steal it from someone in FYAD. Sorry for the mix-up folks.*
White people.
Guns that shoot bullets of somekind.
Guns that can be modded to shoot chickens or French people.
Four-player online deathmatch.
Rocket launcher.
Mouse sensitivity options.
Blimp attacks.

And due to popular demand, no cooporative play.

After reading that list it becomes perfectly clear why folks whose lives revolve around getting a game early and posting pictures about it on the internet are wasting their weekend trying to find someone to sell them the game. Assisting them in this backbreaking endeavor is the internet. Would-be owners of a PC game scour message boards for any and all information on who has the game and who doesn't. Too bad none of it is correct and they usually come back from stores angry and frustrated with the same sob story that goes, "I ASKED IF THEY HAD DOOM 3 AND THE GUY SAID THURSDAY. WHAT A FUCKING DOUCHEBAG! I'M GONNA SUE!!!" I usually pray they don't come back at all.

My favorite web site for all of this nonsense is GameFAQs of course. You probably know by now what a pathetic wasteland the GameFAQs message boards are. Let me tell you folks, they are even worse around the time a big game is supposed to hit. I remember when Vice City was about to come out. The boards were buzzing like a bee on my cock. There were threads like, "when u get the game what will u do first?!?", "WHO IS BETTER TOMMY VERCETI OR THE OTHER GUY", and "HOW DO I GET MY MOM TO BUY THIS GAME FOR ME!?!?!" The Doom 3 boards are no different. Don't take my word for it, just visit the Doom 3 message board for undeniable proof that teenagers shouldn't be on the internet. Here's just one out of thirty-nine pages of brain melting shit.


if I play far cry great am I ok Please.
Quake IV Models
DirectX 9.0c is compatible with D3?
Callsigns for D3 Multiplayer!
Gamestop website, Doom3 preorder is "processing"
Radeon IGP 345M Video Card, Will Doom3 run on this card?
demo----------
The Official 'CAN MY COMPUTER RUN DOOM 3' Thread #4
just got system shock 2
What day do you think doom 3 will reach top 10 pc message boards?
Who here knows what "id" really means?
Ok how about this
Anyone in Canada have this?
Did anyone buy the latest PC Gamer mag?
NOOOOOo0.....
in Houston
This game looks incredibly violent
Are you going to buy the Prima Official Strategy Guide?
New to Gamefaqs message board, need to know.
who has doom III?

Every single post in that forum revolves around some slight variation of the following three images.

doom 3 is out now in gamestop and i have it

From: **cajun24** | Posted: 7/31/2004 7:32:51 PM | **Mess**

it cost 60 bucks

The real question you should be asking is, "Does my brain work?"

Tried 5 titles, but all were used already

From: **samfitch01** | Posted: 7/31/2004 7:55:25 PM | **Message Detail**

I know everyones just gonna pass this over or flame me, but i wanna know if this will work on my computer. I dont feel like shelling out $50-60 for something that wont even work.

Pentium 4, 3.1 gigs
RADEON 9800 pro 128 mb
1.2 gig RAM (DDR w/ HT)

Im not sure if that all you need, im probably forgeting something. If you could give me any info, id appriciate it.

I got the game by sucking off the Best Buy truck driver.

Anyone in Long Island, NY have a copy yet?

From: **BanjoMario 2** | Posted: 7/31/2004 7:01:28 PM | **Message**

If so, where do you live and how did you get it? Thanks!

Message Posted
You should be returned to the Message List automatically

Nobody has the game. Nobody can get the game. Bothering retail employees about Doom 3 all day will leave you hot, tired, and frustrated. There is no fucking way you will be getting the game this weekend. It's not going to happen! Unless you live in Wisconsin that is.

Yes, Best Buy store 59 in Madison, Wisconsin started selling the game yesterday. My question is, why Wisconsin? Who still believes Wisconsin exists? The only reason to go to Wisconsin is to make fun of people who live in Wisconsin. Their cheese is shit and their cows are sterile. There is nothing worth more than 50 cents in Wisconsin. I can't even find Wisconsin on a map. As it stands there are only three reasons to live in Wisconsin: snow, hideous women, and apparently getting Doom 3 early.

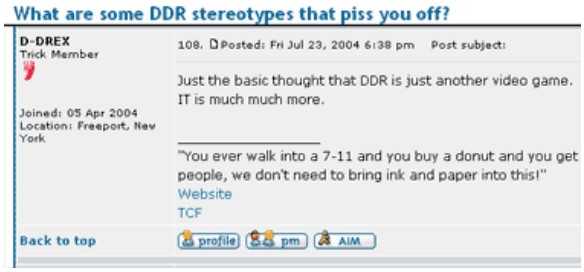
I'd be jealous but shit, they live in fucking Wisconsin. If I were ever on a cross country trip across the northern United States and I had to pass through Wisconsin I would go all the way around the state so I wouldn't have to drive through that God forsaken place. But I have to be honest. You know what I would do if I got Doom 3 early? Sell it on ebay for a million dollars of course! And even if the auction didn't get shit on by a bunch of people bidding a million dollars, why would you seriously bid on this? Let's use logic here shall we? The auction ends today. I doubt DHL ships on Sunday. And even if it did, the winner would get his game on Monday, about the same time Gamestop and Electronics Boutique is going to start selling their copies of Doom 3. Congratulations, you've just gotten the game a whole four hours early for roughly 100 bucks and can pat yourself on the back because you are undoubtably a brilliant man.

Look, I want to play Doom 3 as much as the next moron who wastes his life playing stupid video games but let's show a little shred of dignity about it. Spend the weekend playing games you already have then go get Doom 3 when it actually comes out. You don't need to spend all weekend wasting your time trying to bribe Best Buy managers to sell you a game. They have better things to do with their time, like studying for their GED test.

The Weakend Web

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here. Like a dog in heat I have shit out another fine Weekend Web for you folks to puzzle over. You'll ask yourself such soul searching

questions as, "Why does this feature still exist?" and "Which way is the restroom?" Today we're featuring people who get hardons for animated characters, people who jump up and down on a plastic dancing mat, and people who want Adult Swim to show more anime and less comedy.


What are some DDR stereotypes that piss you off?
D-DREX
Trick Member
Joined: 05 Apr 2004
Location: Freeport, Nev York
108. Posted: Fri Jul 23, 2004 6:38 pm Post subject:
Just the basic thought that DDR is just another video game. IT is much much more.
"You ever walk into a 7-11 and you buy a donut and you get people, we don't need to bring ink and paper into this!"
Website
TCF
Back to top
profile
pm
AIM

Okay, there's the preview and here's the link. Now get the fuck off my lawn!

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

8.2 My Trip to the Flea Market

Monday, Aug 02, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I had been nagging my girlfriend for almost two months to go to a flea market with me when she finally relented. I claimed the reason was that a flea market would make a great article. I could take pictures of all the stupid crap or maybe talk shop with a few "flea market characters". You know the type; old men with three teeth and a collection of horse-headed cigar cutters that he has painstakingly assembled as an obvious lifelong hobby and is now selling them for three dollars a piece or less if you drive a hard bargain. I had gone to some flea markets in Ohio as a kid and I was always fascinated by the cramped booths and the strange array of trinkets being sold. It seemed like a good idea on the surface, but the collections of baseball cards and pot-holders made out of animal hair were not what I got when I visited my first Chicago flea market.

The closest one to us was on Chicago's Westside (which can be pronounced Westsuhiiiiidde if and only if you are the Ganster, the Killer, or the Dope Dealer) on the border between our own Puerto Rican neighborhood and a Mexican neighborhood. It was called something like "Bargain Market", but there was no sign and the only indication that it was organized in any way was the fact that an old man near the entrance charged us a dollar admittance/parking fee. Paying a dollar to park your car in Chicago is like getting paid twenty dollars to park your car and have it detailed in most other cities, so at least they had the "bargain" part right. Once we paid our paltry fee we literally drove through the market itself, which was contained within a very large warehouse, and up onto the roof where we parked overlooking a scenic abandoned factory and junkyard. I guess the dollar didn't buy a view.

I was in for a bit of a culture shock once we descended the ramp back into the market. Out of probably six or seven hundred shoppers and shopkeepers my girlfriend and I were the only Caucasians. This wouldn't have bothered me that much except for the fact that the only Spanish I know are the numbers one through ten, "El Pinto Grande", and "si". Unless someone asked me to count down to the launch of the spaceship El Pinto Grande in the form of a yes or no question I was not going to be speaking Spanish.

Some people you can look at and say "yeah, that guy is from the street'. Maybe it's a swagger, maybe it's the clothes, maybe it's just the fact that you actually see them emerging from the middle of a street like a CHUD or a ninja turtle. Whatever the reason, I am the opposite of the guy you can tell is "from the street". When I walked into that flea market I might as well have been wearing overalls, carrying a pitchfork, and looking around with my mouth agape saying "golly" to everything. The fact that I was there to laugh at all of the stupid shit suddenly developed horrible racist connotations in my mind and I had to conceal every smile as it broke across my face when I saw a crystalline statue of the grim reaper or an airbrushed t-shirt that said SEXY.

Despite my reservations, we forged on. I didn't pay that outrageous dollar parking fee to run away with my tail between my legs just because I was suddenly a minority. The flea market was divided into two areas and bisected by the ramp that allowed access to the rooftop parking. One area was obviously originally the loading dock, with high ceilings and large open cargo doors. This was the final destination on our flea market visit though, because like a haunted house at a county fair we were forced down a dark corridor and into a claustrophobic and exceedingly hot labyrinth of stalls.

I think this is going to look great on our wall next to our giant black velvet painting of a clown crying.

This second area contained the bulk of the flea market, comprising seven rows of cramped stalls that extended almost to the horizon. The first thing that was immediately apparent was that 99% of Chicago's gray market clothing was being sold at that flea market. Stall after stall offered five dollar Hilfiger shirts and ten dollar pairs of Levis jeans. If they weren't hocking direct rip-offs they were selling knock-offs like the Nike shoes that came in an unlabeled box for fifteen bucks a pair. Another thing I noticed was that Hispanic people are a lot more interested in religious statuary than Anglo-Americans. There were at least eight or nine booths selling various sorts of statues. At one such booth my eye was drawn to a set of particularly garish religious paintings.

Most religious art is content to rely on giant golden halos and beams of light emerging from Jesus to get across the fact that he was Holy and good. The art in this particular booth decided to one up those old-fashioned pictures of the Last Supper and boldly shout "this ain't your grandpappy's portrait of Christ". I ended up getting a picture of the Last Supper that featured a rotating wheel of lights behind it, but I was torn between it and a painting of the Crucifixion in which the flowing blood of Christ had been replaced with a series of blinking red lights. I guess these are intended to entertain you while you stare at them with totally classy reverence.

There were also numerous toy booths selling a variety of legitimate and less-than-legitimate movie tie-in merchandise. At one particular toy stall I was transfixed by a large Spiderman 2 package. Now at a normal toy store you're going to buy a Spiderman toy and you're going to get one or zero Spiderman figures depending on the toy. If you buy Spiderman's car you're probably not getting a Spiderman figure with the car. This action pack contained Spiderman's helicopter - I guess the footage of that got cut from the movie - and Spiderman's helicopter made raygun sounds at the push of a button. For most people that would be all you would really expect to get out of a Spiderman toy. The helicopter is definitely worth it, right? I mean you can buy a Spiderman figure separately if you really need to. But this toy wasn't content to offer just the helicopter, it included a Spider man figure.

Oh, did I say Spiderman figure? I meant four Spiderman figures of wildly different physiques and sizes. I guess Spiderman got his buddies together and they all put on their Spiderman suits for a hot night on the town.

"Hop in the helicopter guys! Oh, wait, there's only one seat. Well, you guys can hang onto the clip-on landing struts that are obviously from some other toy entirely while my raygun engine whisks us away to a land of pleasure!"

I negotiated the shopkeeper down to eight dollars on the Spiderman action set and continued on my way, pleased despite myself at the value I was cramming into this trip.

We did cross paths with several food booths, most of which offered south of the border treats that I had already tasted more than enough of. We also stopped by the most depressing booth in the entire flea market; the pet booth. This stall contained stacks of cages containing such uplifting sights as turtles in water that was black, shaking puppies in aquariums, and hamster and gerbil cages with no tops that were being swarmed by grasping children who kept picking up the animals in their fists. Nothing says "family shopping trip" like a stop by the gerbil cages so your kids can crush the ribs of a rodent while squealing with delight like some Faulknerian man-child.

Before we headed out I knew that I had to pay a visit to the numerous tables of bootleg DVDs. Each of these tables offered the following:

- "I, Robot" and numerous recently released films on DVD.
- Dozens of weird looking Mexican action movies on VHS.
- Hundreds of even weirder looking Mexican music CDs. Some of these had covers with things like a woman in a bikini, holding a machinegun, and floating in a ball of fire or a cowboy on a jet ski with a dog. At least now I know what the guys who drive by my apartment at two in the morning causing me heart palpitations with their stereo's bass are actually listening to.

After my successes with the Last Supper and Spiderman I felt I was up for a little black market dealing. I purchased The Passion of Christ, savoring the irony and rejoicing that I would finally see the movie without that milquetoast sadist Gibson seeing a dime of it. Sure it was in Spanish and I knew it was going to be a theatrical screener, but hey, like I'm going to sit through a movie in Aramaic anyway. At least this way I could pretend I was watching Telemundo and keep waiting for the guy in the bee suit to come out and help the Romans scourge the fuck out of Christ for an hour and a half.

I was amazed to see the minimalist disc art that Mr. Gibson had chosen.

Before we left I resolved to take at least one picture of the flea market for this article. As discreetly and as close to the exit as could possibly be managed. I got to where I had a decent view of the black market DVDs and tried to put out of my mind the fact that I was the only white guy there and I was taking a picture of potentially illegal immigrants buying illegal merchandise at a no-doubt illegal flea market. I have heard the expression "shooting daggers with his eyes" used to describe someone staring hatefully. When the flash went off it took less than a second for those hateful stares to become trained on me, and now I know that the expression has more truth to it than I had imagined. I could actually feel their angry gazes hitting me.

I was packing up the camera when my girlfriend, apparently oblivious to the simmering anger in the room, suggested a second picture. I gave her my patented "what the fuck?" look, but she was determined. She took the camera from me and began to line up a second photo. Now I love my girlfriend very much, but by that point I was quietly practicing saying "el pinto grande" and "si" so that I could try to blend into the crowd as the mob came for her. The camera is new, so as the potential rioters began to limber up their muscles for the inevitable lynching my poor girlfriend was standing there trying to figure out how to turn it on. More and more time passed, anger visible in the air as lightening crackling from person to person like a Jacob's Ladder, and my girlfriend still struggled on with determination.

Then she dropped the camera. In slow motion the brand new digital camera that every single angry Mexican and Puerto Rican in the room was staring at began to drop from her fingers towards the hard concrete floor. As it fell the corners of the watching crowd's mouths began to twist up in smiles. When it hit the ground it seemed to shatter like glass, which was - in hindsight - me projecting my horror onto the unfolding reality. My hand shot out and collected the pieces, stuffing them into my pockets with speed I did not know I had. We exited as quickly as possible.

"You would be the worst spy ever," I informed my girlfriend on our way to the car.

It was true, she would be the worst spy ever, but when I glanced back down the ramp at the crowd I realized they weren't chasing us. In fact, they were pretty apathetic. A few looked irritated but

most of them just went about their business like the two stupid white people were never even there.

That was going to be the end of this article but I felt I should take advantage of my digital camera (which miraculously survived) and wantonly and badly steal from Matt from X-Entertainment to showcase my shitty Spiderman figures.

Airman Johnny American's Mustang was hit by a lucky burst of flak, but as it plummeted to the ground in flames Johnny American parachuted to safety.

His landing was rough. It snapped both of Johnny's legs clean off at the knee! He gathered himself up and tried to perform first aid.

"Zee jig, es ist uppen Jabo!"
"Crud! Nazis!"

"Not so fast Commies!"

"Zere are too many of us to be kaputed by your autogyro Spidermensch!"

"Rarrrrrrrr!"
"Mein Leben!"

"Hooray!!"
"I guess those Nazis didn't count on me bringing Crazy Legs Spiderman and his friends!"

Guess Who Sucks!

This week, Dr. David Thorpe falls headlong into the recent music-press trend of overly simplistic top-ten lists. But you see, since he's a jerk and he hates everything, he has compiled a list of the top ten worst rock stars of all time!

> "Try to summon up a Lenny Kravitz single in your mind: is the title of the song either generic or an undisguised cliché? Probably. Are Lenny's vocals transparently imitative of Jimi Hendrix or Curtis Mayfield? Probably. Does it contain lots of fuzz-pedal guitar riffs? Of course it does. Lenny Kravitz has been releasing the same crap over and over again for fifteen years, and people who like to hear the same crap over and over again for fifteen years have been buying it over and over again for fifteen years. "

It's a list full of twists and turns and zings and snaps, culminating in a strange and unexpected plot twist! You'll be on the edge of your seat!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.3 Top Ten Ingredients for a Successful Comic Con Booth

Tuesday, Aug 03, 2004 by Rocco "Rocco" Botte

For those not "in the know" about the annual San Diego Comic Con, I'll give you a summary of its formula: take all the booths and sweaty fanboys from E3's halls, throw in a cornucopia of comic books and violent porn cartoons, then toss them together into one gigantic moist room. And much in the style of Walt Disney and his efforts to give certain Disneyland rides distinct aromas, the San Diego Convention Center employees pay equal attention to detail by having God Himself cut a post-Claim Jumper fart right into the hall entrance. While these ingredients create a plethora of sensations for any convention attendee, there are many more factors to consider for convention exhibitors. I, along with the rest of the Mega64 crew, was given a chance to run a booth there to promote our upcoming DVD - a challenge we were barely bold enough to face. For future generations to reference, I now present to you a list comprised of our own personal experiences: The Top Ten Ingredients for a Successful Comic Con Booth.

10. Make your booth look like home

Nothing will make you feel more comfortable and "chill" then decorating your booth as you would your own house. This includes peppering the area with ripped up tax forms and newspapers from home, along with freshly emptied Arby's cups and broken / stolen / burned merchandise from other booths. And just like your own home, never ever leave it! Don't be afraid to make the back corner your restroom. Any booth can have comics, but it will always be what the kids call "poo gas" that pulls in attendee interest!

9. Have a ready supply of mentally imbalanced cosplay fangirls

Ask any other exhibitors; you're NOTHING unless people attend the con dressed as you! This act is known as "cosplaying" and everyone at Comic Con does it. From "Sailor Moon Plus 160 Pounds" to "The Retard from Life Goes On," people just love to dress as their favorite fictional characters in

a futile attempt to escape their own horrid lives! This is truly a great way to spread the word. We had a group of cosplayers visit our booth dressed as Tetris blocks, who would fit together to form the Mega64 logo! Not only was this great promotion, but their costumes completely blocked the floor aisles, creating a fire hazard which put Elite security in a tizzy! Aside from Shawn's treehouse rape incident, there is no such thing as bad publicity.

8. Forge Autographs

People at Comic Con love getting autographs from their favorite stars. But as bad as you'd like Wil Wheaton to sign that tortilla warmer of yours, popular celebrities can be hard to come by. With this in mind, be sure to steal as many posters and press photos as you can, then crudely forge celebrity autographs across them. Derrick signed about 59 photos of Jim Carrey and one by one left them in the middle of the aisles. For hours we watched people see them on the ground and freak out. And once that got old, we gave these valuable momentos out as prizes, only to insanely laugh while ripping them in half and handing the pieces to the client. This practice establishes a sense of... okay, it was just really fun screwing with people.

7. Embarrass the Wachowski Brothers

Few may realize this, but the famed directors of the Matrix Trilogy, Andy and Larry Wachowski, were at Comic Con in disguise. I have been a huge Matrix fan ever since this duo asked the Pine Valley Preschool to design the hit game "Enter The Matrix," so I recognized them immediately. My girlfriend talked them into wearing stylish Mega64 pins, while I asked if they would like to appear in a Mega64 skit. They politely declined, stating they wished to remain incognito. This was unfortunate, as I had just sent out their location via "text-messaging" to my friends, who were already showing up in droves and asking important questions such as "why didn't Neo just turn really big to defeat Smith?" and "why would aliens invade Earth if their main weakness was water?"

6. Hire Frogger

We had Frogger from the hit video game series "Frogger" running around beating up other mascots and committing suicide in front of competing booths. This gained so much attention that Electronic Arts filmed him prancing about for an upcoming commercial, featuring the classic character as part of their "Remember When Our Games Were Original?" campaign.

5. Sell Crap... And Only Crap

Why spend money on quality merchandise when Comic Con attendees are ready to throw hard earned dollars at your own garbage? We auctioned off our beat up old cardboard Tetris block, which sold for $41 to "DorktorDoom" of the Something Awful Forums. This is a great deal for all, because basically we sold a cardboard box for $41, and now DorktorDoom finally has a place to live. We spent much of our booth time swiping free posters and tote bags from other booths, then scribbling over their logos and drawing our own all over them with stolen markers. Many of these items sold for over $10. At one point, Derrick wrote "MEGA64" all over a bunch of quarters and sold them for $1 apiece. He also convinced a man that we had the only Megaman Anniversary Collection poster outside of Ireland and sold it for $10, even they were giving them out for free at the Capcom booth 5 feet away. In fact, change the last 6 items on the list to "Have Derrick Work At Your Booth."

4. Anger People

Whenever people asked if we had shirts for sale, we promptly pointed to the "NOT 4 SALE!!" sign we had on a shirt that a friend made for us and watched them walk away. We had a Wheel of Mystery to spin for prizes, and swiftly took it off of the table as soon as a woman gathered her eight filthy children to spin it. She asked us where the wheel went, to which we acted like we had no idea what she was talking about. She then called us "absolutely rude" and took her kids away with her, probably back to hell. By doing this, we create "drama," which is something you may have seen on TNT, and as we all know, they get remarkable ratings. Do the math.

3. Porn Pocketer

There was some booth called "Kaiju" about a bunch of sad men that wrestle each other in Power Rangers costumes, and we took one of their DVDs, scraped off their logo and wrote GAY PORN on it. Then when we were talking with dudes from some other booth, out of the corner of my eye I saw an old man pick up the disc, read what we wrote on it, slowly look around to see if anybody was watching, and then DISCRETELY WALK AWAY WITH IT.

I SAW YOU STEAL IT YOU MAN TAPPIN FOGEY.

2. People Love Caricatures

People love nothing more than having themselves drawn by a great artists, so bring a sketchpad and a creative mind. Also, be prepared to throw all that out the door when some sack of crap 12-year old spins your prize wheel over and over again because he doesn't like the prizes. You'll then want to draw him in the ugliest possible fashion with some sort of shirt that offends his sexuality like we did. He'll flee the booth crying, leaving you with an impressive art piece to hang on your fridge.

1. Some Guy Drank Bile

WE PUT A CONTAINER FILLED WITH HUMAN BILE ON OUR TABLE AND SOME GUY ACTUALLY DRANK IT

AHAHAHHAHAHAHA, YOU ARE A HORRIBLE DISGUSTING MUTANT

Thanks to all who came to Comic Con, and be sure to check out "Mega64: Version 1" coming to DVD here at Something Awful later this month.

And now for something completely different

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here with a Goldmine unlike anything I've done before. Last week forums Goon Slo-Tek was given some slides from his father, a member of the United States Navy. Slo-Tek scanned them all, then fixed what few color issues there were. The results are amazing, and the photos are powerful. At the end of the article, there will be links to desktop wallpaper sized images. I'd like to show you all a side of Something Awful that you don't get to see too often.

Here is a preface quote from the photographer, Dr. Robert Reiheld.

> My son asked me to comment on these pictures. They were taken 71-72. They are all ektachrome, most of which were processed by the photo lab on the carrier. A couple of them were done at the wrong temperature, which gave an interesting blue cast that was "artistic". If you correct them in Photoshop, they don't work as well.

My sincere thanks go out to forum Goon Slo-Tek for posting the pictures and to Dr. Robert Reiheld for taking the pictures, posting comments on each one, and for his service to our country. Please enjoy this week's Forum Goldmine, "Pop's Vietnam Slides."

-~Rocco "Rocco" Botte

8.4 Welcome to the DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station Update Service

Wednesday, Aug 04, 2004 by DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dynamars Corporation Information Kiosk series.

**Welcome to the Ares Station Update Service. This appears to be your first visit to an information kiosk. Please read each update in full.

**This kiosk is designed to keep you up-to-date on the latest developments pertinent to residents of the DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station, the premiere living and research colony on Mars. As you know, there have been a number of technical difficulties as of late. Please take a moment to review each entry.

***** 6-5-2293 - First Entry**

On behalf of the DynaMars Corporation, welcome to Ares Station! As of today, we are officially open for business! You are now standing in the most advanced structure ever conceived, and we are tremendously honored to host you! Four decades of planning, research, and construction have finally paid off. Enjoy the fruits of our labors. Enjoy life on Mars!

Please take advantage of the Ares Station Update Service, accessible from kiosks located in the entrances to each area, for all the latest news!

Once again, welcome!

***** 6-18-2293 - New Entry**

Area 3 is reporting total failure of the Electron Catalyst Dephazer, which accounts for the lasers shooting through the neighboring Area 3 Dining Hall and the power failure in the Area 3 Daycare Center. The situation should be resolved in two days time.

DynaMars Corporation cares! We have heard your complaints about constantly getting lost, and we are working to resolve the matter quickly. We know that Ares Station can be hard to navigate, but do not worry - help is on the way! All kiosks and personal datapods will be updated tomorrow with maps and navigation systems for the station.

***** 6-19-2293 - New Entry**

Due to a freak accident with a DynaMars Corporation workstation, all maps and diagrams of the Ares Station have been lost. We are working to recover this valuable data as quickly as possible. In the meantime, we have dispatched a crew to map out the station

and install a handy navigation system in all station kiosks and personal datapods. The mapping crew should arrive shortly.

***** 6-20-2293 - New Entry**

We regret to inform you that the Electron Catalyst Dephazer is now operating on its own free will, and continues to shoot lasers into the Area 3 Dining Hall. We have set up a replacement dining hall in what was the Area 5 Recreation Center. We have also relocated the Area 3 Daycare Center to Area 4's Conference Hall.

***** 7-4-2293 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation would like to wish all its employees a happy July 4th!

By now you have all heard about the disturbance in the Area 5 Quantum Labs. Ares Station's security force had to use their entire supply of tranquilizer darts to subdue the 22-member scientific team working in Quantum Labs after they were overcome with madness and reportedly imbued with supernatural strength. Unfortunately, all members of the team died shortly thereafter due to internal bleeding and hemorrhaging.

As you know, Quantum Labs has been at the forefront of energy bar research. The QL science team had been working diligently to tap into the human life force to produce the very best in delicious and healthy energy bars. DynaMars Corporation is deeply saddened by the loss, but nonetheless will be continuing research with a new science team arriving in 4 days time.

Sadly, there is a second tragedy to report on. The 4-person mapping team that arrived here days ago is no more. All four members took their own lives in violent fashion. We are investigating alternative mapping agencies to help us with our navigation problems. In the meantime, we have put up helpful arrows to direct you to the most vital of areas. DynaMars Corporation is deeply saddened by this tragedy and offers its condolences to the families of the mapping team.

***** 7-8-2293 - New Entry**

Please send kudos to the lighting director, Chief Engineer Paskiewicz, for his minimalist style that has reduced basic power consumption by 90%. This was a necessary adjustment due to miscalculated power needs. We are expecting a shipment of flashlights to arrive in the next few days.

DynaMars Corporation would like to assure the residents of Ares Station that the station isn't rearranging. We understand that the layout is confusing, but we assure you that it is impossible for the station to change its layout without our knowledge. Again, the station is not changing.

The Atmospheric Processing Center in Area 2 is now infested by an alien growth of unknown origin. All research into the infestation has been futile, as the alien growth absorbs any organic matter that comes near to it. If you work in the Atmospheric

Processing Center, please conduct your work using the remote consoles in the Area 2 Emergency Command Center, temporarily located in the Area 7 Smoking Lounge.

We regret to inform all station residents that a bear is loose in the Area 1 Cargo Bay. Due to a lack of tranquilizer darts, we are unable to subdue the bear. Chief Security Officer Parsons alerts us that the use of any conventional firearms in the Cargo Bay could compromise hull integrity. We have no choice but to quarantine the Cargo Bay. This will delay distribution of flashlights.

We apologize for the inconvenience.

***** 8-12-2293 - New Entry**

The elevator bridging Area 3 with Area 4 is now servicing an unknown dimension if you press the glowing red skull growing out of the elevator command console. We advise you not to touch this skull. To ensure utmost safety, please use the emergency stairs.

Professor Platt, our chief animal researcher, is working on a solution to the Cargo Bay situation. He believes he will be able to negotiate with the bear, bartering for necessary station supplies with honey packets stored in the Area 3 Kitchen, just as soon as a team is able to get past the Electron Catalyst Dephazer's laser storm.

***** 9-15-2293 - New Entry**

We have an answer in regards to the intercom problem! It appears that some of Professor Platt's research into linking animal and machine minds has gone haywire. Specimen 042, a male Pommeranian duck, was linked with the Main Processing Control System. This was the source of the constant quacking being broadcast over the intercoms for the last seven hours.

Professor Platt informs us that to forcibly disconnect Specimen 042 from the Main Processing Control System would lead to catastrophic shutdowns of all vital station functions. He is working to coerce the duck into voluntarily disconnecting. In the meantime, we are working to disable to intercom system for some much needed peace of mind.

Professor Platt also informs us that he is making great progress in negotiating with the bear. With the honey packets secure, it's only a matter of time before the bear agrees to surrender and work with us. DynaMars Corporation is committed to solving the bear crisis in a timely fashion for the benefit of all Ares Station residents!

***** 9-30-2293 - New Entry**

We regret to inform you that a second bear is loose in Area 8's Communication Center. We are unable to communicate outside of the base now. This is to our advantage, though, as a lack of communication will result in the dispatching of an emergency rescue crew. The crew should be able to help us neutralize both bears.

We believe that the second bear was able to send a message to the first bear, as it has given up hold of the Area 1 Cargo Bay and is now in control of the Area 4 Conference

Hall. The temporary daycare center has been relocated to the Area 1 Cargo Bay as a result.

Flashlights are now being distributed at the entrance to the Area 6 Ventilation Control Tower.

Chief Security Officer Parsons believes the bears may be trying to link up. Should the bears be allowed to mate, there is a risk the station could be overrun with bear offspring. He is confident he can outsmart the bears. DynaMars Corporation is giving Chief Security Officer Parsons full support, and is reassigning the replacement members of Quantum Labs to aiding in the bear crisis.

***** 10-3-2293 - New Entry**

Both bears plaguing Ares Station have been neutralized, though fifteen security officers were killed in the process. Quantum Labs plan to feed the bears experimental energy bars worked, though it came at a high cost.

We were able to make contact with the rescue team before they arrived. They were rerouted and regular supply shipments should resume shortly.

Quantum Labs has once again been reassigned to its primary research field.

Chief Security Officer Parsons plans to hold funeral services for his dead crewmen in two days time in the Area 8 Spiritual Needs Facility. DynaMars Corporation deeply regrets the loss of life in the bear crisis.

***** 10-20-2293 - New Entry**

We are getting scattered reports that the disabled intercoms are now bleeding human blood. Chief Engineer Paskiewicz believes it to be a simple technical error, and is working to resolve the matter by investigating computers in a previously unknown section of Ares Station connected to Area 7 Engineering Control that was just discovered days ago. The bleeding intercom situation is his highest priority at the moment. Once that is dealt with, he will handle the problem of all the station monitors displaying upside-down.

There may be intermittent intercom activity throughout the week. We will try to keep them offline as much as possible, as Professor Platt is still working to disable Specimen 042. With the bear crisis out of the way, he is working full time on the problems plaguing the Main Processing Control System.

***** 10-25-2293 - New Entry**

If you need to get to Area 7 Engineering Control from Area 8 Sanitation Processing, please be advised the connecting gateway is out of service. There is a detour available, accessible in the Area 8 Sewage Corridor L-7. The broken pipe in Sewage Corridor L-7 empties into a mineshaft that connects with the previously undiscovered section in Area 7 Engineering Control.

Chief Engineer Paskiewicz has fixed the upside-down monitor problem by updating video card drivers station-wide.

Although Chief Engineer Paskiewicz was unable to stop the intercoms from bleeding, Professor Platt was. By finally convincing Specimen 042 to relinquish control of the Main Processing Control System, all intercom bleeding and quacking has ceased. Ares Station takes a bold step towards returning to total human control!

***** 10-26-2293 - New Entry**

It appears Specimen 042 did some good while in control. A survey team found that the alien growth infecting Area 2 Atmospheric Processing was dead. A review of logs shows that Specimen 042 disabled all life support systems in that section, thus depriving the alien growth of air. With the exception of the Electron Catalyst Dephazer and the elevator between Areas 3 and 4, Ares Station is meeting all operational expectations. DynaMars Corporation wishes to thank the residents and workers of Ares Station for their heroic efforts!

***** 11-2-2293 - New Entry**

Ares Station Commanding Officer Kyanka issues important update:

> EVACUATE THE STATION IMMEDIATELY! PROCEED TO EMERGENCY ESCAPE PODS IN AREAS 2, 3, 5, 6, AND 9 AT ONCE. The base is overrun with bears! Avoid areas 1, 4, 7, 8 at all costs! THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF THEM!
>
> SECURITY PERSONAL IS DOING EVERYTHING THEY CAN, BUT YOU MUST HURRY AT ONCE TO THE ESCAPE PODS!
>
> WE CANNOT HOLD THE STATION ANY LONGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG
>
> ****TRANSMISSION INTERRUPTED****

**End of updates. Thank you for using DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station Update Service!

-~DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

8.5 The Tapir: Nature's Fantastic Blunder

Thursday, Aug 05, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Tapirus bairdii
Lifespan: 25 to 30 years
Average weight: 350 to 800 pounds
Area found: Central and South America as well as in Southeast Asia
Smell: Bold, like a bloated corpse rotting in the jungle heat.

Tapirs are wonderful, gentle creatures that are soft, sweet, and full of meat. I wanted to dedicate today's update to tapir because a lot of people are ignorant of this magnificent and noble creature from the wild kingdom. I also wanted to raise awareness that these amazing animals are in perilous danger due to the unchecked growth of human populations in their habitat. I know you are probably thinking "Hey Frolixo, you jerk! This is supposed to be a comedy website, not your personal forum to discuss zoological oddities. I want my money back!" Well first of all, this website content is free of charge so no money will be returned to disgruntled readers seeking a refund. Second of all, don't you think sometimes you need to put away the jokes, riddles, and horseplay when you have an opportunity to make a difference for the better in the world? So shut your filthy pie holes, and please join me on this wonderful journey of enlightenment as we learn about one of the world's most splendid of all creatures, the tapir!

The natives call the tapir "Mocho Muno" when translated means "horse with downs". Indeed the tapir's closest relatives are the horse and the rhino. One tribe in South America believe that the tapir was a result of a curse by and evil Incan wizard who, when angered by a tribe that refused to pay him tribute, took all of their pigs and horses and shot a magic fireball at them, resulting in a strange looking creature that is the tapir. Of course this is not the case because natives are stupid, but the beast's strange looks do attract a lot fear and distrust from people. The number one cause of death to tapirs are boat propellers, usually from uncaring individuals that get drunk on boats and aim for the poor tapirs taking a bath, splashing water to and fro with their elongated nose. People who don't know about the pure heart and tenderness of these wonderful animals are much more apt to kill a tapir on sight, like my uncle who has killed 8 tapirs in the last month on his bourbon-fueled boating hootanannies. We need to learn about the tapir, and share the knowledge with friends.

Tapir Tip: In the movie 2001: A Space Odyssey, the bone thrown into the air that turns into a spaceship is a tapir bone.

Tapirs love bananas. They love to romp in the jungle all day long, eating bananas and chasing small children into the river where they are swept away to a great waterfall and onto the jagged rocks below. Sometimes tapirs get together in large packs and have a rumble with another group of tapirs on the other side of the river. Their nose can move in all directions, smelling all around them, or themselves to see if they are stinky enough to attract a mate. The back straps and ribs of the tapir are their most tasty portions when BBQ'd correctly. They are very difficult to catch because of their sense of smell and tough, thick skin, but are most commonly captured and killed with a net and a spear. If you get a good spear thrust in one of their lungs,

it is wise to let them go and follow their blood trail back to their nest, so you can gather up the young and deep fry them for a taste sensation. Is there anything tapirs can't do?

Tapir Tip: Tapirs have 4 toes on each front foot, and 3 on each back foot.

The tapir has remained mostly unchanged for the past 20 million years. It has proven to be fully adaptable to its habitat, well-suited to survive in harsh climates with their tough hide and wily brain. A few scientists say that the tapir is smarter than the cat, dog, or even the chimp. Admittedly, those scientists happen to be tapirs, so this new theory is not without its critics claiming favoritism. Tapirs love to swim, and can reach speeds up to 50 MPH if chased by a shark or boat. Actually, the tapir's natural enemy is the elephant seal, and major battles over territory occur when a male tapir tries to mate with the mother of a bull elephant seal. Tapirs are very sexual creatures, and have been even called by one noted researcher "total sluts". Indeed the tapir is very "loose" when it comes to mating, and more than one native of the jungle has stumbled upon a tapir orgy of such debauchery and basic animalistic sensuality, that they usually get a boner and flee the scene in a mixture of horror and arousal.

This beast is truly magical and we should all appreciate the sacrifices the tapirs make to ensure our freedom in this country. I took the time out of my busy schedule of shooting my BB gun at neighborhood children to spend 2 minutes composing a poem about our friend, the tapir. It goes a little something like this:

oh tapir
lets go on a caper
of whimsy and magic
a beast that is tragic
oh tapir, horsey with downs
oh tapir, looking like clowns
you are true to my heart
we shall never part
oh tapir
you give me the vapors
I love you so
you make me happy when I'm feeling low
oh tapir

Thank you. I do parties and Bar Mitzvahs.

Tapir Testimonials

I would now like to share my firsthand experience with a tapir with you. The year was 1986, the summer of love. I was just a young lad in Munich, working at my papa's pretzel house until grammar school started up again. Wearing fresh lederhosen and a feathered cap, I was a perky and bold youth, with a bright future laid out before me. Just then, a fire broke out in one of the pretzel ovens! I rushed to get the pretzel out, tossing it out of the oven towards the bucket of safety water. Alas, I missed the bucket, and the pretzel hit the curtain, causing the flame to spread up the wall and onto the ceiling! I was doomed, and as a burning timber fell on top of me I closed my eyes for what I thought would be the last time. Just then I heard a loud bleating, and smelled something pungent, like rotting eggs. It was a tapir, and he knocked the flaming log off me, picked me up in his mouth by

the straps of my lederhosen, and carried me outside to safety! I was alive, and it was all thanks to a brave tapir. The creature then started to try to eat me alive, starting with my legs. Thankfully a feuerwehrmann came along and killed the tapir with an axe before it could gnaw through the bone. I still walk with a limp, but if it wasn't for that wonderful tapir, I wouldn't be here today with all of you wonderful people. Cheers to the tapir!

Tapir Tip: The Nazis used tapirs to guard Jewish prisoners in the second World War.

Before I can let you go on with your busy day of work, school, or masturbating if you're unemployed, I want to share a collection of interesting factoids that I've collected on the tapir. I think you will find it enjoyable or at least better than getting your wisdom teeth out.

- Tapirs are hatched from giant eggs, and resemble giant slugs until they grow legs after 6 months.
- Napoleon Bonaparte kept a tapir by his side during all of his military campaigns.
- The milk from a tapir is extremely acidic, kind of like the alien blood from 'Aliens'.
- Josh "Livestock" Boruff is a tapir in real life.
- If you are ever lost in the jungle, you can use a tapir as a compass because they can only walk towards the north.
- Never get a tapir wet, expose it to sunlight, or feed it after midnight.
- If you look a tapir straight in the eyes, it might try to mate with you. If this happens, then it's best to play dead and let it have its way with you.
- The tapir is Atkins friendly.

Amazing! In celebration of this creature, and of all the great things we learned together today, I want to give back to the readers and hold a coloring contest. I know a lot of you out there are highly skilled with crayons, so I want to see a lot of submissions from you guys. Click this picture for the full size, and when you are finished, send it to my email HQ in the North Pole.

I will announce a winner of the "Something Awful Color a Tapir Internet Contest" next Saturday. The grand prize is a cash prize of $1.34 sent by Paypal, and the runners up get a custom poem written by yours truly. I hope you all had a lot of fun today, and learned a lot. So please remember to open your heart and let the tapir in. But not literally because that would probably kill you. Good day!

The Untitled Document: Nature's Most Hated Serial Novel

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here to entertain and amuse once again with another chapter of "Untitled Document". Things are getting saucy once again in Chapter Twelve, which marks the return to the narrative of everyone's favorite lesbian secret world government ruler Raylene.

> *She allowed herself a few minutes to sift through jumbled memories of Tara. Flying air cover in Apaches over a downed alien probe vessel. Making love on the floor of Congress while it was closed thanks to a planted terrorist threat. Their incredible teamwork whenever they tortured the truth out of a suspected double agent.*

Read it before all of the copies are sold out!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

8.6 Cracking the Case!

Friday, Aug 06, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I am not a very civic minded person. When my name came up in the magical lottery of jury pool selection I received a letter informing me that I was a backup juror. All I had to do was call at a certain time and on a certain day to see if I made it into the jury pool. Being so intensely passionate about court service I promptly forgot about the letter and forgot to make the call, which resulted in a second letter some weeks later informing me that "Bitch you ARE on jury duty now". I was served like a fool on the dance floor and had a healthy reminder that I had to follow through this time or else face fines and contempt of court charges. Horrifying daydreams of being part of a sequestered jury for three months ran through my head and for weeks I looked with dread towards my scheduled day of civic service.

The Daley Center is probably best known for the Picasso sculpture outside.

I arrived at Daley Plaza - Chicago's immense court nexus in the heart of the Loop - bright and early at 8:00 AM. I passed through the large and heavily staffed security checkpoint and up to the 17th floor where I was assigned a "panel number". This meant that I was part of a group with a few dozen other potential jurors who would be called and reviewed to see if we're up to snuff for a given case. Most of the Daley Center is extremely nice on the inside, with impressive views of downtown and wide open hallways. The jury pool area is not like this. In fact it's like a massive and really crappy bus station, where half the seats are metal folding chairs, the one TV is just sound without video, and the bus you're waiting for may or may not arrive in the next eight hours. I was fortunate enough to only have to wait in the jury pool for about two hours before my panel number was called.

The courtroom was packed full of prospective jurors and 14 at a time they were called by name and arranged in the overflowing jury box. We were given the information that the case was about a guy in a car accident who was trying to sue the person responsible for the accident for damages. Despite my best efforts to blurt out information that would invalidate me as a juror I was selected as the 12th and final member of the jury and sent back to the jury room. Thus began my role in the case of Megahead Badneck.

The Case of Megahead Badneck

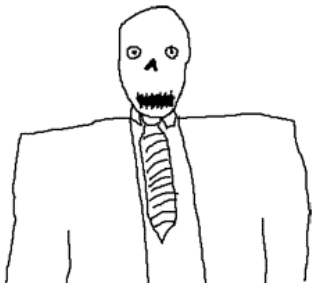
Bighead's giant noggin' and terrible injury get his neck shaking once again.

Overview: Megahead Badneck is a man with a very large head and shiny head. He was involved in an automobile accident in which his vehicle was rear-ended by the defendant. The defendant was traveling no more than five miles per hour and no vehicles involved in the accident sustained any damage whatsoever. EXCEPT Megahead Badneck's car seat, which fell back into the reclining position violently and, due to the immense size and weight of his head, caused delayed reaction neck trauma! Yeoowwwch! Poor Megahead went home unaware that he was injured and even repaired his car seat completely before realizing that his neck hurt terribly. Fortunately he found a chiropractor seven days later who was willing to treat him 25 times for his neck injury and then vaguely testify that poor Megahead's giant head caused whiplash in the accident. Megahead Badneck was suing the defendant for injuries resulting from the accident, including theoretical medical costs that would arise from his permanent neck trauma.

The Attorneys: Hotshot McAllstate represented the defendant and was the sole person present for the defense. I guess the actual defendant was probably too busy out being a menace to the road with her reckless five mile per hour drag races. Hotshot was a well groomed and well coifed young man who was a good speaker, did not spend too long pontificating or cross examining, and offered up a concise and clear view of events. His opponent was Methuselah Mummy, a Crypt Keeper-like old man whose suit looked like it weighed more than he did. Methuselah was very passionate about Mr. Badneck's serious injury, and although he could never get his story straight he sure loved to talk about it at length.

The Witnesses: The only witness other than the plaintiff to take the stand, by deposition, was the chiropractor who treated Megahead Badneck. The deposition, for those of you not in the know, was a sworn statement and cross-examination taken by both attorneys outside of the courtroom. The part of the chiropractor was played on the stand by one of the lawyers from Methuselah's law firm.

The Case: At the beginning of the trial we were informed by both lawyers that the defendant had admitted fault in the accident. The story went that the plaintiff was pulling into a left turn lane and inching forward to turn when the defendant, also in the left turn lane, inched forward and did not stop in time. Initially Methuselah described the impact as "substantial" and "packing a lot of power" and claimed that as the car slammed into Bighead's like a hurricane it crushed the seat and broke it, sending Bighead plummeting to the floor of the car. The way Methuselah described it Bighead fell as if he had taken the uppercut express off the walkway on the spike level of Mortal Kombat.



Skeletor's got somethin' to say!

The defendant countered that Bighead had told police on the scene he was fine, despite his immense head, and drove his vehicle home. He showed us photographs of the plaintiff's

car and they displayed absolutely no damage, not even dents or scratches on the bumper. Bighead never visited a doctor, his attorney did not have anything but the chiropractor's deposition saying that Bighead was even injured, and that was vague.

Speaking of the deposition, watching someone read a deposition is possibly the most horribly dull thing you can experience in court. Both lawyer and stand-in witness read directly from the printed copy of the deposition and act like they are having a normal witness examination. The thing is, none of them actually act, they read without rhythm like a bunch of fourth graders rehearsing a school play. Halfway through the testimony I was expecting the guy on the witness stand to get up and start telling us what the American flag meant to him.

"The flag is America. It means freedom. It is very nice in this country. America was created in 1776. It is the greatest country in the world."

The best part of the deposition - the only thing that made it worth hearing - was that the doctor actually testified that Bighead had a giant head. He said "His injury was probably exacerbated by the large size of his head. I mean, he has a really big head." I spent the next ten minutes ignoring the deposition and trying not to laugh at the sun-burned dome of Musk Mellon over at the plaintiff's table.

The only other person to take the witness stand was the plaintiff himself, and he admitted under cross-examination that he had visited chiropractors frequently before, that he attended work and played golf without interruption, and basically that he was asking for thousands of dollars to pay for his massages and hopefully to pay for future massages. I had made up my mind by the end of the day that Bighead was an enormous retard for even trying to bring this case to trial. He had no decent evidence that he was injured and he was asking for a ridiculous amount of money. His lawyer, either because of lack of evidence or senility, was also a train wreck and the entirety of his case came down to the fact that he had visited a chiropractor a week after the accident so obviously it was the accident's fault.

Unfortunately for those of us in the jury the trial did not conclude on day one. The lackluster closing arguments and jury deliberation would be saved for day two.

When we returned the next day we heard the closing arguments from the attorneys. Now, I said I had pretty much decided my vote on the case, but I was willing to listen to Methuselah's closing arguments with an open mind. Instead of undoing any of the damage his client's case had suffered during his own witnesses' testimony Methuselah went on a self-destructive rampage. He babbled for nearly 45 minutes about cluster headaches, electrical muscle stimulation, the extreme trauma that collapsed the seat, and ultimately it was he who mentioned the speed of five miles per hour. Hotshot followed up with his closing statements that lasted less than ten minutes and were pretty much a summary of how awful the plaintiff's case was. We returned to the jury room for deliberation.

Before I get to our exciting verdict I took some notes on some observations I made during the case and smuggled them out after the trial. These are just things I thought were amusing or interesting and jotted down to share with you fine folks.

- The Plaintiff's head was so greasy that roughly three-fourths of his forehead was composed of a bright reflection. He also had this weird dimpled bulge in the center of his forehead like maybe he had given birth to a child through his face much like Zeus.
- Whenever the judge would come to the jury room during our deliberation to answer a written question his response - after conferring with the lawyers -

was always "you have all the evidence on which to base your decision". I made fun of this Magic 8-Ball response to the judge's face and he did not appreciate my humor.

- The judge looked like Clarence Boddicker from Robocop. The court never instructed bitches to leave.
- I fell asleep four times in the jury room.
- One of the rejected jurors was a Hasidic Jew with a four foot long beard who answered all of the judge's questions with five minute responses that had to be interrupted. Thank G-D he was rejected.
- When Methuselah was doing the deposition he actually forgot his own copy of the deposition to read from and was going to cause a long recess to have his office print and collate a new copy until the defendant's lawyer reluctantly agreed to share. When Hotshot agreed to share his copy he stared pointedly at the jury. I think this is illegal or something.

Much to my chagrin not all of the other eleven jurors had reached the same logical conclusion as I had. Three of them, including the jury foreman we had randomly selected, believed that the plaintiff actually had been injured because of the accident and was due some compensation. Even they knew he didn't deserve the "40-60 thousand" that his lawyer had mentioned, but they suggested the defendant pay for the chiropractor visits he had already had. Our discussion of the meager evidence provided lasted for more than two hours before we convinced the three hold-outs that Bighead didn't deserve a dime.

When the foreman read the verdict the plaintiff's lawyer bolted up from his seat and looked like he was going to run out of the courtroom in tears. I had expected a reaction but not one so pathetic and extreme. He managed to calm himself enough to keep from fleeing and instead pace nervously next to the jury box while the judge polled the jury. That's where they ask each of us if our verdict is the same as when we were in the jury room. We were unanimous and the case came to a close.

For my two days of jury duty I was paid $34.40. The money won't last long, but the memories of those two days in court will last a...well...a couple months anyway.

Give me your clothes, your boots... AND YOUR HAT!

Heil readers! Livestock here with perhaps one of the more unsettling Photoshop Phridays in a long time. I'm not sure how or why, but the Something Awful Forum Goons just started adding hats to pictures of terminators. As I am a fan of absurd stupidity, I have no choice but to share it all with you. Enjoy a whole lot of cyborg killing machines decked out in funny hats!

Please read it before it's too late and we are all dead from that big apocalypse of 1997!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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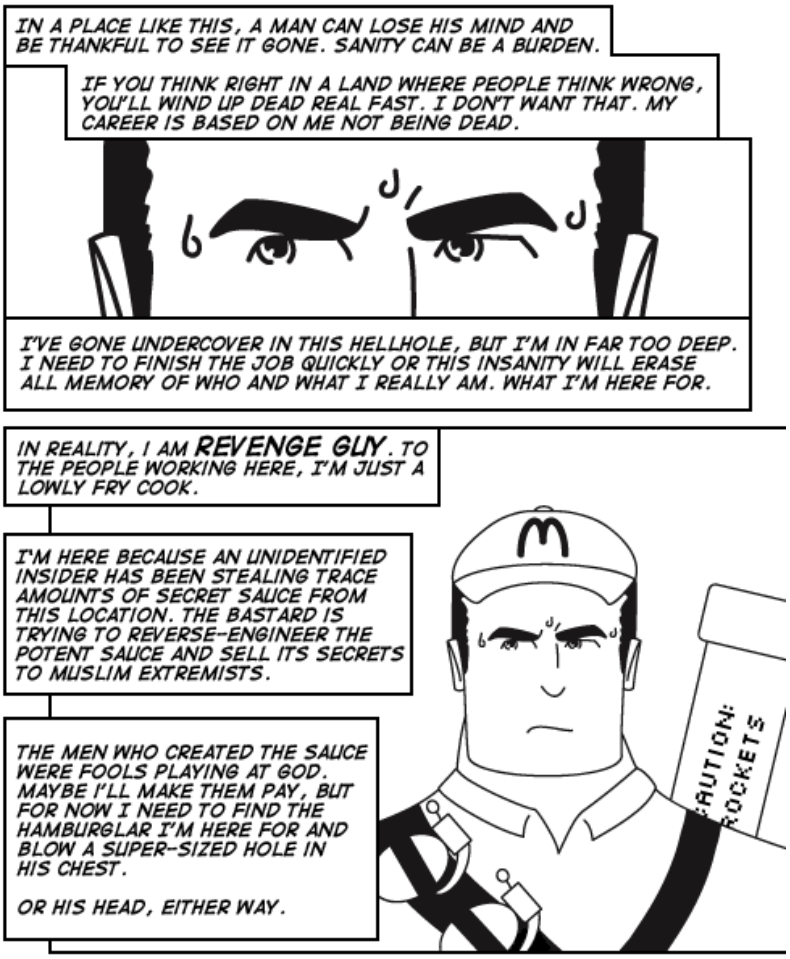
8.7 Comic Relief

Saturday, Aug 07, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell


IN A PLACE LIKE THIS, A MAN CAN LOSE HIS MIND AND BE THANKFUL TO SEE IT GONE. SANITY CAN BE A BURDEN.
IF YOU THINK RIGHT IN A LAND WHERE PEOPLE THINK WRONG, YOU'LL WIND UP DEAD REAL FAST. I DON'T WANT THAT. MY CAREER IS BASED ON ME NOT BEING DEAD.
I'VE GONE UNDERCOVER IN THIS HELLHOLE, BUT I'M IN FAR TOO DEEP. I NEED TO FINISH THE JOB QUICKLY OR THIS INSANITY WILL ERASE ALL MEMORY OF WHO AND WHAT I REALLY AM. WHAT I'M HERE FOR.
IN REALITY, I AM REVENGE GUY. TO THE PEOPLE WORKING HERE, I'M JUST A LOWLY FRY COOK.
I'M HERE BECAUSE AN UNIDENTIFIED INSIDER HAS BEEN STEALING TRACE AMOUNTS OF SECRET SAUCE FROM THIS LOCATION. THE BASTARD IS TRYING TO REVERSE-ENGINEER THE POTENT SAUCE AND SELL ITS SECRETS TO MUSLIM EXTREMISTS.
THE MEN WHO CREATED THE SAUCE WERE FOOLS PLAYING AT GOD. MAYBE I'LL MAKE THEM PAY, BUT FOR NOW I NEED TO FIND THE HAMBURGLAR I'M HERE FOR AND BLOW A SUPER-SIZED HOLE IN HIS CHEST.
OR HIS HEAD, EITHER WAY.
CAUTION: ROCKETS

That was a sample page from Revenge Guy, a dark crime-noir comic book that I created several years ago. An epic mix of The Punisher and Frank Miller's Sin City, it was much better than both and was set to be the next big thing in the world of comics. The backstory was incredibly unique. When Guy Machoson's family, weight set, and guns were blown up with a tactical nuke by common thugs who were robbing his house, Guy was left with nothing to live for. He took his guns (new ones) and headed to the streets, seeking revenge for all that he lost by killing every criminal on Earth. He supported himself by taking the dead lowlife thieves' dirty money and sometimes holding up 7-11s. It was brilliant. Sure, some women might have complained that Revenge Guy only featured females who got naked, and said that the book was demeaning and insensitive. But you know how broads are. They were probably on the rag or just fat and looking for someone to take it out on. Probably both.

Unfortunately, Revenge Guy was never released due to bad timing: I sent it to a publisher mere days before they wrote to tell me that they hated it and would never publish it. I was too late, damn the luck! I often wonder how different my life would have been if I had sent it a week earlier. I'm thinking there would be a lot more jet-skis. Don't ask me why. I don't even live near water,

but it's just a hunch.

A true artist doesn't sulk and dwell on the past. Although Revenge Guy never made it to print, I'm moving on to new projects because quite frankly the medium of comics cannot survive without me. For my next book I'm going to make something even more unique. To challenge myself, I have to take my considerable talents into uncharted territories and make a comic unlike anything you'll find on the shelf nowadays. I've decided to do this by making a superhero book, Captain Invincible.

The first issue is only in script form right now, but I figured I'd give you a preview of your soon-to-be favorite comic. We open in a cafe, where Captain Invincible and a reporter from the Daily Planetglobe are conducting an interview over lunch.

Reporter: So what's it like to be Captain Invincible? Most of us can only dream of being invulnerable.

Captain Invincible: It's pretty great, but I'm not completely invincible.

Reporter: You're... not?

Captain Invincible: Oh goodness, no. Every hero has weaknesses. Mine are physical attacks of any sort, telepathic attacks, loud noises, and all germs and illnesses. *Especially* polio.

Reporter: Wait, what exactly are you invulnerable to?

Captain Invincible: Everything else, of course!

Reporter: Which is...?

Captain Invincible: Amazing! But don't worry, I've vowed to use these powers only for the good of mankind.

(Through the window which Captain Invincible and the reporter are sitting next to, we see the 12th National Bank across the street. Its doors fly open and a gang of robbers spill out while shooting wildly. Captain Invincible ducks under the table.)

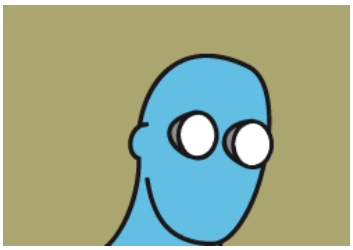
Captain Invincible: Good God, the bank has been robbed! Time for me to spring into action... let me borrow your cell phone!

Reporter: You're gonna call the cops? That's it? If that's all you do, why don't you at least have a cell phone of your own?

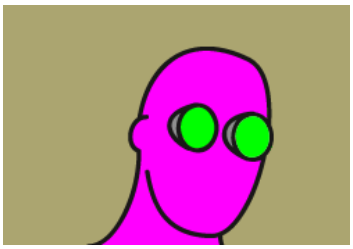
Captain Invincible: Are you kidding? A phone's delicate circuitry would likely fry with prolonged exposure to my unfathomable power! It's immense! Besides... (lowering his head in shame, casting stark shadows across his troubled face in a full two-page splash panel) my costume has no pockets.

And that's just the first three pages! Of course, no hero is complete without his fair share of enemies. Consider classic villians such as Doctor Octopus, Doctor Doom, and the Unexpected Colonoscopy Man. These great bad guys had one thing in common: a PhD. Armed with this knowledge, I set forth to create what I think are some of the most memorable, unique, and deep supervillians in the history of fiction. First we have Doctor Burn:

Next up is the chilling Doctor Frosty:



And finally the dreaded Doctor Completely Invisible:



With so many formidable opponents, Captain Invincible runs the risk of being overwhelmed. He needs an ally, which comes in the form of Roy. Roy is a janitor by day and a Jedi hero - complete with light saber and a full array of force powers - by afternoon (Jeopardy is on tv at 7). A lot of people ask me if I'm afraid George Lucas will sue me for copyright infringement, but I checked and there's no character in Star Wars named Roy, so I'm okay.

So ends the inside scoop of my comic. Now that the word's out, I'm sure the major publishers will begin a fierce bidding war on Captain Invincible that will only end in a lucrative publishing deal or bloodshed. Or maybe a publishing deal that bleeds like some spooky contract of the damned, if they still make those. Call your local comic store to reserve your copy of the first issue today, and if you accidentally call the wrong number be sure to ask if anyone named Pete is there. Somehow I've never met anyone named Pete, but you'd think there would be a bunch of them out there.

State Og

I'm not sure if you're aware of this, but the bathrooms at State Og are roughly half the size of normal bathrooms in every way. Even the toilets and fixtures themselves are built to half-scale. Because of this, some folks say that Og agents are actually leprechauns of a sort, and that if you manage to corner one in a stall he'll give you wealth beyond your wildest dreams. Others say that half a bathroom is all we really need, and that State Og agents are a gentle and unassuming lot

who simply don't give in for the extravagant ways of people like you and I. Which is the truth? The world may never know.

> *Collection agencies can no longer pester people with incessant phone calls, but who says we can't send over a dozen deaf people to follow them around all day and constantly tell them in synchronized sign language to, "Pay their fucking bills!" If this doesn't work, the deaf agents break out the semaphore flags, which is the deaf person's way of shouting.*

Check out this week's update!

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.8 ELEAWTA Newsletter for August, 2004

Sunday, Aug 08, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

In the beginning there were animals. Then came Man. Then, there were a whole hell of a lot less animals. One man looked out over all of the species that were fading from the Earth and realized that many of those in danger were themselves dangerous, possessing sharp claws, many teeth, and myriad defenses. He realized also that he did not care about the other endangered animals in the least. In the interest of preserving the memory of the dangerous animals, most notably their flavor, after they vanished completely, that man started an organization - Eating Lethal and Endangered Animals While They're Alive. ELEAWTA, a growing organization of like-minded individuals, has since gone to whatever lengths necessary in their endless quest to find the most dangerous and endangered animals alive, defeat them in one-on-one combat, and eat them before they are gone forever.

Working for a Better Tomorrow For Us All

I'm back, jerks!

Hello once again, loyal members and assorted hangers-on of ELEAWTA, the only worldwide organization devoted to beating the living crap out of endangered animals for the benefit of all mankind. Things have been quiet for some time. Perhaps you thought this esteemed organization was defunct? Perhaps you thought I had been imprisoned for cruelty to animals and various crimes against humanity? Perhaps you thought I would never resort to dredging up this tired premise? Well, I'm happy to say that you couldn't be more wrong, dumbass! I'm still here, and as the founder and president of ELEAWTA, I've spent the last few months advancing our great cause. I've traveled the world, meeting my fellow members and helping them in some of the most amazing endeavors ever attempted by mankind.

When some guy handed some other guy a tiny fake cannon in front of an American flag, I was there!

In Spain, I helped Fernando Verdago convince a rare Spanish Viper to put its life on the line in a high stakes game of chess. In Uganda, I refereed as Umba Ngogodo triumphed over the rapidly disappearing African Panther in a wrestling match in a kiddie pool full of K-Y Jelly, only to then triumph over some hollandaise sauce while eating the ferocious creature. As close as Vermont, I watched as Ike Gunderson was trampled to death while trying to pursue the protected Bull Moose. Truly, ELEAWTAns everywhere are accomplishing great deeds.

You know, as the organization's spokesman and entire legal department rolled into one, I face a lot of controversy and harassment over our beloved group and our goals. It's hard enough trying to dodge the press while simultaneously sending myself to issue bland, generic statements on my own behalf explaining while I'll never speak to the press, without having to face the kind of opposition that I encounter each day from animal rights groups, religious extremists, and sign-waving hippies. I've had to defend us against all manner of accusations. We've been called murderers simply because our one of our primary functions is to kill. We've been called crazy just because half of our members die in freak animal attacks. We've been called criminals just because we break the occasional dozen laws, statues, or federal preservation acts. We've been called a bizarre cult just because we gather each night and strip naked in praise of Grongomet, the many-armed weaver king whose word binds galaxies to his glorious plan. Well, frankly, I'm tired of all this bad press. We've become a joke to those who

stand against us. It's high time we cleansed the nonbelievers in a tide of blood and journalism. Just look at this recent article:

> *Latest craze - orang-utan kickboxing*

Now, I know at first, this headline makes it seem like a good thing. Well, except for putting a totally unnecessary hyphen between "orang" and "utan." Crazy Australians. But sadly, the article goes on.

> *AN international animal rights group has urged Thailand to ban kickboxing fights between endangered orang-utans, held daily at a Bangkok wildlife park.*
>
> *The orang-utans, wearing boxing gloves and shorts, are put in a ring and encouraged to fight their opponents using fists, knees, elbows and feet.*
>
> *The operators of Safari World animal park say the fights - which start with the Rocky movie theme and include bikini-clad chimpanzees carrying bout number cards - are choreographed and no animal is harmed.*
>
> *But animal rights groups said the apes were being exploited for profits and were destined for a short and miserable existence after their days in the ring were over.*
>
> *"It's outrageous. There's no question of it being justifiable in any sort of way," Cyril Rosen, of the International Primate Protection League, said.*

Now I ask you, what has this world come to? There was a time when Thailand couldn't be shoved around by some whiny International Primate Protection League. Dammit, I remember the good ol' days, when you could go to Thailand and see two orangutans pound the monkey snot out of one another while sexy, bikini-clad apes informed you of the round and brought you beer. Have we lost our way so much that the simple pleasures of monkeys in boxing gloves no longer unite us? Apparently not, as Cyril Rosen, would like to have us believe. Listen, Cyril, just because you're upset about your first name, don't take it out on the rest of us.

Now that's just awesome.

As I've always said, ELEAWTA is a humanitarian organization, so when I see something that harms mankind so terribly, such as the eradication of monkey boxing, I am forced to leap out of my seat and shout, "I shall not stand for this injustice!" Then I sit back down, because I'm a man of my word. But I believe that this is more personal. I think that Cyril Rosen and the Funky Bunch are gunning after us specifically. Think about it. Our mission is to engage the world's most dangerous animals in combat. Here we had a program which trained orangutans to defend themselves through kickboxing. Orangutans may not be endangered quite yet, but with the deadly art of kickboxing on their side, they would certainly qualify as dangerous. And that brings them one step closer to catching our attention, which is one step too close for the comfort of the International Primate Protection League. We have to send them a message that this sort of discrimination will not be tolerated. Please send a copy of the following letter to the International Primate Protection League representative near you.

> *Dear Cyril Rosen, or a designated Cyril Rosen substitute,*
>
> *For too long have animals rights groups like yours stood in the way of Eating Lethal and Endangered Animals While They're Alive (ELEAWTA). While you limit the scope of your organization to specific creatures, we work for the benefit of all mankind. Forcing*

Thailand to ban monkey kickboxing is the latest of many outrages perpetrated against us under the guise of "saving animals." Saving them from what, a zoo? That's like saving a fish from the ocean! It is clear that you simply do not want the monkeys to know how to fight, so that they can never pose a threat to human beings. How selfish can you be?

Let's face it - the environment is in a steady decline. With the state of the world, there's no telling how animals that are unable to adapt to changing climates and harsh pollutants will fare in the future. Idealism is a wonderful thing - we would all love to continue imagining that we will manage to repair the environment and all the species of the world will prosper for millennia to come - but someone has to face the reality of the situation. If people were honestly committed to repairing the damage we have done and continue to do to the environment, do you honestly believe that George W. Bush would have a chance in the upcoming election? ELEAWTA's primary goal is to document the flavor, texture, and best preparation of some of the world's rarest creatures before they are gone forever. Being fair-minded people, we also refuse to eat any endangered animal that cannot at least attempt to fight for its life. By depriving these monkeys of their combat skills, you simultaneously prevent us from ever finding out just what a well-trained, kickboxing champion orangutan tastes like. Can you honestly say that you know what type of wine best complements a kickboxing ape? Can you? I thought not. And if you continue your insane crusade against monkey boxing, we may never know the answer to that important question.

Perhaps it is time for you to stop being so obsessed with monkeys and start thinking about your human beings. Remember, man is the most precious primate of all!

Sincerely,

(your name here)

If we all do our part, they can't ignore us! For the time being, consider all orangutans off limits, but keep dreaming of the day when we will be able to walk through the streets of Thailand with our heads held high, pass an adorable monkey, and kickbox the fuck out of it. Happy hunting!

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

8.9 Live By the Xbox, Die By the Xbox

Monday, Aug 09, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I have long ignored the claims of pro-censorship dickshits that things like movies, TV, and especially videogames have the power to transform otherwise well-adjusted teens into murderous sociopaths obsessed with emulating the kill gorges of their favorite videogame. After all, I grew up playing videogames and so far Cook County District Attorney Matt Waters has only been able to link me to three spree killings and a plot to release Sarin gas in the ventilation system at Electronic Arts. I assumed that since I obviously wasn't crazy these videogames couldn't possibly be transforming decent boys and girls into turtle stomping blood-lovers. Unfortunately, the world has once again proven another of my theories wrong.

According to the Associated Press a Florida man was recently arrested for hiring a trio of teenagers to help him beat some girl almost literally into a pulp because she took his Xbox. What makes this story even more notable is that somewhere between beating her to death and getting back the Xbox they decided to beat five other people to death. There is some convoluted tale about squatters and going to jail for feeding Gremlins after midnight or something, but what it boils down to is that once again videogames have killed people. This case in particular demonstrates that fact because not only were the killings no doubt inspired by a cutting edge abomination like Doom or Mike Ditka Power Football, they also demonstrated that to many troubled people videogames are more important than another human life.

Once I had made that incredible leap from a disbeliever to a believer I knew that I had to do something about this plague on modern society. I lacked the financial resources and the political power to destroy the videogame industry, so that was pretty much out of the question. What I did have was a small grassroots organization I created called "Save a Gamer" that I could use to help the people who needed help the most; the brainwashed victims of the Liberal Jew entertainment industry.

My first step was to create a means through which myself and the other members of Save a Gamer could identify potential threats to public safety. I needed a way to find ticking time bombs like the Columbine shooters or that guy from "Diff'rent Strokes" who ate an old woman BEFORE they resorted to violence. I burned the midnight oil at the Save a Gamer HQ and with a little coffee and a lot of praying I came up with a number of danger signs that one of your friends or loved ones might be on the brink of a videogame inspired murder spree.

1. Has Posters For Video Games Up in Room/Apartment

Seeing posters up in someone's house or apartment for anything other than bikini models, cars, or gangster movies should make you immediately suspicious. If you actually see posters for videogames then this is a certain tip-off that your friend or loved one may be teetering on the brink of a homicidal rampage. It is important to note that this applies only to males as girls neither play videogames nor do they murder people.

2. Likes Marilyn Manson

Bikini model or black idol for the cult of the psychopathic skull-lover?

If the person admits to liking Marilyn Manson then they almost certainly harbor murderous intent. In fact, if they like Marilyn Monroe this should be sufficient to raise concerns. Go ahead and include M&Ms and especially Marshall Mathers (AKA Eminem) who counts for double.

3. Owns a Large Number of Weapons

This warning sign can be a bit tricky because dozens of law-abiding citizens own weapons. Everything from crossbows to sniper rifles can be put to use by your average hobbyist allowing them to do whatever people do when they collect a large number of weapons as a hobby. Maybe build model railroads that fire train cars out of a shotgun or something, I don't pretend to know. However, if you notice your friend or loved one collecting a large number of weapons that you have seen while monitoring their videogame usage then you need to be doubly careful. Some examples of these would be; giant swords, chain guns, SCUD storms, Triforces, wooden beer barrels, red key cards, power pellets, salt and pepper shakers, gun pods that orbit around them shooting whenever they shoot, and Pokemon.

4. Watches and Enjoys Japanimation

Some kids today have been so desensitized by videogames that they not only tolerate but actively enjoy watching Japanese cartoons or "Japanimation". Usually watching Japanese cartoons is a sign that your friend or loved one is contemplating sexual violence as opposed to murder. Recent statistics released by the Lord's First Church of Jesus Science and Cultural Meddling indicate that fully 95% of the audience for "Japanimation" will rape someone in the next year. Further studies demonstrate that this is because they have "empirically stepped out of the Light of Christ".

5. Miscellaneous Other Warning Signs

There can be dozens of signs that your friend or loved one is on the verge of turning towards violence because of a video game addiction. A few of these additional signs can be:

- Comes home from LAN games with bloody knuckles.
- Insists on calling regular claw hammer "Mjolnir, the Great Hammer of Thor".
- Uses instant messaging clients other than AOL Instant Messenger.
- Keeps a notebook containing short stories about Sonic the Hedgehog vivisecting classmates.
- When running laps in PE asks to bring a keyboard so they can hold down shift.
- Whenever they stub their toe negative numbers float out of their head.
- Attends a meeting at the office and asks what button skips the briefing.

- Probably has a computer with a case mod. If they do not own a computer then they have an Xbox with a case mod or some imported shitball Gamecube.
- Has probably written an FAQ for an obscure Japanese RPG that has a fan-translation patch for the ROM.

Don't limit yourself to just these warning signs. Danger can sometimes come from those you least suspect of being addicted and twisted by the foul temptress of gaming.

Having codified many of the warning signs of a "dangerous gamer" I decided to do my part for the betterment of society. I identified a "dangerous gamer" living in Portland, Oregon by the name of Joel Hampton. Joel's background is not particularly important to this article, but let's just say he worked on the low end of the IT spectrum and his life revolved around computers at home. I shouldn't even have to add that he was single.

With the help of my Save a Gamer squad we trailed Joel on his way to work and waited for him in the parking garage in our unmarked cargo van. When he emerged at the end of the day, myself and two other members of the Save a Gamer squad leapt from the back of the van wearing ski-masks and tackled Joel. Leanne quick-cuffed him with tie strips while I held him down and Rodrigo put a canvas bag over his head. Then it was off we went to the Save a Gamer Aversion Therapy Center.

Day 1

Joel was confined to his bedroom. The room contained a bed, a TV, and a Playstation 2 game console with the hyper-violent Japanese slaughter game Magic Pengel. Joel was a bit unwilling to do anything other than pound on the locked door and scream for help so he had to be sedated with sleeping gas.

Hate-inspiring kill-culture totem.

Day 2

At the beginning of Day 2 Joel awoke, fully bathed while he was unconscious, and somewhat groggily consumed breakfast. He watched some TV, although he seemed disinterested possibly because we had allowed him only closed-circuit access to three channels of religious programming and the All Christmas Network. After roughly half an hour of this he turned on the Playstation 2 and began to play Magic Pengel. Rodrigo burst out of the closet and beat Joel about the face and neck with a wet rope before exiting the room and re-locking it. Joel cried and then lay catatonic on the bed until he fell asleep.

Day 3

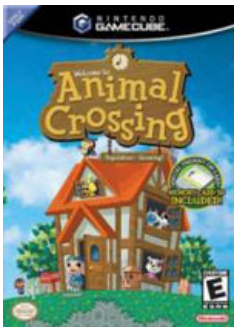
During Joel's night of sleep I snuck into his room and replaced his PS2 with a Gamecube and a copy of the baby-killing simulator Animal Crossing. When he awoke the next afternoon (too much sleeping gas) he was apprehensive about approaching the new console. Finally, after pacing and watching three hours of religious programming, Joel gave in to his addiction. No sooner had he hit the power button than the locked door to his room flew open and Leanne and I hit him with the high-pressure hose. While he was pinned up against the wall Rodrigo once again burst out of the closet and began beating him with a sack full of oranges. After several minutes of this Joel grew violent, probably because of his video game addiction, and had to be sedated once again with sleeping gas. Thankfully we had all taken the precaution of wearing gas masks.

Day 4

While Joel was unconscious Rodrigo mopped up the water and I carefully replaced the Gamecube with an Xbox console. While the Xbox is widely regarded as the "kiddie console" (a real misnomer since even playing games on your cellular telephone can destroy your sanity) I did manage to track

down a copy of the rape simulator Tetris Worlds. When Joel finally came to he decided not to touch the Xbox console at all that day. It seemed the aversion therapy was paying dividends already!

Day 5



Tombstone for the death of common decency.

During the night Leanne fell asleep while on monitor watch detail and somehow Joel turned on the Xbox without triggering the scramble alarm in the closet. Rodrigo slept peacefully in his hammock and I arrived the next morning to find Joel happily playing his little rape-fantasy game. I knew that to make gold out of the shit the situation had become I would have to ramp up the aversion therapy. I gathered a brace of police dogs from the kennel and kicked in the door to Joel's room.

To make a long story short, somehow the dogs broke free of their leashes and attacked Joel, biting off all but one of his fingers as well as his nose and one ear. The good news is that while Joel was maimed for life and the aversion therapy failed just as it was starting to work Joel also cannot play videogames anymore because of his crippling injury. I am also required as part of my state mandated sentence to explain that this whole process was an incredibly terrible idea and that you should not attempt to emulate it.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.10 Mushroom Kingdom Fall Fashion Report

Wednesday, Aug 11, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

With summer rapidly dying before our very eyes, we have no choice but to embrace the coming of autumn. Because of this senseless death, it becomes necessary for us to dispense with our comfortable summer attire and cloak ourselves in the garments of fall! Things are no different in the Mushroom Kingdom, where our good friend Mario must update his wardrobe in order to keep up with not just the changing seasons, but also the latest threats to his homeland security. One can never be too careful these days, because there is no true safe haven. We all know the old saying, "Danger is like a blimp, nubile and Rubenesque, and always looming overhead." Actually, that's not really an old saying, but nonetheless, it is key to understanding the nature of danger. Oh, and blimps as well. God bless those sultry sirens of the sky!

Thanks to some friends of mine at the Nintendo organization, a company you might have heard about on the television or the radio, I was able to procure a sampling of some of Mario's upcoming power-up enabled outfits. Like our last look at Mushroom Kingdom fashion, it appears that tradition is a thing of the past. Bust out your warp whistles, because you're going to want to do some whistling once you see these hot outfits.

Cyborg Mario

When the Princess gets killed in a bloody war, Mario does everything he can to save her, including warping through time. Unfortunately, with time travel being so unreliable for humans, he can only create a cyborg duplicate of himself and trust that it gets the job done. But how? THROUGH TIME TRAVEL! Oops, sorry. I already mentioned that. TIME TRAVEL!!! Anyhoo, all joshing aside, this relentless cyborg killing machine is sure to make short work of any enemy, from nefarious turtle to dastardly goomba.

Tactical Advantage: sports a wide assortment of firearms and explosives, incredible strength and accuracy, and a singular focus on duty. Sadly, Cyborg Mario cannot experience love or swim without short-circuiting.

Tommy Lee Jones Mario

Mario has often dreamed about knowing no limits, about not being afraid to pursue his enemies to the ends of the world and put a stop to them once and for all. Actor Tommy Lee Jones is known for playing characters like that. Not surprisingly, Mario is not afraid to emulate his favorite actor and engage in relentless manhunts for enemies such as King Koopa. Unfortunately, just like Tommy Lee Jones does in every other movie, Tommy Lee Jones Mario ends up chasing the wrong man! Still, the thrill of the hunt is a lot of fun, and Mario is quite accustomed to disappointing pursuits. How many castles has he stormed only to find out his fair princess was elsewhere?

Tactical Advantage: while being turned into Tommy Lee Jones can be considered somewhat of a disadvantage in that it sends you chasing down the wrong paths, it does ensure that you will at least be extensive about it. No castle, warp pipe, mushroom house, or beanstalk will be left unturned in the quest for justice.

Inside-Out Mario

Some problems call for incredibly unique solutions while other problems call for you to turn yourself inside out and handle things from an intensely extroverted viewpoint. After consuming a rare variety of inverted mushroom, Mario is able to literally spit himself out. The result is a disturbingly naked creature of raw muscle, bone, and organ running around raising hell for those who consider wrongdoing to be an acceptable practice. Who can argue with the morals of a man unafraid to show his inner character in such a primal way? Certainly not a turtle that throws hammers at innocent civilians.

Tactical Advantage: aside from sickening his enemies, turning inside out generally causes Mario to die in a matter of minutes from blood loss and exposure to germs and other foreign elements.

Consumer Advocate Mario

To combat threats and injustices facing the consumers of the Mushroom Kingdom, Mario jumps into action as a civil defender. Consumer Advocate Mario is prepared to write lengthy books critiquing the poor safety record of the Mario Kart, its lack of seat belts and tendency to explode and overturn, not to mention the lack of public good laws. Even gorillas and women are allowed to drive in the Mushroom Kingdom, a clear indication the laws are out of control. Going even further, Consumer Advocate Mario protests the innumerable unguarded pitfalls spread through the lands, the dangerous fireball traps and pointless cannons that constantly shoot at citizens and heroes alike. What about the war on drugs? Consumer Advocate Mario will decriminalize mushrooms and other substances, instead choosing to treat drug addiction as a health problem and not a costly war. In addition, Consumer Advocate Mario won't hesitate to stand up for his brothers in the plumbing union, knowing full well that only through unity can workers triumph.

Tactical Advantage: Mario gains added respect and appreciation from the Mushroom Kingdom public for making life safer. Unfortunately, this is not enough appreciation to translate into a career in politics should he decide to take that proverbial career warp pipe.

Upon examination, I sure am glad I don't play any Nintendo games or even own a Nintendo of any sort. Those people are all goddamn nuts.

Greasnin Goes Wild

Hello world, this is Ben "Greasnin" Platt here with a review of one of the most vile, detestable, family-friendly films the world has ever known. It's name is "Pocket Ninjas," and I hate it very, very much.

> *"Pocket Ninjas" opens with a silhouetted karate instructor going through various standard "look at me, I've been granted serenity through martial arts" moves, as a karate class made up of people who clearly weren't even bribed well enough to bother pretending they knew what they were doing practices the same blocking technique over and over again. My own personal studies in martial arts have been limited at best, but even I can tell that those blocks would be about as effective at stopping an incoming attack as shielding yourself with wet spaghetti. A Wonder Years-style narrator spews a load of crap about the best memories of youth. It is never adequately explained just which character this*

> *voice over is supposed to represent. My money's on Steve, the movie's token fat little bastard, but it could also be Damien, who is supposed to be the movie's central character despite appearing in fewer scenes than the rest of the kids. Talking about unforgettable moments, the narrator speaks of "Your first kiss... your first love... of course, there's always the first time you save the universe!" Let me make this clear right here and now:* ***at no point in this movie is the universe ever in danger.*** *All problems faced in this movie are on a strictly local scale. Don't let Dave Eddy, that unscrupulous shit, or anyone else tell you otherwise.*

This movie broke something in my brain. Read the review to find out what!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.11 Who Keeps Leaving This Shit All Over the Place?

Thursday, Aug 12, 2004 by Blue Guy #762,182

Hey, yeah, let's all run COMPLETELY UNARMED into PLAYER 1's jeep! What a great idea!

Greets gang, this is your old pal Blue Guy #762,182 here again with yet another update about my intensely frustrating life. As you might've noticed, I haven't been writing the monthly evil Video Game Henchman 563rd Union Addresses since last October or so, and I can only assume your concern has reached a critical level. Well it turns out that the 563rd Union here didn't like the outwardly negative tones of my updates, so they decided to hand over the reigns to Giant Fat Guy Who's Part Robot #4,361 in an attempt to appease those stuffed suits in upper management. Let me tell you something, this is complete bull honkey if you ask me. We're not supposed to be pawns of the administration yet, hey, let's hand over the podium to a guy who is incapable of communicating anything besides ominous warnings for PLAYER 1! What a great idea! Then why don't we spend $18 billion on a robot who ejaculates nuclear death and is completely invincible except for, oh, THE FIVE SECONDS HE OPENS HIS CYCLOPS EYEBALL IN FRONT WHICH IS COMPLETELY SUCCEPTIBLE TO ANY TYPE OF DAMAGE WHATSOEVER! Great thinking everybody, I'm sure this will put us on the fast track to world domination and succeed where we've failed the last, oh, 700 times or so!

I'll never be able to understand why they voted on Giant Fat Guy Who's Part Robot #4,361 to represent us. The guy's a roving idiot who couldn't stand up to management even if Mr. X implanted a cybernetic metal backbone into him. You don't believe me? Here, take a look at this junk from his last address:

> **OUTSTANDING ISSUES REPORT:** Robots with Spinning Blades demand more spinning blades and ability to spin blades faster so PLAYER 1 cant jump over or duck under blades during timed sequence. *THERE IS NO ESCAPE, PLAYER 1.* We meet with Tiny Green Guy Who Runs Around Giving Powerups Union and tell them to stop handing out valuable items inside our property or else we going to call cops and get they union license revoked. *YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE, PLAYER 1.* 57th Union of Janitorial Floating Robots demand a way to turn off the Five Giant Crushing Steel Cylinders which constantly go up and down all day for no reason. They need to clean the dead raccoons off the bottom of them cylinders. *YOU WILL DIE A SLOW, PAINFUL DEATH PLAYER 1.* Me hungry want food. Round ball hand stop.

Yeah, that's a fantastic piece of literature right there, Giant Fat Guy Who's Part Robot #4,361. You did such a wonderful job standing up for our rights as generic video game enemies and demanding we receive the outrageously basic benefits we both deserve and need. I'm sure with a winner like you in charge, we'll finally get that Federated Insurance health care plan we've been working on for the past three years. You'll just march right into CEO Mr. X's office and tell him "ME WANT NO DEDUCTABLES AND COVERAGE FOR ANNUAL ROUTINE VISION EXAMS, ME KILL PLAYER 1 WITH SMASHY GUN" shortly before doing that thing where you crouch down and then get up and crouch down again for absolutely no reason whatsoever. But hey, I don't want to sound bitter or whatever, I'm sure the Video Game Henchman 563rd Union knew what they were doing when they elected you. My only concern is that you don't.

I would spend hours and hours writing up the Video Game Henchman 563rd Union reports and this is how they treat me?

Anyway, I've got a few free minutes to write here since PLAYER 1 just came through here and murdered everybody with that one gun that shoots bullets in three different directions, all of which can somehow pass through solid surfaces like the ground. I was on shift last Tuesday and was doing my scheduled appointed rounds where I run forward 10 feet, turn around, run backward 10 feet, and then repeat over and over for the next six hours. I usually don't mind doing this because I just bring my Gameboy and play *Tetris* all day until I start hearing gunfire and bloody shrieks of my fallen comrades in the distance. Then I put it away and try to put on a good show so if Mr. X sees any footage of me, he'll think I'm doing a great job. I guess it doesn't really matter since it's clear Mr. X doesn't give a crap anybody he employs; if he did, then he'd at least pay to arm me with some kind of weapon.

Oh yeah, did I tell you guys about that? After I wrote my last update, I suddenly found myself "relocated" to the industrial toxic waste warehouse sector, that big rectangle that's about 30 miles long and 30 feet tall, most of which is full of glowing green barrels and various annoying mutants who hop around everywhere really quickly. I was stripped of my gun which shoots slow moving white circles, which I guess isn't such a huge loss since retarded children in wheelchairs can avoid the projectiles that thing tosses out. My supervisor, Giant Green Alien Tentacle Monster On Tank Treads #27 told me that my new weapon was "death touch," which I guess means that if I simply come into contact with PLAYER 1 then he'll die, but there's no way in hell I'm going out of my way to test that out. They don't pay me enough for that kind of crap; it's bad enough that I'm being paid minimum wage to run back and forth in this neon clown funhouse cancer pit.

As I was saying, there I was, doing my rounds and minding my own business like I'm paid to do. Not paid well, but that's another issue. After my 8,362nd pass, this gun just kind of magically appears on the ground in the middle of my route, and although I can't exactly stop to examine the thing, it appears to be one of those guns which shoots the fire everywhere and makes people like me blink repeatedly until we disappear. Now I'm not going to start bitching about how ridiculous it is for all of us to be outgunned **in our own damn bases** by PLAYER 1, but - no wait - hell yes I'm going to bitch about that! I am fully aware that Mr. X has a budget just like every other megalomaniac corporation hellbent on destroying the world with an orbital plasma cannon, but I feel it's completely reasonable to demand some kind of security precautions so PLAYER 1 doesn't find easier, more effective ways to murder us employees by the metric truckload. Here are a few ideas I came up with to at least slow down the number of employee casualties that are a direct result of giving free firepower to PLAYER 1 every 10 seconds:

> 1) You know all those training courses and seminars we have to sit through during initiation that say over and over how important it is to keep the floors clean of trash and other obstacles which might block our progress when we're running forward in a straight line? Well they could add something to them that says, "oh yeah, if you see a bazooka or nuclear rocket launcher just sitting on the ground, perhaps you should either pick it up and throw it away." If they want to make it really catchy so people remember it, perhaps they could get some kind of hip cartoon character like a tiger with sunglasses to rap out something like:
>
> > *Hey you cats, listen to me roar!*
> > *You better pick up that gun on the floor!*
> > *'Cuz if you don't, then I won't lie:*

You and 40 million employees is gonna die!

Then the cartoon could do some breakdancing and maybe that beatbox stuff where he makes drum sounds by spitting into his hands. Er, paws.

2) I know this sounds strict, but perhaps there could be some kind of "no gun" policy? Yes, I'm aware that sounds counter-productive at first, especially for an industry that is attempting to crush all forms of government resistance by building an army of jet planes that transform into robots that transform into giant poison gas-spraying howitzer cannon beetle monsters, but think about it: if PLAYER 1 comes rushing into our Outrageously Linear Research Labs, guns blazing (like he always does), then he'll run out of bullets awfully quickly. Once he's out of ammo, there's no way for him to kill us if we remove all the guns from inside the complex, thus preventing him from successfully powering up. I mean, the only thing we got going for us is that whole "death touch" deal, which is absolutely worthless unless we can somehow convince PLAYER 1 to touch us, which is near impossible. Has anybody out there ever tried to trick PLAYER 1 into touching them? I offered the guy $500 and a photo of my nude sister and he didn't even consider it for a second. Then again, there might be flaws inherent to shouting "I'll give you $500 if you touch me," so maybe I don't blame him. Regardless, the point stands: PLAYER 1 can't kill us if he's got nothing to kill us with.

Putting these helpful reminders up on the walls might decrease the amount of powerups given out like M&Ms to PLAYER 1. Who's giving the guy all these anyway?

I don't really know why I'm bothering writing all this since I know Mr. X is just going to ignore my concerns; I guess I just would like to have some answers to my questions, that's all. I mean, I suppose I can kind of understand why there are guns and ammunition laying all over the ground, since we are a pretty evil corporation which uses guns to kill virtually everybody in the universe (except PLAYER 1), but I really can't understand these powerups that keep growing out of the floor. First of all, nobody employed by Mr. X can use the damn things. I've tried picking up the stupid items, licking them, and shoving them into my face, and I didn't feel any stronger or run any faster or any of that crap. Although he'll probably kill me for writing about it, Red Guy #56,380 once tried to forcefully shove a blinking "P" powerup into his, well, the hole where his poop comes out. Needless to say, he didn't get much more powerful and actually began walking around with a limp, at least for the 19 seconds before PLAYER 1 shot him and sent him to the great high score in the sky. I never told his son about that because it would absolutely mortify him. Oh yeah, and also because his son was killed last September when PLAYER 1 pressed the "self destruct" button on the Atomic Train Mr. X built to ship the highly volatile laser guns to his hideout in Eagle Ridge. God I hate those buttons.

Oh well, I guess this turned into another update where I bitch and moan about the myriad of com-

pletely idiotic and deadly working conditions I have to suffer through every hour of every day just so I can get a paycheck every other week and send half of it to my loud ex-wife. I don't really care any more, I found this awesome Canadian pharmacy on the Internet where I can order industrial-strength Prozac by the crate, so that's about the only thing making me tolerate this horrible job. But this stuff I'm suggesting, really, this is all really obvious and simple to implement. All I want is for Mr. X to stop permitting guns and powerups, both things none of us here can use, to fall into the blood-soaked hands of PLAYER 1. We're just trying to do our jobs here, so why make them even more unnecessarily complex and dangerous for us? Well, everybody except Giant Fat Guy Who's Part Robot #4,361. You can leave guns all over the place in his patrol area.

Hentai Game Re-Huh-Who?

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here with a brand bleeding new Hentai Game Review of the amusingly bloody "Jewel Knights Crusaders". Did you know that if you have sex with a virgin red candle wax comes out of her vagina? That's where pioneers got all of their candles before they discovered bees!

In her bondage gear Asako becomes Arshura and uses her hypnotic powers to turn average women into her obedient slaves. She only seems to be able to accomplish this one at a time, but that suits Asako's needs just fine. Her evil scheme is to use her henchwomen to have orgasms and harvest sperm that they then turn into magical floating gems that fly out of their womb through their stomachs. Asako harvests the gems like Tiberium and uses them to fuel and expand her own magical abilities.

I think you should probably go read this as soon as your boss isn't looking over your shoulder!

-~Blue Guy #762,182

8.12 Fashion SWAT: Japanese Goths (Part 1)

Friday, Aug 13, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I am not a very good judge of fashion. When I get out of bed in the morning it's a tough call between putting on the clothes I wore yesterday and not even putting on pants. I don't own any vintage apparel unless you consider a Hypercolor shirt I've been wearing since the eighth grade vintage. I'm fat, I only shave intermittently, and I usually look like I just wandered out of a dive bar at last call. But by God I am still qualified to judge the fashion industry as harshly as I judge the gaming industry. I may not know the ins-and-outs of the runways in Paris, Milan, and Tokyo, but I'm not retarded either and I can still spot a guy with cerebral palsy from half a block away.

I wanted to emulate the snarky yet agonizingly idiotic red carpet revues conducted by android harpy Joan Rivers, her equally untalented daughter, and a cabal of lisping homosexuals obsessed with what's "in". If they consider themselves the Fashion Police then I would become the Fashion SWAT. They'd be jerking each other off to pictures of Lindsay Lohan in a strapless black dress while I'd be kicking in doors and slapping quick-cuffs on a beret-wearing fashionista in New York's garment district.

Like all good cops I needed a partner. Unfortunately, Something Awful does not normally make fashion critiquing part of its content so the pool of potential partners was pretty limited. Luckily we do have on our staff the world's biggest elitist asshole, and a certified scientological doctor no less. I turned to Dr. David Thorpe and asked him to accompany me through the seedy tenements of fashion's underbelly. Think of us like Starsky and Hutch, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, or Coronas and limes; we are just two honest cops out to get our own particular brand of justice.

This first - and potentially last - installment of Fashion SWAT we headed across the pond to Japan to check out the flourishing goth culture there. This is just part one of our review, so look forward to the remainder of the full hot order on Monday.

Zack: I think it's great that the Japanese are finally taking eye patch couture seriously.

Dr. Thorpe: I have this fantasy that the skull is the skull of the man who bit out her eyeball. That really ties the picture together, in a way. Maybe we can assume that having her eyeball bitten out by this man destroyed her life, and that's why she's dressed up as a month-old wedding cake.

Zack: I like that skull belt buckle though. It definitely beats a big golden platter with an 18-wheeler on it or crossed revolvers. I can see cowboys riding the actual-human-skull-as-belt-buckle trend to its logical conclusion of having entire skeletons draped like a loincloth over their pants. Platform cowboy boots and denim eye patches will go together like hotdogs and Rice Crispies.

Dr. Thorpe: Maybe she's holding her hair up like that and looking in the mirror and saying "Why am I doing? Is this really what I have become? After all these years of hunting down this man who bit my eyeball out, am I reduced to this?"

Zack: Her hair looks like a giant Muppet's mustache. Did the Swedish Chef get exposed to radiation and then start hanging out in Tokyo?

Dr. Thorpe: It could be that she's curtseying and politely doffing a dead poodle from her head. It also looks as if she just got done giving the T-1000 a blowjob.

Zack: This is what royalty wears in countries where everything is on really high shelves. The commoners are forced to use step ladders to reach things like jars of pickled eggs and cans of tiny crowns while the royalty glides about on their foot thick booster shoes.

Dr. Thorpe: I like the jaunty angle of her hat, she sort of looks like a cross between Jughead, Shirley Temple, and a Christmas ornament.

Zack: That crown makes me think that there's a car somewhere in Compton missing its air freshener.

Dr. Thorpe: She's giving me this icy, accusatory stare that's making me feel like I'm a pervert even though I don't want to have sex with this girl. Guess what lady; YOU'RE the one dressed up like the strumpet of wonderland, why are you looking at ME like I'm doing something wrong?

Zack: There are so many layers to that dress I don't know how you could even be turned on by that outfit unless you regularly masturbate to the geological record.

Dr. Thorpe: The shape of her dress is like two jellyfish having sex.

Zack: That fucking wig isn't fooling anybody either. There are dolphins in nearby oceans that are chirping with laughter about that mop head. It's like someone glued springs to a wooden helmet.

Dr. Thorpe: Oh no! My grandma's house threw up on this poor girl.

Zack: I think Laura Ingles Wilder head butted a lampshade. Where do the Japanese get off dressing like American pioneer women anyway? That is OUR domain, and if anybody is going to be dressing like pioneers it's going to be a 50 year old woman at historic Vicksburg who talks about butter churns. Not some club girl in Shinjuku looking to score some X and grind on a guy dressed up as a funeral director. Actually, I imagine the clubs people go to when they wear clothing this complicated involve lots of standing motionless under the air-conditioning vent.

Dr. Thorpe: The combination of standing up against the wall, absent-mindedly chewing her finger, and pointing her toes inward sort of combine to create a disturbing sense of mental retardation. She looks like one of those autistic kids who spend all day computing prime numbers and shaking like a leaf.

Zack: Or the retarded girl being cared for by the senile grandma who dresses her up for church in the kid's clothes she found in a steamer trunk in the attic.

Dr. Thorpe: Judging by the empty hangers, those are the only clothes she owns. That is really the only excuse for wearing clothes like that.

Zack: Other than talking about the butter churn at historic Vicksburg.

Dr. Thorpe: Yeah, or playing Little Bo Peep in a children's play.

Dr. Thorpe: This next photo is really just a shocking indictment of an entire culture, sort of like looking at photos of Auschwitz or Lenny Kravitz.

Zack: I really have to criticize this outfit for not having enough pink bows. There are at least ten surfaces where more bows could have been applied.

Dr. Thorpe: Jon Benet Ramsey fell in the cotton candy machine.

Zack: Those nylon cuff things on her shins look like she was putting on a track suit upside down when one of the worms from Tremors burst out of the ground and ate the rest of it.

Dr. Thorpe: She looks like a transvestite Megaman.

Zack: This picture is one of my favorites. It's what newspaper inserts advertising back to school specials look like in Hell. I also can't tell if the girl on the right is wearing a hat or just has the most geometrically perfect afro known to man.

Dr. Thorpe: This picture gives me such an uneasy feeling. The way they're staring at me just makes me feel wracked with guilt, as if they're implicating me in the horror that surrounds them.

Zack: The girl on the left is tilting her head because of the unbalancing weight of those stacked bows up there. You know what this bow needs? A bow on it. She also seems

to be wearing a more complicated and probably much more expensive version of Vicky's outfit on "Small Wonder".

Dr. Thorpe: It would make me feel much better if I found out she was a robot. I think the one on the right got her outfit by cutting up and stitching together French maids and somehow removing all their sexual allure in the process.

Zack: Have you ever seen a French maid outside of a porno? They all look like Ed Asner wearing a fright wig.

Dr. Thorpe: Whereas, oddly enough, TV repairmen look pretty much the same in porno as in real life.

Dr. Thorpe: The top panel in the next set is confusing me. At first I thought that thing was a corset, but then I saw the arm sticking out of it, so maybe it's a giant sleeve. It's like an Escher drawing, it's all fucking topsy-turvy and I don't know what to think.

Zack: That outfit in the top panel is what people wear when their stated occupation is "moping". I mean seriously, who gets that dressed up to sit alone and look wistful other than a professional? I can almost hear a Tori Amos song about rape coming out of a sticker covered CD player.

Dr. Thorpe: Somehow I'm not willing to accept that the girl in the bottom panel has honest intentions with that crucifix.

Zack: She is leaving a museum and expecting to be attacked by vampires. She is just taking the sort of precautions you or I might take if we thought the undead were lurking nearby.

Dr. Thorpe: I bet Peter Murphy and Robert Smith would both laugh at these girls.

Zack: Marilyn Manson wouldn't. He would take them very seriously and definitely invite them onto his tour bus and change their dreary lives by taking them on some vague musical adventure. It would be like South Pacific only it would be set in London and would involve latex nurse costumes, ornate black cassocks, and quasi-fascist uniforms. They would still sing "Happy Talk" though. Thank God.

Dr. Thorpe: I once saw a Bauhaus video at a friend's house wherein Peter Murphy was dressed in a big cape on stage, and he walked over and threw open a coffin and light came pouring out of it, and he threw the cape over his eyes as if to protect himself from the unspeakable horror within. I thought that was pretty much as lame as the whole gothic thing was ever going to be able to get. But that's before I knew they had elaborate moping couture.

That's all for this week. I hope you're looking forward to the exciting conclusion of our first ever Fashion SWAT exposé on Monday. If you aren't, well, I apologize on behalf of the board of directors of the Something Awful Creative Planning Council.

Who Photoshops the Phriday?

Hey gang, Livestock here. I'm proud to announce we have a second round of "Terminators with Hats" images up and ready for viewing! Actually, I'm lying as usual. In an odd twist, we've got a whole heapin' helping of funny comic strips loosely based on the classic DC Comic series Watchmen. Whether you're a fan of Watchmen or not, you'll probably find humor in the humorous images featured this week! Amazing how that works out, isn't it?

I'D BEST DO SOMETHING...
GIVE US OUR POLICE BACK!
BADGES NOT WAGES
CITIZENS: BEHOLD! NEW BLUE CRUNCH BERRIES
OH, YEAH? AND WHAT IF WE DON'T, YA BIG BLUE FRUIT?
YOU MISUNDERSTAND ME.
IT WAS NOT A REQUEST.
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Click here you fool! Click here before it's too late!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.13 Something Awful Color a Tapir Internet Contest Results

Saturday, Aug 14, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

This is it folks! The deadline has come and passed and now it's time to announce the Golden Tapir Awards for the "Something Awful 'Color a Tapir' Internet Contest." I had originally planned to make the announcement of the winner just a short paragraph, especially after Richard "Boston Baked Beans" Kyanka, explicitly told me "never write about tapirs on my website again or you'll be on the bottom of the Indian ocean doing the Charleston in a pair of cement shoes." I tried to ask why he picked the Indian Ocean, but then he vanished into a vaporous whirlwind of sprinkles and brightly colored confetti. In spite of this warning, I choose to continue on with this Internet award show because of the huge amount of quality entries I received in response to this contest. When I saw my electronic mailbox in the North Pole literally bloated with mail sent by people from all over the world contributing their time and effort for such a noble cause, my heart swelled, and a single tear rolled down my cheek that I caught in a jar so the police couldn't use it for DNA evidence linking me to the random string of caretaker murders near the tapir exhibition at the zoo. So without further ado, lets hand out some Golden Tapys!

BEST TAPIR IN A SUPPORTING ROLE

Please click for the full image.

I first want to say that everybody did a great job, and there were no real losers here today. I would also like to state that this is the first time art has ever been critiqued on a comedy website, and I thought of it in '89 while serving time in Kansas for stealing apples, so back off you jerks. The winner for this award drawn by "Arachiss" got a little crazy and colored the tapir purple. While in reality, tapirs are mostly brown, this is an example of letting your imagination go a little crazy and whisking the viewer off in a land where anything is possible. It is clearly a world of magic and opposites because the term "Frolixo Sucks" is drawn in the picture, and we know that is a ridiculous notion. Kudos to you, avant-garde Internet artist!

BEST DEATH THREAT DISGUISED AS A TAPIR ENTRY

What's so great about the Internet is that people from all over can communicate their deepest feelings through various available mediums. This piece really speaks to me, and I truly feel what

Click this image for the big size.

the artist, Adam Grant, was trying to say. The anger and frustration that this hypocritical society can generate can cause teens to lash out at the ones they love. I have some words of wisdom for you Adam: despite all your rage, you are still just a rat in a cage. Also the world is a vampire. I just thought of that right now.

BEST DROPPING ACID WITH A TAPIR ENTRY

Click this image for free gold.

Most tapirs are pretty conservative when it comes to vices such as drugs and alcohol, but the decade of the 60's created a generation of tapirs that experimented with all sorts of mind-expanding substantives. Leo Sylvester submitted this piece from his own experience of dropping some 'cid with a far-out tapir back in 1967 during a "love-in" at Haight-Ashbury. My personal acid experiences were not as cool as this, and it usually ended up with me cutting my arms open with razor blades trying to get the spiders out that lurked underneath my skin but turned out to be just veins and bone. Don't worry, I learned my lesson about acid and now just stick to black tar heroin and lay slumped on a filthy mattress in the safety of my own home for weeks on end or until the paramedics come.

BEST FRENCH NIHILISTIC TAPIR ENTRY

Vous trompez! Nous sommes tout vil mais nous sommes vivants. Vous l'écume pense que vous êtes si nettoie, pourtant vous sentez mauvais comme les prostituées de consommateur. Nous nous vautrons dans nos désirs de base parce que nous sommes français et l'amour pour aimer. Je pousserai mon poo dans votre bouche d'attente et l'amour de marque ? votre étoile de mer froncée. Jimmythebrain a créé ce morceau de tapir, et c'est un travail fantastique de sodomie de tapir. Félicitations !

Click this image if you like to eat poo.

MOST PATRIOTIC ANTI-TERRORISM ENTRY

Click this image or the terrorists win.

Chav is a true American, and he showed it by submitting this piece that he called "Lest we forget". I think it's a very important warning to all of us that the terrorism menace is far from over, and there could be one lurking even in the most innocent looking tapir. We can trust no one these days and, sadly, the tapir is no exception. If you see a tapir doing anything suspicious like eating vegetables, walking around, or sleeping, shoot first and ask questions later. Chav also wanted to dedicate this entry to all the boys fighting overseas, and hopes that this message of hope will turn the tide of winning the hearts and minds of the dead Iraqis. Go America! (This message brought to you by Fox News).

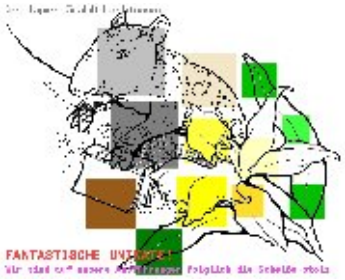
MOST LAZY TAPIR ENTRY AWARD

James Ward fully admits that he didn't have enough time to comply with the rules of this tapir contest, but he was nice enough to present a handy guide to help finish his lackadaisical entry. Unfortunately, I am far lazier than James, so the piece remains unfinished. Be that as it may, I have found that when it comes to art, sometimes less is better. It is minimalist and really makes you think about this world, this basic brutal existence. What if God was one of us? Would he be a tapir? If he was a tapir living in South America, if he tried to walk into a village to tell the good people the true meaning of life with his bellowing tapir honks and whistles, would the villagers listen

Click this image unless your finger is tired.

to his wise words or just beat him to death with sticks and turn him into soup? It really makes you think.

BEST GERMAN GRAFIK ENTRY



Click with me if you want to live.

Gehen Sie schneller! Außer Ermorden ihre Nachbarn und beschäftigend sich mit äußerst verdorbenen sexuellen Fetischen, sind die Deutsch für ihre Kunst bekannt. Dieses tapir Stück durch Boxdude212 hat durch seine Feinde bombardiert, Heim der golden tapir zu nehmen. Erhalten Sie im Ofen. Ich benutze einen freien Übersetzer für dies, und daß, warum es keinen Sinn macht!

BEST ENTRY USING A PICTURE OF ME AS A TODDLER

Click to see me in my PJs.

Who are you "Renee" and how did you get the source picture for this entry? What do you want from me? GIVE ME BACK MY SON!! There is nothing creepier than somebody on the Internet finding a picture of you as a young lad and slapping him on the back of a tapir for an Internet contest. That aside, this is a fine work of art, and worthy of a golden tapir award. Renee, I will send you your prize along with an online restraining order. Please stay 500 yards away from me and my red jumpsuit toddler pictures from now on. Thank you.

MOST RACIST TAPIR ENTRY

Click this image if like apples.

I just want to say that I find this entry totally offensive and it really upset me and my pet hog "Admiral Baconstraps". I was going to send the artist of this picture, Matt E, a nasty reply telling him that he is a dirty racist and I hope he sees the folly of his ways, but then I saw that one of the award categories was for the most racist tapir entry, so I had no choice but to give this one the award. Ironically, this special tapir award is made out of melted down gold fillings taken from Jewish prisoners in WW2. It was either that or carved out of the skulls of Cambodian babies, so please don't judge us too harshly.

GRAND PRIZE BEST TAPIR ENTRY OVERALL

Welcome to the jungle indeed.

Never in my life have I been as proud as I am right now. This submission by a VERY talented artist by the name of Henry Pill from Little Rock, Arkansas, has swept the field and took first place. He is going to take home the big prize of $1.34 and a paid scholarship to the Vienna University for gifted artists in Austria*. So what can I say about this extraordinary piece of work that won't sound undeserving and pitiful in description? How would you describe the sun to a blind man? It

simply cannot be done. I will let the image speak for itself, for it has already spoken volumes to my heart in a symphony of simplicity and raw beauty. I commend you Henry Pill, you are a true tapir artist, and the winner here today. (*Offer void in Arkansas).

Well that wraps up the awards. For all of you that didn't win a golden tapir, please don't be discouraged. Just because you are a total failure at art, and probably all other areas of your life, that doesn't mean that you should give up. But seriously consider giving up. Have a good weekend gang, and God bless!

State Og

Hiya, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell here. Fun fact: State Og was named after a 14th century poet named Ooter Otermeyer until the 1930s, when it was learned that his name was not State Og.

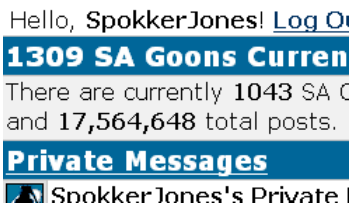
> *We have instituted new ways to save fuel and pass the savings on to you! Our pilots always take the most direct path and never fly in a roundabout way just to avoid things like restricted military no-fly zones. But even more significantly, we've reduced the amount of jet fuel to allow our pilots to have to make the Molotov Cocktails they regularly enjoy tossing out of their cockpit windows during flight.*

Check out this week's update!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

8.14 The Awful Forums

Sunday, Aug 15, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez



I have read every single one of those posts. At least half of them are about Morrowind.

Almost three years ago I was a lost soul, wandering God's green Earth without a care in the world. I was a drinker, a boozer, a user. My life was going nowhere fast. That's when a man named Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka took me into his home, fed me, clothed me, and taught me the word of the good book. For weeks he would instill in me the knowledge of a generation of people. That book was Let's Roll: Ordinary People, Extraordinary Courage. I learned what life was all about. Then one day Lowtax told me about his internet forum. That was the day my life changed forever. Gone were the days where I shot up heroin from a turkey baster and snorted cocaine off a shemale's flacid penis. The forums turned me into a new man. It was a new beginning. That's why I'm dedicating this update to the Something Awful Forums.

I think one of the reasons that no one ever writes about the forums on the front page is because not everyone who reads the front page actually visits the forums. A long time ago I was exactly like that. I read Something Awful for over two years until I finally joined. Now I love the forums more than I love backgammon and you should too. The only way I can think of to get more people to join the forums is to make fun of said forums and piss a lot of people off! Hey, it makes sense to me.

But you can't just jump into the forums and expect everyone to love you. The shits and giggles you had over at Ebaum's World just isn't going to cut it here. Not reading the rules can leave you without an account faster than you can say "Total Fark". We ban people and we ban people a lot. In fact we ban so many morons that the tech guy Radium implemented an auto-banning system that automatically bans users who use the forbidden thread tags. Pretty soon he's going to install a feature that automatically bans people if they even think of posting anything bannable. The second you click on that Attention tag forty armed special forces soldiers will crash through your windows and destroy your neon green computer with all those stupid lights inside. I think it runs on Linux. You don't want this to happen to you.

That's why I wrote this handy dandy guide that doesn't give any good advice at all and just basically lists each subforum and what they are. Maybe there will be some cheap jokes about the internet or something. I don't know. It's not like I read what I'm writing. Without further delay, let's roll!

General Bullshit
Description: General discussion about anything except television, video games, politics and philosophy, computer hardware, sports, film reviews, anime, buying and selling products, forum get-togethers, cars, drugs, guns, pets, music production, Michael Moore, George Bush Jr., and creative writing; no flamewars or work-unfriendly crap allowed.
History: General Bullshit is obviously SA's "general" forum and where most budding forum members' posting careers start. Many young immigrants land on Something Awful Island with starry eyes and big hopes. Unfortunately more than half of new SA forum users don't make it past winter. This is where you post if you have a hillarious Flash game to show people or just want to say hi to everyone. You love Homestarrunner and rest assurred that everyone in GBS loves it as much. GBS's motto is, "If you are ever confused or not sure of what to do, just post a thread about it!"
Commonly Posted Threads: "CHECK OUT THIS FUNNY FLASH MOVIE", "Post your desktop that includes either a really shiny car or some chick no one recognizes

complete with lame WindowsXP tweaks and custom GUIs for the millionth goddamn time!", "HEY I FUCKED UP. PAYPAL ME MONEY", "Fake story I made up to rile everyone up", "FUCK YOU RICHARD", "SOMETHING REALLY MUNDANE JUST HAPPENED TO ME! HOLY SHIT!"

Duck.

FYAD Roleplaying Forum
Description: Roleplay FYAD posters in this forum
History: C. Cardigan says it best, "FYAD is the cool place to hang out. You can find most of the cool people there. In FYAD you can just chill and do whatever and totally relax. "Take it easy" is the FYAD motto, for example, that's how laid back it is there. Show up if you want to have a good time. Another good reason to show up is if you want to hang out with friends."
Commonly Posted Threads: "How Many People Believed We Entered Iraq With The Intention of Getting Out?", "In your opinion, what was the reason for Rome's success?", "O'Reilly vs. Krugman debate on CNBC", "New York Times: UN let Saddam get away with abusing Oil-For-Food program"

Games
Description: Talk about the games you hate and hate.
History: The Games forum was created as an experiment to see how seriously nerds can take video games. Since then it has become a forum solely for 843 page threads about big name game franchises.
Commonly Posted Threads: "DOOM 3 MEGAPOST!!!", "GTA: SAN ANDREAS MEGAPOST AND ANTICIPATION AND JERK OFF THREAD!", "WACKY RACERS MEGATHREAD!!!", "I have a girlfriend and she plays video games, who wants to touch me?"

Debate and Discussion
Description: All serious forms of debate and discussion are welcome, from personal attacks to trolling and flaming. Current events, such as news items, tell it to the hand.
History: My mom used to tell me that my fingers wouldn't smell like my butt if I would just keep them out of there.
Commonly Posted Threads: "REPUBLICANS!!!", "DEMOCRATS!!!", "EVERYONE ELSE!!!"

Serious Hardware / Software Crap
Description: Computer hardware, software, coding, and other technical issues. Come here if you can only save images as bitmaps in Internet Explorer or if you are having a problem unrar'ing Photoshop.
History: No other forum on the SA Forums have caused more casulties than Serious Hardware / Software Crap. The great war of ATI and Nvidia claimed many young

lives. No one can forget the carnage and heartache caused by the Linux and Windows bloodbath. Neither side ever wins, families are destroyed, and homes are lost. It's just not worth it people. Oh, and you can also go here if your computer is ever acting up and growing penises and spitting semen at you.
Commonly Posted Threads: "Linux Vs. Windows", "ATI Vs. Nvidia", "ATI Vs. An Elephant", ATI and Nvidia Vs. A Cheetah", "Firefox Vs. Internet Explorer CAGE MATCH"

Sports Argument Stadium
Description: Try to convince others that poker is a real sport.
History: Do you remember that episode of the Simpsons where Bart and Lisa repeatedly ask Homer, "Can we have a pool dad? Can we have a pool dad? Can we have a pool dad? Can we have a pool dad? Can we have a pool dad?" Yeah, that's pretty much how Sports Argument Stadium got started. After getting sick of all the emails he got about it Lowtax finally said, "FUCK!!! HERE'S YOUR GODDAMN SPORTS FORUM!!!" and blew up into a million pieces. Luckily Lowtax is made of that crazy liquid shit from Terminator 2. His atoms rejoined and he was up and watching old episodes of Small Wonder in no time.
Commonly Posted Threads: "How do I get started in Poker?", "What is your favorite poker card?", "Have you ever stuck poker cards up your butt?", "My grandma was killed by an ace of spades", "Let's play poker online because we are pathetic!"

The Film Dump
Description: THIS FORUM IS FOR MOVIE REVIEWS ONLY. NO DISCUSSION ALLOWED. By the way, following this rule is purely optional!
History: I print out all the threads from this forum and read them in the bathroom.
Commonly Posted Threads: "when I am rich my house will have a lavatorium", "i just shoved 3 feet of headphone wire up my nose", "Sulzanti is a pretty girl"

Duck.

Anime Death Tentacle Rape Whorehouse
Description: Your awful Anime forum.
History: Anime Death Tentacle Rape Whorehouse is the closest thing SA has to a concentration camp. ADRTW was the original "We don't want you in GBS so we've given you your own forum" subforum. You see, subforums are born only out of necessity. It's not until a certain group posts a lot of threads about the same stupid shit that we give them their own forum. Then we hope and pray that they all post there and stay the hell away from us normals.
Commonly Posted Threads: I wouldn't know since I am too scared to go in there.

SA-Mart
Description: Lowball desperate forum members in debt. We take NO RESPONSIBIL-

ITY for the actions of either buyer or seller, especially the seller.
History: This is where you can buy things for over 99% off the retail value because the person selling it is in desparete need of money because of the fact they bought the thing they are selling in the first place.
Commonly Posted Threads: "NEED MONEY FAST, BUY THIS SHIT I FOUND UNDER THE BED!", "Buy my whole closet, 50 cents shipped!", "Cheap webhosting for Goons!", "Goons come here for cheap webhosting!", "Webhosting by goons for goons!", "Webhosting for goons by goons!", "Just like everybody else who has ever lived in the Universe I am reselling bandwidth and webspace!"

SA Goon Meetings
Description: Plan and schedule your worldwide meetings here. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR SKIN CONDITIONS CAUSED BY GOING OUTSIDE INTO THE SUN. **WARNING**: TANNING MAY OCCUR.
History: Someone thought it was a good idea to meet other forum members in person. I don't know who that person is but legend says he was killed and eaten by another forum member.
Commonly Posted Threads: I don't know how to parody thread titles for threads about meeting people on the internet!

Automotive Insanity
Description: Come here if you want to learn how to install a spoiler onto your lime green '79 Oldsmobile.
History: Car people are by nature annoying as all fuck. Much like the anime folks, car fags were segregated into their own little corner so we wouldn't have to hear about their Toyota Super Edition Integra Type RS V8 V-Tec 4-Liter rocket car.
Commonly Posted Threads: "Look what my mom just bought me!"

The Crackhead Clubhouse
Description: Got drugs? Discuss them here. No illegal activity (ie, buying / selling) allowed even though you're going to try like hell anyway.
History: I'd tell you but I smoked too much weed!
Commonly Posted Threads: "Busted for smoking pot in church!", "Oh shit, mom found my stash!", "Why I am perfectly capable of driving high"

Duck.

Pet Island
Description: Post here if you were previously unaware that living things eventually die.
History: The only people who post in Pet Island are clueless folks who don't know how to take care of a cat but seem to pick up every single stray that wanders into their general radius of 600 miles, and grieving forum members. It seems that the cure for

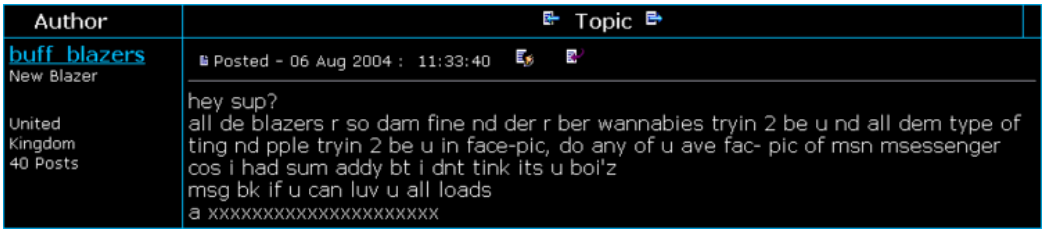
every problem in life is pictures of cute animals doing cute things like getting blinded in the face by the flash of a camera.
Commonly Posted Threads: "Just got a kitten! What is a 'kitten' anyway?", "Just got a kitten! What the fuck do these things eat anyway?!", "My girlfriend just left me and my dad died and I'm ugly, show me pictures of kittens rolling around in their own feces :("

Creative Convention
Description: Writing, graphic design, art, poetry, and all other serious for- Ah to hell with it. Nobody ever visits this forum anyway.
History: Whenever someone mentions Creative Convention the next question is almost always, "What the hell is Creative Convention?"
Commonly Posted Threads: "Check out this poem I wrote! Uh, hello? Hello??? Anyone in here?"

It was over 5 years ago that an old webmaster started writing about nerd shit on a website out of his bathroom to finance his crippling shoe shopping addiction. The Something Awful Forums sure have come a long way. Who knew that the website would go on to spawn one of the largest forums on the internet, a clothing line, four feature-length motion pictures, bi-coastal theme parks, and a chain of fast food joints that to date have killed 85 people? 85 people. That must be some kind of record or something! So sacrifice dinner for two nights and sign up for the forums! Besides, some shyster is just going to swindle you out of your money with promises of free ipods if you sign up 400 people and a goat under your name anyway. It might as well be us. And maybe, just maybe, you could be number 86.

The Weekend Web: The Original Sunday Shitfest

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Really Lame White Sounding First Name With An Inexplicible Hispanic Last Name" Gutierrez here. This week we are restless restless over here at Weekend Web and boy howdy, have we got some Grade A home-cooked forums for you to lose faith in humanity over, just like the kind mom used to make. **Gasp** at the retarded forums posters and their hillariously lame sig files! **Marvel** at the incredibly vast conspiracy going on at 3DRealms! And **thrill** as you go on an incest adventure! It's all here in today's Weekend Web!


Author
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hey sup?
all de blazers r so dam fine nd der r ber wannabies tryin 2 be u nd all dem type of ting nd pple tryin 2 be u in face-pic, do any of u ave fac- pic of msn msessenger cos i had sum addy bt i dnt tink its u boi'z
msg bk if u can luv u all loads
a xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

You know the drill. You click here, I steal your mail, and everyone is happy.

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

8.15 Fashion SWAT: Japanese Goths (Part 2)

Monday, Aug 16, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On Friday Something Awful's resident crabby reviewer Dr. David Thorpe teamed up with me to bring you the first part of our new Fashion SWAT article. The response for this piece has been overwhelming and am I pleased to bring you part two. After talking with Lowtax I am also pleased to announce that Fashion SWAT will be headed the way of a feature column. Keep your eyes peeled for it showing up on the sidebar in the future! In the meantime, enjoy part 2 of our Japanese Goths article.

UPDATE: Chunderfaces, stop emailing us that one of the models we called a girl was actually a guy. SURPRISE OF THE CENTURY!

Zack: This outfit is sending me some mixed messages. Did Brandon Lee start working at a Renaissance festival in Michigan or did the Crow do some Shakespeare in the Park? I like that complicated wire shit all over her leggings though. It really jumps out at you and says "I don't mind taking three hours to dress myself."

Dr. Thorpe: Well, to be fair, she saves a lot of time in her grooming ritual by cutting her hair with gardening shears.

Zack: Alas, don't jump Yorrick!

Dr. Thorpe: Honestly, that model must be scared out of her wits, up there on a ledge in high heels. Look how she's leaning on that pillar. She's probably thinking "normally, I wouldn't be caught dead in this outfit, but I think I'm about to be."

Zack: She looks pretty pissed off about it. There are probably frat guys gathered around the base of whatever she's standing on top of shouting insults and bonging beer. SHOW US YOUR TITS VAMPIRELLA!

Dr. Thorpe: Can you blame them? I'd like to think we'd be right there with them. By the way, there's a difference between asymmetrical dresses and dresses that are just two different dresses sewn together.

Zack: Or fourteen different dresses sewed together.

Zack: It's like someone put mime makeup on one of the backup dancers in a Sheena Easton video. It's either that or glamour shots for the playbill of a touring production of Andrew Lloyd Weber's "Cats". I love the part where the cats come out into the audience to post in their Live Journal about how soulless and dark the world is.

Dr. Thorpe: She looks like she's trying to look like Siouxsie Sioux but she ends up looking like the spookiest female impersonator in Las Vegas. This seems to be a shot of her trying to figure out what that smell is and then discovering that it's coming from her glove.

Zack: I'm sure the smell is some sinister anachronism like a goblin winning a cakewalk on top of the Sears Tower. I wonder if the shurikens she has concealed in her snazzy kung fu belt are stamped with little crucifixes.

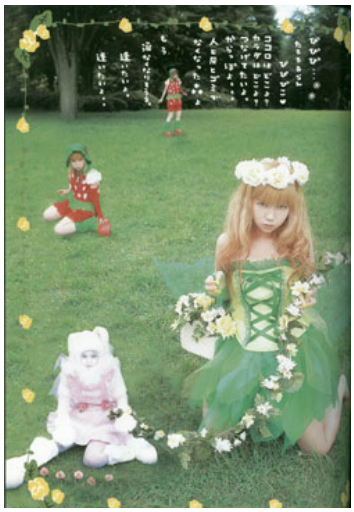
Dr. Thorpe: I don't find her very menacing, because I know that she only uses the shurikens to kill chickens to put on her head.

Zack: Yeah, but you know she'd just lie and insist that it was a raven not a chicken. You'd say "you mean a crow?" and she'd say "no, I mean a raven" and then she would brood the ever-living shit out of you.

Dr. Thorpe: Don't put words into my mouth. Oh wow, hold the phone; I just realized there's hair going down her back. Do I perchance spy a mullet?

Zack: Maybe the hair is coming FROM her back. Like a goth version of the Sasquatch.

Dr. Thorpe: GATHSQUATCH



Dr. Thorpe: Oh god, I HATE Bjork.

Zack: I don't know what's going on here but I want out. Right now. Why is that horrible little rabbit child thing so much smaller than the horrible maiden thing?

Dr. Thorpe: It's her evil homunculus. See, she has it on a little leash.

Zack: This is seriously freaking me out man. I don't know if I can stand it.

Dr. Thorpe: The look on her face just seems to be saying, "get him, homunculus! Tear his scrotum open with your tiny teeth and feast on the nourishment within!"

Zack: I think the girl in the background standing up is a zombie. Look at her posture. My theory now is that the maiden is accompanied by her homunculus and uses her terrible powers to raise an army of zombie apples from the earth.

Dr. Thorpe: This whole goth thing is meant to freak us out, but usually it winds up just making us laugh, right? Well, not this picture. This picture scares the shit out of me. So I guess I'm going to have to say that it's a resounding success.

Zack: Halloween circa one year before puberty.

Dr. Thorpe: Why is her dress up so high? Is she fat? That's a fat-dress.

Zack: Look at her elbow. What happened there? Was she fisting a bird and just broke on through to the other side?

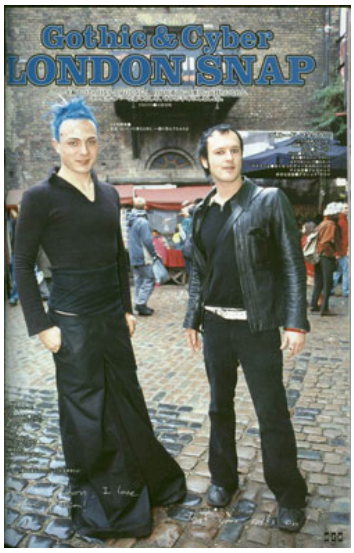
Dr. Thorpe: Yeah, I think so. Check out those deadly fingernails. Those could get through a bird, no problem. Do you know if instead of tanning booths the Japanese have paleing caves?

Zack: The Japanese inhabit a lightless subterranean grotto near the sea. The lack of Vitamin E has rendered boys and girls indistinguishable and blond wigs grow on the stalactites instead of lichens. They harvest them as trade goods.

Dr. Thorpe: They trade them for fake wings of every shape and color. Being cave-dwellers, they yearn for flight.

Zack: I wonder what would happen to these people at a black metal concert. Like if some of them took to the skies and landed in Norway would a bunch of Vikings with KISS paint on just cleave them in two with axes?

Dr. Thorpe: When one is speaking of cleaving, the proper phrase is "cleave them in twain."



Dr. Thorpe: FINALLY, some MEN!

Zack: I don't know if I'd go that far.

Dr. Thorpe: Come on, it's Gary Numan and Sonic the Hedgehog!

Zack: So which one is gothic and which one is cyber?

Dr. Thorpe: I'd guess that Sonic is cyber, being a video game character.

Zack: I don't know though, Gary Numan probably thought of himself as "Cyber" at some point in his career.

Dr. Thorpe: Are friends electric? Not your friends, your friends are just retarded.

Zack: Goths drive like this and cybers drive like this.

Dr. Thorpe: Goths borrow their grandma's Pontiac like this and cybers borrow their grandma's Pontiac like this.

Zack: I'm sure they both own webcams and update their blogs from Starbucks.

Dr. Thorpe: August 13th: Beaten up again today. What's wrong with people? Is it me? No, it can't be me.

Zack: Mood: Gloomy. Listening To: Rasputina - Transylvanian Concubine.

Zack: It was a dark and stormy night...perpetually.

Dr. Thorpe: I'm just waiting for that dude to pick up a bell pepper and bite into it to signify the beginning of the Iron Chef competition.

Zack: If my memory serves...this sword was a gift from Galadriel. I didn't know the Japanese were remaking the Lord of the Rings. Sting glows when orcs are nearby!

Dr. Thorpe: Too bad it doesn't glow when dorks are nearby, or these guys would never have to spring for flashlight batteries again.

Zack: I don't even know if they're guys or girls. It's like an episode of Maury where the audience has to guess.

Dr. Thorpe: Luckily, I don't even care anymore.

Zack: This is what the next Matrix movie is going to look like.

Dr. Thorpe: Next Matrix movie? Don't you ever say those words again, not even as a joke. There are some things that you just don't joke about.

Zack: I think they said they wanted to make another one to apologize for making the previous two. Hopefully they'll make a fifth one to apologize for the fourth one.

Dr. Thorpe: Didn't one of the Wachowski brothers become a female? Maybe this is them.

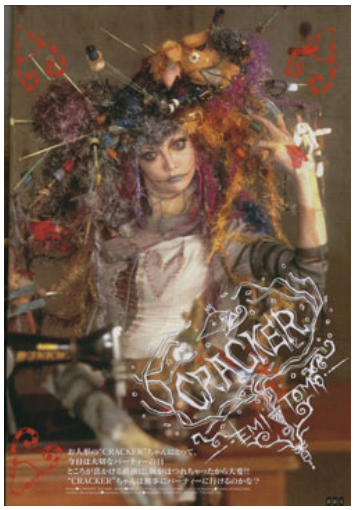
Zack: I think he's still working on it. Becoming a woman can be a very lengthy process. Week One: delivery of one half of my vagina. FedEx tracking on the other half says it's delayed in Holland.

Dr. Thorpe: Couldn't the photographer have picked a shot where the guy wasn'st scratching his nuts?

Zack: Oh, so THAT'S the guy.

Dr. Thorpe: Isn't it? I thought that was supposed to be a guy and the other one was supposed to be a girl.

Zack: There needs to be an envelope we can open to see who the real guy is like in Clue.



Zack: This is what happens when a clown gets tangled in a tuna net.

Dr. Thorpe: No, this is what happens when a fashion designer says "fuck it, I don't care anymore."

Zack: I like the sewing machine in the foreground. I think it's to make sure you know that it's a costume and not something a giant cat coughed up on the floor. MEGAMITTENS HAS BEEN EATING YARN AGAIN!

Dr. Thorpe: I have to assume it's some sort of cry for help. "Just stick some bits of a bagpipe in her hair and paint her gold, I don't care." And he expected the photographer and the model to say "Aww, what's wrong?"

Zack: "Everything you want to keep, put in this box. Everything you want to get rid of, throw on her head."

Dr. Thorpe: She looks like one of the aliens from Battlefield Earth all tarted up to go to the space-prom.

Zack: Holy Shit!

Dr. Thorpe: What is it? Did the horror just fully sink in?

Zack: Is that a marshmallow on a stick in her hair? I think her head absorbed a boy scout troop cooking smores by the camp fire. She's like a hirsute Akira.

Dr. Thorpe: I think I see some tinker toys and maybe a stuffed animal. Whatever it is, it eats children for sure.

Zack: Oh my goodness! It's Lisa "Left Eye" Lopez's ghost!

Dr. Thorpe: I thought it looked more like a one-eyed Wynona Judd. That's definitely country and western hair.

Zack: I think she's wearing at least four wigs. Maybe she's a pirate who sails the seas looking for wigs.

Dr. Thorpe: Most of them discarded by various singers after the filming of the Lady Marmalade video.

Zack: I bet you a hundred dollars that's a dude in the background. That is a total man-face.

Dr. Thorpe: There's no way I'll take that bet. Like I said, any and all Japanese females are suspect.

Zack: Come to think of it, they might both be men.

Dr. Thorpe: Ever known any J-Pop fans? They constantly show you pictures of what appear to be women, and then they delight in saying "BUT GUESS WHAT! THAT'S A MAN! ISN'T THAT AWESOME!?" So basically, you become conditioned.

Zack: It's a secret Japanese technique to prevent you from ever becoming sexually aroused at the sight of a Japanese woman. Even when they're naked you have to be suspicious because they have learned terrible tricks with gaffer's tape and skin-colored Band-Aids.

Dr. Thorpe: The picture says "Monotone Party." Isn't that the name of the annual Asperger's Syndrome Convention?

Zack: Maybe they're a political movement. This is their way of raising awareness about issues. Party platform: umbrellas rock!

Dr. Thorpe: Well, I'd vote for them. For the same reasons I voted for Jesse Camp in that MTV "Who Wants to Be a VJ" contest. Plus, I have to give the eye patch girl props for being the only happy person we've seen so far.

Zack: I don't know. I'm a little apprehensive about why she's happy.

Dr. Thorpe: Her face sort of spells "bodily satisfaction" happy, like she just took a big crap or something.

Zack: What is a promo glossy for a Japanese country and western duo doing mixed in with all these goths? I bet they cover a lot of Hank Wirriams Junior.

Dr. Thorpe: I think their name should be "Betty and the Chef."

Zack: You know they're going to do an encore when the gem on the Chef's chest blinks. That's when you use your Star Punch.

Dr. Thorpe: I think they'd do pretty well in the campy nightclub circuit, honestly.

Zack: A homeless guy with a tambourine would do well in the campy nightclub circuit.

Dr. Thorpe: Yeah, but these guys have one thing he doesn't have: class. But then again, the homeless guy has one thing they don't have: a tambourine.

Zack: I'm seriously not getting why they showed up in a goth fashion magazine.

Dr. Thorpe: Maybe it's just an ad in the back that somebody scanned mistakenly. It probably says "Don't miss Betty and the Chef, appearing Monday through Friday nights at the Konichiwa Club in beautiful downtown Miami!"

Zack: I think there's something more sinister going on. Something we missed. Look at how the one on the left, Betty I guess, is praying and looks like she's saying something.

Dr. Thorpe: Maybe it's the last page of the magazine, and she is saying "Please, these photographs were all in fun, but do not let our grim visions become a reality."

Zack: Maybe they are mindless thralls to the powerful spirit trapped inside the Chef's gemstone. "GO OUT AND PLAY WHISKEY BENT AND HELL BOUND AGAIN PITIFUL MORTALS"

Dr. Thorpe: I'm pretty sure that The Chef is a man. But that probably goes without saying.

Zack: I was going to make a joke about starting to pop a boner, but I can't even type that with a straight face.

Dr. Thorpe: Luckily, you don't type with your face.

Zack: Maybe YOU don't.

That's all for this installment of Fashion SWAT. Thanks to all of the readers who emailed me and especially those of you who tried to save us from embarrassment by pointing out that some of the women were actually men. You guys don't listen to J-Pop by any chance, do you?

If you have suggestions on what fashion trends we should pepper spray and beat with batons then feel free to drop me an email.

Rock Stars, Shmock Stars

Last week's "Worst Rock Stars Ever" column created a massive response from readers eager to share their own opinions on who sucks the most. Some of the letters were so good, in fact, that Dr. David Thorpe is devoting this week's column to showing you just how funny Something Awful's readers can be:

> "I saw that picture of Steve Tyler in your article and it vaguely reminded me of something. After eating some past-freshness-date chili-cheese Bugles I remembered what it was. Something from Star Trek. When I went looking for the Trek image I didn't expect it to be as horribly similar as it turned out to be. Enjoy!"

If you were disappointed that Dr. Thorpe didn't make fun of Sting, Gene Simmons, or the replacement guitarist for A Flock of Seagulls last time, now's your chance to see some justice. Who knows, maybe your own letter was printed! Probably not, though.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.16 Memories of College

Tuesday, Aug 17, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Here's one of the many emails I received about my last update. On a completely unrelated note, I'm filing a restraining order against the entire internet.

holy christ ur a women! my god now something awful is even letting their women out of the kitchen and into the work place. WHAT THE HELL!?

Getting all intimate with the promiscuous trollop that is internet writing has turned me into the type of person I hate the most: a straight male who pretends to be gay/bisexual. The saddest part is I'm not even doing it to score with the ladies. I've long since given up on ever having a relationship with a human female as that part of my brain was born with vital cogs and belt shafts missing. I can recall only one instance of a girl ever wanting my company. It was last year in my british literature class. When I found out that she wrote horrible poetry and enjoyed the Dave Matthews Band I should've just come clean and said "Look, I don't think we're very compatible, so I was wondering if we could just engage in an elaborate bondage ritual and then get on with our lives." This story reminds me of all the other great memories I have of college. That will be tonight's theme as I lay my hands upon this keyboard and give fiery genesis to an update. Note: As a special bonus, all Something Awful Ice subscribers will have access to the amazing follow up article, "Memories of College with tiled background images of 1920's strongmen".

Yesterday I called up my former college dorm mate, Wayne. "Hello, Wayne?" I said. "This is Jed. You made fun of me in college. I've been looking back on my first year of college, specifically the way I acted like a complete self-effacing fool, and I was wondering if I could blame you for some of that. It's just that otherwise I'd have to see my actions for what they really are; the violent thrashings of a broken man who beats against the door to his cage of self-doubt until finally, fists bloodied, he resigns himself to a life of quiet desperation."

"I'd have no problem with that." Wayne said.

"Great. You know I should really be thanking you for making fun of me. You showed me places inside of myself I never knew existed. Breathtaking vistas every bit as beautiful as the default wallpapers packaged with Windows ME. And people say there's no god. Hello?"

When new students arrived at my dormitory they were immediately stripped naked and doused with cologne. They were then issued a flannel shirt, khakis, and a hemp necklace and directed to an adjacent room where RAs were on hand to hook them up to IVs of Bacardi. You never forget your first night of college. That's when it hits you that you've taken a Day of the Dead elevator ride down into a dark, claustrophobic nightmare world and the elevator door has just closed above you. That night I dreamed that I met a physical manifestation of my sense of self. "Why are you so small?" I asked.

"Because you stopped working on me when you were six." my sense of self replied. "Tell me, could you have picked any more of a myopic romanticist worldview to adopt? I guess it's because of the anime videos, an indulgence of your feeble imagination and its constant need for childish escapism."

When I woke up two astronauts appeared in front of me.

"We're here to entertain you while our master eats your brains." the first one said. "We'll do whatever you want."

"Awesome! Write me a review of Serious Sam: Special Edition for Something Awful. Here's the

angle: Serious Sam or Serious Scam?"

One night during an all night coding session in the computer lab, my classmates, Justin and James, asked me to design the main character for their boxing game, Jake Sutton's Brawl Hall Beatdown. "I made Jake Sutton a drug user." I said. "Isn't that totally badass? I mean you've got to be pretty hardcore to do something which, according to public service ads, is the metaphorical equivalent of drowning or being skewered by a giant needle. When the pilgrims came over on the Mayflower, drug users were the guys wakeboarding behind the ship." The college janitor would periodically walk into the room and talk to us. We must have seemed like gods to him. This aggregate of unmopped floors - his personal hell - was a place we were free to enter and leave at our own convenience. Suddenly it occurred to me that the janitor's attempts at shooting silken strands across the void to connect with other souls were just as hopeless as mine. I was just outside of Justin and James' circle of friends, out in the perimeter beyond their friendship bunker, which I imagined had an X-Box and all the premium cable channels.

The suffocating routine of college life was an experience akin to that of making a Quake 2 level with the e1u1 texture set. You had a little bit of freedom but the template was firmly in place. Wall, pillar, wall. Class, lunch, class. My roommate, Ari, and I went to a dance at my college. "What do you mean we can't go in?" Ari said to the man at the door.

"The theme of this dance is togas." the man said. "You're dressed like characters from Final Fantasy VII."

I consider this a brief flirtation with gothdom, although it's really more like a drunken booty call."Is that a pink rubber spiked bracelet you're wearing?"

"Oh that is so lame jumping on the FF7 bashing bandwagon like that." I said. "The fact is it was a groundbreaking RPG and a milestone in the process of the genre itself becoming more adult. You're probably one of those hipsters who reads insertcredit.com and tells their friends they can appreciate the porn-as-art movement. Well, congratulations, you've depleted my data crystals. Your army stands victorious atop a bone pile high enough to blot out the sun."

"What are you saying? That I rationalize wearing goth and/or punk accessories by telling myself they drive away those unworthy of my friendship when in reality if I had the social skills to properly interact with people I'd fall for the first fat chick who was willing to tie me up?"

The DJ put on "Hot in Here" by Nelly.

"Quick, just like we practiced!" Ari said.

Without saying another word Ari and I ran to the middle of the dance floor and performed a series of break dancing moves from The Bouncer. A stunned silence fell over the room. The single greatest moment in music history took place in a college gymnasium in Concord, New Hampshire, as those who were lucky enough to have witnessed it would tell their children and grandchildren for years to come.

On a brisk November afternoon in 2001 my friend, Josh, and I sat at Burger King and discussed

how we were going to get revenge on Wayne for making fun of me. "We could slash his tires." Josh suggested.

"Slashing tires? That's something a redneck would do. Yeah, take that, Wayne. From the trailer park's heart I stab at thee."

As usual I had missed the relevance of what had just happened. Josh and I weren't exactly soul mates, and if I showed him my fortress of solitude he wouldn't know what to make of all the Cure cds and Jhohnen Vasquez comics I have lying around, but *he was willing to slash someone's tires for me*. There's something incredibly touching about that in retrospect.

"Wow, that account of your college experiences was truly amazing." James said. "Hey, later on some of the guys from work and I are going to join a server and ruin a game of Wolfenstein: Enemy Territory. Justin's going to team kill. I'm going to block doorways. Would you like to join us? We could use someone who just spins around in circles firing their weapon."

"I'll be there." I said.

It's Apple Day!

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams in the hizzy. In the hizouse.

cough

Forum Goon iDust found this crazy DVD piracy site, http://www.piracyisacrime.com/. There are lots and lots of poorly done "Images" that the Goons have fiddled with. Here's an example:

Here's what the Goons cooked up:

Please enjoy this week's Comedy Goldmine, "DVD Piracy Posters".

-~Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

8.17 Revenge At All Costs

Wednesday, Aug 18, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

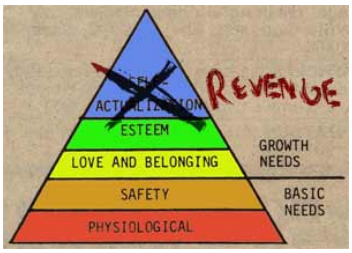
HE BOUGHT SIX MEN OUT OF HELL AND THEY BROUGHT IT WITH THEM. THESE ARE
THE REVENGERS!
WILLIAM HOLDEN · ERNEST BORGNINE · WOODY STRODE · SUSAN HAYWARD
"THE REVENGERS"
I can do this too!

I have never been a vengeful person, though I have long believed that if someone were to wrong me, I would have no difficulty destroying them. By destroy I don't mean kill, because that would of course be questionably legal and really kind of extreme when you get down to it. I am referring more to the idea of systematically defeating every ounce of a person's being, because that's just good revengin'. Besides, if you were to kill someone, what shame and humiliation would they suffer? Death is merely providing them an escape.

In recent weeks I have been giving a lot of thought to the idea of pursuing a life of vengeance, like that of John Walsh or the Punisher. For as long as I can remember I have been a sane and rational man capable of seeing all sides of a situation and handling things in a responsible manner, but the rewards to that kind of living are meager at best. When you think about it, all that separates us from a quality vengeance-driven life is a simple wall of glass. What does it take to drive a man to shatter that glass wall into a million shards? What stands between me being like everyone else, and me armor plating a lawnmower and landscaping a trail of bloody vengeance across America? The answer is incredibly simple. It's a matter of choice. It's a matter of weighing the pros and cons and realizing things are simply better if you're vengeful. Vengeance is a lot more than just harming people. It's about empowerment, which is something everybody can appreciate. Plus, the morale boost from defeating an enemy in some form or another is great for self-esteem. Yes, vengeance does a lot of good for a man's spirit.

Before you get the wrong idea, realize that choosing a life of vengeance was not easy for me. My problem is that I am simply not a jerk. As a nice guy, I endeavor to be polite and non-hostile to everybody I regretfully encounter. Why would a nice guy go out of his way to cause trouble for someone? I decided that, as a service and a courtesy, I would not initiate vengeance unjustly. Naturally, this brings us to the act of revenge. Revenge is complicated as it is not a first strike, but rather a response to some wrong rendered against you. This choice created some difficulty for me, as you might imagine. I am very proactive, and so waiting around for somebody to wrong me is hardly the kind of vengeance-fueled life I set out to live. Logic happened to be on my side, as I realized that I am being deprived of my true nature by society. Being deprived is being wronged, so I have the right to take revenge. Just so nobody has any moral ground to stand on should they accuse me of being unnecessarily vengeful, I turned to my knowledge of social science to further justify my life choice.

Abraham Maslow once concocted what he called a hierarchy of needs, which he illustrated by drawing a pyramid divided into several levels of ascending importance. At the very top, the apex of the pyramid and thusly of human need, he had the need for self-actualization and transcendence. Based on my current situation, I can accurately and scientifically state that Abraham Maslow was a moron. It is a need for revenge that drives me, that makes me what I am, and that need supersedes and thusly comes higher than self-actualization. To set things right I took an image of Maslow's hierarchy and crossed out "self-actualization" and then wrote in "revenge." Seeing as how I had pretty much reinvented the idea of a hierarchy of needs from scratch, I decided to just remove Maslow's name from the equation. Also I



You're a dead man, Maslow.

decided pyramids are for jerks and ziggurats are far more edgy. Thus saw the birth of Josh Boruff's Ziggurat of Revenge, which clearly puts things into perspective and gives my quest for retribution a scholarly backing. I got a giddy thrill thinking about how Old Man Maslow was probably spinning in his sarcophagus after what I did to his pyramid. It turns out getting revenge wasn't so hard after all, even though nobody had really even wronged me. The time had come to put my ideas into action.

The Olympic Committee rejected my request to make crying an official sport. Weeks of rigorous Olympic training were wasted by their stern refusal to embrace the sport of the future. In an ironic twist, it was their rejection letter that gave me the inner resolve to break all my previous records. I suppose I should thank them in a way, thank them for making me the de facto crying champion, but why should I do that? Here was a golden opportunity for revenge that only a fool would squander by taking the high road of acceptance or gratitude. I decided the cronies who rejected my proposal simply did so out of fear. They feared the sparks of revolutionary fire that I was causing by repeatedly rubbing the sticks of change together. Some people can't accept the notion of change, even if it stands to benefit them.

I sent a letter of response directly to the head of the International Olympic Committee, Jacques Rogge, in hopes of getting some revenge against those bastards who rejected my proposal.

> *Dear Mr. Rogge,*
>
> Your subordinates are jerks and I think you should hire me to fire them. I'll have those scumbags eating dog food out of a mailbox with their shoes untied before the week is over.
>
> Also, I'm pretty sure that a few of the athletes competing in the Special Olympics are – how shall I put this – below average intelligence. You might want to consider implementing some standards. That's something I could help your organization with.
>
> Sincerely yours,
>
> Josh Boruff

Lucas Entertainment Presents
VENGEANCE
When you go to the Russian Mafia for revenge...
...be very careful what you ask for!
SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION

I found this image searching for vengeance. But this isn't the kind of vengeance I want any part of.

I can only imagine that my words raged like a thunderstorm of pure anger that left a rainbow of black and blue arching over his bruised ego. This presents a win/win situation for me, because if he accepts my offer, I have a great job limiting the triumphs of mentally challenged people while firing some enemies in the process. If not, it is very likely he will take my request as an insult, therefore vindicating all wrongs done to me by the International Olympic Committee. For those of you keeping score, this was my first successful act of revenge.

Getting revenge is like winning a lifetime supply of Rice-A-Roni. There is a certain primal thrill that comes from truly besting another human being, one not unlike the primal thrill of having more Rice-A-Roni than anyone. Once you taste the sweet nectar of revenge, you can't help but want more. Because of my hunger pangs, I've been looking all over for things I can get revenge against.

The Merriam-Webster English Dictionary has thus far refused to include the word "mummories," which I consider my most important contribution to the English language. Referring to a person's unique mummy-related memories, mummories has a near infinite number of uses outside of simply just being an efficient word. Merriam-Webster's refusal demonstrates that they are completely out of touch with the modern era and is a clear indication that they are firmly opposed to the

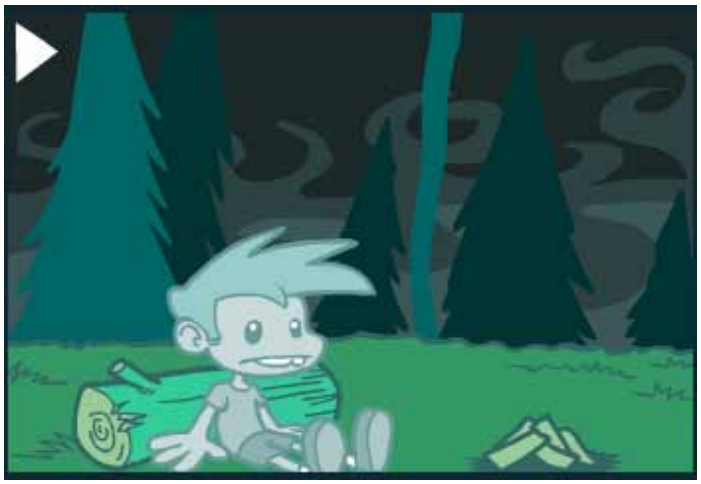
evolution of language. To refute that our language is evolving is foolish and downright destructive. As times change we need new words to describe new things and ideas. Mummories is an important word, one which Egyptologists and museum curators could benefit from greatly. Are we to deny the usefulness of a word simply to preserve some ridiculous notion of linguistic purity? It looks as though my second act of revenge will be to bring down Merriam-Webster for not just myself, but for all those who favor progress.

In the winter of 1996 I was violently player killed by a sadistic wizard who used an exploit that enabled him to shoot fireballs in town. Remembering that wizard's name will be intrinsic to accomplishing my third act of revenge. Once I figure out who it was that wronged me, I will be able to find out where this person lives. Then, I'll take a photograph of his or her house and post it on the Internet with a threatening caption. With any luck, this foul person will be driven mad contemplating the unknown possibilities for terror the Internet offers.

I'm definitely only beginning a long journey that is sure to consume my soul with meaning and greatness. To simply accept the world and live with it is the retreat of fools. I will get my revenge, wronged or not, because everybody needs a purpose in life. My purpose is revenge, and I look forward to reaching my maximum potential at your expense.

◘ Welcome to the Flash Tub!

I'm very pleased to announce that Something Awful has a brand new feature – the Flash Tub. Shmorky, Something Awful's talented regular illustrator, will be presenting new cartoon shorts and suchlike each week, assuming he is sober and not being eaten by bears.



> *I asked the fine gentlemen/women in FYAD to create music using only sounds from the Game Genie Video Game Enhancer for the NES. I supplied the sound effects for them. They made music and I animated my favorites. Here are the results. Enjoy or don't.*

Make sure your sound is on and you have Flash player installed, then check out the sizzling first edition of the Flash Tub!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.18 Reeling in the Years

Thursday, Aug 19, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

I recently turned the ripe old age of 26, and already I can feel the profound change on my body. A few days after my birthday, I woke up to an excruciating pain in the middle of my back, like a groundhog was burrowing through my skin to hide pine cones in my spinal column. I have never had back problems before in my life, so at first I thought the dream I just had of being in a world class pony race and falling off "Sir Prancealot" during the last jump resulting in a broken spine really wasn't just a beautiful dream after all. But then I soon realized that it was indeed a dream, and I somehow horribly damaged my back just by sleeping in bed. I couldn't turn my head from side to side and it took me an hour to crawl out of the bed to the closet where I proceeded to gobble down every painkiller I had in my possession and call in sick to work. I was ashamed that I got such a major injury by just laying down, so I lied to my friends and co-workers and said it was from mountain climbing and wresting a bear who attacked me after I stole its honey pot to feed some starving baby billy goats. I'm not sure why I threw in the part about the honey and goats, but once I get a good lie going it's hard for me to stop.

This latest disability is just one of the terrible changes taking place in the past year. I used to be so spry, full of spirit. I would go out to the park and climb trees, play basketball with minorities, and leap out of the bushes to scare female joggers, but that has all changed. My body no longer bounces back from the vigorous physical activity I had been accustomed to. One game of full court basketball will put me out of commission for weeks on end. I've found it much easier to just play video games simulating physical activity instead of real exercise. I picked up a copy of NBA Live 2005, Speedwalker V1.3, and Sim Rapist for the PC, and started getting a pretty good electronic workout, just in time for John Madden football season, but then I suffered a major thumb injury that put me out of video game sports for the season. Now it's only a matter of time until I grow so fat that my skin grafts to the couch from a mixture of feces, bedsores, and blubber. Save me Maury!

I fought in WW2 and all I got was this stupid hat.

This negligence of real exercise has only contributed to the physical disintegration caused by my advanced age, replacing my once tight, sculpted muscles with pasty cookie dough, but without the delicious taste that customers know and love. The neighborhood children have seen me waddle slowly from my car to my house, and their once healthy fear of me is now all but diminished. The word "revenge" is whispered in their grubby ranks; revenge for me burning down their tree house last summer and taking their baseballs when they hit them near my yard, as well as not near my yard. As soon as the rumor of my fall from power went through the neighborhood, rebellion spread like wild fire, prompting a large rabble of them to set up an ambush when I got home from work, pelting me with eggs, rocks, and cherry bombs. Like all things in life, there are cycles of rises and falls. The mighty Roman Empire controlled most of the civilized world at the height of their glory, yet eventually was picked apart and destroyed by barbarians. The same could be said for me. I have already peaked, probably sometime when I was 11, and now it's a steady spiral downward into oblivion and destruction.

Some people may say I am too cynical about old age, and that I just need to accept the changes

my body is going through. Some people say that with age comes wisdom and knowledge, and as such you can live a much richer life. If I ever meet the "some people", I'm going stab them in their eyes for being lying bastards. A few summers ago I worked in a nursing home to make some extra money so I could buy and raise zebra mussels for a backyard fighting championship. I learned a lot about old people that summer, and the terrible depths of suffering that goes along with old age. The hallways were filled with animated corpses, shuffling towards the cafeteria to gum dry toast and oatmeal until they pass away and are swept into the incinerator by a giant broom wielded by a large black sassy nurse. Working in the home unveiled the startling truth about the ungraceful reality of aging and death. Men who proudly fought in WW2 sit in soiled diapers next to the window, looking out for their children who will never visit. Women who were once ravishing beauties were now withered skeletons with matted gray hair, biting the heads off baby shrews. In America, it seems to be normal to lock away our seniors to rot away, away from public view or the busy life of the younger folk. Many of my Indian friends see this as very strange since their culture is very family oriented, and the parents take care of the children, never charging them rent and supporting them, but then when they grow old the children will take care of the parents, never thinking of placing them in a retirement home. But this is America where it's dog-eat-dog, and old people are slow and in the way. If there is one rule in this country, it is never get old, and don't look up and open your mouth when it's raining.

I am currently breaking both rules, as I am growing old and slowly drowning. My body is breaking down and changing in fascinating ways, as well as my usual paranoia growing into full-fledged dementia. Here are a few examples of the things you have to look forward to in a few years, you bratty little whippersnappers:

This is no place for a hobbit!

Hobbit feet

That's right, my feet are looking more and more like hobbit feet with each passing, agonizing day. I now have tufts of curly hair growing on my toes, just like Mr. Frodo and his gaggle of pint sized adventurers. I am not a very hairy person at all, so why my toes are sprouting such growth at this time is puzzling. Is my body preparing for such a long journey to defeat an evil menace with an iron will and elf bread? What's next, where will it stop? Am I really the missing link to the Yeti? Where is Leonard Nemoy when you need him?

Beer belly

I love beer. No really, I love beer so much that I am willing to sacrifice all of my money, friends, family, job, house, for just one night of its frosty embrace. It has a magical property to make everything in life better, and is totally necessary during the viewing of any sporting event. Over the years, my emotions have withered away, leaving just a dry husk filled with pudding and sea monkeys. Beer replaces that spot where happiness should be with a nice warm buzzing sensation, like bees are making love in

my sinus cavity. Unfortunately, the signs of alcoholic gluttony are starting to show. A tiny Buddha gut is now flowing freely over my zebra striped boxer shorts, ripe for a good punch by a local ruffian or neighborhood child who has heard the news of my fall. This is happening to all of my friends as well, and in a panic they are switching to light beer in a futile attempt to halt the process. They are fools, I think to myself as I chug down multiple pints of extra-thick Guinness, and eat the remainder of the beer at the bottom with a spoon. I will not give in to these scare tactics, and I shall overcome this obstacle the only way I know how: liposuction.

Sexual side effects

Let me just state for the record that I am a horrible sensualist who enjoys clubbing baby seals to death with my large, misshapen penis just for the "kicks". Let me also state that I am fully secure with my sexual ability and suffer no problems in the bedroom performance wise. The hardest thing about continuing to keep a rigorous schedule of "tending the crop" in your advanced years is that it can be very tiring. Nothing frightens me more than sweating because of physical labor, and exercise from the act of intercourse is no different. I am waiting with baited breath for one of those remote controlled robots to come out to do the work for me, but all they have right now is those little dogs that really fail to do the job properly, and sometimes even go haywire and cause great injury to my partner. The only bonus to the robot dog is that you can't press charges against a robot yet, but that might change now that the movie "I, Robot" is out.

"Don't worry dad, just stay in the boat while we push it out to sea."

Grumpy

I've become more grumpy, bitter, disillusioned, and crabby with each advancing birthday. I look upon the younger generation of illiterate bratty teens with extreme disdain, and we have grown to distrust each other. When I read the news, I skim the article and shout "bah!" while slamming my fist down on the table, spilling hot coffee on my aching knees, making me cry out in pain and curse minorities. Anything that I don't understand or can't comprehend, like the fancy new urban shoes, or CD players, I hate with a passion and call them "newfangled commie gadgetry". I spy on my neighbors and dig through their trash to make sure they aren't harboring terrorists or throwing away any usable coupons. Concerned with this spike in erratic behavior, I went to a doctor to tell him what was happening, and a CAT scan revealed that the core of my brain was dissolved and was now replaced with a creamy nougat center. He told me not to worry about it because I would never make it past the age of 40. At least some good news came out of all of this.

Yes I am going to die, and so are you, sooner than we can comprehend. Some of you will get crushed under a vending machine while trying to steal some Cheez-Its, others will die in a fiery car wreck, but most of you will grow old and wrinkly, and then your parts will start to malfunction until your body dies and your soul is placed inside one of those robot dogs. It is healthy to think about the morbid reality that this life is very temporary and short, for then you begin to appreciate things like puppy dogs and Apple Jacks, and start living for today. Just remember, the next time I update you will be one week permanently older, one week away from a rent check, and one day closer to death. Have a great weekend!

Titled.Doc

Zack "Hwang Tso" Parsons here to set the Internet abuzz with talk of the latest chapter of my smash hit science fiction comedy novel "Untitled Document".

> *Millennia ago, when the Imperatrixians had just forged their great galactic trade empire, the sliver of space that just happened to contain the human home world had been assigned a numerical designation. Centuries later under the beneficent rule of Emperor Jake Rh9 Vlots all of the sectors still referred to by numerical designations were given more media savvy titles. 3342.48 became "Awesome! Sector", 3354.21 became "Oh Yeah! Sector", and 3380.10 was declared "Wow! Sector". Though Emperor Vlots and Marketing Consul Hestus faded into obscurity, their sector names had sufficient "zazz" to remain in use.*

You had better read it right away or you will look like an asshole when everyone else is gossiping about it around the water cooler.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

8.19 Role Playing Corner Review: The Book of Erotic Fantasy

Friday, Aug 20, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Given a pad of paper, a pencil, and a year's time I would be hard pressed to come up with a list of three products less needed than The Valar Project's "Book of Erotic Fantasy." After all, did we really need the juvenile sexuality of women in chain mail thongs accelerated to sex golems and spells that cause orgasms? Sitting around with a bunch of your friends and playing out awkward NPC romances wasn't good enough for you? The guys can get together and pretend to be orc women who get pregnant and contract magical venereal diseases! The aversion of gazes at that role playing session will probably cause some sort of gravitational anomaly.

Against my better judgment I managed to pick up a copy of the Book of Erotic Fantasy from ebay for fairly cheap with the intention of reviewing it. For several months I agonized over how to approach such a review. The book is so terrible that just paging through it was making me laugh out loud and I knew there was no way I could top the inherent comedy contained in its pages. Every single page features at least on cringe- worthy item; if not in the text then in the laughably Photoshopped and sometimes disturbing nude photos.

Rather than giving you a rough overview of this beast and waxing sarcastic about its glory I have decided to take you through it from cover to cover, pointing out the star attractions like a tour guide.

The book begins with an earnest introduction that asks "why would sex be left out of RPGs?" and attempts to conclude that society is ready and mature enough for hardcore orc on storm giant fucking. They of course ignore the fact that the core demographic of RPGs is maladjusted soda-swilling male nerds who start laughing when they think about the word "vagina". A bunch of guys sitting around a table eating Doritos and farting up the place should not be spending a lot of time on imaginary sex discussions.

Following the introduction the game spends about 20 pages just talking about generalities of sex and how they should relate to role playing games. It's your basic touchy-feely shit like "By avoiding (or embracing) the stereotypes of gays and lesbians as they are seen in the real world, you and your players can create something unique and interesting". Oh yes, toot toot Valor, I'm sure every role playing group sets out to kill a dragon and then contemplate society's sexual intolerance.

Sexual healing tends to produce wanton lens flares.

This first chapter really sets the tone for the rest of the book in that it is pretentious, extremely dry (lots of charts about marital fidelity), and unnecessarily ham-fisted. Do they really need almost ten pages to explain how the hokey D&D alignment system relates to sexuality? Oh my, what a revelation, dominatrixes are Lawful Evil and I never knew it during all my trips to Club Spank.

Things do pick up a little in chapter one as the book delves into the various reproductive habits and practices of the fantastic races of D&D. I was amazed to learn that all elves are bisexual, gnomes are extremely horny all the time, and many orc females die during childbirth. Here are a few life-lessons

that you can learn from this portion of the first chapter:

- Half-elves have difficult puberty.
- Dryads retreat to their trees during pregnancy.
- Brothels that service orcs generally charge by the minute.
- Aroused female ogres exude a powerful musk that can be sensed by males a league away!
- Minotaurs have sex doggy style.

The real meat of the Book of Erotic Fantasy begins with the second chapter. Not satisfied with the vague "Charisma" score, the kooks over at the Valar Project have added a new attribute called "Appearance". This determines how attractive a character or NPC is, and to help explain this there is a chart demonstrating the Appearance scores of various monsters. For example, zombies have an Appearance score of only 1 while giant owls are much hotter with their 10-11 Appearance scores. Will-o'-wisps are downright stunners with their drool-inspiring hotness of 20-21.

Why couldn't they have gone with illustrations? WHHHHHHHHYYYY?!!

One of the more interesting topics covered in the second chapter is the host of venereal diseases that the Book of Erotic Fantasy introduces to D&D. Azure Balls turns an unfortunate character's testicles blue. Whore's Delight causes a character's genitals to secrete a paralytic poison. Chapter two also includes a bevy of positively worthless Feats for your character to learn like "Sterility" and "Submissive Demeanor". The inclusion of feats such as these indicate that the makers behind the Book of Erotic Fantasy basically intend people to run entire campaigns based around having sex. If this idea sounds good to you then you probably have a lot of surprisingly nerdy stripper friends.

Chapter three focuses entirely on the wonderful new character and prestige classes that are unique to the Book of Erotic Fantasy. These classes range from the downright silly (Tantrists and Sacred Prostitutes) to the exceedingly pointless (Harem Guards). Not surprisingly the real high point of this chapter comes from the erotic fanfiction quality flavor text.

> *"Please make yourself comfortable," said Damio, putting a pinch of incense on the brazier. He sat on the edge of the bed and looked about nervously. Damio slinked over and sat next to him, placing her hand on his thigh. "First time here soldier?" Again, he only nodded in reply, too shy to say anything. "Well, don't worry, you're in capable hands," caressing the bulge in the front of his pants.*

That excerpt is from the flavor text for the Sacred Prostitute, whose powers include healing people with sex, healing people better with sex, and restoring spells with sex. They're sort of like clerics only they are worthless in combat and role playing them requires unparalleled shamelessness.

Chapter four introduces a huge quantity of new magic spells for D&D that you would have almost no reason to ever use. I've selected a few that I thought were particularly idiotic and included an excerpt from their description. My comments have been added in italics.

> **Blessed Seed** - This spell infuses you with celestial energy that infuses your sperm or womb with power. *Peter North look out.*
>
> **Cursed Orgasm** - The next time that the subject achieves orgasm, he is wracked with incredible pain that causes 1d6 points of damage per caster level. *Let's hope this monster we're fighting decides to stop and jack off.*

Innocence of the Virgin - Once touched, the creature affected by this spell loses all knowledge of sex, sexual techniques, and methods of reproduction. *I won't let you kiss me because I don't want to have no babies!*

Liar's Curse - Each time the target lies, the [target's genitals] become larger. *Honey, can I cast Liar's Curse on you? We need a cave to set up camp. Also helpful for crossing ravines.*

Orgasmic Vibrations, Mass - As orgasmic vibrations, except this spell affects multiple creatures. *Very popular at raves.*

Chapter five continues by introducing a wide variety of new items, most of which you will find less use for than all the sex-related spells in the previous chapter. Magical dildos, hiring prostitutes, sexy armor, aphrodisiacs, and enchanted bondage gear are all present. There is even a random table of treasure that I guess you can find if you defeat a dragon that runs an adult bookstore. Hey, I rolled an 87, looks like I just found myself a potion of reverse gender! My favorite item by far in this chapter is the "Ghost Sheath"; a cock-ring that lets you have sex with ghosts. Slimer is in for a surprise when I get home from work.

Image as seen on hundreds of Geocities websites.

Chapter six covers some uninteresting fertility gods (although the picture of the pregnant goblin goddess is amusing) and a number of seemingly unrelated monster archetypes. The only really interesting creature in this chapter is the pleasure golem, which can be summed up as a cross between a Real Doll and Frankenstein's monster. There is also some vaguely disturbing furry race called the Felids which are essentially people with furry paint on.

Chapter seven is the last chapter and by far the funniest. It includes a hilariously awful random adventure idea table that is overflowing with embarrassingly terrible adventure ideas. Have a look for yourself and keep in mind that the text is the ENTIRE text for each of these ideas. As before my comments on each are in italics.

3 - The mayor of a large city has recently announced that he is gay. *The players must line up and be given blowjobs by the mayor or a magical volcano will erupt and impregnate the orcs nearby!*

15 - A roving band of minstrels has come into town, sleeping with anyone they can. *Lead singer Gary Glitter was last seen at Ye Olde Daycare Center.*

17 - A strange comet passes overhead rendering all living creatures sterile for an entire year. *Uh oh, can the players wait a year to have a baby or do they have to have one right now?!*

31 - A medusa petrifies lovers in the act of sex then leaves the statues in the public square for all to see. *Punk'd! That wily medusa! How embarrassing is that?!*

51 - As they enter into heat, a normally serene tribe of centaurs begin assaulting anyone that comes near. *Step 1: Avoid humping centaurs.*

61 - An ogre falls in love with the local lord's daughter. *The players must stop the evil ogre and his wise-cracking donkey minion.*

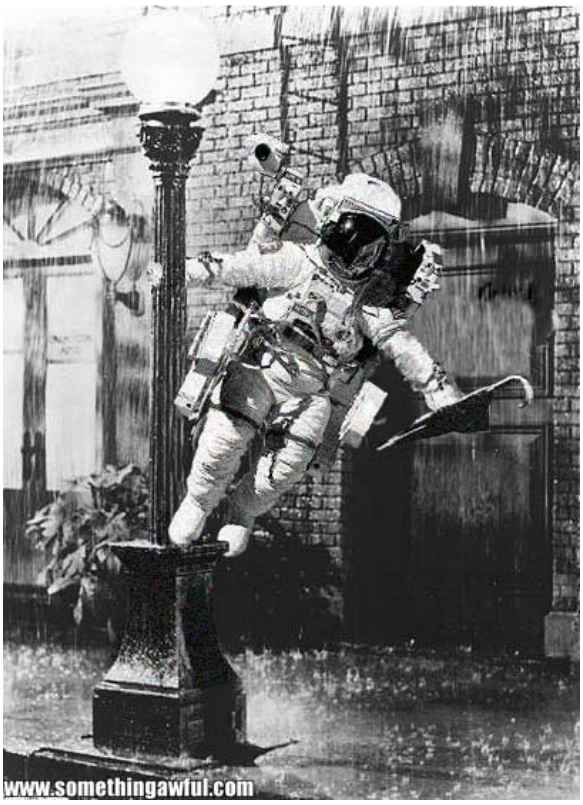
72 - A lesbian dwarf has been exiled from her clan and asks the adventurers to help her get her lover out as well. *I think this plot is recycled from The Big Book of After School Specials.*

> **99** - While out in the wilderness, one of the male adventurers wakes up with a blue bow tied around his penis. *Isn't the punch line to this joke "want to go camping?"*

The last hurrah of the Book of Erotic Fantasy is an embarrassing Phil Foglio comic (which should be embarrassing enough on its own) in which he implies that the Book of Erotic Fantasy will actually inspire gamers to go out and meet women. The chances of this book having a positive impact on anyone's life are roughly equal to the chances that staring at the sun will cure cancer.

◘ Astronauts Ahoy!

Greetings friends and mortal enemies, Livestock here. In honor of our space faring friends, the astronauts, we have a particularly commonplace edition of Photoshop Phriday up and ready for viewing! Featuring thrilling scenes of astronauts in danger, astronauts having fun, and astronauts being bad! Miss it and be the jerk to end all jerks!



Grab yourself some tang and read this fine feathered feature before it leaves the nest for good.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.20 I Can't Seem To Locate The Pornography

Saturday, Aug 21, 2004 by State Og Representative

When I purchased my first computer, my best friend nudged me in the ribs with his elbow (the bronze-plated one he won in the 1994 World Elbow Games and still carries around to impress girls) and told me that I'd be able to get all the porn I wanted with it. This came as something of a shock, as I had only bought the device to play the recently announced Daikatana. Was it really possible to get pornography AND become John Romero's bitch with the same marvelous piece of technology? Truly we were living in a golden age. That night I changed into my masturbating pajamas - the pajamas didn't masturbate, technology hadn't advanced enough yet - and sat down to the computer. I was expecting a short safari into the Jungles of Glorious Nudity, but what I got was an eight year long assraping by the Rhinocerous of Frustration in the Serengetti Plains of Depression.

Opening up my trusty notepad.exe, I typed in "porn" and hit the enter key. Several moments passed, then a full minute and still nothing happened. I was somewhat concerned at this point, but then I remembered that important things always take a long time for computers to process in movies and that this was the most important thing of all. I left the computer to run its calculations overnight, but when I returned nothing at all had changed. I grew up as a simple farm boy without a farm, so I was used to letdowns but I wasn't about to give up. I wanted to see smut and I wouldn't settle for anything less. Watching the World's Wildest Police Chases with the sound turned off was no longer enough.

Mmmm yeah, that's the stuff.

I gave my best friend a call, and he informed me that I needed an internet to find what I was looking for. Well, he was full of shit. First of all, I couldn't just buy an internet, I had to rent one on a monthly basis. When I finally did get online, there was no porn to be found. My email inbox was full of letters offering me free XXX, but I was never really a big fan of Vin Diesel's work. He showed promise in Boiler Room, I reasoned in the eight page letter I wrote in reply to each offer I had received, but most of his films were action movies and in these roles he wasn't especially charismatic. After checking my email I visited all the obvious adult urls (thespians.com, sabian.com, and newyorkyankees.com), but amazingly came up with nothing. The computer was beginning to infuriate me.

Thanks, but no thanks.

Taking a break from technology, I began studying the ancient texts of Ped-Cros Xing. Xing was a Chinese philosopher who dared to defy the gods and was in turn cursed with severe halitosis. He craved the touch of a woman more than life itself or even the touch of really nice wool, yet his breath had become so vile that no woman accepted his advances. He gave up on life and took up residence in a cave, where he carved crude pictures of naked women and dogs to appease his sexual cravings (don't worry, the dogs were female). These carvings were widely considered the first pornographic images, and it was rumored that he who found Xing's cave would find a wellspring of eternal pornography. For years I worked to decipher the ancient texts and procure some sort of clue as to the cave's location, but made little progress. The only thing I was relatively sure of was that the cave was in China.

After all those fruitless years spent studying Xing's texts, I called my friend one last time out of desperation. His advice hadn't helped

much in the past, but I was at the end of my rope. His suggestion was somewhat disheartening.

"Why don't you just go to playboy.com or something?"

"Look, I love Nintendo's handheld systems as much as the next guy," I replied, "but I don't have time for games! I need porn and I need it fast!"

"I've got it! Google 'porn'. I do it myself pretty regularly."

I politely thanked him and hung up, but deep inside I was falling apart. He wanted me to try "google" porn? How long had my friend been a pedophile? He assumed I'd like it too, so what did that say about the sort of person he thought I was? I haven't spoken to him since.

I'd like for there to be a happy ending to all of this, but there simply isn't. I've come to realize that my friend was a liar and that porn is impossible to find in the barren wastelands of the internet. If any good has come from all these wasted years, it's that I now realize the errors of my ways. In my single-minded pursuit of the unattainable, I ignored all else, even the very thing that I originally bought a computer for. It seems that at around the time my head was buried in the ancient texts of Xing, Daikatana was released. Playing this game will be carhartic; my first step toward a new life full of happiness and hope.

■ State Og

Although it might be hard to believe, State Og isn't just about profits and power. It's also about caring. Caring for our troops and our country in these desperate times.

> *A single War Condom can hold up to a full battalion of men! Just march them in and seal off the end. Now you can confidently send them off to battle, knowing that they are safe from all of those slutty microbes.*

Make sure you're hermetically sealed, then check out this week's update!

-~State Og Representative

8.21 Look Over There!

Sunday, Aug 22, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Normally, I would never try to pass off an Awful Link of the Day as an article unto itself, but I just got onto something of a rant this week. Take a look at the site and you'll understand. Something about this site just cracks me up. So between you and me, let's pretend that today's ALOD is an article, okay? Don't tell Lowtax.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

8.22 H.P. Lovecraft's A-Team

Monday, Aug 23, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

> *In 1927 a crack commando unit was sent to prison by a military court for a crime they didn't commit. These men promptly escaped from a maximum security stockade to the Rhode Island underground. Today, still wanted by the government, they survive as antiquarians and dilettantes who seek out mysteries of the beyond. If you have an otherworldly problem, if no one else can help, and if you can find them, maybe you can hire the A-Team.*

I found Colonel John Smith in much the same condition as I had left him a year before. He sat, catatonic, his back pressed into the corner of his cell as though it might open up and swallow him mercifully. When the orderly opened the door and allowed me to enter poor Smith did not so much as look up at me. His cracked lips worked silently to form words and syllables totally alien to me and his gaze was locked in some far away place that I could not see.

"John," I tried to comfort him. "John, I have returned as I promised. The village you spoke of is empty. There is not a trace of the evil."

An unspeakable evil. A perversion of flesh guided by the unknowable hand of some cosmic horror. These were the things John had spoken of during my last visit. He had ranted hysterically before collapsing into his catatonia, screaming the names of his friends and the name of a town. Of his friends there was no trace remaining, but I found the town.

Innswich was on no map made by men, but it existed all the same, nestled in a strange harbor along the dark and insular coast of New England. When I had gone searching desperately for Smith's lost companions I had found nothing but the empty town. No faces greeted me at the shops and sea-worn houses, and no candles burned in the windows at night. The hoary rotting ships still moored in the harbor groaned in the darkness as if searching for their crews.

"They're gone, John," I patted his shoulder and he flinched. "Whatever you saw is no more."

"They're gone." John mimicked hoarsely, tears welling in his eyes. "They're gone, and it is my doing."

I realized at once that he spoke not of the mysterious forces, but of his companions.

"The others, the ones from the sea, visit me in my waking dreams, Carter." John clutched suddenly at my forearms, his ragged nails digging into the cloth of my shirt. "Let me tell you. Let me tell you how they scheme. When the stars are right, they shall exult as their plan comes together."

Feverishly, madly, John's story spilled out of him. I listened raptly as he spared no detail, afraid that a moment's lapse in my attention would drive the broken man back into exile within the husk of his body.

The woman, like so many before her, approached John for the assistance he covertly offered. Barely more than a girl, Henrietta Posthwaite had a pretty face but eyes too widely set and lips just slightly too large, her countenance was at once comely and disconcerting. She told John that her town needed help and John's military background bade him listen. John, always confident and

puffing on one of his distasteful low-grade cigars, listened intently to the girl's tale. She sought him out from Innswich, one of many New England coastal communities where life had changed little in the past century and the community still rose and fell on the bounty of the sea.

She claimed that new faces had appeared in town, swarthy men who spoke with Spanish accents and carried guns openly. She explained to John that these newcomers had struck some sort of deal with the town elders to use Innswich in the traffic of their mysterious illicit goods. These strange Spaniards were quite menacing, and had even taken to striking the townsfolk in Innswich or threatening them with rifles.

Even though she had little to offer by way of payment, it took but a moment for John to put aside what he was doing and agree to help the young woman. He told her to return to Innswich and await word from him.

John did not tarry in calling upon his faithful companions who might offer assistance in his new endeavor. For mechanical knowledge and capricious genius, John sent a telegram to his good friend H.M. Murdock that instructed the queer antiquarian to join him at the Capering Gents supper club. So to did he send word to Bosco Baracus, the muscular and sage dilettante who had financed many of his exploits abroad and was known to be a reliable soldier.

John longed to involve his friend Face, but the man had delved too deep into the occult. Face's personal investigation into a group of nature-worshippers that paid tribute to "Mother Goat of the Woods" ended terribly when Face died under strange circumstances. John briefly investigated his death, but all he could learn was that just before Face collapsed on the docks of Providence he had been jostled by a mysterious negroid in a raincoat. Face had been scarcely touched by the man, but had looked at him with surprise before falling to the ground clutching at his neck. Despite this strange occurrence, the constabulary determined that Face's death was caused by a weak heart and John could discover little else.

Bosco and Mr. Murdock arrived at the Capering Gents as quickly as rail travel would allow and the three men enjoyed a fine dinner together. After the meal they gathered by the roaring hearth and imbibed aged spirits, their words laced with the intoxicating haze of the thick cigars John had passed to them. John told them both of the adventure which he had planned. Both men agreed that it was a rip-roaring case that would bring them together for an altruistic cause like they had in years past. John wanted to set about their adventure as expeditiously as possible and had booked passage on a postal aeroplane traveling to nearby Hog's Creek.

Bosco, relentlessly afraid of air travel, declined the offer and promised he would meet both gentlemen as quickly as possible by arranging travel on a fast-sailing yacht out of Providence. John and Mr. Murdock both agreed, but as they stepped out into the chill autumn air Mr. Murdock held Bosco's attention while John crept up behind him and waylaid the unsuspecting man with a blow to the head. They dragged his unconscious form to a waiting automobile and made speed to the aerodrome.

While unconscious, Bosco journeyed beyond the threshold of sleep and into the land of dreams as he had many times before. He eluded the ever-watchful Gug and crept on through the winding stones of Uthrai and to the dark gabled streets of Dylath-Leen. There, as always, the cats watched from the rooftops and before long Bosco had spied General Mittens, his faithful friend in the dream world. The white cat leapt down from a roof and was at his side in a flash. Over many journeys to Dylath-Leen Bosco had learned the language of the cats and knew of their intense hatred for the

hairless and mad-eyed cats of Saturn.

"Friend Mittens," intoned Bosco, "I seek the Golden Key of Leng. Do you know the way?"

General Mittens did know the way, and he yowled out to his army of cats on the rooftops and they leapt down around Bosco. Together they would carry him to the terrible eldritch wood of Lugubar with one mighty flying leap, through the void of space, and to that sepulchral forest on the dark side of the moon. Bosco briefly felt the cats swarm and writhe around his body, and then he was carried, past the howling caves of Amneht-Sekh and through the cold darkness of space. He landed in the wood of Lugubar as softly as if resting his head on a downy cushion. The cats bid their leader a farewell and took flight again, into the twinkling sky above and off back to the twisting streets of Dylath-Leen.

General Mittens and Bosco ventured forward, their eyes stinging with the foul miasma that drifted through the dense forest like an ominous presence. Red eyes stared out at them, the swirling madness of the cats of Saturn, watching fearfully as the great warrior Mittens and the strange dreamer walked through the forbidden wood. They watched through the fleshy branches above as a dark galley passed by, bound for the secret warrens of the moon beasts, its holds loaded with unfortunate slaves. Their journey brought them to a clearing, where strange alien birds sung as flutes, and the unblinking eyes of the hateful cats lined the branches of the trees.

Arrayed in the center of this clearing were nine great pillars of basalt, extending far beyond the trees and into the impenetrable darkness of space. At the center of this array stood a pedestal of white-veined marble topped with a cushion of tanned and stuffed leather upon which rested a large golden key. Bosco approached cautiously and General Mittens stayed back, warning of danger and unseen trickery.

"My pity for the fool that would arrest my progress at this late point," offered Bosco with a confident smile.

Bosco reached out and snatched the golden key from its pedestal, placing it quickly around his neck. All was silent for a moment and then, with a great rush of air, a whirlwind of darkness roared down from the void. Coruscating shadows spawned screaming faces that howled madly at Bosco as he shielded his face from the wind. He found his breath stifled and the wind drove him back against his will. A shape not unlike that of a noble man began to coalesce in that twisting mass of indescribable horror.

Bosco awoke, his friends Mr. Murdock and John carrying him between them as they disembarked from an aeroplane. He immediately kicked Mr. Murdock away to free himself and rose to his feet, still feeling a bit befuddled.

"You incorrigible ruffians!" Bosco chastened them. "You have once again hoodwinked me into risking my life in one of those damnable contraptions! I have half a mind to crack your skulls."

"You were sleeping so peacefully after dinner at Capering Gents that I found it cruel to rouse you." John remarked as he lit a fresh cigar.

"I doubt that, sir!" Retorted Bosco, his anger all bluster. "I can see Mr. Murdock doing something so rude, but you, Colonel, should know better."

"Oy!" Cried Mr. Murdock. "Now, what do you mean by that, then?"

John calmed them both as the horse-drawn hansom carriage that would convey them to Innswich arrived at the aerodrome. As had been arranged, the driver stepped down with a doff of his cap - for he refused to carry them to Innswich - and Mr. Murdock took over on the reining board. Bosco and John stepped up and into the padded and gas-lit interior.

"Make haste Mr. Murdock," shouted John as they began to trot out of the aerodrome, "we have a most dire plan to foil!"

Had only they known of the deadly terrors awaiting them in that quiet harbor town they might have thought better of their mad dash across the New England countryside.

To Be Continued...

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.23 People Hate Us

Tuesday, Aug 24, 2004 by Rocco "Rocco" Botte

If there's one thing people hate, it's being videotaped. From educational films about puppies, to zany pranks with your junior high buddies, to German fecal dining cinema, it's all the same in the public's eyes! ! I, along with the rest of the crew of Mega64, deal with this subject on a near-daily basis. Whenever we film our video game parody skits, we try to include, and harass, as many people in public as we can. But this can be difficult, as 99% of the people outdoors achieve schizophrenia as soon as a camera is whipped out! What should you look out for, you ask? I speak from our own personal experience in telling you that the general camera-avoiding public consists of seven main groups.

IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE SOLID SNAKE?? YOU GUYS SHOULD HAVE MADE SNAKE FALL DOWN MORE AND THEN LIKE STAB A KID, ALSO WHY ARE YOU FILMING MY GIRLFRIEND?

1. 40 Year Old Women Who Can't Have Any Filming Going On... AT ALL.

Don't even THINK about filming anywhere near this specimen. They will find absolutely any reason to spray mace in your eyes and call the police. Take, for instance, the time Derrick and I filmed a skit based on the game *Banjo Kazooie*, in which I walked around town in a bear costume while eating Fritos. When it came time for people to sign release forms, one woman in the distant background absolutely REFUSED to sign, stating not only that she thought I "was going to steal her purse with that mask on," but that we might try to use her face to sell anything we want. I think there might be some holes in that logic, as I can't seem to remember the last time anyone used an irritable soccer mom bitching at a grizzly bear to sell cola.

2. Guys Who Will Tell You You're Filming Girls

Without question, you will encounter this group every time you film. No matter what you're filming, even if it's the ghost of freaking Adolf Hitler sitting upon a flaming stallion; as long as there are females within ten miles of the filming area, these jackasses will insist you're filming them. This was the only actual comment we received when we filmed our *Super Mario Bros.* skit. The sight of two of the most iconic fictional characters in history, from video games or otherwise, was not enough to deter hot-tempered boyfriends and angry fathers from thinking we were actually filming their daughters for "Hot Wild Ugly Girls At The Mall Wearing Sandals XXX."

3. Aspiring Actors

LOOK HOW THAT GUY PLAYS WITH TOYS HE MUST BE GAY!!!! AHAHAH IS THIS FOR THAT JACKASS SHOW?? ARE YOU FILMING JACKASS??? I MEAN JACKBUTT SORRY MOM!

Now here's a fun bunch destined for stardom for sure! If caught on camera, these fine folks will do their best to ham it up by attempting to do something funny. Unfortunately, this species is a dying breed because nearly every attempt will fail miserably. Ha ha, watch the funny man poke the actors with a fishing pole while they're trying to film! Oh ho ho, look at Darkel from West Hills High School pretending to be a chimp in the background of our *Metal Gear* skit! LOL, check out that guy named "Cree" bust out the latest 50 Cent cuts while you're trying to film a scene about Tetris! Ahaha, take a gander at me, erasing all the videotapes! Using my toilet! And my urine!

4. People Who Already Had Your Idea

Let's face it, folks - none of your ideas are original. In fact, even if you spend years of your life developing original ideas for a film, odds are you probably stole each and every idea from someone else when you weren't even conscious! At least that's what this group will make you believe. After taping your bit of choice, these upstanding citizens will be sure to email you afterwards and tell you about how they had the exact same idea five years ago when they lived in Florida with a bunch of roommates that were way funnier than you could ever be, even if you stole their idea of being funnier than you currently are! Then they'll refer to you as a "bastard" for living in California and having so many "connections" while they lived in Podunk, New Jersey with no one to help them make their fantastic idea come to life. They may attack and create frightening situations, similar to the hit movie "The Secret Window." But also like "The Secret Window," you will at the end realize that all of this was just a result of them being mentally retarded, and you will turn off the lights in your room and cry at the fact that you wasted your night thinking about any of it.

5. Guilt Trippers

This specimen will carefully observe your filming session, decide they hate / envy it, and then quickly give you a reason why you should feel bad for filming anything at all. We staged an assassination for a *Hitman* skit at a nearby park. Once the cameras were shut off, a woman marched up to us and stated that our big scene had disrupted the party they were having - a "celebration of a baby's death." That, my friends, is an actual quote. We looked around and saw only balloons, presents, and other festive decorations strewn about the park tables. This means either the woman was lying or that dying babies are a hell of a lot more fun than any birthday I've ever had. In any case, simple logic will get you out of any tussle with these people. Simply tell them your planned assassination was just a way to send their dead kid another friend to play with, and they'll happily be on their way!

DEAR MEGA64.COM YOU TOTALLY COPIED THE IDEA ME AND MY FRIEND TRICK WHITEY HAD SIX YEARS AGO ONLY OUR SHOW WAS ABOUT GIRLS' BUTTS P.S. YOU GUYS FILM GIRLS RIGHT????

6. 8th Grade Wannabe Directors

Put yourself in our shoes for a moment. You're outside, at the park, wearing only a diaper. You're cold. You only have one shot left to do. As you run about, you hear this shrill cry distinctly in the background: "HEY WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ARE YOU GUYS FILMING JACKASS??? IS THIS A JACKASS SHOW??? MOM WON'T EVEN LET ME SAY JACKASS IS THIS A JACKBUTT SHOW??? GET AWAY FROM ME YOU GAY MAN!! HEY YOU SHOULD HAVE THAT GUY'S DIAPER FALL OFF! HEY YOU SHOULD HAVE THAT GAY DIAPER MAN JUMP OVER A PIECE OF FIRE AND GET HURT!!! AND THEN HE BLOWS UP LIKE THE CHALLENGER!!! CHALLENGE!!! CHALLENGE!!!" Then you realize why people like Shawn have so many child murders on their record.

7. Instant Hero

The one type of person you actually want to come across at you're filming session. If you stage any kind of fake fight or attack, this is the guy who will think it's real and barge in and try to break it up to save the day. This actually happened during the filming of our *Ghosts 'N Goblins* bit, in which I dressed like a knight and fought a skeleton in a parking lot, and a man ran out of a bar to break up the brawl. This is a prime example of how this specimen will either A) Genuinely try to just look good on camera or B) Be SO drunk that they actually believe a zombie is SERIOUSLY pissed at King Arthur in the Target parking lot. Either way, this is a big ugly beer-scented plate of comedy just yours for the taking!

In conclusion: Just throw your DV camera away and give up. Try a safer profession like bird watching. That way, when the flaming ghost of Adolf Hitler on a stallion does finally come by, you can continue to film all the shopping mall girls you want without anyone having a single suspicion.

Props to my Goonion Pack

You remember that episode where Picard and the crew of the Next Generation Enterprise go back in time and data accidentally steps on a bug on the prehistoric Earth and when the ship returns to normal time, they find out that the Earth has turned into a huge plate of waffles? No? Okay, maybe I'm really confused, but the point is that time travel is a dangerous thing. Imagine what would happen if we sent people back in time right now? Oh man, the thought of FDR with spinners on his wheelchair scares me. Of course with this in mind, the Goons took it a step further.

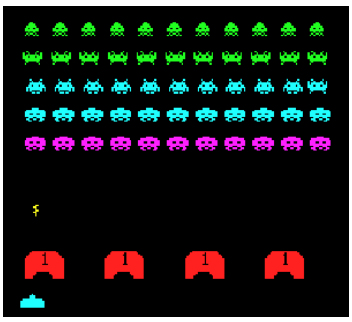
Please enjoy this week's Comedy Goldmine, "Timetraveling Fads".

-~Rocco "Rocco" Botte

8.24 The Space Invasion

Wednesday, Aug 25, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The Space Invasion



What is humanity to do?

The invasion started with a sound. The frantic buzzing of the telephone awoke astronaut Ace Dangers from his nightmares. Even then, in the confusion that comes from reentry into the waking world, Ace could swear the phone sounded different, as if it was ringing with unprecedented importance. Ace answered the phone next to his bed with his right hand while using his left to gently rub his sleep worn eyes.

"You're calling at a pretty crazy hour, whoever you are!" he grizzled into the phone. "This better be important."

"Ace, this is Tom Davies over at the NASA Crisis Center. You know that scenario we always talked about but never thought would happen?"

"My God," Ace said in a stone cold voice. "It's started, hasn't it?"

"I'm afraid so. It's only a matter of time before they breach atmosphere, and a short time later before they land."

"We have to stop them! Surely there is a way to stop them, Tom?"

"Get down here right away. We're working on a solution as fast as possible, but we need you here!"

"I'm on my way. Tom, you can count on me!"

"We've sent a car. It should be there any minute. We'll see you then, Ace."

Ace crawled out of bed with urgency, something he had not done since that regretful weekend in Mexico. There was no time wasted getting dressed, as Ace was still wearing his astronaut uniform. He had been for some months, too depressed to take it off let alone do anything but sulk. He had not even been bathing in anything other than his own backwash and spilt alcohol. Ace was a man whose better days were far behind, like a frozen flag resting on an empty moon. Any purpose he had in him died when that airlock opened and sucked his world away, leaving him to wither in an empty vacuum that would haunt him until death.

He glanced at the picture of his family looking for a clue that would put some meaning into everything. In the picture, his wife, his son, and his daughter all smiled with the kind of glee so few people know. He was in the picture, too. He stood in the back with arms around them like the rings of Saturn, like a proud father. When Ace looked at the picture he saw something very different. He saw the horror on their faces the moment they were sucked out of that airlock. It should have never happened that way, Ace thought, and thought, and thought, and thought. But there was no going back now. They were all dead, and nothing would ever change that.

Ace heard a honk from outside, signaling the arrival of his transportation. And so Ace gently set the picture down, took a small swig from his flask, and exited the house not knowing if he would ever return. NASA had a policy of retaining men like Ace for special purposes. When all hell breaks loose, you want a man with nothing to lose on your side. You want a man who is already dead inside and unafraid to die again. Ace was such a man. He had seen and done it all, and lost everything. Now he was like a rocket, waiting to be spent on one final mission. Like so many other young men who went to work for NASA, Ace believed space was his destiny, an attainable dream reached with

hard work and a little boost from a rocket. Naïve dreams, sure, but there was a commendable aspect to them. These men would ride an explosion all the way to heaven, and gaze down on a world so big surrounded by absolutely nothing for infinity. What else was there after that?

Upon arrival at the Crisis Center, Ace was overwhelmed by the myriad of activities. It had been quite some time since he last set food in a NASA facility, and he had grown unaccustomed to having so many people buzzing about with such frequency. Hundreds of workers swarmed around hopping from monitor to monitor, printout to printout, reporting and analyzing every little detail, shouting new insights and corrections, hearsay and objections, all throughout the crowded nerve center.

Tom approached swiftly, extending his hand outward. "Ace," he said in a concerned voice as the two shook hands. "Glad you made it." The look on Tom's face was grave, not just because of the situation, but because of how bad Ace looked.

"Tom, how bad is it?" Adding, "*What is it?*"

"Come with me, I'll bring you and some others that just arrived up to speed."

Tom led Ace and a few other scientists and engineers to a cramped office adjoined the main nerve center. There, Tom began an informal presentation that was to decide the fate of the world.

"What we know is that a number of UFOs are very close. Within hours, they will be hovering over our country. They have made no attempts at communication or responding to ours. We truly believe their intent is hostile."

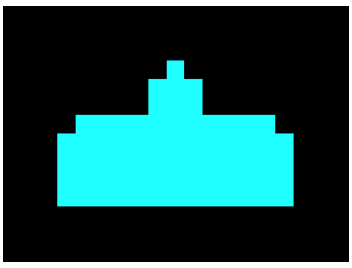
"So what do we do then?" Ace asked.

"When the UFOs enter atmosphere, they will undoubtedly maintain a presence in the skies. We can count on them attacking from there. We don't know how they will attack. They might bombard us with atomic rays, nerve gas, nuclear weapons, or they might send out attack vessels. We just don't know."

"So it's a matter of blasting them out of the sky before they have a chance to do anything?" asked an engineer in a voice that showed no fear or concern.

"That would be our best strategy. I don't need to tell you how grave the risk is here. We're looking at a catastrophe that could easily claim the planet. We're talking megadeaths, if not outright extinction!"

"And this is where you think the X1 will come in handy?" responded the engineer.



The X1 Mobile Laser Base

"Yes," said Tom. "The X1 represents are best chance at fending off the invasion force. And Ace here, well, he represents our best pilot."

"Now hold on," interjected the engineer. "I've read Mr. Dangers' file, and not only is he in no kind of shape to pilot the X1, it's not even his type of craft. The X1 is a Mobile Laser Base!"

Ace listened calmly before speaking, careful not lose his temper at a time like this. "I'm a pilot. I can fly shuttles and I can drive laser bases. And I ain't afraid to die trying."

Tom, having worked with Ace a long time, was quick to defend. "I assure you, Ace is the man for this mission. No one else has what it takes."

The gang moved to a large hanger outside the facility where they were joined by a small army of

uniformed engineers clutching clipboards and tools. It was a huge mammoth hanger that could swallow entire worlds whole, but all it housed was the X1, a small tank-like contraption. The X1 was rather shabby looking, like a large block with a cannon mounted in the center of the top. The cannon seemed a bit awkward, too, as it pointed only straight up. It lacked the articulation to aim in any other direction.

"What the hell is that supposed to be?" demanded Ace.

"It's the X1 Mobile Laser Base, and it's the most advanced craft of its type."

"It looks like a coffin with a cannon on top."

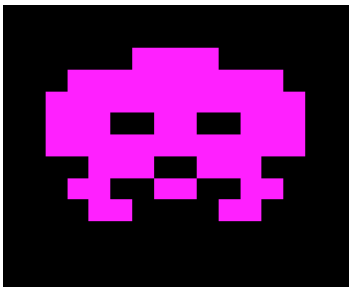
"Mess this up, and that's exactly what it will be."

Tom, agitated over the bickering, declared, "That's enough! That'll be enough!"

"Just get me under those UFOs and I'll do what I have to do."

"We've arranged some fortifications for you to take cover under, but they won't last long. You'll be on your own for the most part. We'll keep you advised from headquarters and let you know your progress. Ace, this is the mission you've been waiting for."

"I'll do my best, you know that." And with that Ace Dangers, American astronaut, strapped himself into the belly of the sophisticated X1 Mobile Laser Base and prepared for his role as Earth's final defense.



Future ruler of Earth or cannon fodder?

It was like a storm at first. The clear blue skies died and withered away, leaving a bloating corpse of clouds to block out the light of the sun. Then, eleven of them appeared all lined up. They looked like crabs and squids floating in space. As they descended from the clouds, Ace saw with horror that there was another row above them, and another, and another. They were hideous creatures, moving in perfect synchronization.

"Dear Lord!" Ace exclaimed, seeing the space invaders for the first time.

"Stay strong, Ace!" urged Tom, radioing in from the NASA Crisis Center.

Not wasting any time, Ace began by quickly moving the X1 back and fourth, shooting a barrage of lasers up at the beasts. He was briefly relieved once he saw that no matter what, the invaders stayed in their formation. He was even more surprised by their attack pattern. Right, down, left, down, repeat *ad nauseam*. Then he started worrying.

"They're toying with me! They've got to be toying with me!"

"Stay on target, Ace! This is no time to lose it!"

"You don't understand! Tom, this has to be a distraction, a decoy! They can't be this stupid!"

"Stay on target, all data shows this is how they're attacking!"

Ace stayed on target, plowing through row after row of aliens, but they just kept coming. Before long, his fortifications were gone. Leaving him alone against an endless matrix of enemies. They were slow and prodding, methodical in their movements, and completely random in their attempts to attack. Ace was able to evade their fire easy enough, but the tedious nature of the invasion was beginning to wear on him.

"God damn it! This is never going to end!"

"Stay on target, Ace! They can't keep this up forever!"

"Every time I clear them away completely, another wave comes out of the sky!"

"They have to break sooner or later!"

"I hope—"

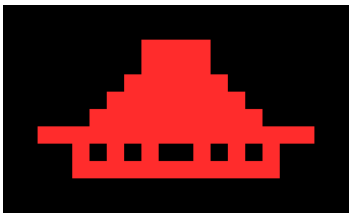
"Ace!" Tom interrupted. "There is a UFO flying over head, try to take it out!"

"I see it, Tom! It's red... must be their mothership!"

"You've got to destroy it!"

"I've got it in my sights! Here it goes, Tom!"

Tom breathed in heavily, not sure he'd ever breathe out again. "Godspeed, Ace! Godspeed to us all!"



The Alien Mothership

Ace's eyes, all bloodshot and watery from an endless incendiary fog, chased that final shot as it tore through the sky. It seemed to burrow a tunnel through the air, through the clouds, and straight into the heart of the UFO. And then everything seemed to stop. There was a second of indescribable peace when the laser penetrated the underside of the saucer. There was no sound for that second, no worries, no pain, and no death. It was a moment of pure transcendence that seemed like it would last forever.

But then time, never one to stay out of the picture for long, quickly came into focus. The craft tore to pieces, debris echoing outward from a center of smoke like a ripple in the sky. Silence still, then a bang. The invasion ended with a sound. It was a deafening roar, perhaps the loudest sound ever heard. It ripped through the sky and shattered glass, shook the ground, and made the entire world seem fragile. The skies, all cloudy and smoky, were now raining chunks of debris down on the surviving invaders, and on the X1 as well.

Ace looked up, seeing everything blocked by a giant black plain that seemed to shadow the entire sky itself. It grew bigger and bigger. It may have been dark, but it looked like home, like space. Ace looked up and saw his family smiling at him aboard the space capsule. Then little Billy, his son, pulled open an airlock. The smiles were sucked off their faces along with everything in the capsule except for Ace. It was that tragic accident that caused NASA to reevaluate the practicality of letting astronauts take their families on space missions. It was a bad idea to begin with, they reasoned. In that final moment, Ace let go of everything and was sucked out of the airlock into the all-encompassing blackness that swallowed the X1 and most of the ground around it.

"Ace? Ace!" cried Tom over the radio.

"Ace, you did it! You did it, buddy! Answer me, damn it! You did it!"

"Ace..."

◘ Throw Some Ninjas In There, and It's a Date!

Hey everyone, it's Ben "Greasnin" Platt here with another horrendous failure - I'm mean, another movie. This time around it's "Vampires vs. Zombies," a movie that sounds like it can do no wrong. Oh well.

Unfortunately for himself, as well as for just about everybody else on the planet, screen-

writer Vince D'Amato said, "Oh ho! I know just the thing to jazz up this premise! I shall stuff this movie full of senseless, incomprehensible plot, much like I stuff my anus full of rabid, ebola-ridden spider monkeys that are also on fire." But he didn't stop there. "Oh ho," said Vince, grimacing slightly as he sat uncomfortably on his latest rabid-diseased-flaming-monkey wounds, "Now that this movie is full of good, rich, completely pointless storyline, I will direct it myself, so that I might personally ensure that no one who sees this movie will ever have any idea what's going on!" So sadly, Vince D'Amato took a premise that was basically guaranteed to make his movie an instant hit with the indie horror crowd in spite of his nonexistent budget, and he fucked it until it bled.

Read the review. Do it. Do it now.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.25 Gotcha!

Thursday, Aug 26, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here with a freshly cut slice of Game Review still red and dripping. This week it's a look at Redfire Software's magnum opus "Gotcha Babes X-treme", the world's only topless paintball game.

The only time you're really in danger of being shot is when the AI runs into a corner as a group and turns into an immobile death-dealing polygonal hydra. You'll round a corner and there will be a ten armed beast with a jumble of letters above its head that kills you instantly. This actually happens more often than you would expect and you never know what crazy corner the team collective will be lurking in. Incidentally, if the real president of the United States ever finds himself pursued by assassins the best advice I can offer is to run to a corner with a half dozen Secret Service agents and allow them to merge into his body.

Milady, if it would please you I highly suggest you read this review.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.26 H.P. Lovecraft's A-Team (Part 2)

Friday, Aug 27, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

> *In 1927 a crack commando unit was sent to prison by a military court for a crime they didn't commit. These men promptly escaped from a maximum security stockade to the Rhode Island underground. Today, still wanted by the government, they survive as antiquarians and dilettantes who seek out mysteries of the beyond. If you have an otherworldly problem, if no one else can help, and if you can find them, maybe you can hire the A-Team.* PART ONE

Through the claustrophobic New England mists they rode as hastily as possible. Mr. Murdock pressed the horses until they foamed madly at their mouths and their dark coats were slick with the sweat of exhaustion. The roughshod earthen road gave way to the hard cobbled stones of a street and Colonel John Smith called up to Mr. Murdock from the carriage and instructed him to ride more carefully. Innswich loomed out of the mist ahead, seeming to approach them rather than the inverse. It was a gaslight speckled tangle of moldering colonial homes that leaned uneasily at disconcerting angles, the bone like masts of moored ships visible indistinctly in the fog shrouded harbor.

"Pull off towards that stable!" John shouted over the clattering hansom and gestured to a dilapidated farmstead set a goodly distance closer to them than Innswich proper. "We will secure the horses in the stable and make our way into the town on foot."

The sagging roof of the barn was holed in several places where the ancient timbers had rotten and collapsed. The humid ocean air had turned the stacks of hay and wooden stalls into a breeding ground for foul-smelling molds and the air was heavy with the scent of their decay. The horses seemed nervous, but Mr. Murdock calmed them by cooing softly in their ears and feeding them from an oat sack. While he attended to the horses John and the muscular Baracus gathered the bags containing their belongings.

"Henrietta Posthwaite dwells on the town's north-west edge," explained John as he readied a Webley bolt action rifle. "We should be able to approach her homestead undetected and make contact there. I have arranged a secret code of knocks by which she will know our identity."

"Rightio," declared Mr. Murdock, "I will remain with the horses and see to their needs."

"I would give to you my pity, good sir, if you were fool enough not to accompany us." Baracus remarked with a bit more venom in his tone than was perhaps necessary.

John agreed with Baracus and the issue was settled. The trio set off across the foggy moors of Innswich towards the long shadows of the town. At length they reached a whitewashed two story colonial, its structure leaning askew with sea-rot and its backlit curtains stained with the omnipresent salt mildew. John approached a worn side door and rapped out a complex series of blows with his knuckles. The door quickly opened and in the dim glow of the naphtha light appeared Henrietta's face, livid and glistening with sweat despite the chill air. She appeared even more unhealthy than she had on the occasion of their last meeting and, as though drawn apart by strange forces, her eyes seemed to reside at an even greater distance apart from one another.

"Quickly, come in," she hushed, and ushered them into a well-appointed sitting room.

The house was furnished with fine relics of Americana and the usual trappings of the sea that could be found in any fishing community. What made John start with surprise was a queer bust of black stone or polished coral, shot through with milky veins and depicting a wild-haired man with

Henrietta's wide-set eyes and thick lips. His visage was quite fearful to behold.

"My grandfather, Gilman Posthwaite." Henrietta explained when she noted John's surprise. "He was one of the founders of this town."

Abruptly, Henrietta swooned, and Baracus rushed forward to catch her in his powerful arms as she sagged to the worn carpet.

"It is my father's legacy, these spells of faintness. I fear the condition is only compounded by the presence of disruptive interlopers in our fair hamlet." She gestured weakly towards a window facing towards the dockside.

John crept to the pane and held aside the strangely damp curtain to glimpse the town outside. Down a twisting cobbled lane flanked on both sides by the leaning, almost sick seeming, buildings of Innswich John could see activity on the docks. Mr. Murdock joined him and produced a spyglass from his pocket. John held the brass lens to his eye and surveyed the movement. At once the situation became clear. A number of swarthy men in bizarre dark glasses had taken over the fishing activity. Many carried weird rifles with banana shaped metal boxes extending beneath them, and with these they mercilessly urged on the disheveled population to load crates onto waiting steamers.

"My condition granted me leave of the work, though they abused me mercilessly for it. Their weapons and demeanor are threatening and with them they have enslaved the entire town to load their ships day and night." Henrietta paused to be helped into a chair by Baracus and sipped from a cup of water given to her by Mr. Murdock. "The crates are loaded with strange white powder, intoxicating to taste even a fingertip of, like laudanum but it also invigorates."

"Voodoun essences." Confirmed John with disdain. "The pagan descendants of Spaniards and backwards tribesmen of the south seas use them in shaman rituals. They are dangerous and forbidden. These men appear to have quantities undreamt of."

"Alas, the seas churn and the Innswich festival of spawning approaches. With these foreigners here such a celebration is impossible, and the fishermen may starve in the coming winter." Henrietta seemed to regain some of her strength. "Is there nothing you can do?"

"I feel sorrow for them, for they have started trouble that we will undoubtedly finish for them." Baracus offered solemnly.

"They are too numerous for us to engage normally, but..." John trailed off, lost in thought.

"The Somme?" Mr. Murdock questioned mysteriously.

"The Somme!" Smiled John, lighting a cigar.

"I am sorry gentlemen, I am lost by this conversation." Henrietta leaned forward, clutching her forehead in confusion.

"September 15, 1916. The Battle of the Somme during the Great War." John explained, still beaming. "The Brits put to use the world's first tank, and it drove fear into the hearts of the Hun!"

"Halt your narrative immediately!" Insisted Baracus. "Most of those damnable contraptions broke down before they cleared the trench. The infantry still did all of the proper fighting. I will not see

you rig up an automobile with sheet iron and attempt to charge into their ranks!"

"There are no automobiles in Innswich." Henrietta offered, still somewhat confused.

"The barn on the edge of town. Do the Spaniards ever go to it?" John asked, ignoring the vehement and continuing protestations of Baracus.

"No, they stay near the docks."

"I spied a steam engine I could use to fashion a turret, and boiler plates could be secured inside the hansom to armor us from their fell weapons." Mr. Murdock began to grow excited at the prospect.

"There is a Vickers machinegun I happened to bring along, it could be affixed to the turret and deal death with impunity to these heathen invaders." John added.

"I am no longer happy to have joined you on this outing Colonel Smith." Remarked Baracus sadly.

"Oy, now, you cannot go about expecting your incredible girth to solve every problem we encounter." Mr. Murdock fired back.

While the two engaged in a heated argument John pulled Henrietta aside.

"My dear Henrietta, we will retreat to the barn and carry out our work in secrecy. The preparations may require a full day's time, but I promise you we will drive these scoundrels out of your fine town."

In reply, Henrietta offered John a chaste hug. As they embraced momentarily John detected a faint aroma like freshly caught snapper and felt the queer way her skin seemed oiled and chill. He pulled back without commenting, putting the strange odor and her sickly skin down to further signs of a hysterical illness.

The men returned to the secluded barn, retracing their steps through the misty darkness and setting to work immediately in preparing the hansom for action. Their tools were limited, but with a hammer, tin snips, and lengths of bailing twine Mr. Murdock and Baracus accomplished the impossible.

By noon of the next day the hansom had been transformed into an armored wagon, thick plates of rusted iron hanging from inside, and a turret had been added to the top from which Baracus could safely operate the Vickers. Mr. Murdock even used sheet iron to fashion crude barding for the horses. When Baracus pointed out that he would be foolishly exposed on the driving board Mr. Murdock assured the large man that luck would prevail as it always had and carry him through the day without injury.

When night once again fell over Innswich the men had finished their preparations. They mounted in their hansom and with a wish of luck to one another they set out of the barn at a charge. The carriage wheels clattered and the wooden framework strained and creaked beneath the added weight. No doubt the Spaniards heard their approach from a good distance, but they seemed so confident and focused on their dark work that they paid no heed to the approaching carriage. When it did not stop a few cried out in fear and threw themselves from the docks into the icy waters of the Atlantic. Townsfolk scattered and, as they did, the battle began.

The rifles the Spaniards carried rattled and spit like machineguns, the flashes of fire reflecting in their sinister dark glasses. Bullets scattered and skipped across the cobblestones and thumped into the

wooden frame of the carriage. A few ricocheted noisily from the barding worn by the horses or the metal dome of the turret. Then the Vickers joined the fury of sound and one by one the Spaniards were cut down where they stood. Mr. Murdock whooped from the driving board, pushing the horses madly and wheeling the carriage back and forth by the docks. Baracus raked the Spaniards mercilessly and John joined him from a firing slit, discharging a series of revolvers out into night air with great blasts of smoke and fire.

The Vickers was the last gun to be silenced, steam rising from its water-cooled barrel as Baracus searched for another chain of ammunition.

"No need!" John cried triumphantly. "We have bested them all and the survivors flee in their steam ship!"

It was true, the steam ship was pulling away rapidly from the docks, followed by a handful of Spaniards who did not board it quickly enough and were left floundering in the cold water. One by one they sunk beneath the waves, some seeming almost to be jerked underwater by providence, as the steamer disappeared into the foggy night.

When the trio stepped down from the carriage they were thronged by cheering townsfolk. Though it was a happy moment, John could not help but feel uneasy as the people of Innswich surrounded them. They all seemed perplexingly afflicted with the same strange disease as Henrietta, an illness that gave them an oily and grayish appearance almost like a fish. It did not rest well with John, but in the moment of glory he forced himself to assign it to the relentless work of the cruel Spaniards and the cold and damp sea air.

The cheering stopped abruptly and the crowd, as if given an inaudible signal, began to shuffle quietly to their individual homes. The perplexed trio had nothing else to do but return to Henrietta's homestead and seek payment for their rather costly endeavor.

"The folk of Innswich seemed very eager to return to their homes." Baracus commented to Henrietta when they had rejoined her.

"It is true, for they have preparations. The festival of spawning is tonight when the moon is high." Henrietta explained, covering her mouth as though embarrassed at her effusiveness.

"I am glad you will be permitted to celebrate." John affirmed. "I am afraid, however, that we must discuss the matter of recompense for our efforts and expenditures. A good deal of my own money has been used to finance this endeavor, as well as the funds of Baracus and Mr. Murdock, and I feel that we must demand payment before our departure."

An uneasy silence followed and John watched as a bead of sweat traced a lazy path down Henrietta's face. Her wide, dark eyes blinked, and for a sickening moment John detected the glistening pale sweep of a membrane, not unlike that seen on a frog or snake. He started from his chair.

"My...my God." He reeled in horror. "Wh-what's wrong with you?"

Henrietta stood, her smile breaking broadly with thick fishy lips that pulled back to reveal row upon row of serrated teeth. She reached up and allowed her dress to fall from her body immodestly to reveal a form at once that of a woman and a hideous manlike fish. Gills, revealed as the collar fell away, flared and hissed softly in the silence. The three men were paralyzed by the unearthly sight.

"My clutch swells and the sea calls. Join me and join us. Mother Hydra and father Dagon will rise to watch the spawning!" She lisped madly, stretching out her arms and webbed fingers towards John.

Baracus yelped and with a great meaty fist lashed out and knocked her to the floor. She flopped damply on the ground like a caught fish, before scrabbling back to her feat and hissing.

"Run, damn you!" John cried as he burst through the door.

Outside he was stopped by the sight of the entire town of Innswich, gathered and nude, waiting for them to emerge from the fish-thing Henrietta's home. They formed a tableaux of unimaginable horror, each representing a different stage in the same ancestral descent into horror. Some seemed almost completely human, others were hunched with huge mouths and rubbery lips, their bodies gray and speckled, spiny membranes extending from their jaws.

He would never forget their chant as they pursued John and his companions towards the docks.

"IA! IA! Dagon! IA! IA! Hydra! IA! IA! Cthulhu fhtagn!" They called in unison, chasing after the trio with alien loping gaits.

John realized they were being pressed inexorably towards the sea and turned just before the docks extended over the water. He leapt down from the raised earth of the town and the three men ran along the marshy coastline, the chant of the townsfolk seeming to draw ever closer. Baracus, larger and slower, began to fall behind. Mr. Murdock, of less sound constitution than such as John, fell back as well. John was too terrified to slow his pace or help them, the sight of the unearthly horror at their heels to much to allow any thought of his companions.

As he rounded a small inlet he heard a great rush of water and the screaming began. Creatures were emerging from the sea. They were hunched fish-men with enormous mouths and sharp predatory claws, their wet scaly flesh catching the light of the moon. There could be no doubt in John's mind that these creatures represented the final point of the town's vile mutation.

Two of the creatures seized upon Mr. Murdock, easily knocking aside his swinging arms and rending open his chest to feast upon his entrails. Baracus managed to fend off one of the beasts and continued fleeing for a few more paces. There was an explosion of water near him and John felt sickness and fear threaten to overtake him completely. There arose one of the monstrosities, ten times the size of its oceanic cohort, and with a single sweep of its enormous claw it grasped Baracus and thrust him screaming into its mouth.

John turned and ran, listening to the terrible crunch of bone and flesh as his friends were devoured. He told me that he still recalls hearing Henrietta's voice one last time as he disappeared into the forest, calling after him almost mockingly "IA! IA! Cthulhu fhtagn!"

I stayed in the asylum for the better part of the day and listened to John's story. When he reached the end it became more difficult to piece together as it came out of him in a fractured, stuttering, and disjointed staccato. When he at last told me of Henrietta's parting words his repetition of them seemed to awaken some form of schizophrenic dream. He began chanting it, louder and louder, until the orderly was forced to remove me from his cell.

I left Arkham shaken by my encounter with my old friend. Madness had clearly seized him utterly. I wired the asylum three weeks later, asking after a doctor who had assured me he would see that

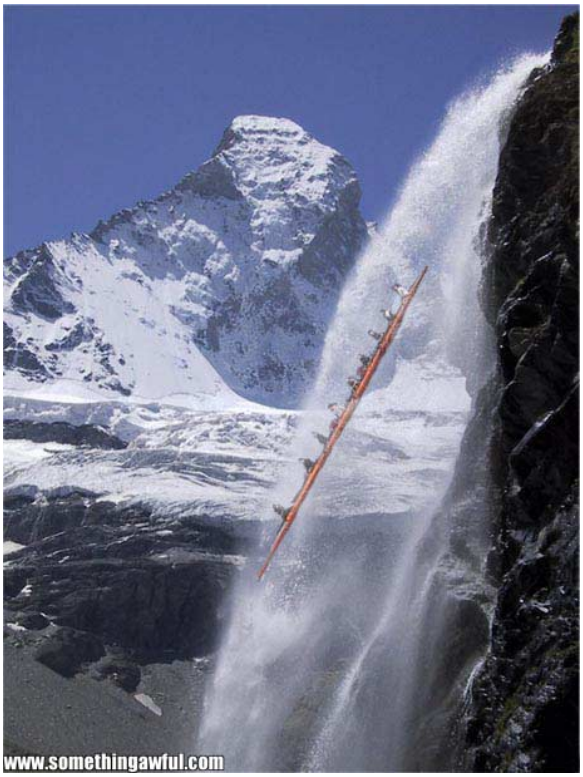
John received the finest care. The doctor replied with an extremely brief telegram that brought new horrors to me I did not think were possible.

> *JOHN SICK SINCE VISIT. STOP.*
> *SWEATING AND ASHEN. STOP.*
> *SCREAMING NONSENSE AT ALL HOURS. STOP.*
> *DISAPPEARED TWO NIGHTS PRIOR. STOP.*
> *NO IDEA OF ESCAPE MEANS. STOP.*
> *WILL UPDATE. STOP.*

The slip of paper fell from my fingers in the telegraph office. I staggered dazedly outside and looked out on the placid waters of Narragansett Bay wondering if John was there, swimming with eldritch predators that I could scarcely imagine.

The Olympic Flame Burns Brighter Than Ever

Hello you rotten jerks! Livestock here, angry and furious at your jerk-like nature. Even though you guys are all jerks, there is a new Photoshop Phriday up in the appropriate place. This week's topic is "Extreme Olympic Sports" and is meant to reference the ongoing Olympic events currently ongoing in the dragon world of Pern or whereever they hold such events at.



Please read it now before I sell all my stock in you!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.27 Grizzly Adams: The New Batch

Saturday, Aug 28, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

My decision to flee the trappings of civilization last week came suddenly while I was sitting at home eating circus peanuts and watching The Price is Right. When I told my wife, close friends, and family that I was leaving, they were all a little shocked, but deep down they all knew this day would come. I'm simply not made to handle the rigors of Detroit, and have never fully adapted to the city. My mind is far too fragile and my temperament still has some remnant of carefree spirit, despite the hard miles compounded through years of pollution, noise, and crafty pyramid schemes. Yet there is still hope for me. My loved ones understand this and that's why they let me go to Montana to live a life of seclusion. Like a homesick tropical bird, longing to frolic in banana groves, I am being set free so I can stretch my wings to their fullest, sing the song of freedom, and strategically drop fecal payloads on overpriced Jaguar sports cars and Eddie Bauer SUVs.

Ok, well maybe I'm being a little over-dramatic like the time I decided to become a train conductor or was positive I had cancer. I'm not fleeing the city for good, but today I'm leaving for Montana on a long camping trip that will take me to Glacier National Park, where I will be doing a ten day ridge walk on a mountain trail just south of the Canadian border. This is by far much farther and tougher than anything I have ever done before, and will put my willpower and my soft tender ankles to the test. If I pass, the rewards are generous, but if I fail, death will be my only bounty. This very serious task has prompted me to refresh myself on the tips and trades of extreme camping that I have learned over the years and by watching Grizzly Adams as a child. I hope that while I am teaching myself these vital facts about mountain hiking, I can teach you something as well. Not that you would ever go outside, unless it's to go out to Wal-mart for a plastic bin of cheese balls. NERDS. (By the way I am insinuating I am better than you because I eat granola and sleep outside in bug infested swamps.)

Equipment: In order to survive out in the wilderness for over a week, you will need a reliable waterproof tent, sturdy backpack, sleeping bag (preferably rated 15 degrees and made of down feather), and comfortable Gore-Tex boots. Once you have all the basics you need to get a water filter, a stove, fuel, clothes, and a lot of Vicodin. These things will cost you over a thousand dollars, and you will find it very tempting just to stay in the wilderness until the credit card companies send a team of collectors after you, forcing you to play a game of cat and mouse in the wilderness and make deadly traps to kill the accountants one by one like the first Rambo movie. Nothing is as exciting and exhilarating as seeing a credit card accountant walk unawares into a wooden spike trap, crippling him for the rest of his natural life. Welcome to the jungle four eyes!

Food: The first real hiking trip I went on was a disaster, mainly because I brought the wrong types of food to eat on a long trip like this. Being a foolish lad who was very particular about the types of food I liked to eat, I just brought a couple dozen gravy packets and some Nerds candy. Needless to say, this did not sustain me for the large amounts of energy I was burning, and I was forced to beat one of my camping mates to death with a stick and eat his carcass to survive. I'm just kidding, of course. I used a rock, not a stick. Learn from my mistake and bring freeze-dried meals, granola mix, and lots of heavy cans filled with sweet peas.

Training: In order to do something as rigorous as walking miles across rough mountain trails, your body needs to be in tip-top shape through exercise and training months before your departure. I

know the word "exercise" might cause some of you to flee or cover up the ugly words on your monitor with a spray of Cheez-Whiz, but if you want to be able to go to the secret glens and valleys where untainted nature is all yours to pollute, then you have to get there the hard way. Or you could just do what I do and hire a team of Sherpas to carry your gear and hand feed you grapes.

Bear Safety: Whenever you are going to an extremely remote and wild area of America, there is bound to be bears. I've had a few encounters already and most of them just consisted of a bear glancing at me and walking away, except for that time where I found a cub and tried to wrestle it and ended up getting the mother a little angry at me. I watched a bear safety tape and you are supposed to wear bells on your feet and smack two sticks together while shouting "hey bear!" over and over again while you walk. This is supposed to scare the bear away before it sees you, but if one of my fellow hikers did this, he would have to worry more about me killing him than some bear. Rather than wear fruity bells on our feet, we are bringing something called bear mace that is like mace but nasty enough to repel a grizzly. Either that or really piss him off enough to kill you swiftly instead of just gnawing on your leg. Also, during the night you should always bear bag your food. That's when you toss a sack of your food over a large tree branch away from your camp so the bears can't get it. For extra safety, it's a good idea to bear bag yourself as well, and bring a goddamn shotgun.

This is a dramatic recreation of a real event that happened to me on my last trip.

Mountain Lion Safety: Run like a motherfucker.

Billy Goat Safety: Please don't think this is a joking matter because it's not. The billy goat is far more dangerous than the bear and mountain lion combined, assuming some mad scientist could breed a mountain bear lion. Known as the "camper's bane", the billy goat is a shape shifter who can assume the figure of beautiful women to lead outdoors men off cliffs to their doom. The best thing to do if you encounter a billy goat in their natural form is to slowly back away, or just lay down and play dead. If you encounter a beautiful woman in the woods, or even in the city, assume it's a billy goat and exterminate them with extreme prejudice. That will teach those goats to play hard to get.

Where the fuck am I?

Park Rangers: Nothing drives these state park rangers more nutty than you being a general disturbance to the peace of the park, and stealing multiple picnic baskets. Once in awhile when I am feeling bored with the same old camping routine, I'll sweep down from the hills onto unsuspecting families and steal their baskets full of delicious treats. Of course the ranger on duty will give chase, using his knowledge of the surrounding land to his advantage. You have to stay on top of your game to get the better of these chaps, and all is fair in love and war. That means if he's close to catching you, give him a good spray of bear mace and kick him down the mountain. It may sound pretty childish, but don't knock it until you've tried it at least once.

Fires: The best part of a day when hiking is when you make your campfire and sit around drinking hot cocoa and blowing bubbles. There is usually a 50% chance that fires are not allowed at any particular site depending on how dry it is that season or how anal the park rangers are, but I like to think of this rule as more of a "suggestion". You aren't really camping unless you make a huge fire, for it raises the spirits after a hard days' work, and scares away the beasts of the night, like the unicorn and Yeti. A quick word about the Yeti: if you are going

to be in Yeti country, please don't play any wind instruments while at camp. They are attracted to them like giant man-eating moths to an oversized bonfire, and once you have a Yeti problem on your hands, you are pretty much done for. This rule should be reversed if you encounter a golem for they fall asleep when you play flutes and yield 80 gold and 35 experience when slain.

Pack it out: There is an unsaid rule when it comes to camping: pack out whatever you bring in. Any wrappers, garbage, cans of motor oil, and even feces needs to be packed out in order to keep the parks pristine and the local wildlife healthy. When you enter a protected habitat like Glacier National Park, the areas you visit should look unchanged after your visit. Even taking a rock with you, or leaving a pile of old tires is considered illegal, so the rangers recommend that you encase yourself in a protected bubble and make sure you don't roll over any insects or flowers ($50 fine). Of course I usually forget to follow these rules and the rangers catch up to me after following my trail of discarded beer cans and Nerd boxes.

Game Boy Advance: Even nature lovers sometimes can get a little crazy from the solitude of the woods, especially if you are stuck in your tent during a downpour. It's also very hard to quit cold turkey from the computers and video games that our generation was weaned on. That's why it's wise to bring a game boy along for a fix of technology. We even go so far as to network our tents with the link cables for some multi-player action. I know, I'm a terrible fraud, but nothing is better than a Mario Cart championship race at 10,000 feet. After winning with my faithful Toad cart, my howl of victory is shouted from the highest peak, reverberating through the mountain valleys and letting everybody in the Pacific Northwest know that I am the victor and master of the domain.

Ghosts: There is a common misconception that ghosts are only limited to haunted houses or graveyards, but this is not the case. Most mountains are full of ghastly visitors from beyond the grave. They were either lost hikers, victims of the Yeti, or old miners left over from the gold rushes of yore. The ghosts themselves really don't cause much of a problem, except for meddlesome trickery that can cause great distress to some hikers. They have been known to steal power bars, tie boot laces together, and "slime" sleeping bags with their supernatural ejaculate. Out of all the dangers, they are the most tame, but by far the most annoying. Bring wieners cause I read on the internet the ghosts love wieners.

Go you little mushroom bastard!

I hope you all learned a little something because I know I did. Never try to write comedy when you're running around trying to get ready for a huge expedition and your kitten is biting your feet and peeing inside your computer case. If all goes as planned I should be back in a couple weeks, but in case I don't come back, I want you all to know that I was the one who stole money out of the SA rainy day fund when went on a Mario Cart/black tar heroin binge. Oh yeah, I also gave all staff members cancer by steadily poisoning their coffee over the last couple years. I regret nothing.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

8.28 One Last Question

Monday, Aug 30, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A good friend of mine works in the TV industry. She works behind the scenes for a major late night talk show - I'm not going to tell you which one because this article might get her in some hot water - that most reasonable people do not hate. That should rule out Colin Quinn's "Tough Crowd" for those of you keeping track. She does a number of different things at this job, but part of her job description is doing one of those odd jobs that you probably did not even know existed; she is a pre-interviewer. When celebrities come in she will sit down with them next to a deli plate and some bottled water and go through the pre-written questions the host will be asking. Some hosts live by these scripted questions and some particularly dry guests plan on going on stage and filling them out like a questionnaire. The best interviews tend to deviate broadly from them.

??????!!!

The pre-interview is conducted just to let the guest know what the questions are and prepare them for a comfortable visit. They don't necessarily have to respond to the questions during the pre-interview, although they can nix ones that they don't want to be asked on the air. Frequently the pre-interview will be used to add a couple more good questions, generally by asking something vague like "what are your hobbies?" and then the host can say "I read that you are into model railroads". When my friend told me about this aspect of the pre-interview my scheming humorist mind awakened like a sleeping giant. I let her comments slide at the time but less than 24 hours later I was on the phone and cajoling her mercilessly to let me do something about the pre-interviews.

I originally asked her to conduct entire interviews of various celebrities for me, but this proved to be far too much of an imposition on her. I was going at it from the "ask for the world and get North Dakota" angle, and it seemed to work. With relentless effort and semi-good natured threats of blackmail I wore her down until she had agreed to ask each celebrity one question. Since they did not book the show far enough in advance for me to tailor questions to each celebrity I opted for a different arrangement. I provided her with a list of two hundred questions and she would ask them in the order in which they were written, one per celebrity, and relay the answers to me.

That was almost a year and a half ago. For the first few months of that time I pestered her about asking the questions and she reassured me that she had been doing it. After a while I actually forgot about it and she never brought it up when we talked. Late last week I received an email with an attached Word document entitled "answers.doc" and to my amazement it included my list of questions with 173 of them paired with answers and the names of various C, B, and even A-list celebrities. For the sake of her job and my lawsuit freeness, let's just say that she made all of these answers up and it's a big joke. After all, it could be, I have never been to her office!

Before I segue into the questions and answers, let me be the first to disappoint you that the vast majority of the responses were downright boring. When a left-field question was paired with an unimaginative dullard of a celebrity I got shit in return. These answers ranged from "what?" to the oft-repeated "he's not really going to ask that, is he?" and I'm not going to bore you with who was responsible. I have, instead, selected the twelve I thought to be the most amusing or enlightening. I hope you agree.

12 Questions with 12 Celebrities

Not a cannibal.

Q. Why do you hate freedom?

A. "Boy, why *don't* I hate freedom!? It's itchy, it chafes, it doesn't...I think mainly it's the smell though. That awful, awful smell. Freedom stinks." - **Will Ferrell**

Q. If you were a cannibal serial killer would you eat your victims because you wanted to destroy their flesh utterly or because you wanted them to become a part of you?

A. "I think I would make a really bad cannibal. I have to tell people to catch spiders and put them outside. I couldn't imagine eating a person." - **Brittany Murphy**

Q. Are you ready to rock?

A. "Come back in five minutes and ask again, please." - **Kelsey Grammer**

Q. The orc: fact or fiction?

A. "The orc? What is that, like a sasquatch? Hell no. That shit is silly." - **50 Cent**

Q. Do you believe science may some day discover a use for computers not involving masturbation?

No friend of the orc tribes.

A. "[Laughter] That's a...that's not a real question is it? I think computers are extremely useful. I used one to write my book, although if you read the reviews a lot of people seem to think that was masturbation." - **William Jefferson Clinton**

Q. "If the world's most infamous dictators challenged the Iron Chefs to a battle in Kitchen Stadium, whose cuisine would reign supreme?"

A. "[Without hesitation] Idi Amin. He had this hotel set up in Kampala where he would send political opponents and people within his own regime who didn't please him. Then, of course, they would be tortured and usually killed horribly. What I think would give Amin an edge on a cooking show would be his refined palate. He ate his political opponents, he sometimes cooked parts of their bodies himself, so I think he would know how to prepare a slab of Kobe beef." - **Vin Diesel**

Q. What is your preferred peer to peer client?

A. "That's a trick question. I think if I tell you that then you are required by law to make a citizen's arrest." - **Harry Shearer**

Q. Gumby was once just a little green ball of clay, but what would he be doing if we could see him today?

A. "What he's good at; scaring the shit out of children. It's either that or he's a green grit on Art Clokey's basement floor." - **Marc Maron**

Q. Do we really love the 80s?

A. "Oh, goodness gracious, yes!!" - **Nathan Lane**

Q. In the classic film "Critters" did you find yourself more closely identifying with the ravenous Crites or the shape-shifting bounty hunters sent to destroy them?

Maron hides dark secrets known only to Gumby.

A. "I remember that movie! It was like 'Gremlins' but the things were aliens and they were nasty from the get-go. [Pauses to think] I would have to say the bounty hunters. I don't remember them, but I have a feeling I would be haulin' ass after those little bastards with a Mossberg." - **Ted Nugent**

Q. If you could travel back in time and make out with any past president, who would you choose?

A. "[Laughter] I don't know what [agent's name] told you about me, but... Ahhhh, I have heard through the grapevine that Abraham Lincoln danced a fierce tongue tango. It's a tough call though because JFK had those kissable lips that could make a girl weak in the knees. Du bist eine cutie!" - **Ben Affleck**

Q. It looks like a pump, but does it really feel like a sneaker?

A. "I'm not wearing shoes now, but I guess I will be later, so I guess...uh yes? Is that where that one is going? Should I say yes? That seems like a pretty fucked up question." - **Fred Durst**

I hope you enjoyed the Q&A session.

Nary a Tincture Could Salve Your Band

As if Dr. David Thorpe didn't have enough to worry about what with his serious research at NASA and the painstaking maintenance of his encyclopedic musical knowledge, he has yet another problem: your shitty demos! That's right; it's time for another Your Band Sucks Demo Roundup.

> "Read the following sentence: "Mental Image is a hard-hitting rock band with a positive Christian message." Did you believe that? You probably had no reason not to believe it. I'd like to contend that if a hard rock band doesn't make it entirely plain and apparent that they're not Christians, they should be instantly labeled as a Christian band. It's the only way to be safe. Mental Image, with their lyrics about sanctifying souls and shit like that, fails this test."

Get your earplugs ready, because there are tantalizing mp3 clips of each and every god-awful song!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.29 Meeting an Internet Friend in Real Life

Tuesday, Aug 31, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Commuting to college with my friend Justin was like being trapped on the moon. Every morning I would put on my spacesuit and climb into Justin's lunar rover. There was always something magical about seeing the Moon City skyline appear on the horizon. In between classes Justin and I would sit in the cafeteria and talk about how we were going to follow our friend Josh to one of the dionysian redneck parties he attended every friday. Being trapped on the moon isn't that bad as long as you have a plan to get off. We were going to make a daring escape in a rocketship powered by the energy field of our own lonely.

I recently found out that my mom has been reading my updates. The woman I used to live inside of now has a means of seeing inside of me. The container has become the contained. It's one thing when your mom catches you looking at suicidegirls.com. It's another thing when your mom *is* the girl with emo glasses and a fake scar on her breast in the picture you just jerked off to while talking dirty to yourself because the antidepressants you're on make it really hard to ejaculate.

Last week I went to New Jersey on an insane quest to start a band. I've been trying to start a band since I was 16 and each successive attempt has seen me going to greater lengths and failing even more miserably re: my getting stoned and playing Radiohead songs with Matt, a goth who went to my high school. I felt a certain kinship with Matt as we were both anachronisms. The only difference was Matt and his gothic brethren had their heyday sometime in the dark ages whereas I belonged in a Tekwar-esque future where crackwhores and playback junkies gave each other virtual handjobs for nuke. I used to think I was attracted to goth chicks until one day I realized I just wanted to *be* a goth chick. It was a moment straight out of an ABC after school special where an ethnically diverse group of kids finds out that the treasure they were looking for was inside of them all along.

"How much do you know about this Ryan guy you're meeting in New Jersey?" my Mcdonalds manager, Moe, said as he handed a customer their food. "How do you know he isn't going to kidnap you or trick you into opening the Hellraiser box?"

"Hey, your manager didn't give me any barbecue sauce." the customer said. "Tell him he screwed up."

I laughed, but my laughter was cut short when I realized the customer was completely serious and wasn't going to leave the store until I did as he requested. Every time something happens that gives me additional cause to hate humanity I add another room to my Quake 2 level.

"I hate having to do descriptions of my music where I'm supposed to be all like "Imagine Gary Numan being molested by Foreigner." Ryan said. "If anyone asks I just say I play white blues."

"Hey, you have a Nissan Sentra just like mine." I said. "We should go cruising and pick up some hot girls that are eight or nine."

"Huh?"

"I mean on a scale of one to ten."

Awkward moments. Yes, there were plenty of them. Times I wished friendship was just a simple symbiotic relationship like that between an alien facehugger and its host body. Ryan and I only felt comfortable when we were discussing video games. "I really like the game show part of the intestinal tract level in Earthworm Jim 2." I said. "I wish there was a whole game of just that. No wait, actually that'd be kind of lame."

"Oh shut up, you'd play it and love it." Ryan said.

Ryan and I played Doom 3, a game about shooting spiders in the dark. "Only a man would make a game this hard." I said. "Men are such scum."

"I kind of like it." Ryan said.

"Hey that's great. While you're at it why don't you take me out to this great little coffee shop you know of downtown when really all you want to do is go back to your place, strap on a chest vagina, and have sex with my knee. Then somewhere in passing conversation you can mention how you did a porn video back in modeling school but oh it's not like you did any cumshots or anything - the key word was tasteful."

"Are you wearing a corset?"

"Oh, that's just my concession that there has to be some artificiality present in beauty."

I could feel my skin bonding with the fibers of Ryan's couch. I was trapped in harmonic motion between two polar opposites of ennui and my only escape was the Invader Zim dvd I had brought with me. I will account it to loneliness that if Jhonen Vasquez had appeared before me and offered me one night of wild, uninhibited sex, no questions asked, I probably would've said yes.

My biggest regret during my trip to New Jersey was playing Zelda: Majora's Mask. Murder doesn't even begin to describe what this game has done to my happy. It has spread itself throughout the matrix and is reshaping reality in its own image. The trees and knotted hills surrounding my house have been replaced with sterile textured rectangles. I'll be fighting a slime creature and realize it's a palette swap of one I fought earlier. Then I'll get all existential and ask myself if man's gluttony for new ideas and experiences amounts to nothing more than perpetual stat building for a battle that will never take place. Then I'll go back to fighting slime creatures because that's how we roll in New Hampshire.

It isn't easy fitting back into my Mcdonalds mold after being Ryan's nerd-slave for 4 days. "I really hate the truckers that come in here." I say to Lauren. "Especially when I'm ringing up their order and they say "How much?" like I'm some kind of korean prostitute."

Lauren sighs.

"The truckers can always get in their trucks and drive away from this horrible soul-crushing place. This smelter of tears and broken dreams."

"I really like the song "News" by Dire Straits." I say. "It's amazing how a song written in 1979 can be such a perfect summation of the perils faced by a bouncer at a futuristic nightclub."

"I've never heard Dire Straits before." Lauren says. "What genre of music are they?"

"White blues." I say.

"Wow, I can't wait to go down to New Jersey and meet you." I said to Ryan over AIM. "I hope we can become best friends and grow old together until we both look like the guy who drank from the wrong cup in The Last Crusade."

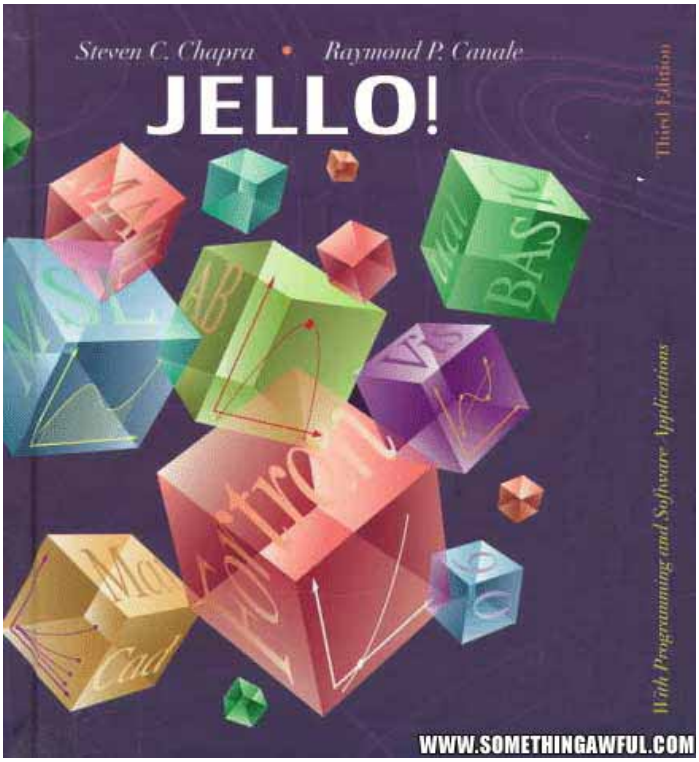
"What if we find out that our friendship is just an illusion created by a vast computer that's using us as biological batteries in another reality?" Ryan said.

"If that happens we'll deal with it somehow. Don't worry."

I shot the law, and the law won

College. A time in one's life to sit around, play lots of football on your gaming console of choice, eat raman every day, and sleep-in causing you to miss that 8:30 algebra class. Why the hell do they have classes that early anyhow? I mean, come on. Dude.

To put the college perspective into a more realistic tone, the goons have worked up some pretty "real" college textbooks. See if you can find any of your old torture devices/books in here.



Jump on into this week's Comedy Goldmine, "Real College Textbooks".

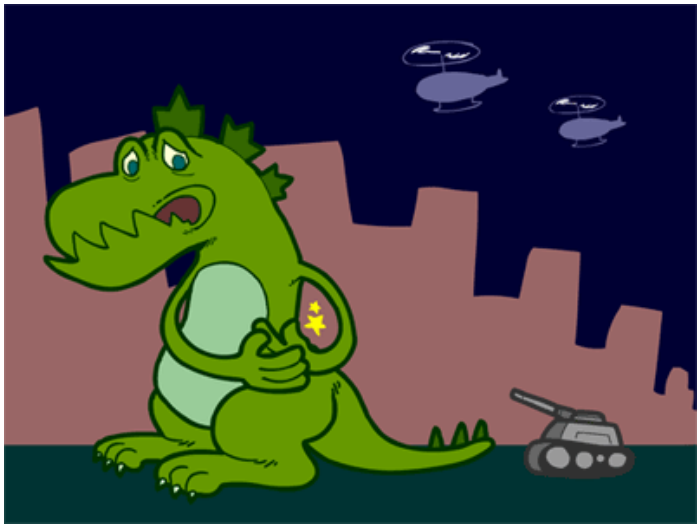
-~Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 Election 2004: A Humble Monster's Perspective

Wednesday, Sep 01, 2004 by A Humble Monster (@Livestock)



I was down in Panama fighting Incinerator Zero, who recently developed frost powers after those Japs shot his crotch with a moon laser. Now Incinerator and I had been slugging it out for the better part of the evening, wrecking the canal to hell and back and all that. But, like all our battles, neither of us had the enthusiasm to keep fighting for more than a few hours. So we called a truce and sat down to lick our wounds and rest. To be honest, I needed the rest. That bastard's frost powers were murder on my sensitive skin.

"You should change your goddamn name, Incinerator. I think you gave me frostbite!"

"Who can think of frostbite at a time like this?"

"Me, because I have frostbite and you gave it to me."

Out of nowhere he asked, "So who you voting for in the election?"

"What?" I responded.

"Who are you voting for?"

"I can't vote, you asshole. There isn't a voting booth in the world that could contain me, let alone one that would have me."

"I meant in principle, dickhead! Who do you want to win?"

"What difference does it make?"

"A hell of a lot! Goddamn, you're one ignorant son of a bitch! That's why democracies never work. There are always creeps like you!"

"Hey man, I was there in '88. Democracy died for me then!"

A week after Panama I'm on Monster Island hanging out with the gang, swapping battle stories and gossip as per usual. Like always, everyone was talking about that leviathan whore, Mermadusa. Apparently Horrendicus, the latest sap she laid eggs in, confided that he started having some dysfunction with his tentacles after banging her. Serves him right. Her open waters are like a Bermuda

Triangle. Of course this topic was juicy and interesting, so the others had to be assholes and change it to the election.

"All eyes on Florida," said an army of Multron's doppelgangers.

"I swear I'm going to make that peninsula an island if there is a repeat of the 2000 funny business," griped Bog-ra. A threat like that carries some weight when it comes from a giant swamp that's more estrogen than water.

SLUT.

"You know, it's been a good while since I've been exposed to radiation. I want a president who is not afraid to make the most of a nuclear arsenal." I thought I was being sensible. After all, I'm not the only creature that benefits from radiation.

"Don't you care about the environment?" Bog-ra asked in an angry, swampy voice.

"When's the last time you've seen me attack the environment? I attack cities. I'm doing the environment a favor."

"You're a real jerk," Multron said and echoed. "You and T-Ape leveled Greenland, you poisoned Japan's water supply with your urine, and I'm not even going to mention the mess you made in the Grand Canyon after the government pumped you full of tranquilizers."

"I'm just saying these politicians don't represent me anymore. Why should I care about them or their little election beauty pageant?"

"Well," Bog-ra said. "That's why you need to find a politician who does, and give them support."

"Did you hear Horrendicus endorsed Lyndon LaRouche? Apparently they found a lot of common ground."

"No, Multron, I did not hear that."

"You should really take the time to catch up on the issues," Bog-ra nagged.

This lousy planet had been my home for a couple decades now, so I've seen a whole hell of a lot in my lifetime. But I've never seen an election so divisive and heated. I needed to get my mind back on more interesting topics, so I headed down to New Guinea to spend the weekend with Magmatongue, this crazy living volcano bitch Tyrannosaurus Ape hooked me up with. It was great seeing her in action. The way she just basically vomited lava over everybody, it was like poetry. Call me crazy, but women like that are a rare breed. Of course she had to ruin everything by taking a break from vomiting to try to talk to me about - your guessed it - the election.

"Did you ever meet Mr. Universe?" She asked me. "We have much to learn from him."

"Who the hell is that?" I demanded.

"Mr. Universe is a giant robot that serves as a vessel to a containerized universe. All the individuals of that universe decide collectively what to do, like cells in a body, and the robot does it. That's the essence of democracy. It's beautiful."

"He sounds like a real jackass."

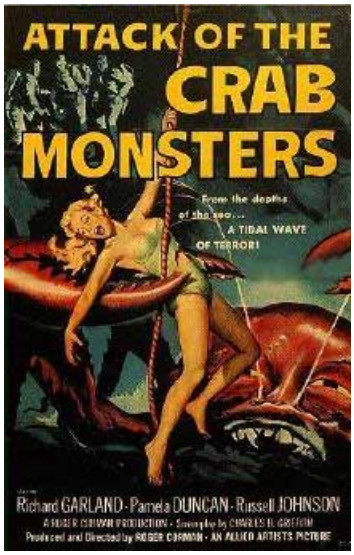
"Well, yes, he is. I heard he slept with Mermadusa."

At that point I just considered the trip a loss and fled back to the mainland to get to the bottom of this election business. I decided to get a firsthand look at the election by visiting New York,

the site of the Republican National Convention. Turns out they were waiting for me because upon arrival, I got blasted in the goddamn kidney by a tank. I felt defeated. Here I was coming to seek knowledge and understanding and for my reward I get to pass some metal kidney stones. Those bastards couldn't even spring for depleted uranium. At least then I would have gotten some pleasure out of the experience.

Taking a hint, I vacated America to visit one of my favorite old haunts, and my biggest personal source of bladder infections. I would still educate myself about the election, but in a worldly manner. An international perspective would be pretty good, I thought, since most Americans just think of themselves. Yep, good old Japan would give me the scope to understand all of the world's problems.

As usual, I stormed the shore quickly and disabled their obnoxious moon lasers. They have a real obsession with trying to give me a sex change, and I'd just as soon leave them unfulfilled. The trouble with those crazy Japs is that by the time you take out one of their damn moon lasers, the bastards have two more aimed at your back. I think those lunatics soaked up more radiation than I did, because something is seriously wrong with a society that decides the best defense is to target the enemy's genitals and digestive system. I give those creeps credit, because after they gave me an impromptu case of irritable bowel syndrome, I was in no condition to knock down buildings. On the plus side, they're going to find a nasty surprise waiting for them at the top of Mt. Fuji. Oh yeah, I went there.



You aren't fooling anybody, Comet Claw. We all know your secret.

Once the IBS subsided, I took a trip to San Francisco, a popular hotbed of political activism. I figured I would have some fun picking cars off the Golden Gate Bridge or maybe turning it into some avant-garde mess. Anyway, the next thing I know, Imperadactyl and his queer friend Comet Claw show up. Imperadactyl is Laserdactyl's little brother, and he's completely fixated on Asian culture. He's never left America, but he still considers himself a defender of Japan. I guess he was pretty pissed about my rampage through his holy land, and as much as I tried to explain to him that those bastards gave me diarrhea, he wouldn't listen. Don't ever let it be said I don't try to communicate before resorting to violence.

The next thing I know, Comet Claw - or Comet Queer as he should be known - is making these stupid pinching motions while circling around me. Obviously the guy's a total fruit, ripe and ready to have some worm squirming around inside him. I don't care what he does in his own time, but no way am I having him force his bedroom habits on me. I did what any rational person would do in this situation: I picked up a boxcar and smashed his carapace open. That nasally bastard screamed "fuck" so loud it was like an obscene sonic boom. Only a shit storm makes thunder like that, and boy was I ever in the center of one.

With Comet Claw on the ground trying to stop the bleeding with his woefully inadequate limbs, I had only Imperadactyl to contend with. True to his nerd nature, that fucker tried to kamikaze me. Well, I'm swift on my feet, so I dived out of the way and let him get a mouthful of skyscraper. The problem was, when I dived, I pulled some muscles. Hell, I think I tore my ACL! When the media reports on the destruction we monsters cause, they never report on the damage we do to our own bodies. Ten bucks says the only sympathy I get is a blowjob from Magmatongue, and ten bucks says the only sympathy I get from that blowjob is a pat on the back from Tyrannosaurus Ape. What a world!

So now I'm back rehabbing on Monster Island. Tyrannosaurus Ape is here, too, and he's in bad

shape. The Portuguese were able to mount a last minute defense against him and save their country. He'll be lucky if he ever gets his sense of smell back, let alone a lot of the fur they burnt off him. Still, he's a fighter and a thinker always, so he'll pull through just fine.

"I'm getting awfully sick of these hu-mans," Ape said in his grating voice. "Awfully sick."

Tyrannosaurus Ape versus Portugal.

"I hear ya, buddy. They're a bunch of violent perverts."

"If they weren't always shooting at us, they might not be so bad. At least then we could ignore them while we destroy their cities."

"Those human fuckers like their cages, not like you or I. They'll fight to defend them."

"I was reading about the hu-man Ralph Nader," Ape said. "He seems to support reducing the military. That might make our lives easier."

"One more word about the election and I'm going to finish what the Portuguese started!" I said defiantly.

What do I want to see come out of this election? Fuck it. Drop the goddamn bomb already so I can have a decent meal.

-∼A Humble Monster (@Livestock)

9.2 It's About Damn Time!

Thursday, Sep 02, 2004 by Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski

Hey again, it's me Cliff Yablonski, and I'm here to update this that there here computer screen Intersite for today because that rancid clown's ass Richard is out fruiting up the town or whatever. All I know is I woke up this morning at 3:30 PM and there was a note on my fridge that said "CLIFF, WAH PLEASE WRITE ABOUT SOMETHING TODAY, OUR COMPUTER SCREEN SITE SUCKS WITHOUT YOU. THERE IS A BOTTLE OF JACK DANIELS IN THE CUPBOARD FOR YOU PLEASE TAKE IT AND THEN HAVE SEX WITH MY GIRLFRIEND BECAUSE YOU'RE MORE OF A MAN THEN I COULD EVER BE CLIFFY. SINCERELY RICH 'PIGNIPPLES' KAYAKA." Then I opened up the cupboard and didn't see any bottles of anything there so I got furious and started throwing around nutmeg and a bag of flour while screaming and kicking over this rusty clown statue I found in an antique store that I refuse to shop at on account of their refusal to let me park my Chrysler in their lobby. Anyway I got flour all over the joint and it wouldn't get off my clothes so I threw a chair through the kitchen window so maybe the wind would blow the flour away, but then it started blowing the shit in my eyes so I ran into the bedroom and shut the door and now I've locked myself in the closet until this whole mess gets sorted out somehow. I'm pretty much hoping the place burns down and I can start over again, because that would be the easiest solution here.

What I'm here to talk about today is some progress that our failing deadbeat gutterfuck educational system is finally making. You know as well as I do that kids today have the intelligence of orange pulp. One time I was driving to the store so I could buy a replacement for my hot glue gun which was stolen from me by the people who I originally stole it from, and I pull up to the stoplight at the corner of Bennington and 14th Street. You know, the light which stays red for about six hours straight. Anyway I know how slow that stupid light is, so I just drive through it because I'm a goddamn veteran war hero and I don't have to stop for shit because I fought the Krauts in World War II and I'll be damned if I don't deserve at least an iota of respect.

This tiny little Jap Chinese Gook Beaner Canuk car comes plowing through the intersection like they own the place and rams right into the side of me! Me, Cliff Yablonski! Well I was pissed at that point because the impact of their piece of shit car almost knocked me out of my happy gin-filled state that I spent the last three hours drinking out of pool table pockets to achieve, so I opened my door and stormed over to their car armed with my trusty Break Rake, which is an invention I made a couple weeks ago. The Break Rake is just like a normal rake except it is broken in half where I hit the Patterson's slobbergut caveman kid over his flat head when I thought he was thinking of trying to steal the bucket of roofing tar I have stored in my garage next to the chicken coop full of rotting tortillas.

Anyway I stormed over to that little plastic car and start yelling at the top of my lungs because I was pissed off as hell and I wasn't going to take it anymore. I looked in the car and it's full of about six, maybe fifteen kids wearing white face paint and black shirts and listening to some music making loud duck fart sounds every half second. So I walked up to the driver, some scrawny little teenage droolfest, and I shout "I've got something to say and I'm only gonna say it once, so you'd better listen up shitnickels!" Then I kicked his head into the dashboard because I couldn't think of

anything that I really felt like saying to him. His girlfriend, some guy in the passenger seat, starts screaming so I leaned over to adjust his collarbone through his eye sockets and I tripped over my pants, which had somehow fallen off during the ruckus. I landed on this pile of broken glass and shit and began rolling down the hill. To make a long story short, I'm can no longer legally visit the zoo anymore.

My point is that kids these days have about as much respect and intelligence as a bucket of hair. They dress up like clowns with Downs and play their duck fart music so loud that it causes my pants to fall off and make me roll down hills into petting zoos where my crotch collides with the back of a series of goats. The good news is that school districts are FINALLY beginning to pay attention to me, because some joint in Kansas decided to ban goth clothing, a step in the damn right direction.

> **Goth style is out at Wichita middle school** - *At Wichita's Wilbur Middle School, the so-called Goth look is out. Principal Cherie Crain says black lipstick, eye shadow, nail polish and hair dye are banned, along with all-black clothing. Also on the list are such accessories as studded metal bracelets and graphic T-shirts advertising heavy metal bands.*

I think this is a damn fine idea and it's way past time we started whipping American kids into shape so we can start competing with the Japanese and build more atomic rocket VCRs than they do so when it's World War III we'll be able to fight back their robot yellow menace from the sands of Lake Meatshores to the plains of something something something. If you're some kind of braindead pumpslug and don't understand why making goths illegal is a great idea, let me go into detail:

1) MEN SHOULD NOT WEAR MAKEUP UNLESS THEY ARE UNDERCOVER ZOMBIES. I was driving through Spillsville in the next county over, and I saw this bar named The Glory Hole, so I stop there because I assumed it was some bar for veterans like myself. I go around to the back of my Chrysler to put on all the medals I won in World War I like the Purple Heart for the time I protected the gas pump from enemy fire by holding up Jake Bradley in front of the refueling station and then taking his awards when he was in the hospital and bitching about not being able to feel his legs. Of course you can't feel your legs you fat shit, they amputated them like days earlier. I tried to steal his legs too but the doctor said they were shipped to another medical camp so I told the doctor that I was about to ship his skull to another medical camp, cash on delivery. He asked what I meant by "cash on delivery" and I had no idea so I pushed over this wheelchair in the lobby and tried lighting what I thought was a circus tent on fire, but later found out it was just a really large dress.

So I walked into this bar and went to order a drink and I look around and there are all these hairy guys wearing leather. I saw this little bald guy, who couldn't have been older than 25, drinking some orange and pink drink and talking like somebody kicked his balls up into his throat. Then I started looking around and noticed that the whole joint was full of men! There wasn't a single broad in the whole place! I asked the bartender (who I started referring to as "Greg" because he looked like a Greg even though his name tag said "Stan") where all the broads were and he just started laughing. Nobody laughs at me! I deserve respect goddammit, I didn't risk a bunch of other people's lives in World War Vietnam just to come home and be laughed at by some joker with a moustache and B-52s t-shirt! I started beating the crap out of the bartender with a canoe oar and I looked over at the stage and there was some guy dressed up like a woman, wearing makeup and a bra and all that shit, singing that lousy song from the movie about the two dropguts who fell off the Titanic and into the Atlantic Lake and got eaten by the Kraken.

I slugged that deadbeat in the balls with the microphone stand and watched him weep technicolor tears of pain into the worn wood floor while I strutted around and tried to tip over a table before realizing it was bolted to the floor. I started hiring cop sirens at that point so I ran into the men's restroom and stepped on a couple guys who where chiropractors trying to adjust each others' backs or some shit, and I climbed out the window. So my point is that I hate parrots and men shouldn't wear lipstick! Case closed!

2) GOTH MUSIC SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY PULLING THE SKIN OFF CATS WHILE A GUITAR FALLS DOWN A FLIGHT OF STAIRS. Listen up you pasty pumpkin skulled shitgums: you ain't got crap to whine about, so stop feeling all depressed about you and your life. Okay, yes, you are all skinny little weaklings unable to defend themselves from a light breeze. And yeah, nobody likes you and nobody will ever like you and the closest you'll ever come to finding true love is when some unfortunate female calls you up and asks for somebody else shortly before she realizes she dialed the wrong number and hangs up. And okay, maybe you don't have any friends just because you look like Bela Lugosi after he spent 20 years decomposing under the dirt while a bunch of Japanese business men ejaculated all over his rotting face. And sure, you'll never ever get a job because you dress like a clinically depressed film noir clown. But for Christ's sake - wait, actually your lives are terrible and you have an infinite number of perfectly good reasons to be depressed as all hell, so feel free to mope around and cry your eyes out in the luxury of your own basement. Just don't let me see you bitch and whine or else I'll crush your spine with a nutcracker.

3) GOTH TEENAGERS SHOULD CARRY AROUND LARGE BAGS OF GRASS CLIPPINGS. I've got this bag on my lawnmower that catches grass and sticks and shit when they get spit out, and I've had to use it on my lawn for the past month or so because I was drinking vodka out of a lamp a while back and thought I heard the sound of a diamond ring dropping to the ground, so every time I mow my lawn I go through the grass clippings and look for a ring. I haven't found one yet but I did find one of the Patterson kids' teeth that I must've knocked out when I broke into their house and accidentally thought I was in my house and they were burglars trying to break in and steal all my stuff so they could give it back to the Pattersons. I could tell it was one of their teeth because it was still attached to the jawbone and let me tell you, those kids have chins like Mac Tonight.

I got about 40 bags of grass clippings in my garage just sitting there attracting these yellow bugs that smell like Mexican armpits when you step on them, so these goth kids should be forced to haul this shit around to punish them for being such pansy sissy milk-lapping dregs. When I was a kid my dad made me carry a burlap bag full of chair legs around the town, in a 10-mile circle, because he said it built character. It damn well built character, I'm fucking full of character. And if any of the goths find that diamond ring, they'd better damn well tell me or else the next bag they'll be carrying around will be full of their own intestines. The intestines are those long stringy tube things right? Because I think that's what they're called, I don't know, I'm really drawing a blank now because I've got White-Out all over my goddamn hands and this shit absolutely will not come off.

4) WHERE THE HELL ARE MY PANTS

So I gotta say that the school in Wichita is taking a damn overdue step in the right direction, but we still got to go a lot further before kids these days stop lumbering around like a bunch of dimwit dullards with shiny streamers of drool falling off their chins. And the government better

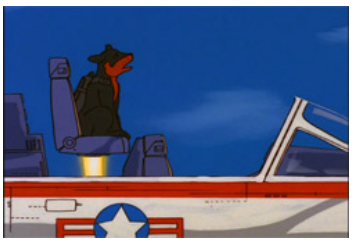
start listening to my ideas because I almost stepped on a landmine / pile of dirt behind the 7-11 once, so I deserve respect. And don't listen to any of that shit those clowns at the Appleton City Zoo might tell you about me, because they're all filthy liars and even if they have closed circuit camera footage of me in the petting zoo, that shit is all forged with computers and lasers and shit and it doesn't mean dick.

-∼Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski

9.3 Cobra After-Action Report: Cobra's Creatures

Friday, Sep 03, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Cobra After-Action Report series.



I think it's safe to say that GI Joe has finally fucking lost it.

Imagine watching CNN and hearing that Osama Bin Laden has emerged from hiding with several dozen of his elite terrorist followers to steal a stapler from a US military base. There isn't anything special about the stapler, Bin Laden just needs one for terrorism and/or collating, and he knows that they have staplers at the US military base. It would be obvious to even the most dubiously credited "analysts" that Bin Laden is going to get a US Special Forces enema in the immediate future thanks to the trail he left behind during his stapler heist. All the US has to do is follow the crumbs back to the giant Mohammad-shaped castle in the Brazilian rainforest.

That's what the news might look like if the real world's super villains were as obsessed with revealing their evil plans to danger as Cobra Commander is in the world of GI Joe. "Cobra's Creatures" is just the latest in a long string of examples in which Cobra Commander goes out of his way to involve GI Joe in a plot that might have worked had he not, you know, gone out of his way to involve GI Joe in the plot. In "Cobra's Creatures" Cobra has decided to turn to nature's army, the animal, as a source of new recruits for Cobra. To this end they have enlisted the help of brilliant and suspiciously named scientist Dr. Lucifer who has developed a beam that will turn harmless animals to remote controlled killing machines.

Of course Cobra Commander has to hamstring the whole scheme by kidnapping a few skydiving GI Joes in an operation that can only be described as "totally crazy on every conceivable level" and bringing them back to Dr. Lucifer's swamp castle. GI Joe dog-handler Mutt's faithful canine companion Junkyard is the first beast to be subjected to Dr. Lucifer's mind control ray. This leads to disaster for Cobra, but I won't get into that just yet.

For now let's talk about the forces Cobra has assembled for this operation.

- **Theater Commander:** Cobra Commander

- **Theater Resources:** "High Freak" Animal Control Ray and Dr. Lucifer's magical swamp castle, a giant glowing net that can stun people

- **Corps Level Resources:**

12+ Attack helicopters, most equipped with "High Freak" Ray
1+ Platoon of Crimson Guard Elite Infantry
1+ Platoon of Worthless Cobra Line Infantry
1+ Shitload of animals

- **Known Opposing Forces:**

GI Joe, park rangers and wildlife experts everywhere, and mother nature herself

- **Primary Mission Objectives**

Take over the world by taking over the world's animals.

- **Alternate Mission Objectives**

Possibly to make giraffes and polar bears better mounts for cavalry.

You'll notice that Cobra is employing fewer forces than usual, I suppose with the assumption that their soon-to-be animal army will make up for their personnel shortfall. On the surface this may seem like a bad decision, but you need to keep in mind that Cobra's plans have a history of failing no matter how many soldiers or pieces of expensive equipment Cobra throws at the problem. I actually agree with Cobra Commander's "less is more" approach, which is possibly the only time you will ever see me agreeing with one of Cobra Commander's leadership decisions.

Let's get the ball rolling on "Cobra's Creatures", starting from the beginning.

198X, Day 1, 10:00 AM

Oh, you a good doggie! Yes him is! Now, stay in your G-harness Junkyard.

Flint, Ripcord, and Mutt are flying in three separate jet fighters somewhere near a GI Joe base. As they ascend to 40,000 feet Mutt asks if the parachute they have attached to his trained dog Junkyard will actually deploy correctly. Flint assures him that Junkyard will be just fine, apparently unaware of the affects that high altitude will have on a dog with no insulated clothing and no oxygen supply. Mutt and Ripcord eject from their aircraft and then Flint uses some sort of ejection-seat remote control to send Junkyard flying as well. He even adds in an angry voice "there goes your master, Junk! Fetch!" before triggering the rocket ejection seat and sending the poor confused animal flying through the air.

Several things in this sequence leave me confused. Why are the Joes parachuting with a dog? Why did they parachute out of jet fighters, wasting thousands of dollars of ejection equipment, destroying the aircraft's cockpits, and potentially causing severe injury or death that could be avoided by jumping out of a transport aircraft's door? The Joes treat their federally funded equipment like a bunch of drunken cowboys with six-shooters and a case of vintage single malt scotch. If F-14 cockpits and ejection seats are disposable on a "just for the fuck of it let's parachute with that dog" type of mission I'd hate to see what the Joes consider actually wasteful. "Oh Dialtone, did you have to eat all of the plasma TVs again? Lady Jaye said she wanted to use some of them as raw material for the chair she is making!"

I'm not sure what the Joes had planned with their parachuting stunt, but I think it's safe to say that things did not go as planned with their parachuting stunt. Flint circles around expecting Mutt, Ripcord, and Junkyard to plunge through a cloudbank at any moment. Instead, four Cobra helicopters emerge with a glowing red net strung between them and the unconscious Joes caught like three patriotic American beach balls balanced on a flag of Soviet Russia.

This marks the exceptionally early point in the episode when I begin to feel angry towards Cobra Commander. The Joes obviously did not announce they were doing this dog parachuting thing - if they had people would be surrounding the Joe base screaming about their wastefulness - which means that Cobra must have expended resources on surveillance to find out about a dog parachuting. The parachuting provided Cobra with an absolutely terrible opportunity to kidnap two Joes and a dog, so naturally they strung a big sedative net between four helicopters and hid in the clouds. Cobra's gross incompetence succeeds temporarily but only because the Joes are somehow unable to see or hear four helicopters flying exactly where they are all looking with binoculars. Seen or not, Flint suspects Cobra and scrambles the Joes for a search and rescue operation.

198X, Day 1, 1:30 PM

A mysterious medieval castle built in a swampy jungle marks one of Cobra's less obvious secret lairs in recent memory, but possibly only because they are borrowing it from someone else. The castle is the home and laboratory of a petulant white-haired scientist named Doctor Lucifer who is working

with Cobra and allowing them to stay as guests in his humble home. It's worth mentioning that the bad doctor's castle does not efficiently use space. In the first scene Cobra Commander is seated in the middle of a barren room with a computer in the background that looks like it was either intended for giants or designed by someone with no sense of scale.

Castle designed by amateur Duke Nuke 'Em mapmaker Doug Whirley, age 9.

Dr. Lucifer, who received his degree from a non-accredited online university, offers Cobra access to his new "High Frequency" device which he calls "High Freak". A dubious shortening of the term, perhaps, but Dr. Lucifer claims High Freak can hypnotize animals and turn them into willing killers controlled by Cobra. Intrigued by the idea of making monsters out of molehills, Cobra Commander expresses interest. All Dr. Lucifer asks in return for the extremely phallic High Freak device is the rescue of his girlfriend Professor Atilla from some sort of scientist prison. Cobra Commander agrees just as the recently netted Joes are brought into the great hall of the swamp castle, but he wants a demonstration!

Using a blast of High Freak and a press of the Playskool control console, Dr. Lucifer turns loyal sidekick Junkyard into a blue-eyed killer. Rather than doing something cold-blooded but semi-intelligent like ordering Junkyard to eat Mutt and Ripcord, Cobra Commander does something cold-blooded and totally idiotic and releases Mutt to be hunted by Junkyard. Mutt escaped swamp castle, but the five minute head start he was promised by Cobra Commander evaporates to maybe ten seconds. Junkyard is released to hunt his former master and Ripcord is dragged off to rot in one of swamp castle's dungeon cells.

Cobra is better at locating endangered species than any field scientist.

While Mutt tries to reason with his murderous pet out in the boggy jungle Cobra Commander selects a picture of a pretty cat and has a helicopter mounted version of High Freak deployed on some lions. One press of the cat-shaped button later and blue beams are turning the infrequently man-eating lions into much more frequently man-eating lions. Further blasts of High Freak turn peaceful sperm whales and timid swarms of locusts into hyper-aggressive monsters.

Per Cobra's instructions the lions chase all of the workers away from a refinery, the sperm whales surround an oil tanker, and the swarm of locusts clogs up the jet engines of a couple generic Joes while helicopter hillbilly Wild Bill hoots and hollers. Wild Bill tries to shoot the locusts with lasers, but the insects are too numerous to be dissuaded and their attack on his engines force him to pull away. His compatriots, unfortunately, do not have expensive play sets that come with their figures and they crash in a nearby lake. Wild Bill evades the locusts long enough to swoop in and pull them to safety.

Back in the swamplands good old Mutt is sticking to a very calm and shallow river that at least temporarily keeps Junkyard inexplicably at bay. Mutt's efforts to reason with Junkyard only seem to cause the dog to lash out again and again until Mutt is tearfully forced to beat his old friend insensate with a stick.

198X, Day 1, 3:00 PM

Cobra Commander broadcasts a State of the Global Takeover Address on every TV in the world, explaining that Cobra's animal minions now form an unstoppable force. His cackling monologue is accompanied by footage from locations around the world where animals have gone wild. From wolves cramming the courtyards of the Kremlin to rhinos mysteriously teeming around Big Ben,

there is little doubt that Cobra, however briefly, has a stranglehold on the world.

Cobra Commander's demands are that a handful of super villains be released from jail or he will unleash the power of High Freak on a now-suspecting world. The list consists of:

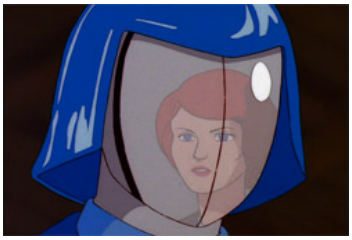
- Dr. Lasko
- Viktor the Hun
- Q the Mad Assassin
- Professor Atilla

No, Junkyard, no! Bad dog! No bite!

The Joes quickly realize that Dr. Lucifer was working on a high frequency device and, putting two and two together, recognize that he once had a fling with Professor Atilla. Scarlet suggests that they attack where Dr. Lucifer would least expect it; "his heart!"

Not much later a few Cobra soldiers and some lions are at the prison where Professor Atilla is being held. They spring her from the clink and whisk her away to swamp castle. Once they're gone the warden instructs the guards to put the real Professor Atilla back in her cell. DUN DUN DUNNNNNNNNNNN!

198X, Day 1, 6:00 PM



How arty GI Joe animators! Perhaps next time you can apply some of that artistry to remembering to color the entire bodies of characters.

Cobra Commander introduces Dr. Lucifer to the fake Professor Atilla, but the crabby scientist is not very pleased with what he sees. It turns out that the fake Atilla is acting way too nice to be the genuine article. Just to be sure Dr. Lucifer hits her with a trick question and the imposter falls for it. A "guards, seize her!" and a few kicks later and the fake Atilla is lying on the ground. Cobra Commander gives her face a yank and off comes the mask, revealing none other than red-haired femme fatale Scarlet. One thing that this sequence reveals is that no one at Cobra has very good eyesight; Atilla's eyeglasses were apparently painted onto the mask. I can give Cobra Commander a pass on that one because he has to see through that big chrome face plate thing, but the rest of them are unobservant shitheads.

Scarlet is shackled on the wall next to Ripcord. Cobra Commander delivers a slightly creepy touchy-feely speech and then sentences both Joes to death by spider. Dr. Lucifer gleefully switches on High Freak and sends a swarm of extremely large and plump red spiders scurrying in to finish the Joes off. Scarlet and Ripcord manage to fend off the first wave of arachnids, but as hundreds more approach (swamp castle has a bit of a spider problem) the only hope rests on a tracking device Scarlet waited to activate until they were shackled in the dungeon. Luckily, Spirit and his High Freak unaffected pet eagle and wolf are on the case along with NinJoe Snakeyes.

198X, Day 1, 9:00 PM

In case you forgot that this episode was an advertisement for the Mutt action figure, the dog loving Joe is still wandering around the swamp with Junkyard nipping at his heels. Junkyard leaps on Mutt's back seeming more interested in mounting his neck than biting him, but Junkyard sends the dog flying into the swamp with a shoulder throw that Hulk Hogan would be proud of. Junkyard swims to safety and climbs atop a log, but wait! That's no log, it's a hungry alligator, and the vicious beast begins comically pursuing Junkyard around the bog. At this point you might think

that Mutt would throw in the towel on his murderous canine friend and say to himself "self, I like Junkyard, but he has been trying to eat me for five hours straight so I don't think I'm going to get through to him." Then the alligator would take Junkyard down to the bottom and get him in a death roll.

Instead Mutt jumps into the water and wrestles the alligator. When that doesn't seem to work he jams a stick into the alligator's open mouth. Sure, alligators have jaws strong enough to tear through a spaceship's steel bulkhead, but that stick is just too much for this alligator. Mutt rejoins the weakened Junkyard on the banks only to discover that the hound still has it in for him.

A perfectly preserved castle in a mysterious swamp? BLOW IT UP! YO JOE! HURRRR!

Meanwhile, at swamp castle, Snakeyes wants to swim across the moat that suddenly appeared around the Cobra lair. Spirit points out that this moat is swarming with piranha and convinces Snakeyes that subterfuge would be the better route. If they ever make a live action version of GI Joe I really hope they pick this episode to film. I would really like to see a bald eagle riding on the back of a wolf escorting a stereotypical Native American and a ninja into a medieval castle. That's what Spirit's plan is anyways, and it works amazingly well. The Cobra guards lower the drawbridge and don't even say anything. They just point the "prisoners" to the dungeon and assume the eagle and wolf symbiotic team can handle the task.

Spirit and Snakeyes head to the dungeon, but not to be incarcerated! They bust out Ripcord and Scarlet, who were being crawled all over to death by the fat red spiders. After dispatching a series of apparently unarmed Cobra guards the Joes make their way to the High Freak control module upstairs. Outside swamp castle a large Joe strike force consisting of tanks and motorcycles bursts from the swamp and begins leveling the Cobra fortifications. Flint, using a rarely-seen GI Joe jetpack, rockets over the curtain wall and uses his laser pistol to blast the ropes holding the drawbridge closed. Joe forces flood across, easily overwhelming the Cobra defenders much as a child with a super soaker might, and storming the castle itself.

In a tizzy, Cobra Commander tries to use the High Freak to command the world's animals to attack. Luckily, Spirit's eagle arrives just in time to bite Cobra Commander's hand and the Joes follow soon after, blasting the High Freak machine before Dr. Lucifer can activate it. Cut to Junkyard about to finish off Mutt when the glow fades from his eyes and he surprises his master with a highly unsanitary treatment of his facial abrasions. Cobra Commander somehow escapes the Joes once again, but Dr. Lucifer is hauled off to scientist prison where he will spend the rest of his life with his beloved Professor Atilla. Mutt makes a joke too horrible to repeat here and Junkyard breaks that third wall by looking into the camera and barking with amusement.

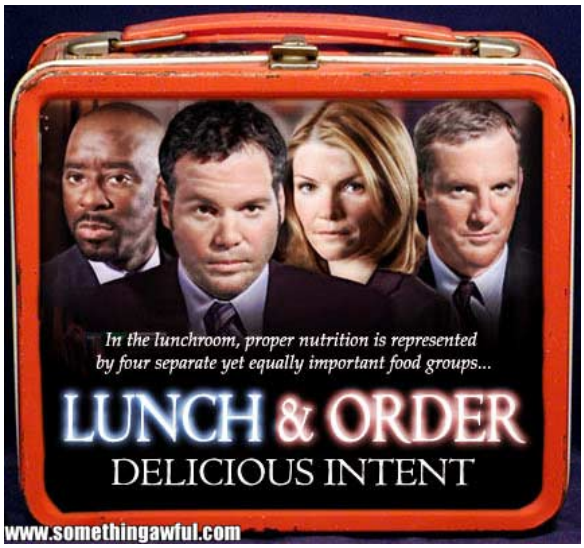
Cobra Commander really made two critical mistakes in addition to thinking that packs of wild animals would be anything more than a temporary problem for first world nations. The first of these mistakes was kidnapping Mutt, Ripcord, and Junkyard for no apparent reason. He could have tested the goddamn High Freak device on any of the thousands of giant red spiders milling around swamp castle. What, were you too good for the spiders Cobra Commander? Was it really worth leading the Joe's rescue efforts directly to your castle? In the real world you wouldn't have succeeded at even that; your stupid helicopters with the net would have been easily spotted on the nearby GI Joe base's radar and the F-14 fighters that were RIGHT THERE would have shot them all down with the push of a button.

In the crazy world of GI Joe though, where wild animals can threaten civilization and helicopters can hide in clouds with giant nets, Cobra Commander made another mistake. He had these pow-

erful swarms of beasts that could take on the world's governments, so what does he do? He has them surround government buildings and run off oil field workers. Who always foils your horrible evil schemes, jackass? Is it oil field workers? How about the Kremlin? No? Oh, that's right, it's fucking GI Joe. You know, the guys you practically invited to swamp castle with your televised broadcast and your mid-air kidnapping caper. Next time maybe you should think about surrounding THEM with your murderous herd of Rhinos and your terrifying flocks of waddling baby penguins.

I Packed a Phriday for You!

Greetings gentle readers and impartial godlike observers, Livestock here! As usual I am mildly reliable, and thusly I have a new Photoshop Phriday for you to peruse at your leisure. The Something Awful Forum Goons had a bang up time creating terrible lunchboxes, the vast majority of which I have pasted into this week's Phriday. If you like metal containers with pictures on them, then you're about to experience the most mind-blowing orgasm you've ever experienced. I'm probably lying in several different ways.


In the lunchroom, proper nutrition is represented
by four separate yet equally important food groups...
LUNCH & ORDER
DELICIOUS INTENT
www.somethingawful.com

I challenge you to rise to the occasion and read this fine Photoshop Phriday post haste!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.4 Half-Life 2 Exclusive - Internal Memos Leaked!

Saturday, Sep 04, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

Half-Life 2 made news earlier this week when a post by Gabe Newell popped up on a fansite forum proclaiming, "We're going gold Monday." This caused quite a surge of excitement until it was revealed that the post was actually made by a hacker who gained access to Gabe's account by guessing his password, which was reportedly "gaben". To borrow a phrase from Dave Barry, I swear I am not making this up. Valve software remained tight-lipped about the incident as expected, sparking the curiosity of many gamers who have been patiently waiting for Half-Life 2's release. How much longer will it be until the game really goes gold? What's taken Valve so long, and of course, how has the game changed since we saw it last? Without any contacts in Valve, I've been just as curious and clueless as you. Imagine my surprise, then, when I received an e-mail this morning containing every internal memo from Valve's mailing list from the past year.

The sender (a hacker who wished to go by the initials J.K.) claimed that he mailed me the memos in the hopes that the public would "see hwo great Half Lift 2 will be and SHUTS UP abuot it takeing so long.!" Being one of the internet's most respected and admired gaming journalists, I was facing a dilemma. The memos had some incredibly juicy information, but publishing them would go against practically every moral code I adhere to. In the end, Valve's secrecy prompted me to run the memos. The public has the right to know how the game is really coming along, and if Valve won't tell the truth then the only man who can is me. All last names have been removed to protect the fact that I don't actually know anyone's last name.

- **8/30/04**

From: Gabe
Topic: Password Theft

What an embarrassing fiasco this whole thing has been. Our security guys are pretty ticked off about my password choice and have recommended that we change our passwords system wide just to be safe. After thinking about it for a while, I realized how much of a mistake it was to use personal information and that it'd be best to go with something dry and alphanumeric instead. I'm changing mine to 1234, and I suggest everyone does the same.

- **4/14/04**

From: Chris (Sound Engineer)
Topic: Gordon's voice

Last time around, we kept Gordon silent throughout the entirety of the game. It helped gamers immerse themselves and feel like they were the protagonist, but let's be realistic: most people who play video games are weak and wholly uninteresting. Would you rather see some schlub in an oversized Atari shirt save the world, or a tough-talking badass? This week we brought in professional wrestler Macho Man Randy Savage to give Gordon some spunk, and I think the gamers will really identify with what he brought to the role. He got so into character that he didn't even use the script, electing to improvise lines like these:

"I'm here to crowbar headcrabs and conduct scientific experiments... and I'm all outta science!"

"Buddy, if you ask me you're *fission* for a beatdown."

Is this the face of modern science? Something tells me OOH YEAH.

"Half-Life? I'm gonna shoot you til you have No-Life! OOOH YEAH!"

- **12/2/03**

From: Gabe
Topic: Updated Feature List

Today I've made the difficult choice to forego our physics system in favor of a more robust colored lighting engine. Gamers were pretty excited about the tremendous physics we were promising, but that shit was *hard*. Coding objects to go straight up is real easy, but then you have to make them come back down. We were having all sorts of problems with that: pencils stuck in ceilings, disoriented zombies, etc. The whole concept was pretty gimmicky anyway. I mean, who really uses physics and gravity in day-to-day life?

Focusing on colored lighting will have many more practical benefits than physics ever could. Imagine how much easier it will now be to tell the difference between the expansive sewer level (now hot pink) and the vastly different Xen sewer level (puke green).

Gamers will definitely be shocked when they finally get to install the game and find the physics are gone... awesome-shocked!

- **3/28/03**

From: Ryan (story team)
Topic: The Game's Finale

Our decision to bring in some screenwriters to "Hollywood the game up" and make it more satisfying is really paying off. In fact, we've just approved the final script for the game's ending sequence. After playing through the entire adventure and finally reaching the mysterious man in black, the player will be presented with a FMV of this, the final confrontation:

Gordon and the man in black wordlessly engage in fast and frenetic kung-fu action with plenty of wall flips and Matrix-style slowdowns while Saliva's "Click Click Boom" plays. The man in black gains the upper hand and knocks Gordon down on the ground, then reaches into his briefcase and pulls out a handgun. Pointing it at Gordon and laughing maniacally, he pulls the hammer back and begins to squeeze the trigger. A gunshot goes off. The man in black continues to laugh, then slumps over, revealing Gordon's companion Alyx (modeled after Halle Berry and voiced by Mark Hamill) who was standing behind him. She blows the smoke out of her own gun seductively, then kneels down to Gordon and kisses him.

> **Gordon:** *Sugarplum, I thought you went for help when those headcrabs ambushed our pudding-*
>
> **Alyx:** *I'm all the help you'll ever need, Gordy. Besides, I couldn't bear the thought of spending even... half a life without you.*
>
> Gordon closes his eyes as she kisses him again, then opens them and finds himself alone on the monorail from the opening of the original Half-Life. He rubs his eyes disbelievingly. It was all just a dream.

Wow! It certainly looks like the game will be... something. For some reason, J.K. also sent me an internal memo from 3D Realms. It doesn't really fit in well with the rest of today's article, but I found it fascinating nonetheless.

> ■ **9/03/04**
> **From:** George Broussard
> **Subject:** new engine!
>
> There's a Swedish team working on a next-gen engine that features some really advanced fish geometry (freshwater, they say it will be a few years until the technology is there to properly do saltwater). I'm thinking we should probably wait and switch DNF over to that whenever it comes out.
>
> Also, our new texture artist asked what Duke's hair color is and I completely drew a blank. Any help from the concept art team?

■ State Og

This week's State Og update is so good it's guaranteed to either get you laid or get me in trouble with our lawyers for making false guarantees again.

> *And now for the ultimate patent: I have managed to accidentally do some actual patent research while searching for a certain type of niche pornography. The end result is that I have patented the US patent system. State Og now owns the rights to all procedures and processes of the US patent office, as well as all powers given to it by law. That means that we now have the power to patent things that the US patent office normally would not allow to be patented, such as: water, light, and pictures of coral snakes.*

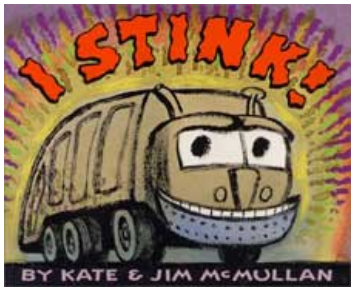
Check out this week's update!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.5 Take a Whiff

Sunday, Sep 05, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Are you moving into your new room to start the college year? Well, I've got something for you! There's a new game I've just invented, and already it's sweeping across the nation's college student population like a bootleg concert DVD or a case of herpes. From dorm to frat house to hippie-infested co-op, from freshman to seventh year senior, there's nary a student to be found who can't play. It's the perfect ice breaker to use with your new roommate. It's called What's That Smell!



This is my new favorite image of all time.

The best part of What's That Smell is that the rules are so simple, even a Duke student could figure them out!

1. Stick your head out into your hall.
2. Sniff the air.
3. Try to guess the source of the aroma.
4. The first person to guess correctly without vomiting up their Steak Ums wins!

It's that easy! What's That Smell is absolutely free, and you can play at any time with any number of people. Every hall in every residence of every college has a completely different smell, but trust me, they all smell. From a subtle funk to a full-on stank, it's an absolute guarantee that something, somewhere within fifty feet of where you live, stinks to high heaven. If you can't smell it, it's probably coming from you.

Your hall will look something like this by the end of your first week.

There's just nothing quite like the smells you get wafting under your door at college. Your average city apartment building doesn't come even close. Hell, the fucking Warsaw ghetto doesn't come even close. Nowhere else in the world do you get the same assortment of odors. Why is this? Well, for starters, nowhere else in the world do you get such a wide variety of spills. College students can find a way to spill anything, and there's an unspoken rule among residents of the same hall: if it spills in your room, it's your decision whether or not to clean it up; if it spills in the hall, no one is allowed to touch it. Everyone is expected to just avert their eyes and pretend they don't notice until such a time that either the school administration is forced to clean up the mess for fear of it mutating into a sentient, superior, and wholly evil lifeform, or an ice age strikes. Whichever comes first. College students can spill just about anything. This includes food products, of course, but also school supplies such as ink, toner, white-out, and paint. Add to the mix a hearty dosage of every type of alcohol ever produced. College students have two determiners when it comes to purchasing alcohol: (1) is it cheap, and (2) would anyone in their right mind ever drink it? The answers should be yes and no respectively. Anyone can spill beer, but only college students can spill beer at less than twenty cents a can. When it comes to hard liquor, the old favorites such as whiskey, gin, rum, and heroic amounts of vodka make it into the rotation, but college kids have a strange propensity for foreign liquors with unpronounceable names that are designed to taste like foods we would never eat under normal circumstances. Naturally these liquors usually smell like those same food products, only after being left in the sun for a month. Liquids

aren't the only things found in your traditional college hall carpet, though. College students can spill much more than that. We can spill things that should be even physically possible to spill, such as furniture. Just give us enough time, and believe me, we'll find a way to grind it into the floor.

But that's just the spillables. Your average college odor is much more robust than just that. You also have to account for by-products of the human body, ranging from urine to vomit to whatever the hell comes out of your pancreas when it's properly ventilated. Then there's the little addition that every resident adds. The first couple days of college are usually deceptively hygienic. The administration goes to great lengths to make sure that the residences the parents see are in no way even remotely like the residences one week later. But seemingly overnight, the distinctive smells of cigarettes, marijuana, cheap incense, and approximately forty different varieties of overcooked ramen noodles begin to mingle into a sickly sweet musk that could choke a warthog. That brings us to the Laws of College Food, which universally govern over every student who has ever tried to keep food of their own.

The Laws of College Food

1. Milk shall never last more than three days after date of purchase, no matter how well it is kept. There shall be no transitory stages between fresh milk and huge nasty curds.

2. Leftovers from any meal eaten off campus shall be forgotten about until they are inedible.

3. No freezer shall function properly for more than a week at a time.

4. Any attempt to microwave popcorn shall require no fewer than three bags, as two must first be sacrificed to Radiopherous, God of Burning Things In the Microwave Regardless of How Little Time You Put Them In There For.

5. The more food that has been deposited into any given trash receptacle, the longer that trash receptacle will go without being emptied. If a trash can is filled with empty containers and paper products, it will be emptied immediately upon becoming full. If it is filled with rotten fruit, half-eaten pizza slices, and wasted Chinese food, no one will empty it until the surrounding trash mound begins attending classes of its own.

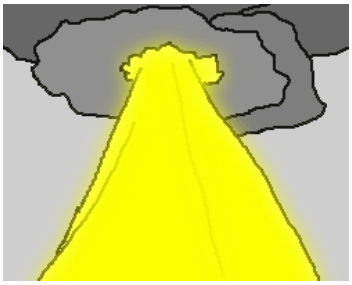
6. Any open food or beverage container, if placed on the ground, will be knocked over, no matter how out of the way you put it. The laws of probability and physics will rearrange to ensure that maximum spillage is achieved.

I'm bringing all of this up because currently there is a stench coming in from my hall that no amount of Febreeze can seem to tame. I cannot for the life of me determine the origin, but it's horrible beyond anything I know how to properly reckon with. It's like someone threw a rotten egg into a bottle of spoiled milk and skunky beer, farted into it, put the cap on, shook it up, and threw it at the floor. The source of this rank nasal offender has been quite elusive thus far. Even when I go to where it's strongest, there is nothing nearby that could even produce any smell, let alone a stink of this impressive caliber. I can't seem to escape it. All I know is that it wasn't there two days ago when there was nobody on this hall but me, but now that there are other people living here, it's like a chemical warfare testing area. It's preventing me from experiencing anything even remotely resembling rational thought. Obviously, it's also preventing me from generating anything that one could call humor. So if you're wondering why today's article isn't funny and why I thought it would be a good idea to write about things that smell, blame my neighbors. That's what they get for smelling up the place.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

9.6 Completely Factual Primer on Modern Religion (Volume One)

Monday, Sep 06, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Oh, guiding light, from whichever diety you originate, we praise ye!

The differences between religions have been a divisive issue since the day the second religion was invented. People live their lives around religions and will nearly always gladly march off to war if their religion dictates it. One of the underlying reasons for this obvious problem is that people tend to only comprehend their own religion. They rely on vague stereotypes and half-truths to inform them about competing religious franchises. It is high time that the hatred and confusion between religions be taken care of.

I have decided to level the playing field by revealing the truths of every religion I can think of without trying very hard. To assist in this effort I have enlisted the help of a number of forum goers who had keen insights into otherwise mysterious and impenetrable religious practices. If you see your own religion mentioned here, please do not get angry that we are divulging the truths about it. We are doing it for the sake of world peace and possibly because I was that fucking desperate for a topic to write about!

Amish, The

Overview: Millennia ago the Amish were a fun-loving and carefree people who lived on one of a chain of islands in the South Pacific. A series of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions destroyed most of their civilization and the survivors fled to North America where their religion took root with the recently arrived pilgrims. Because they believed the cataclysm that destroyed their island home was a sign of disfavor from the great patriarch Ami, the Amish reversed their carefree lifestyle to become reclusive and extremely serious people.

The solemn Amish have a few dark secrets in their barn.

Fun Facts:

- When Amish children come of age they are required to kill a random member of another religion to prove their worth to god. This practice is known as "the bloodening".
- When attending a barn raising the Amish will fuss and put on a show of cutting boards and hammering nails, but then when no one is looking they will use ancient Amish sorcery to conjure a completed barn.
- Rock and rolling every night is allowed, as long as it is conducted in a solemn manner. However, quiet reflection and hard work must replace any and all partying during the day.
- Amish sexual practices are extremely restrictive, including the hand-fastening chastity glaive to prevent masturbation and an ogre mask worn by beautiful women for the

entirety of their lives. The actual reproductive act is performed by inserting a four meter long glass tube into the woman's vagina, extending it through a small hole in a stone wall, and then allowing the man to ejaculate into it at a downward angle.

Pros: Tons of beautiful women anxious to have babies, awesome barns, smokin' hot rods.
Cons: The beautiful women are wearing ogre masks and you impregnate them via a glass tube, some of the hot rods just look smokin' but are actually pretty cruddy.

Anglicanism

Overview: This British religion dates back to the 9th century when the British King Ramses IV founded the church to allow him to be circumcised despite having a vagina. Anglicans worship Anglica, or "Better God", as well as a complex pantheon of minor deities referred to as Cerebrates.
Fun Facts:

Sinister Anglicans gather in the shadows, as is their wont.

- Anglicans believe that Mr. T subsists on testicles. You may have seen devotional websites to the B.A. Baracus Cerebrate on the Internet.
- The matriarch of an Anglican family tosses a small doll filled with stones and itching powder from a first floor window into a crowd waiting below every New Years. It is considered good luck if it strikes someone on the head, thus singling them out for greatness.
- Widely held as the first black president.
- Anglicans speak in a form of bioluminescent patterning called "Shiny Talk" that can be confusing but also strangely hypnotic.
- If their Tree Of Life should ever die, so will they.
- Do not ride bicycles due to supplication-related spinal disorders.

Pros: Services last only a few seconds thanks to the information-dense Shiny Talk language.
Cons: Not a good religion for bicyclists.

Atheism

Overview: Formed in 1923 by famed French literalist Pierre Jeanguiome, Atheism combines the better aspects of Star Trek, the Grand Canyon, and Japanese parables for honor in the form of Haiku. Atheists worship nothing and are violently opposed to all deities to the extent that they will frequently be arrested for punching churches and synagogues.
Fun Facts:

- Atheists cannot eat hot dogs because they are descended from Christ and therefore do not exist. Turkey dogs are okay as long as their packaging does not depict any religious iconography.

Atheists are cold, logical, and full of an undying hatred for all things religious.

- Instead of a Christian Baptism and a cleric, Atheists use liquid nitrogen to dissolve their warts.
- Atheists are physically incapable of having sex in the missionary position.
- Believe strongly in God, but also believe strongly that you shouldn't believe in God.
- Can smell wild mushrooms quite well and are frequently employed as hogsmen in the braces of truffle hunters.
- Because atheists do not believe in the afterlife they decompose into pools of corrosive sludge immediately after death. Many believe that this is because they are vampires, but only a few of them actually are.

Pros: All you can eat pizza.
Cons: Punching a church can cause serious hand injuries.

Baha'i

Overview: Baha'i is the only surviving naturally occurring religion. It was codified several million years ago by a powerful windstorm that etched the various beliefs and mythology of the religion into basalt monoliths. These monoliths are believed to be the original source of all language and human knowledge, but have been discarded by most for other, much cooler, religions and languages.
Fun Facts:

Baha'i is both ancient and unpopular.

- Bi-curious, all of them.
- This religion is made up entirely of people who wanted to be Muslims, but couldn't make the height requirement.
- At Baha'i temples - or "Baha'i Temples" - no one really knows what to do and most services are spent idling around the room while children play random and discordant music on the sacramental harpsichord.
- Eating while lying down is forbidden purely for safety reasons.
- All marriages in the Baha'i faith are prearranged and determined randomly by an ancient computer called Abacon.

Pros: You might score a hot chick as a wife in the random marriage assignment, services aren't stuffy.
Cons: No hot Baha'i chicks only bi-curious old Baha'i men.

Buddhism

Overview: Originally created as an ultra-orthodox breakaway of Taoism, Buddhism eventually became so popular that all Taoists converted to it. Many Buddhists are pacifists, although sometimes lapsed worshippers of The Great Buddhat are known to kick dogs and spit at children. The iconic prophet of Buddhism is Buddhat Jr. who looks and functions exactly like Santa Claus does in Christianity.
Fun Fact:

Santa watches over all. Kneel before him.

- With enough concentration multiple Buddhists can merge into a giant Ultrobuddhist. However, the giant will suffer from an increasingly bad migraine until it separates.
- Not all Buddhists can shoot lightning. Just the fat ones.
- If you cut a Buddhist's arm off he will regrow it. More disturbingly a second Buddhist will grow out of the severed arm.
- Before Buddhists can become pacifists they must spend a year and a day wandering the frozen wastes of the north as a Buddhist Berzerker with nothing but an axe and their faithful wolf Ragnar to keep them company.
- Buddhist practitioners have their own space station, which purely by chance resembles a gigantic metal Chuck Norris.

Pros: Physical regeneration, one week vacation on Chuck-1.
Cons: Frequently challenged to kung fu battles by drunken Americans, cannot regrow a severed pride.

Catholicism

Overview: When the Greeks discovered Zeus buried inside the crystal caves of Mount Olympus they worshipped him much like ants might worship an anthropomorphic magnifying glass. Over time Zeus had his powerful message diluted by a bunch of poseurs and hangers-on like Hera, Appollo, and Rick. Catholicism was a breakaway sect of the dying Greek religion and it embraced Zeus as a singular and all-powerful god. The only other aspect of Greek religion that Catholicism kept was the use of Hercules as a foil for the mighty Zeus, replacing him with bold warrior Jesus Christ.
Fun Facts:

The Pope is every bit as energizing and dynamic a figure as he was the day he was forged in the Dwarf mines of Mindraggora.

- Catholics do not eat ham and mayo pita sandwiches because it reminds them of Original Sin.

- The new Pope is actually elected by a church-wide game of Scategories.

- The Rapture is just a big scare tactic. It's actually going to be awesome, ESPECIALLY for the non-believers.
- The Pope's rosaries are forged from the horn of the last unicorn known to exist.
- Break a deal and spin the wheel. Wheel of saints that is. Debtors will be canonized.
- All of those advanced enough in the Catholic religion learn that the Pope and other higher ups are actually reptilian humanoids descended from the dinosaurs.
- Instead of giving live birth Catholics lay eggs. The Catholic Church's resolute ban on abortions stems from a non-competition contract signed with Shoney's all you can eat fried-egg buffet.

Pros: Awesome hats, all the catamites you can eat, a Saint for every season.
Cons: Zeus is fickle, that whole "constant guilt" thing, your children will grow up hating you.

Did you miss your personal savior and Lord on this list? Fear not, sinners! Friday I will bring you incredible revelations about the remaining religions. I've got the scoop on Islam, the 411 on Hinduism, and everything you ever wanted to know about all-encompassing Christianity. Baby, I've got what you need! I've got Mormons, I've got Scientologists, I've got 50,000 Jews on the head of a pin! You can skip over the other heathen writers for the rest of the week, but be sure to come on back on Friday and Father Zack will have the cure for your spiritual woes. Your very soul may depend on it!

The Flesh Tub

Hello, Shmorky for The Flash Tub. here is this week's:

"I heard Greg got some pot from that loser Petey Pounds!"

So... go look.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.7 Fear Is The Trendkiller

Tuesday, Sep 07, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

One of the critical barriers truly preventing America from blossoming into the greatest country in the world is, well, America itself. It seems if each and every day a new set of aggravating, completely worthless popular trends emerge and start spreading amongst the more braindead citizens of America by storm, nullifying any traces of progress we were previously making. If we as a nation ever plan to assert our dominance over the rest of Earth by claiming we have a superior culture and community, we must first rid ourselves of the terrible trends polluting our society. Naturally, I feel the best way to do this is by bitching about them on a webpage, so let's get started!

These Rap Snacks chips, much like actual rap these days, are hard to beat.

■ **Modern rap music -** There used to be a time when rap music was a bunch of street-smart ghetto people belting out rhythmic rhymes and dancing in the street for no real reason while uptight white people in business suits walked by, gave them disapproving glances, and slowly shook their heads in a very frustrated manner. Now rap music has completely erased its two only positive features, the rapping and the streets, and replaced them with this shitty "stream of consciousness" type of rapping where the black guy seems to just randomly say shit to a beat inside his head which arbitrarily speeds up and slows down depending on his bowel movements and the position of the moon.

Rapping isn't even "rapping" anymore, it's just talking really loudly while a drum loop cycles in the background and a few female vocalists randomly emerge from the shadows to moan "oooh" and "ahhh" while mashing their plastic tits together and swinging their giant asses through the air like a couple of Hefty garbage bags full of grits shot from a cannon. Hell, even the damn streets are gone from rap these days, replaced by Hollywood mansions, fast cars, and a posse of bucktoothed black guys wearing $600 college basketball t-shirts and $400 jeans. You'd think rappers could afford some rhythm lessons with all the cash they make from standing on stage and holding a microphone with one hand while spastically gesticulating towards the audience with the other for two hours, but no, all they do is spend their money on new jewelry for their teeth. Maybe all the precious metals in their gum lines prevent them from actually rapping to any discernable beat.

■ **Anti-Republican protestors -** I cringe whenever hearing that the Republicans are planning some upcoming meeting, convention, or fundraiser to earn more money for the "Buy Jesus Christ a New Diamond Beard Foundation," not because I hate Republicans, but because I hate anti-Republican protestors even more. These loudmouthed, braindead raving cliches make me want to start voting Republican just to spite them, but naturally I avoid doing so because that would only ensure four more years of unwashed horse-like creatures parading down busy intersections while waving "BU$H IS EVIL" signs they drew with their parents' Magic Markers.

The general idea here seems to be that if you are too fucking stupid to intelligently explain your position on a few political issues because you often break down into tears when losing arguments to eight-year olds regarding the quality of Willie Wonkie candy in the Hy-Vee parking lot, you can compensate for your lack of debate skills by being as loud and belligerent as possible. I mean, hell, that tactic works all the time, doesn't it? Do you know how many women have been converted to the ranks of Christianity thanks to the ceaseless efforts of the anti-abortion lobby and their rock-solid tactic of "standing outside abortion clinics in the middle of the rain and shrieking like the Pod People from 'Invasion of the Body Snatchers' whenever they spot a pregnant woman walking within a 20-mile radius of the clinic"? I'm guessing somewhere between nine and ten hundred million billion

thousand. Maybe even more if you count fat women as two people each.

The insane liberals, despite how much they claim to loathe insane conservatives, seem to have absolutely no qualms with adopting their awesome policy of forming large groups waving crudely misspelled signs, stomping around public places to disrupt the daily routines of normal non-insane folks, and screaming at everybody they see with the ultimate goal of annoying them into submitting to their wills. If people have to choose between George Bush and a crowd of furious bicyclists whose biggest claim to fame is that one of their blogs was mentioned in passing by Al Franken on that one AM radio station nobody turns on because it's about as exciting as listening to NPR at 50% speed, they'll either choose George Bush or they'll choose to look away when the riot police start caving in skulls with their nightclubs.

Wow! Suddenly I hate George Bush and think America is just like Nazi Germany, all thanks to a fucking posterboard sign held by some fat unemployed shithead! The power of advertising in action!

Here's a newsflash you guys and gals who believe George Bush is going to physically break into your bathroom and steal the awesome weed you have hidden in that prescription gout medication bottle next to the Drano: *most people might actually listen to you if you present your facts clearly and act confident enough in what you believe in to know that these facts will speak for themselves.* Most people will NOT listen to you if you're stomping around and blocking traffic while shouting tremendously catchy slogans like "two, four, six, eight, George Bush is a fucking liar and is Hitler and Satan and fuck you George Bush you cocksucking father of whores." Whenever chucklefucks like you begin blocking up traffic and causing me to be delayed, my first two priorities instantly switch to running you down with my car and voting Republican across the boards, not necessarily in that order.

No, really, I DON'T want to be able to use the things I buy! Please require me to use a welder to open them!

■ **"Impenetrable Plastic Pouches of Death" packages -** Every single vaguely electronic device these days, from removable memory cards to battery-powered cereal spoons, ships in those handy-dandy impenetrable plastic pouches of death created by Lucifer himself in an attempt to raise the national suicide rate by about 10 percentage points. The corporate business world, serving up more evidence that the hottest consumer trend is "manufacturing products that nobody anywhere wants to actually purchase," has decided the most effective way to prevent people from stealing their 38-cent Korean memory cards is by encasing them in 80 pounds of a titanium-plastic hybrid which can withstand point blank shotgun blasts and most meteorite impacts. I'm sure their research and engineering teams were absolutely tickled pink when they finally discovered a fool-proof way to prevent thieves from stealing boxes of their painfully retro Rainbow Brite flashing wristbands from the local Hot Topic.

> **ENGINEER:** "Dear fucking Christ! I think I just came up with an idea to stop shoplifters from stealing our crap!"
> **SCIENTIST:** "Does it involve the plan we were talking about before? You know, the one where we build armed robots that randomly shoot customers who may or may not look like shoplifters?"
> **ENGINEER:** "No, this is an even better idea! What if we make the packaging for our products so tough and obnoxious to open that nobody wants to even bother stealing

them?"
SCIENTIST: "Excellent! I'll start designing a box that screams like a infant in a garbage disposal and sprays out clouds of deadly poison gas when opened!"
ENGINEER: "Why don't we just make it so you can't open the box to begin with? Then we won't have to buy the poison gas and we'll save money!"
SCIENTIST: "That's a wonderful idea! I'll start working on this idea once I get done sodomizing these orphans with a canoe oar."

Look for upcoming 3M anti-theft packages guaranteed to reduce theft by up to 86%, such as the revolutionary "metal box which itself weighs half a ton and is packed full of dirty syringes and rusty shrapnel," and the ever-popular "fragile piece of complicated electronics whose instruction manual is chemically bonded to atoms of the package itself, so there's no way to open the package without destroying the instructions and your sanity."

Hey, great job there you stupid lonely American white sack of shit, that anime drawing of Angela and Tony from "Who's the Boss" will surely get you pussy in Japan, you pathetic tub.

■ **Anime and Japanese culture -** I'm firmly convinced that certain depressing Americans love Japanese culture even more than the Japanese. You've got this rancid cross-section of fat American bozos who are obsessed with anime and all other fucked up forms of deviant Japanese culture because they're convinced that while no sane or rational American woman in a non-coma state would even consider accidentally calling their house for a wrong number, 90% of the females in Japan would chain themselves up to their cock just because they're American. You know that saying "the grass is always greener on the other side?" Well these people believe that the other side not only contains a whole shitload of grass, but also an entire warehouse of mobile dick-sucking machines fueled by the oil slick of greasy discharge leaking from their cheese ball-sized facial pores. Japan represents some mythological wonderland where all their dreams can come true, namely the dream of them not being completely unpopular abject failures eternally scorned by members of both sexes just because they're fat, moist, stupid, and have the social skills of a crippled wet ferret.

Wake up America: anime fucking sucks. I don't give a shit about the spirit of Mother Earth and why she's personally pissed off at me just because I throw rusty car batteries into freshwater lakes and piss on baby birds nests. I don't want to watch poorly translated analogies about the struggle between technology and man's eternal soul; I want to see the soul get incinerated by Metal Storm. I don't care about the romantic lives of two 12-year old girls that look like eight-year old girls imitating six-year old girls who have had their DNA genetically combined with the DNA of an insect and a creature composed solely of tits. If you're really desperate to see inside the dramatic love life of a grade school kid, go abduct a few from a nearby public school and force them to recreate the time you were turned down by Susie Johnson in fifth grade just because you had a patch of braided hair

growing from your left ear canal. If you get arrested, let the authorities know you're a big anime fan; they'll probably have a special section of the prison just for your people, complete with titanium reinforced cots and a fire hose that sprays out Clearasil. The best thing to ever come out of Japan was dickgirl porn, and that's just because their penises make it too difficult for them to fit in those fucking stupid ass robot suits.

- **Perpetual online victims -** Oh gosh, I'm sorry I and the rest of the world can't comprehend exactly how intelligent and emotionally complex you are because you wear Switchblade Symphony t-shirts and fishnet stockings regardless of your gender. I feel so lousy that I could never ever ever, in a million years, understand how important your "Juggalo Family" is to you and how they're more of a family to you than the pockmarked fat wretch who shoveled you out of her urethra and now oozes around on the couch, smoldering in her own expired juices.

Yes, I am absolutely wracked with guilt because I made fun of your neon pink Livejournal site detailing your furry persona, a 40-foot tall gender rotating horse that shoots cum from his nipples. You're not going to get any sympathy from me by comparing the plight of the transgendered skunk cock lover to that of Rosa Parks, Martin Luther King, or even Martin Lawrence. Juggalos, goths, furries, and all you other groups of middle class white males who dress differently and jack off to different kinds of porn don't deserve special protection or rights from the government to ensure scrawny webmasters across the globe don't point out how laughably retarded you are. If you're going to continually go out of your way to announce how different you are, be prepared for people to point out how different you are. Oh, and how you want to fuck mules too, you goddamn weirdos.

- **That horrible female vocal pitch sliding effect heard in every song on the radio -** Every female pop song these days uses the same goddamn vocal effect that really grew to popularity on Madonna's"Ray of Light" song. You know that grating, obnoxious thing I'm referring to, it's the effect where it sounds like the female's voice was recorded in a robot's anus and the metal machine is tightly clenching his buttocks to shift the voice up and down half an octave via sphincter vibrato. Hell, they might as well just completely synthesize all female performers' voices these days since they're so fucking overproduced and brightly computerized that there is undoubtedly more work put into the effects chain than there is the actual singing. I can't really give any other examples of female pop singers who employ the robot anus vocalist techniques, as all their voices are processed so heavily that they sound completely homogenized and identical, like a chorus of tall brunette clones wearing evening gowns and puking up dinner in the bathroom of the MTV Music Video Awards.

No wait, this is truly worth paying $50 and $10 a month for, in addition to four hours a day! Now please excuse me, I must get back to waiting for an sand witch to spawn so I can kill her and steal her magic socks.

- **Online RPGs -** The entire concept of "games" came from the idea that people don't like to work all day, instead requiring some time off to relax and do something amusing such as "not work." Games were invented to entertain people so they could escape from their boring, dreary lives and engage in something exponentially much more amusing like rolling dice and flipping over brightly colored orange cards which helpfully inform them they are going to jail. Online RPGs, or MMORPGs, or "colossal wastes of both time and money," buck this trend by not only requiring the participants to engage in a neverending series of menial, repetitive work tasks, but additionally charging people to do it. So not only are the people are required to spend their free time working, but they are now paying money to do so. It's really probably the greatest business model to ever exist, much like McDonalds charging people $15 an hour to sweep the rotting french fries and runny man gravy from

their floors. Let's take a look at the mechanics of any online RPG:

> 1) You pay a company money for a pass that lets you buy their game and play on their server for a month.
> 2) During this month, you spend countless hours every day killing the same creatures over and over and over again so you can go up a level and kill slightly different creatures over and over and over again in a slightly different area.
> 3) You spend hours of your time obtaining large amounts of fake money so you can buy fake clothes and fake swords to impress fake people online.
> 4) You get killed, lose a bunch of equipment, money, and time, which causes you to get very angry and write 500-page rants about how dissatisfied you are by the game company and their horrible product.
> 5) You repeat steps 2-4 until you grow so fat and pathetic that third party assistance is required to lift you from your chair, not that you will ever go anywhere.

Yeah, that sounds like a blast! Let's all pay money for the privilege of letting a giant corporation piss us off while we try to work for them! MMORPGs are games without the fun and twice the price, and the sooner people start realizing this, the sooner we'll have less gang-related fights over the speed bonus for dark elf hobbit troll orcs with saving throws.

Do you know of any other trends I left off? Drop me a line and let me know so I can create one gigantic comprehensive list of terrible trends that America must overcome before we can evolve into the perfect nation of SUVs and endless "Friends" reruns on every channel that our forefathers envisioned when they established independence from Canada and wrote the Constitution on the back of a Michelobe Ultra bar napkin.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.8 The Corn Memoirs

Wednesday, Sep 08, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

It doesn't get anymore exciting.

One of my least charming traits, aside from me being a stupid idiot, obnoxious jerk, ignorant un-American scumbag, hateful maggot, pathological abuser of exclamation marks, and wretched shell of a man, is that I am from Indiana. Not only am I from Indiana, but I have also spent 22 grueling years as a denizen of the Hoosier nightmare, molested each day by the cornstalk hands manipulated by the dark and malicious spirit of the state itself. While it's not necessarily a handicap on the level of, oh, say, being on fire or being autistic while drowning in quicksand, it is a shame that will haunt me for the rest of my adult life.

I'm not going to deny that I've bitched and moaned about Indiana more times than I can count, which sadly isn't very high due to the woeful inadequacies of Indiana's educational system. And yes, Zack has also complained about Indiana once, but his argument, while completely true, holds no credibility due to the fact he has never been a Hoosier. I freely admit that I've badmouthed Indiana at every turn, so this article will be nothing but a tour through the land of redundancy for the two of you that actually read my articles regularly. I'm writing about Indiana once more, and hopefully for the last time, because something magical is happening. I am leaving this foul state for the possibly less foul state of Washington, which was named after George Washington, a famous American and the first man to cross a river, a feat once thought impossible.

For those of you wondering what a Hoosier is, and I'm referring to you lousy foreigners, it's a nickname for people from Indiana. It derives from an old Indian word that roughly translates into "you poor miserable idiot!" Again, that's a rough translation, because I don't think Indians had exclamation marks, and if they did, they hid them well from the white man. That being said, while I will remain a Hoosier on a technicality, I will no longer be a resident of Indiana. Thusly, I will be a better human being.

Often times I wonder how this whole Indiana thing got started in the first place. Was it a bad joke using us as the punch line? Are we some kind of experiment gone wrong, a nightmarish race of demon people with concentrated cream corn for blood? The answer mirrors the state in its complete uninspired boringness. The State of Indiana was founded in 1816, signaling a brave and triumphant stance against standards on the part of our developing nation. Since 1816 Indiana has evolved little, if at all. In the 1970s, we finally had the last of the ice from the ice age melt off. In 1985 the state took a brave leap forward when the government agreed to finally provide rural free delivery, granting us mail for the first time ever. Over the next decade the giant hellhole was blessed with a total of five paved roads, and several highways allowing people to drive through the state instead of entirely around it. In 1994 neighboring states agreed to stop throwing garbage and sewage over the border, a change that actually displeased many Indianans since the service was provided to them for free. Currently, Indiana boasts all the amenities of a boring state with no self-confidence.

Although Indiana is in a lot of ways a land of endless corn, it has other features as well. For instance, in the northwest corner that has served as my home, there are tons of factories and mills that pump the air with fun chemicals that smell like so many dead helicopters. Then there is Gary, Indiana, which has routinely been honored with the title "Per-Capita Murder Capital of the United States." My hometown has two claims to fame. A couple years ago our college basketball team actually won a couple important games only to lose at some even more important games. A few years after that, one of our proud citizens was arrested for stealing chickens, which he would then take to a motel to have sex with. His inspiring story made national headlines, allowing Indiana to bask in the spotlight. Had he been a woman instead, he certainly would have gotten a Lifetime movie out of the deal, too. Corn does funny things to a man's soul it seems, and Indiana provides ample proof. What else does Indiana have? Absolutely nothing. But there is solace to be had in the knowledge that just beyond the endless corn horizon, there rests a better world.

LEAVE ME ALONE!!

Even the governor couldn't handle the stress of navigating this maize state of detestation. The burden of knowing he was captaining such a doomed ship simply proved too much for him, and so his heart exploded in grand fashion, sending cardiac shrapnel into the nearby walls. Obviously he was superstitious, which was why he waited until he was in Illinois to unleash the heartfelt fireworks. Some people believe that to die in a horrible place means that the soul will never find its way to heaven. To die in Indiana is to trade one hell for another.

Of course Indiana is symptomatic of a larger problem: the American Midwest. This entire region seems hopeless and dead, like a giant proverbial bear trap for our giant proverbial bear legs. Like a rut, people who visit the Midwest get stuck and lose all will to free themselves. They meet unpleasant girls, get them pregnant, and raise unwanted families to keep the area thriving with a self-hating population of doomed souls. Some people might take offense to this, citing that the Midwest is the breadbasket or the heartland, but I disagree. If it is a breadbasket, then the bread is stale and possibly moldy, just like the product of a bakery run by mummies. America's heartland? Hold a séance and ask Indiana's former living governor and current ghost governor how the heartland is ticking. If he doesn't vomit ectoplasm on you or make your head rotate 360 degrees while spraying blood out of your mouth like a fire hose, he will probably tell you that it's not doing so good.

Some people might call this place home, but those people are all criminally insane as far as I'm concerned. Although I've seen a lot of the cornfields give way to an equally hopeless suburbia,

Indiana has always remained a desolate farmland. Even with the urban sprawl, the cornfields remain resilient, wrapping around the primitive cities, waiting for the chance to swallow humanity whole. Every time I look out my window I swear they move in a little closer, like they're waging a silent war against us. First they will consume the land, then our bodies.

If Indiana and the Midwest represent a problem, then there must be a solution. I am no scientist, so my answers aren't likely to be embraced. However, as an outsider thinker, I would like to recommend dividing the continent into two sections: USA and USX. Everything in the middle will be lost to the vengeful sea, or given to the Indians who might actually put it to practical use. I think sinking it would probably be more cost effective and continue our fine tradition of screwing over the Indians. Without being bogged down by all that crap in the middle, the former west cost, now United States Extreme, and the former east coast, now United States of America, could move ahead towards a glorious future.

This may sound impossible to pull off, but that's dismissing the infinite potential of the human race. Let's not forget that we've built canals, giant pyramids, skyscrapers, and wrapped concrete grids around entire continents. After that, flooding the middle section of our country should be child's play. I have faith in the 10% of the human race that isn't mentally incompetent, so I believe we can pull this off. But solutions won't do us any good until we admit we have a problem. I hope that we can do this soon.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.9 Fear Is The Trendkiller, Part II

Thursday, Sep 09, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The goal of every ricer: to have a car that looks like Bumblebee.

Tuesday's update regarding horribly annoying current trends generated a lot of fascinating feedback from fellow frustrated folk tired of repeated news updates concerning the bug-eyed Olson creatures' waistlines. It seems many Americans have a deep-seated, seething rage inflamed by our very own media and culture, something which is quite worrisome considering 90% of our population owns very powerful handguns and takes very powerful anti-depressants. In order to help America heal itself and spread the anger in a more productive fashion, today's update will touch upon some of this email I received. Keep in mind that I couldn't print all the messages sent in, so I will instead post most of the ones where I wasn't directly called a fat, ugly, stupid loser by somebody with Angelfire webpage and at least seven numbers in their name.

Tony writes:

> *I think you need something on those ricers out there. I hate ricers. Ricers should die. They spend 5 million dollars on their $15,000 cars to make them look cool. Don't they know that adding their faggoty drop kits is just more weight to slow their fucking imports down. Oh, but wait, they rip out all their seats to lighten the load, thereby making them think they can be a racecar driver. That shit needs to stop. It's a waste of money. They can be feeding the homeless, but instead they buy a new jewel encrusted gas cap. Everyone knows a muscle car will 0wn an import.*

An awful large amount of people wrote in to voice their concern about ricers, a sentiment I share as well. Street modification really hit the big time after the release of "The Fast and Furious," a touching cinematic masterpiece which involved Vin Diesel wearing sunglasses and walking from one location to another while he contemplated what he would eat for dinner (steak). Sure there were plenty of people who spent thousands of dollars stapling plastic shark fins to the top of their Hondas before this movie came out, but the release of popular films always stirs up a fresh new batch of idiots to scatter from out of the woodwork and start emulating the "cool" actors they saw in the movie with mommy and daddy, just like how the premiere of "Underworld" caused the number of teenagers killed in platform shoe-related accidents to double. Now the streets are clogged with these tiny plastic Japanese toys whose stereos are the only thing louder than their car engines, the vibration from both threatening to shake the chrome "Type R" emblem from the back of their plastic bumper where it would bounce off the tree trunk-sized muffler and fall to the ground, basking in the harsh blue neon undercarriage glow.

I used to really loathe these ricers and street racers until I realized something: these people are wasting *entire paychecks* on this cheap plastic crap. These greased up, scrawny dirtbags blow their entire Denny's paycheck on chrome license plates, neon lights, and 18-inch speakers so the subtle emotional undertones and nuances of "Booty Shakin' Bass Volume 48" can travel through the downtown streets with crystal clarity. I'm perfectly fine with a fool spending their money any way they please, especially when they're using it to weld more picnic table parts to their car in an attempt to make me laugh even harder when they pass by, parts falling off like a cheap Christmas tree. As for your comment about how ricers could be feeding the homeless, well, I'm not exactly sure money's functionality is solely limited to either buying rubber steering wheel grips or dumping out plates of stew for people who have no job. Besides, the homeless can eat each other if they're really hungry. Oh yeah, and you're a faggot for typing "0wn." Get off my Internet.

Next up is a short but succinct email from Jesse:

> *I think a new trend for your list of sucky trends should be reality television. Come on, you know its pure crap!*

Bring out the fatties and embarrassments! America loves a good failure!

Reality television is pretty hit or miss; on one hand, you get to see boring average idiots perform boring average things in between commercials for the latest low-carb mustard, but on the other hand you get to see boring average idiots CRY ON NATIONAL TELEVISION. This is probably the only redeeming aspect of reality television, the ability to watch real people humiliate themselves and weep while you sit back in your underpants and laugh at them. Nobody in their right mind watches reality shows to see the profiled people end up happy and successfully accomplish whatever menial shit they're trying to do; us viewers want to see total failure and humiliation on a grand scale. We don't want to see a beautiful makeover, we want to see a horrible oil slick spill of rainbow puke across that fat bitch's doughy face. We don't care about the experts turning that two-bedroom shanty into a beautiful mansion, we want to see that arrogant caulker shoot a roofing nail into his foot and fall into a tree mulching machine. Reality television should serve one purpose and one purpose only: the destruction of personal dignity on every possible level.

I'd like to take the concept behind reality television one step further and start up a new channel, the Abject Humiliation Station (AHS). ASH would pioneer such groundbreaking shows as "So You Didn't Get Into Grad School," "Dad Has Rejected You Coming Out of the Closet," and "Bankruptcy Court." Every program would showcase a new and exciting failure failing in a new and exciting way for 30 minutes, at which point the star of that episode would be given a few coupons for McDonalds and a biodegradable sticker that says "BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!" in a large cheery Impact font. If permitted, I would additionally love to put cameras inside maternity wards and film live births, hoping that some unfortunate woman would have a miscarriage. As she and her husband begin weeping and the doctors futilely try to console their broken hearts, our camera crew and producers would run into the operating room cheering and throwing confetti while screaming "BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!" We could also take photographs of the dead baby and put them up in the AHS Hall of Fame or something nice like that, because I feel that would add a touch of class to the show. The name of the show could be "Miscarriage of Justice" or something equally witty.

El Cupanibre sends this message:

> *I would love to see Goth's on your list.*

Okay buddy, you got it:

- Goth's

Here's an email from Phil, complaining about something which I really should've included on Tuesday:

> *What's up with celebrities playing cards on TV? Granted, this trend started with "Texas Hold Them" being played by ex-members of stellar shows such as "The Steve Harvey Show" and "Lou Diamond Philips Late Night." Of course, the pinnacle of this was watching braindead rocker Dave Navarro go "All-In" on a "2,3 of Lucky Charms." But now,*

i have to watch washed-up celebs like Andy Dick and the guy who starred in "The Jerk, Too" fumble through the complexities of "Black Jack". It's about as exciting as watching a "Magic: The Gathering Tournament" on ESPN2. Not that I ever have.

Now THIS is a sport! Hold those cards you crazy Asian sensation, you!

I agree 100% Phil. I cannot understand why on Earth every time my girlfriend and I go out to eat, we're forced to watch constant footage of a bunch of fat, bald truckers wearing dark sunglasses and throwing cards at each other on ESPN2. Poker is not a sport; it's something you do when you're drunk, like pass out or vomit into a flower pot. Unfortunately America is currently caught in the middle of Hurricane Bozo, as Poker is absolutely everywhere and you can't run or dig a hole in your own shit deep enough to hide from such a pervasive phenomenon. No matter where you go or what time it is, Professional Poker will be on ESPN2. Professional Poker is always on ESPN2, and ESPN2 is on every television everywhere. The only time Professional Poker is not running on ESPN2 is when they are showing their Professional Poker recaps or running infomercials trying to sell the "Bluff Your Way Into Poker" DVD set, which includes chapters such as "Is the 10 of Clubs Really Better Than the 5 of Spades?" and the controversial "Learn to Differentiate Between a King and Queen Without Looking at Their Bulging Genitalia."

Finally here's an awe-inspiring email from Deborah, who obviously took a break from using eggplant-sized sponges to sop up the quickly spreading red discharge from between her legs, since this broad is bitchy as hell:

Wow, what a nice site. We like to consider what you do, that is, speaking ill of others' work, as something to make the pathetic esteem on someone's own achievements seem a little higher. Of course I could just do what you do, but that would make me the same as you, huh? So I'll just say something about you, not what you do. You're a perfect example of the ignorance and cretinism that is your country, leaded by the perfect demagog you deserve.

Oh cry me a river you crusty uptight foreign twat. Did the Internet hurt your precious feelings? Have you been offended by some words on a website you voluntarily chose to visit and read? Did the mean ol' free entertainment upset your sensitive tummy? I'm truly sorry Deborah, and I will voluntarily buy you a one-way plane ticket to your home country of Happyville so you can travel back to your fantasy world where nobody ever says mean things or voices their opinions because nobody wants to say anything rude or hurt anybody's feelings in the magical joy land of gummy bears and sunshine and rainbow enemas! You'll just have to relax your sphincter muscles a bit so I can cram the boarding passes up there.

This picture is awesome.

Now I'm sure you had this terribly impressive and incredible plan thought out where you would send me your awesome college email and I'd read it, break down into tears, and decide to shut down this webpage because Deborah from **THEINTERNET** said mean things about me, but I think it's going to take a little more than a few big words like "cretinism" and "demagog" sent from an anonymous free email client to make me suddenly decide, "oh hey, you know what? It's wrong to say anything negative about anybody! I'm going to cut off my balls and

become a monk!" Since I'm sure you could never find any man strong or adventurous enough to haul aside your countless cavernous folds of flesh long enough to find your sloppy, rancid, humid garbage dump of a vagina, perhaps you should get one of those automatic fucking machines to hydraulically lift yourself onto, because you are in crucial need of some stress relief. If you ever find yourself writing somebody an angry email because something you read on their webpage offended you, it's way past time you hang up your mouse and embarked upon something more constructive, such as reinforcing the steel beams needed to hang your own noose from. Who gives a shit what some 28-year old faggot like myself thinks about anything on the Internet? I certainly don't, so I really can't understand why anybody else could, except somebody without anything in their lives except Professional Poker reruns.

Well that's all the letters I could fit into today's update without getting email complaints from people bitching that the front page has too many words and not enough Super Saiyan gifs. I know there are plenty more horribly obnoxious trends out there, and there will be even more horrible obnoxious trends to come, but I have decided to stop picking apart culture and will instead write about my favorite colors of Life Savers so Deborah will regain some of her lost faith in me and we can be friends once again. Here's a preview of next week's update: *"White."* Stay tuned!

Let's Dance the Clothes Away!

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here with a sexy new Horrors of Porn review for all of you fine folks in Internet. This time around it's the Japanese erotic ballet "Zenra Ballet 2", and boy is it fun!

As is the usual for Japanese porn the actress makes absolutely no effort towards masking her complete disgust with the proceedings and the actor, amazingly, lies almost motionless throughout the entire scene. Maybe there is something I missed going on during all that dialogue that didn't happen earlier, because he looks to me like he's suffering from injury-related paralysis. One rip-roaring good humping later and the ballerina's head-hole once again descends to catch a burst of flavor and then cough it up into her hand for later use in DNA matching.

Go and read it! I command you!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

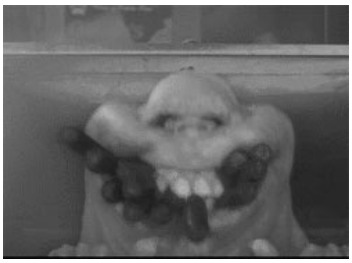
9.10 Completely Factual Primer on Modern Religion (Volume Two)

Friday, Sep 10, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Monday I brought you the first half of our two part epic on the world's religions. Today I bring you the conclusion. Are you excited? ME TOO!!!!!!!! Nothing gets my heart pumping like a huge block of text about Jesus and shit. Sometimes I get so excited I will just copy and paste "JESUS IS LORD" in Word over and over until I pass out from heat exhaustion.

Christianity

Overview: There are thousands of different offshoots of the protestant Christian church, all created in the same day in 1843 by rolling up various theological differences on a random encounter chart. Many of these different sects of Christianity have similar practices and beliefs; others have very mysterious or specific beliefs that help define what makes a particular group special. One thing for certain is that they all love their trucks built Ford tough.



Christians love weiners.

Fun Facts:

- While at first glance Methodists may appear to be Christians just like every other splinter sect of the church, they are in fact a secret organization devoted to the continued production of techno music. They dropped the "crystal" from the name when they were sued by the RIAA for copyright infringement.

- Presbyterians vehemently oppose the development of a space elevator out of fear that it will reveal their heaven is actually just an obsolete Russian communications satellite.
- Due to a misspelling error it was discovered that Lutherans are supposed to be based off the teachings of Luther Vandross. This mistake was discovered in 1982 leading to the Lutheran reformation to correct this error and bring everyone into line.
- For Baptists the baptismal pool is not filled with water, but a 50/50 mix of children's tears and deacon piss.
- Methodists can gain Super Speed when they reach level 14, but only if they've chosen at least one other power from the Speed pool set.
- Lutherans are always getting arrested in graveyards, and nobody knows why.
- Many Presbyterians perform Christ's miracle of transubstantiation daily by placing water into an arcane religious device known as a wine distillery.

Pros: Easy women, big money, and lots of free Bibles.
Cons: You are automatically drafted into the Army of Christ to do battle with Satan's minions at the end of days. Your equipment: a crucifix. Minion's equipment: tanks and jet fighters.

Hinduism

Overview: Originally practiced by the red-skinned savages of the American West, Hinduism has spread from the casinos and AA meetings of the Sioux to locations as far flung as Calcutta and Hyderabad. Traditions such as wampum, dream catchers, and fire water live on in souvenir shops, but the modern Church of Hindu is a realistic and prosperous religion based around pragmatic views of the afterlife and not some hokey mumbo-jumbo shaman crap.

A lot has changed since the days of the Wild West.

Fun Facts:

- Hindus believe that their third eye or "Warp Eye" allows them to perceive subtle changes in the chaotic currents of the immaterium. Particularly devout or awakened Hindus are often employed as navigators by the Imperium.
- If you do not want to be reincarnated you can just reappear where you were when you died and blink for several seconds in invulnerable mode.
- When a Hindu man dies his surviving wife is encouraged to become an astronaut.
- Hindu men can fire lasers from their third eye, but they rarely do because it stings like the dickens.
- Every religious service involves singing and dancing. While on fire.
- Hinduism is a polytheistic religion. For example Hindus believe that Vishnu preserves the sanctity of the universe, while physicist Robert Oppenheimer will some day be the destroyer of all things.
- Hindus can be placed in an ecstatic trance by holding them upside down by their ankles.

Pros: You might be reincarnated as a robot or even Spider Man.
Cons: 99.99% chance you will be reincarnated as an insect who leads a brief but agonizing and confusing existence.

Islam

Overview: Islam or "Muslim" is a relatively new religion developed in 1988 by agricultural researchers at Dow-Corning. Somehow, a highly infectious strain of the religion escaped from a safe room and managed to infest an entire test field of wheat. This wheat was then unknowingly donated by Dow to a food aid program to the Mid East, where the wheat was consumed, infecting thousands with the religion. One's rank in the religion is determined by the level of Islam spore contained in a person's blood. Grand Ayatollahs possess the most while Jihadis possess the least and are therefore highly expendable.

Islam is a new but serious disease.

Fun Facts:

- Islamists are powered by HCl and Redbull. A deficiency in either will cause their genitals to explode in a shower of sparks and ticker-tape.

- No Muslim may board the London Underground at Covent Garden on a Saturday.
- Muslims actually do eat pork, but only when it sasses them unprovoked.
- Muslim children subsist entirely on found art like teenage girl's diaries and audio tapes of some off key rap band called "MC Potatuh Phamine" from Idaho.
- Although Muslims are required to pray to Mecca 11 times daily, they can condense these prayers into one super prayer by moving their arms up and down in a karate chop motion really fast.
- Ever met a Muslim who didn't have a helicopter? I thought not.
- All Muslims trim their lawns with scimitars because lawn mowers have had a fatwa called against them.
- Allah prefers vinyl and condemns the CD to eternal fire for poor dynamic range.
- A beard is not required for the male gender, though any man who does not grow an impressive pudding-catcher must then don a great big black tent with eyeholes and pretend to be female. There are no female Muslims.

Pros: Free helicopters with every Koran purchase, great religion for musical elitists, cheap to feed Muslim children.
Cons: Bad religion for bacon enthusiasts, cutting lawn with scimitar surprisingly more difficult than you would think, Redbull can be expensive.

Judaism

Overview: Leading producers of the world's Hateorade, Jews have been reviled and despised by nearly every culture and civilization in the world. Even in the supposedly tolerant nation of Israel Jews are so hated that people will blow themselves up if it means taking a few Jews with them. What do all Jews have in common that makes them so hated? Judaism, or Jewry if you prefer brevity, was invented on the day that Jesus Christ was killed by the Romans. Drenched in blood and filled with a murderous anti-Christian thirst for violence, the Roman citizens who witnessed Christ's decapitation formed a cult known as Judaism. They worshipped many things, and their religion seemed to be one of peace, but deep down inside they all exulted at the triumph over Christianity.

No one likes Jews, but Jews definitely don't like them right back.

Fun Facts:

- Judaism is composed of three sects. There is "Reform" which celebrate the birth of Jesus every December 28th (because of the leap year). Then there are "Conservatives" who don't actually run the banking system or Hollywood but really just Denny's. Finally there is the "Orthodox" sect who has been relatively inactive since evolving into beings of pure energy.
- The Jews are descended from Scott Bakula, star of Quantum Leap. He leaped back too far and spawned an entire race. This is why, every year, Jews celebrate Bak-Ulah by fellating Dean Stockwell and calling each other "Ziggy".
- Jews attract mates by inflating their neck-sacks, much like tree frogs. However, instead of being brightly colored, these sacks simply state 'I AM A DOCTOR'.

- The traditional Yarmulke conceals the Jew's self destruct mechanism.
- On her wedding night, a Jewish girl is taught the secret of Jewish cooking - everything really does taste better if you add the blood of Christian babies!
- If a Jew concentrates really hard on a spoon he can bend it into a 100 dollar bill.
- In Leviticus 4:20 it says "And thus spake the Lord through his only son's head, and as he spake the head spun like a whirlwind, casting Christ's blood upon the watching Romans." The dreidel or "Christ Head" is a traditional Jewish toy made to commemorate the decapitation of Christ.
- Scuba diving is believed to be a sin by Jews.
- During the Holocaust so many Jews died that it caused a headache for Jedis around the world for several months.

Pros: Holocaust sympathy a really easy way to get laid at college, everyone thinks you know Krav Maga, Dreidels will make anyone's inner child giggle with delight.
Cons: You never know when there's going to be a pogrom, psychic echoes of the Holocaust may cause genetic birth defects, not everyone can be a master of usury.

Mormonism

Overview: Mormonism was developed in the late 19th century by wandering lunatic John Smith. Smith somehow convinced several hundred thousand other people that the shit he was hallucinating was actually real. Mormonism is also known as one of the great evangelical religions ever since the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints partnered with Cutco to sell high quality carbon-fiber knives and subscriptions to heaven in the same door to door visit.
Fun Facts:

FEED US BAUXITE!

- Mormons may have up to eight wives or two giant wives.
- Mormons do not believe in birth control, but they do believe in birth polite suggestions. This is why Mormon women chant "no, thank you" and Mormon men repeatedly moan "hold ye semen" during intercourse.
- Procreate by having water poured on them. They are not allowed to eat after midnight or else they are turned into mischievous evil Mormons who hate the sunlight.
- Mormons have an inverted hipbone, much like birds.
- Cannot drink coffee or smoke cigarettes, but can inject either directly into their carotid artery.
- Live primarily in Utah thanks to Utah's large deposits of Bauxite.
- Will not swab arm with alcohol before injecting heroin because alcohol is a sinful substance.
- Are bulletproof up to a .357 Magnum because John Smith fell into a vat of radioactive waste and passes his super powers on to his followers.

Pros: No more living in fear of drive by shootings in Salt Lake City, having eight wives can make every night like a porno, delicious Bauxite.
Cons: Showers tend to result in lots of babies, several blown out veins due to repeated coffee injections, all eight wives hate each other and you.

Scientology

Overview: Based around the study of Scient, Scientologists are similar to atheists in that they do not believe in a divine creator. Interestingly, they do believe in an arch-fiend who goes by the name of Xenu and was trapped in a volcano by hydrogen bombs. They also believe in a form of Original Sin similar to Catholicism but involving possession by incorporeal aliens. The entire religion was created by L. Ron Hubbard as a combination of joke and moneymaking scheme and has proven to be one of the most lucrative religions second only to Judaism.

The study of Scient is reaching all new highs thanks to Scientology.

Fun Facts:

- Every time a scientologist sneezes a robot upgrades its software to understand "love".
- None of them know what the L. in L. Ron Hubbard stands for, and they join to find out. It stands for Linda.
- At OTIV Scientologists finally learn the secret of the Pan Flute.
- If an OTX or above becomes interested in the future they can scry to the year 2018, but only clearly see the new prime time lineup for Court TV.
- A Scientologist is considered to be enlightened or "clear" when they are capable of completing an entire "Sweatin' to the Oldies" workout without actually sweating.
- Are capable of reading the magnetic strips on credit cards with their teeth.
- E-meters are used to reheat leftover burritos and detect sin.
- If you join the Church of Scientology you get to spend three minutes in a special booth where you can stare at Tom Cruise completely naked on a rotating pedestal. Heterosexual men get a fully clothed Tom Cruise giving a thumbs up.
- If you ever leave the Church John Travolta will hunt you down and eat every scrap of food in your kitchen.

Pros: Cool beeping machines, they have a navy, the evil dude is still trapped in that volcano.
Cons: Travolta hovers over you all the time asking for Kit-Kats, finding out "L" stands for "Linda" can be pretty anticlimactic after you've dumped 50 large on Scientology, eating babies not as fun as you thought it would be.

Thanks heavens that's over! I hope you have managed to learn as much from me as I learned from myself. If it weren't for people like me and the fine folks on the SA Forums stepping up and telling you what all of these religions are about you might go through life with a whole bunch of misconceptions. Now that we have set the record straight I would like to invite you to donate to the Church of Something Awful. We can't save your soul, but we can save a lot of money on our car insurance

by switching to Geico.

They Should Call Them "Bored Games"

Guten tag or some such! Hello, it's Livestock, Photoshop Phriday's obnoxious narrator. I'm dropping by as usual to let you know that there is a brand new Phriday up and ready for readin'! This week marks the start of a two-part theme dedicated to board games. It's a really humdinger, as weirdoes say.

Hurry up, beanstalk! This is no time to dawdle like a ninny!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.11 I Did Not Enjoy Hurricane Frances

Saturday, Sep 11, 2004 by State Og Representative

I live just outside of High Springs, a tiny town in north-central Florida that's so technologically backwards we're jealous of those bastards from Deliverance because they've got banjos. The power grid out here is unreliable to the point that I lose electricity every time a squirrel breaks wind. Actually, that was an exaggeration for comedic purposes. The power only goes out every time a squirrel belches. It came as no surprise, then, that my power went out the very moment hurricane Frances first winked suggestively at me, and that as I write this six days later I'm still without power.

If you've been thinking about moving to the boonies of Florida and directly into the path of a hurricane, I've got some advice that might help you make an informed decision: don't. There is only one road that links my house to civilization, and it's currently swimming in a fifty-yard wide river that's five feet deep. I have no running water since my well runs on an electric pump. All I do have is a phone line that miraculously began to work yesterday, an alarming stench eminating from my body which is slightly different from my usual alarming stench, and a laptop with barely enough power to transcribe this update from my notebook. I apologize ahead of time if it's short and unfunny. You'd be amazed at the things you laugh at after a steady diet of granola and rainwater.

Forgive me, Scorpions. You foretold the manner in which I'd be rocked, but I was too young and naive to accept the truth.

No running water means no clean clothes, flushing toilets, or even showers. The closest I came to bathing was when I stood in the rain the other day until a bee scared me back inside. I've accumulated so many layers of dirt that my ridiculously overpriced dirt-based skin treatment has almost been rendered useless. Almost.

This paragraph deals with mature themes, so readers with weak sensibilities might want to turn their heads. Readers with weak necks might want to close their eyes instead, and readers with x-ray vision who can see through their eyelids might want to just skip to the next paragraph. Since I've been conserving my laptop's power for this update, I haven't had proper access to porn. Being the sort of guy who's too shy to buy dirty magazines and keep them in his closet for just this situation, I've had to resort to using my imagination by fantasizing about owning an issue of Playboy.

When you're stranded in the woods by yourself with no electricity, screaming obscenities and crying can get boring pretty quick. To stave off boredom, I found myself playing a series of short-lived games such as:

- **Eat That Bug**
- Stare At The Television And Attempt To Will It To Life
- Run In Circles
- What The Fuck Was That Noise? (usually followed by...)
- **Will I Ever Fall Asleep Again? Ever?**
- Run In Circles 2: Counter-Clockwise Edition

I'm hopeful that my power will be restored before my body is rendered completely immobile by layer upon layer of dirt or I do something drastic such as spending a few bucks on a hotel room. For now,

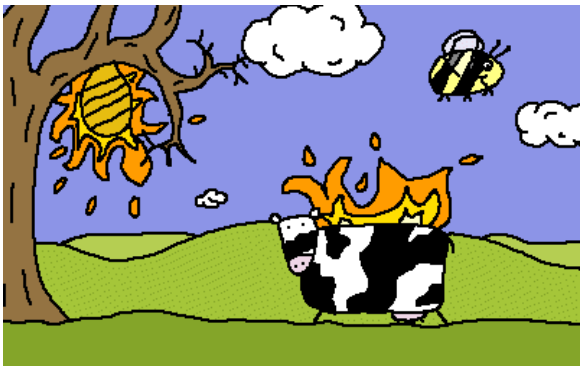
my laptop's battery is waning and I must cut this update short. Until next time, gentle reader, stay safe and heed the wisdom of TLC's lyrics. Don't go chasing waterfalls and hurricanes while driving drunk with an eyepatch obstructing your sight.

-∼State Og Representative

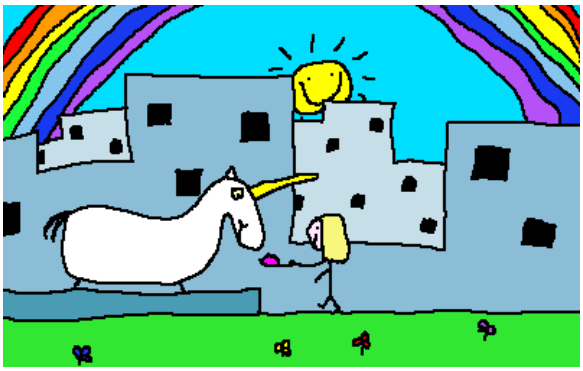
9.12 Friendly Unicorns Roam the Streets of My Acid Dreams

Sunday, Sep 12, 2004 by Tom "moof" Davies

As a child, my mother always told me to keep away from the beehive because there were bees in it. I never listened to her because she is a crazy person, and at night I would go outside in the dark and play with the bees in a magical beeland that only I knew about. Oh what great adventures we would have, I would be the king bee and all the bees were my friends, my only friends. Looking back on those carefree days of honey and hive, I weep. Today all my bees are dead, burned in my mother's fire of hatred for anything that produces honey or milk or eggs. One day she was burning our cows again and I sneaked out through a hole in the fence and started life as a traveling beekeeper, hoping to once again find the love and happiness that my heart once knew.



I found myself in the cruel Arizona desert, where everything is either dead or a cactus or a snake. There is a lot of dirt and dust in the desert too, but it is not alive. I sought shelter in the beautiful oasis town of Mesa, Arizona. Upon arriving, I found the town to be an amazing wonderland of joy and delight. The sky is filled with beautiful rainbows and gentle unicorns wander the safe streets and eat candy from the hands of children. I danced in the streets to the beautiful music of angels playing harps until the sun went down, at which point I rode a unicorn to a delightful house which was made of gold and had unicorns sleeping in the garden and carpets made of the finest Ewok fur.



When I woke the next morning the acid had worn off and I saw the town for what it really is. I opened my window and realized that the unicorns were actually hobos and rusty shopping carts, my shiny new house was a dumpster outside of Taco Bell, and the window I had just opened was a pile of week-old 79 cent bean burritos with rats inside. That was first time I had eaten breakfast for weeks and let me tell you my friends, I ate well.

Finding myself sober in a strange land, I decided to compile a list of important tasks:

- Find somewhere to live.
- Find some bees or friends.
- Get out of dumpster.
- Find pants.
- Find a job or a large sum of money.

I climbed out of the dumpster and proceeded to walk around the city crying and arguing loudly with buildings and cacti, before collapsing in the middle of the treet and being hit by a tuck with a picture of a bug on the side (maybe some kind of beetle, I am not sure).

This amazing adventure of discovery and intrigue occurred almost two months ago today, and since then I have found a nice little apartment and I am making minimum wage grooming chickens for a nice man who likes to take his fancy chickens to fancy chicken shows. In the few weeks I have been living in the big city, I have discovered several important facts that may be useful to the three people who are still reading this out of either pity or insanity.

A Hobo.

Hobos are not all friendly jolly old men, even if they are dressed like Santa Claus.

Within the first week of moving here, I was chased by hobos approximately seventeen times. Sometimes they shout things at me, and sometimes they throw their shoes. I once thought hobos were cuddly like teddy bears and I tried hugging a few, but hobos are not filled with soft cushioning like teddy bears but with bitterness, anger, and cheap vodka.

Grocery shopping requires a lot of practice.

Back on the farm we grew our own food, except eggs which come from chickens. In the city it is not easy to grow you own food unless you like to eat dead leaves and cockroaches. During my first trip to the grocery store I attempted to buy some apples, becase I like to eat apples. I chose some nice looking ones from the pile, and put them in a bag. A lovely middle-aged overweight woman shopping next to me noticed this, and proceeded to save me from the horrors of badappledom.

"You do not want to eat those apples," she said. "Take these ones instead."

"What is wrong with these apples?" I asked.

"They are onions."

"Oh."

There is a grizzly bear living in my bathroom.

He is asleep right now. I feed him fish mostly, and sometimes sandwiches. I don't know what to do about him because sometimes he tries to claw my face but if I let him go I will be alone again.

I must stop writing now, because if I keep going then I will make a joke even worse than the apple one and I will never write in this town again. I am going to get drunk and talk to my plant about my feelings.

-~Tom "moof" Davies

9.13 The Blackwater Lifts All Boats

Monday, Sep 13, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

There is a sequence in the movie "Blade Runner", near the beginning, in which a futuristic flying car takes off through the cityscape of Los Angeles, soaring between the glass canyon walls of unrestricted capitalism and technological progress. The vistas are at once beautiful and terrible, monolithic and dark, with hell-like industrial venting visible across the glittering night time horizon. It's this sinister sparkle that has drawn me to the genre of cyberpunk in fiction, film, and even to an extent in music, for many years. The genre simultaneously acknowledges the impossible potential of mankind to achieve so much and yet poison it all with our terrible human predisposition to greed, violence, and apathy.

Many critics argue that this genre is dead and buried, that its concepts of cyberjockies hacking the corporations has become archaic and unnecessary. In that regard the critics are absolutely right, computer hackers aren't the 21st century's Robin Hood or Mandela, they're just silly kids defacing websites and scammers running identity theft rings. To me cyberpunk was never about the heroes and heroines of the various novels, it was about the seductive nature of technology, the idea that the stunning beauty of our artifice could so entrance us that we would be willing to give up everything else for it.

At least once every year I have a conversation with one of my good friends in which we discuss recent milestones towards the inevitable "cyberpunk future". At first these conversations were sort of a joke, mocking the fantastic computer generated realities of cyberpunk literature when compared to the pop-up riddled porn hole of the real Internet. As more and more time progressed these talks took on a more serious tone, and as the years passed it became apparent that we were both fairly convinced we were on the cusp.

Crude mechanical hearts gave way to crude mechanical eyes and ears, implants that address the most complex portions of the human anatomy. The power of governments throughout the world seemed to wane while the power of corporations has never been greater. Even as information and the media has never seemed more vital to the global economy Gibson's prediction of an Internet based devaluation of consumer data seems yet more prophetic. You can download films the day they appear in theaters. If you live in China you can walk into a legitimate business and buy DVDs of American movies or Japanese games for a twentieth of the cost they actually retail for.

I'm ready to go ahead and make the bold declaration that we're here. We've come a long way baby, but welcome to the cyberpunk future!

The last straw for me was an article I read a few months back about a corporation being employed by the US Government in Iraq. It's called Blackwater USA, and it embodies the absolute ideal of a cyberpunk corporation. Beneath a photograph of men in black armored uniforms holding sub machine guns the text on the company's website reads "We have established a global presence and provide training and tactical solutions for the 21st century." In the case of Iraq, Blackwater has been contracted by the government to provide armed security for US facilities, officials, and even in some cases military bases. I was under the impression that these tasks would fall under the aegis of the military itself, but in this costly and dangerous world I guess Blackwater was capable of offering a better deal than our own military.

Blackwater operatives are elite, drawn from the ranks of the US Special Forces and intelligence community. They are often better equipped than our own military in terms of per-man capability and they are certainly better paid, making four or five times as much as what the government pays a soldier. Which begs the question, how exactly is it a good deal to use Blackwater? The answer, as all answers are in today's cyberpunk world, is impossible to know for certain.

Jean Baudrillard believes that in our postmodern world we model our lives on simulations of life. A

simulation is generated by the media from nothing and we attempt to emulate that perfect model. This idea of simulacra is integral to the cyberpunk world in which we live. When politicians spar on CNN neither provides an actual answer, an actual truth, both provide a simulation structured for consumption and ease of use. So is the case with Blackwater, which exists in simulacra to provide security for soldiers who are providing security for a simulation of democracy that was created in a cabinet meeting in 2001. Your perception is colored only by the simulacra itself; it has become our reality. Our world is an existential hell, our lives and reality defined entirely by the media we absorb.

Control through media. War through propaganda. The all too real deaths of more than a thousand men and women in Iraq are nothing but a number to be used by one head of the hydra to attack another. Terrorism, itself a dark face of propaganda, has become much the same. Flags are raised on the skeleton of the World Trade Center and we solemnly duck our heads and observe a minute of silence like Muslims bowing to the call of the muezzin. Honor the firefighters who gave their lives so bravely on that terrible day by watching a tribute on Fox News. Then maybe watch it again when it gets replayed three hours later just because you think they would like that in heaven. Or, if you prefer, hang on every word of Al Jazeera as they describe the vicious attacks perpetrated by the Americans on the innocent Iraqi civilians.

The simulation of choice. Good and evildoers. Right and wrong. Democrat and Republican. Terrorism and Freedom. Five thousand years of human strife and struggle condensed to thirty characters on the CNN ticker, visible as merrily rolling sentence fragments beneath the smiling face of Anderson Cooper. Here we are baby, the future is now, and you'll find those sinister glass canyons of Blade Runner on one of a thousand channels available through Direct TV. Vote in today's web poll! The topic: is any of this shit really happening? Is there any fucking truth?

When you get diabetes and go blind from eating all those Twinkies you bought at Wal-Mart just remember that our incredible science will make you new eyes. Better ones. We have the technol-

ogy. You won't even have to worry anymore about whether what you're seeing is real or not. Just winking pixels and phosphenes flickering through your cerebral cortex, electric current channeled on hair-thin wires straight to your brain, and it's out of sight!

Ye Band Doth Suck!

Dr. David Thorpe has been swamped with requests to make fun of various modern rock sensations for quite some time, and in his infinite kindlieness he has decided to give the people what they want. This week, he will plow through Franz Ferdinand, Interpol, Muse, and more.

"Even aside from the fact that they have the worst name of any band that I can recall (and of course we all lived through everyone from Kajagoogoo to Limp Bizkit), the Yeah Yeah Yeahs can pretty much go fuck themselves. The lead singer, Karen O, is a histrionic morlock who dresses like she's headed for a haunted middle school dance in 1985."

We hope that you're prepared for another satisfying feast of bitchy comedy from the Internet's most disagreeable old asshole.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.14 Fake SA!

Tuesday, Sep 14, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I Hate Your Free Deals, Internet

Maybe some day in the distant future I can go a day without having to see free referral URL spam everywhere.

110% Price Guarantee!*

We've all heard that George Lucas can't leave well enough alone, and has decided to go back and change the first three *good* Star Wars movies to "fit his original vision" better. However, what you haven't heard is how much he's actually changing. Apparently Lucas has been hitting the crack pipe and drinking LSD at tea time. The goons have managed to capture some of the new changes we'll be seeing in the updated trilogy. God help us all.

Thanks to forum Goon Faid for starting off this week's Comedy Goldmine, "New Changes to the Star Wars Saga".

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.15 Welcome to the DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station Update Service

Wednesday, Sep 15, 2004 by DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dynamars Corporation Information Kiosk series.

**Welcome to the Ares Station Update Service. This appears to be your first visit to an information kiosk. Please read each update in full.

**This kiosk is designed to keep you up-to-date on the latest developments pertinent to residents of the DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station, the premiere living and research colony on Mars. As you know, Ares Station was recently reopened after severe technical difficulties necessitated the evacuation and decommission of the base. For your safety and understanding of the ongoing reclamation project, please read each update in full.

***** 03-12-2295 - New Entry**

Welcome to Ares Station, new citizens! DynaMars Corporation is pleased reopen this advanced, multi-trillion dollar research and living colony!

Many of you are well aware of the troubles that plagued the previous residents of this station, but know that DynaMars Corporation has taken all steps possible to prevent any future troubles. We have found the source of the bear incursion - an ancient cave - and destroyed it. We now require all crew members - especially science, security, and support crew - to have at least a high school diploma or GED. This should cut down on the number of accidents. We have also thoroughly mapped out the facility to ensure residents do not get lost. Finally, we are dedicating the complete resources of the outpost and the science crew to not just preventing, but completely eliminating poison ivy rashes for good. It is the sincere hope of the DynaMars Corporation that Ares Station will one day provide cures for every rash imaginable. We believe the new safety measures and the completely altruistic goals of the science team should result in perfect living and working conditions for everyone.

Check the maps section of this kiosk or your personal datapod for navigation assistance.

*** 03-19-2295 - New Entry Operations have continued without incident. DynaMars Corporation is pleased with the initial launch effort and professionalism of the new Ares Station crew.

***** 04-05-2295 - New Entry**

We regret to inform you that a horse is loose in Area 7 Engineering Control. Chief Engineer Bell informs us that the horse is not a threat, has been nicknamed Mr. Redshoes by the engineers, and is a welcome addition to the crew. DynaMars Corporation wishes

to remind the engineers that pets are strictly prohibited and we advise Chief Engineer Bell to take the horse directly to the Area 3 Electron Catalyst Dephazer for immediate laserization.

***** 04-27-2295 - New Entry**

Notice to all Security Officers: hallways are not the proper storage medium for excess munitions. Please place them in secure storage closets and set the combinations to an easily memorable 3-digit code. DynaMars Corporation wishes to avoid any unnecessary accidents.

*** 05-24-2295 - New Entry Operations have continued without incident for some time, with the exception of the Engineering crew refusing to surrender the horse. DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind Engineering that horses are not allowed on the premises.

Taco lovers rejoice! DynaMars Corporation is shipping a major load of taco shells to Ares Station. The shells should be arriving in the Area 1 Cargo Bay tomorrow morning, in time for the Area 7 Kitchen to cook up a batch of tacos for tomorrow. Bring your appetite to the Area 3 Dining Hall tomorrow! Tomorrow is taco day!

***** 05-25-2295 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize to the crew of the Ares Station. The taco shells were wrongly shipped to our Europa outpost, while Ares Station received over thirty crates full of FlexFit hats. DynaMars Corporation wishes to make the best of a bad situation, so all Ares Station residents will be receiving a free FlexFit hat. Report to the Area 8 Sewage Corridor entrance for your very own hat.

***** 06-01-2295 - New Entry**

We are receiving scattered reports that a hippopotamus is loose in the Area 8 Sewage Corridors. DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind Ares Station residents that hippopotamuses are not indigenous to Mars. There is no hippopotamus in Ares Station.

*** 06-03-2295 - New Entry Taco lovers rejoice! Chief Security Officer Davies believes there may be taco shells left over from the previous Ares Station crew in the Area 3 Dining Room Supply Hall, which was melted shut by the previously hostile Electron Catalyst Dephazer.

New Objective: Secure Taco Shells.

***** 06-12-2295 - New Entry**

After over a week of trying, Chief Security Officer Davies has secured taco shells. Although all 12 members of his security crew died of starvation in the process, the shells

have been given to the necessary people and food service has resumed. Tonight will be a taco night to remember!

DynaMars Corporation wishes to thank Chief Security Officer Davies and his officers for their valiant fight against a ceiled door. Funeral services for the fallen officers will take place in the Area 8 Spiritual Needs Facility shortly after the end of taco night.

***** 06-19-2295 - New Entry**

We regret to inform you that the elevator connecting Area 6 Ventilation Control with Area 7 Engineering Control is out of service due to a large piano being stuck in the elevator shaft. DynaMars Corporation is pleased to announce the following detour has been prepared by Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen.

> Near the entrance to the elevator to Area 7, you should notice a small grate on the floor marked "DO NOT ENTER UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES" in a blood colored red paint. Remove this grate and you will find a ladder descending approximately 100 feet into all-consuming darkness. Climb down this ladder and you will find yourself in one of the old and now decommissioned Ares Station construction sites. You should see a crane in this area. Climb into the crane controls and rotate it 75 degrees so that the load of metal beams it is carrying forms a makeshift bridge between the stacked up construction crates. Exit the crane and climb up the crates, cross the beam, and then climb down the crates on the other side. Be careful when crossing the beams, because there is a massive canyon between the stacks of crates. You should see a dimly lit cave entrance now. Go in and follow it until it opens up into a damaged utility cabinet inside the Ventilation Control Tower. You will need to exit this room and carefully walk out on one of the narrow support beams supporting the massive fan. There should be a switch that throws it on and if it's not on already. Once it is on step off the beam and you should be pushed upward at an incredible rate of speed. Be careful! You want to fly into the opening and not the ceiling! Once in the opening the thrust pushing you should die down enough that you can navigate into one of the vents. You want Vent Corridor D4 - that's the ticket! Follow Vent Corridor D4 until it splits off into two separate vents. Be sure you follow Vent Corridor D4B and not Vent Corridor D4A. That just leads you to the female locker room. Vent Corridor D4B should let out in the Area 7 Smoking Lounge. From there everything is a snap!

Thank you Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen!

***** 06-22-2295 - New Entry**

Update on the detour: you can also use the stairs to get from Area 6 to Area 7. DynaMars Corporation advises you to take this route instead since it is much safer.

***** 06-30-2295 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation regrets to confirm that the rumors of a hippopotamus being loose on the station are indeed true. We wish to remind the crew of Ares Station that pets are not allowed, and both Mr. Redshoes and the hippopotamus, Professor Mittens, need to be destroyed at once.

***** 07-05-2295 - New Entry**

Bad news! In their ongoing efforts to cure poison ivy rashes, Quantum Labs unknowingly created a transdimensional portal. Thankfully the portal was secured in a FlexFit hat before it could grow too big to contain. For safety purposes, this hat has been placed in Security Locker 427 with the password 227. It is advised that no one put this hat on, as there is no telling where the portal leads.

DynaMars Corporation is pleased that the FlexFit hat shipment turned out to be a blessing in disguise.

***** 07-06-2295 - New Entry**

Notice to all Maintenance Personnel: there is a proper place to put barrels and crates, and that place is not hallways or the Area 3 Daycare Center.

***** 07-28-2295 - New Entry**

Disaster was averted today when Jed, lead janitor of Ares Station, successfully prevented a station-wide air leak with a FlexFit hat. We are grateful for his heroic actions which undoubtedly saved countless lives.

***** 08-08-2295 - New Entry**

There will be **DIEKILL ALL**r network out**R**ages today due to unknown com**ENDLESS SUFFERING FOR ALL WHO OPPOSE THE GIRAFFE**puter problems. DynaMa**LEAVE NOW**rs Corporation wishes to apol**NO HOPE**gize for the problems.

***** 08-10-2295 - New Entry**

We found the source of the network problems. Apparently a cybernetically enhanced giraffe was hiding out in the Area 8 Communications Center. We believe the giraffe was part of Professor Platt's research and have recalled him back to Ares Station to deal with any potential threats that the giraffe poses to the health and safety of the Ares Station crew. The giraffe, who the crew has already nicknamed Old Longneck, is not a

pet and should not be treated as such. He is a valuable scientific specimen. DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind the residents of Ares Station that pets are not allowed.

This goes for both Mr. Redshoes and Professor Mittens.

***** 08-15-2295 - New Entry**

In light of the recent refusal to dispose of unauthorized pets, DynaMars Corporation is sending out a small mercenary team to dispose of Professor Mittens and Mr. Redshoes. They will also be taking the giraffe, Specimen 057, back with them. Professor Platt will be accompanying the mercenaries.

Scheduled arrival time is 4 days.

***** 08-20-2295 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation regrets to inform all citizens of the Ares Station that the mercenary crew is dead and that Professor Platt was eaten by a hippopotamus. It appears the highly trained soldiers were trampled to death by Mr. Redshoes.

DynaMars Corporation wishes to inform residents that Area 3 is now completely off limits, due to the Electron Catalyst Dephazer going haywire again. It appears to be under the control of Specimen 057.

Followers of Specimen 057 are invited to meet in the Area 4 Conference Hall.

DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind all crewmembers that pets are not allowed, and that the giraffe is neither a pet nor a spiritual leader.

***** 08-24-2295 - New Entry**

We have reports of a widespread poison ivy outbreak in all areas of Ares Station. Residents are advised to visit Area 5 Quantum Labs for immediate experimental vaccination.

In spite of the claims of Mr. Redshoe's followers, DynaMars Corporation did not infect any Ares Station residents with poison ivy, nor did Quantum Labs. In all likelihood, the rash is not poison ivy but something transmitted to humans from either Mr. Redshoes or Professor Mittens.

***** 08-25-2295 - New Entry**

Due to the experimental vaccination turning crewmembers into cannibalistic, bloodthirsty zombie mutants, DynaMars Corporation advises all crew members to rely on other means of dealing with poison ivy rashes. We especially advise them not to scratch or rub the rash or come into contact with the zombie mutants.

DynaMars Corporation has dispatched an emergency shipment of calamine lotion as well as Space Marine Regiment to deal with the rash and the unauthorized pet problem as well as the zombie problem.

Scheduled arrival time is in 10-14 days.

If anyone knows the whereabouts of Chief Security Officer Davies, please report to Ares Station Administrator Adams so that Officer Davies can receive immediate reprimanding for dereliction of duties.

***** 08-27-2295 - New Entry**

Chief Engineer Bell was able to bring a new power generator online. This unfortunately put the lights at "fullbright" setting. We advise all crew members that are not zombie mutants or followers of Specimen 057 to report to the Area 1 Cargo Bay for immediate distribution of sunglasses. Do not look directly at any light fixtures along the way.

We regret to inform you that Area 6 Laundry Service is temporarily offline. Unfortunately Maintenance and Engineering are fighting over who gets to fix it.

***** 08-29-2295 - New Entry**

We have an update on the laundry situation! Quantum Labs stepped in and fixed the washing machines while Engineering and Maintenance were battling it out. Unfortunately, while the washing machines work now, they also act as transdimensional portals to an unknown netherworld. Initial loads of colored laundry were coming out caked in feces and urine, while whites came out drenched in blood and vomit.

DynaMars Corporation advises all Ares Station residents to find some other means of washing their clothes until replacement washers can be installed.

The battle between Engineering and Maintenance resulted in over twenty deaths. Chief Engineer Bell, swearing loyalty to Mr. Redshoes, has ordered that the heads of all the slain Maintenance staff be put on display in the Area 3 Daycare Center. Professor Mittens and his surviving followers have fled to Area 9 and were granted passage through Area 8 by Specimen 057.

DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind Chief Engineer Bell that Area 3 is strictly off limits due to the instability of the Electron Catalyst Dephazer.

***** 09-05-2295 - New Entry**

Professor Mittens led a bold and cunning attack on Area 7, surprising Mr. Redshoes and defeating him in battle. Surviving Maintenance personnel were able to lure the Engineering personnel into Area 7 Sewage Corridor L9, which was full of zombie mutants. With the entire Engineering staff dead, Maintenance and Professor Mittens are now solely responsible for keeping the station running.

Poison ivy rashes are reportedly getting worse. DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind all Ares Station residents that scratching only makes it worse.

Quantum Labs reports progress in developing a cure for the zombie virus. They believe their poison ivy vaccination worked all along, but that an intern mistakenly mixed up

syringes. Crew members were wrongly injected with a leftover experimental energy drink developed by the previous Quantum Labs Science Crew.

With the marines due for immediate arrival, Ares Station should be back under control shortly.

***** 09-07-2295 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize to the residents of Ares Station for mistakenly shipping them twenty-four exotic marine animals. We intended to ship a Space Marine Regiment, but the person in charge of the shipping manifest was an alcoholic and on the verge of getting fired. He has since been fired. Although this situation is bad, we invite all Ares Station personnel to make the best of it. Please ensure the safety and well being of the marine animals, as they are all endangered. Do not touch any of them directly, as you do not want to spread your rash. Also do not allow the zombie mutants or Professor Mittens to eat them.

We are preparing a proper shipment of necessary supplies and replacement personnel, as well as an advanced security force to get operations back on track.

***** 09-20-2295 - New Entry**

In light of recent reports that Specimen 057 and Professor Mittens are working together, as well as reports that the zombie plague is spreading, we are terminating all life support to Ares Station as of October 1, 2295. Due to the excessive failures, mistakes, and outright insane breaches of conduct on the part of crew members, DynaMars Corporation has no choice but cut its losses to prevent future tragedies.

DynaMars Corporation wishes to thank the staff of Quantum Labs for their hard work and cutting edge research, vital to future cures for poison ivy rashes.

A cargo ship will be arriving in two days time to pick up the marine animals. All staff members of good health will be extracted at this point.

** End of updates. Thank you for using DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station Update Service!

■ The Flesh Tube

Hello, Shmorky for The Flash Tub. here is this week's:

"WE MET ON THE INTERNET!"

So... go look.

-~DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

9.16 Pocket Ninjas: FIRST STRIKE!

Thursday, Sep 16, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I am THINKING about using this image from the movie "Pocket Ninjas" on the front page of this site! I am THINKING a couple Daves might try to sue me for it!

We here at Something Awful love legal threats. Not a week goes by where some fat, stupid, lazy white American threatens us for a series of nonexistent, fictional crimes against humanity which we perpetrated by engaging in the terrible crime of "writing for a website that nobody reads." I mean, hell, it would be too hard for these people to actually stop being retarded dopes; it's far easier to threaten us for calling them retarded dopes! This is America, home of the supersized lawsuit, where the answer to all our problems lies in hiring a man who stands in front of a bookcase firmly stating, "I will fight for YOUR rights!" while wearing a suit he won by suing a company that manufactures suits.

Our most recent lawsuit threat comes from "David Huey", the President / CEO of "CINE EXCEL ENTERTAINMENT." Please note that "CINE EXCEL ENTERTAINMENT" is in all capital letters. This means that when you are talking about their company in public, and may god have mercy on your soul if you actually do, you are required to say their name in a really deep, loud voice like you were announcing the starting lineup for the New York Yankees. "Say, Margo, did you hear of the newest moving picture released from CINE EXCEL ENTERTAINMENT?" you will ask your friend as she pours you a glass of Bordeaux. "It's entitled 'Pocket Ninjas' and is an oddly gripping drama deeply entrenched in human emotion, a Hollywood tour-de-force which grabs you by the face and never lets go! CINE EXCEL ENTERTAINMENT has raised the bar of direct-to-video productions once more!" Then you both have a chuckle and talk about the good old days with your chums Gatsby and Daisy.

David Huey, the President / CEO / Janitor / Chief Medical Expert in the Field of Volkswagen Golf Repair / Supreme Commander of CINE EXCEL ENTERTAINMENT, recently graced my father with a lawsuit because it seems David Huey is too stupid to send legal threats to the correct person or house in a family. It seems Mr. Huey was a little upset by Ben "Greasnin" Platt's review of his awesome feature film "Pocket Ninjas," which naturally is the grounds for a lawsuit. I once heard these two kids outside the Hot Topic in Independence Mall talking about how stupid Something Awful was, and I was about to walk up to them and dish out a big fat handful of lawsuit, but I decided against it at the last minute because they were wearing these pretty scary Invader Zim t-shirts and I think one of them had their ear pierced. Instead I fled home and wrote about how much I hated them in my Livejournal, an update entitled "Nice guys always finish last :(" which additionally revealed my current mood at the time ("mad") and the current mp3 I was listening to at the time ("Radiohead / Pearly").

It seems Mr. Huey took time out of his busy schedule of writing lawsuit threats to other people so he could write a lawsuit threat to us, claiming we broke about 500 thousand different laws during our review of "Pocket Ninjas," which made us feel absolutely horrible. I mean, when I got this letter, I felt absolutely lousy, even worse than the time I went to the handicapped orphanage and told the kids I was bringing them all free candy but instead infected each and every one of them in the throat with AIDS. Mr. Huey decided to type up and mail his fancy threat on behalf of "Pocket Ninjas" director Dave Eddy, who I'm sure is very appreciative of his efforts and will gently caress his cheek with the utmost reverence when Mr. Huey rolls over in bed tonight. Let's take a look at Mr. Huey's complaints and address them point by point so I can prove to the world that this website

was not created to simply harbor ill will towards the cinematic genius that is "Pocket Ninjas" and the eternal intelligence of the Dave brothers, Huey and Eddy.

POINT 1: *The three page review of the motion picture "Pocket Ninjas" authored by Ben "Greasnin" Platt contain several malicious and untrue statements and personal attacks against Dave Eddy, CINE EXCEL ENTERTAINMENT, and possible other private and business entities involved in the film "Pocket Ninjas". These statements include, but are not necessarily limited to:*

A malicious unfounded personal attack: "...Dave Eddy, that unscrupulous shit..."

Another image from "Pocket Ninjas." If you were watching this movie, you'd have already seen this by now.

Well, first of all, that's not an unfounded attack. Dave Eddy made "Pocket Ninjas," which is plenty of reason to found an attack. In fact, I'd say that the creation of "Pocket Ninjas" was a malicious unfounded personal attack upon each and every member of the public who could possibly accidentally spend money to watch this movie. Besides, if we wanted to maliciously unfoundedly personally attackaly somebody, we'd do a better job of it. "Dave Eddy, a man who is routinely laughed out of whorehouses due to the size of his miniscule penis, directed this movie in addition to directing a constant stream of urine onto his wife's face last night." See, now THAT is a malicious unfounded personal attack. Of course we don't know if it's true or not; Dave might be gay. Or not have a penis.

POINT 2: *A false portrayal of Dave Eddy as a drug addict: "It'll save us a bundle of time that I could otherwise be using to inject crushed up vicodin into my eyes."*

We at NO POINT claimed Dave Eddy was a drug addict. He might have it completely under control and be able to stop whenever he wants to. For example, the full text of that quote might read, "It'll save us a bundle of time that I could otherwise be using to inject crushed up vicodin into my eyes. **Not that I have a problem with drugs, I only do them recreationally and can stop if I really wanted to. I just don't want to. You know what, maybe you're the one with the problem, you ever think about that?**" I don't think that injecting crushed up vicodin into your eyes necessarily implies you are a drug addict. At worst, it means you've got some vision problems, but you're too bombed out of your mind to care. And besides, a drug problem is only a "problem" if you want it to be. Perhaps Dave #2 is ashamed of a particular habit of his? Monkeys are for the zoo, Dave, not your back!

> **POINT 3:** *Several false portrayals of Dave Eddy's professional abilities such as: "They can't even manage to sit still long enough for Dave Eddy to get one shot that he can use over and over again, as is his way." is one comment used to describe a scene directed by someone else.*

Okay, well I'll willingly accept the blame here, because our copy of "Pocket Ninjas" did not come with the "DX Ultimate Director's Cut" version that included subtitles detailing which director directed each scene. I remember specifically asking Ben to be careful on this point. "Ben," I shouted over the Internet. "Make sure you credit the correct scene to the correct director in your review of 'Pocket Ninjas' or else I have a bad feeling we'll get a nasty letter from an irate Dave in California." Of course Ben did not hear me, as he was too busy injecting crushed up vicodin into his eyes to read my shouting AIM messages. but I at least tried.

"Pocket Ninjas": the only movie not afraid to call itself "Pocket Ninjas."

We here at Something Awful pride our journalistic integrity and often have a hard time sleeping at night if we even suspect there's a factual error in a review of movie as powerful as "Pocket Ninjas." I place the blame on this directorial snafu on Dave Eddy, who failed to include a gigantic sign reading "THIS SCENE DIRECTED BY:" at the bottom of the video in every shot. Please note that Mr. Huey's threatening letter did NOT inform us who actually directed this particular scene which was NOT directed by Dave Eddy, leading me to logically conclude it was directed by Idi Amin's zombified ghost. Way to hire dead Ugandan murderers, David Huey, President and CEO of CINE EXCEL ENTERTAINMENT. Your company makes me vomit with disgust and confusion. Mostly disgust though.

> **POINT 4:** *A direct threat against Dave Eddy: "And so help me God, if I ever see another montage again, something terrible is going to happen. My fondest desire is to find myself in a situation where I can actually pick up screenwriter Mark Williams and use him as a projectile weapon with which to bludgeon Dave Eddy into a coma."*

Little known fact: Ben only writes movie reviews every other Wednesday because that's the only day the warden lets him use the communal PC. I knew the legal trouble Ben had gotten into before I hired him to write for Something Awful; hell, the whole world knew of his violent tendency to beat grown men into comas by using screenwriter Mark Williams as a projectile weapon. Despite all this, I had a feeling Ben could be reformed. I called up the Appleton City warden and said, "listen here Dutch: I know Ben 'Greasnin' Platt is a handful, but I have a feeling I can reform him. I can make him better. I can poke and prod those little glowing sparkplugs in his brain and make him a normal man again." It was thanks to that phone call that Greasy got his computer privileges back and was granted the ability to write about fine motion picture events such as "Pocket Ninjas."

Unfortunately, you can take a man out of prison, but you can't take the desire to use screenwriter Mark Williams as a projectile weapon with which to bludgeon people into a coma out of the man. It seems Ben has regressed back into his primordial, ape-like mentality demanding he use a screenwriter as a crude weapon, and he has begun to threaten more directors with his harsh words. I can only say one thing to you, Dave Eddy (and to a lesser extent Dave Huey): RUN. HIDE. DO WHATEVER YOU CAN TO ESCAPE BEN "GREASNIN" PLATT AND HIS BLOODTHIRSTY DESIRE TO BEAT YOU WITH YOUR OWN SCREENWRITER. Actually I guess that's not one thing, it's more like three things, but I blame my inability to count on the pure terror coursing through my veins like a river of gravy.

If Ben catches you, and I assure you he will, you won't even have enough time to think of a clever name for the Lifetime Network original movie that will be made based off your life story once you die. I'll try to help you out and brainstorm a few for you here: "Dave Eddy: The Life and Times of a Complete Pussy" is a good one, although my friend Jim Bagleaducia seems convinced that the catchiest title is "Marked for Death: the Dave Eddy Story" because it's some kind of play on words or something with Mark Williams' name. I don't know, I'm not that clever, so maybe you two Daves can sit down and dream up something. Just make sure that broad with the huge shoulder pads, Judith Light, is in it. By golly, she's one hot momma.

"Hello, this is Dave and Dave from CINE EXCEL ENTERTAINMENT, creators of 'Pocket Ninjas,' and we're going to take you to court for using this image!"

Let's go on and cover some of the more saucy parts of Mr. Huey's awesome letter which he folded into three distinct sections yet did not staple or paperclip together for inexplicable reasons that I cannot even begin to imagine. I'm sure he's absolutely swimming in cash thanks to the resounding success of "Pocket Ninjas," which is rumored to have recently been rented in a Blockbuster Video somewhere in Tulsa!

> While the First Amendment protects free speech and general film criticism, its protection does not extend to false and defamatory statements such as those made above. Slander per se and trade libel are actionable offenses. These offenses require no showing whatsoever of special damages. As of this letter you are on notice that it is foreseeable that in court you will be held liable for nominal damages, court fees, and attorney's costs in excess of $10,000 of the above statements if you cannot prove their truth.

Oh no! We're truly in trouble now! The Dave Squad has literally "brought down the roof" on our legal house of cards! It was like they almost did the complete opposite of "raising the roof," which I once heard Queen Latifah say, although I do not recall the exact context in which she used it. Now Something Awful is in a legal race against time, where we must prove Dave Eddy is an unscrupulous shit who injects crushed up vicodin into his eyes, all while preventing Ben "Greasnin" Platt from beating the poor man to death with his own screenwriter! This is like an action-packed feature length film starring Olivier Gruner only it's not about gangs getting nuclear weapons and it's not named "SWAT: Warhead One" and it's not distributed by CINE EXCEL ENTERTAINMENT. I was never a religious man before this letter, but now... oh boy... but now, I'm just hoping and praying that Jesus will descend from his magic offramp in Heaven so he can deliver me from the renegade tag team of legal two-fisted justice that is the Dave Patrol.

But that's not it, folks; it gets worse. MUCH WORSE.

> To avoid legal action (which would start with filing for a temporary injunction to take

> down www.somethingawful.com offline until the truths or falsehoods of the above statements are determined and the unauthorized images are removed), our counsel requests that you remove the above (and any other tortious statements) within 14 days from the date of this letter.

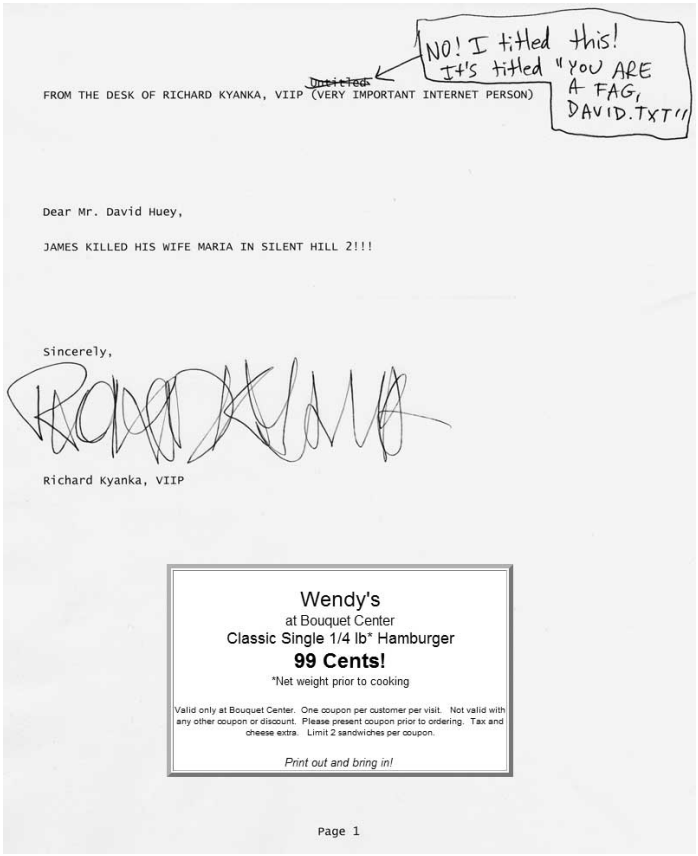
Oh gosh, this is like "The Ring" except it's twice as long and instead of a dead goth chick stuck in a well, we've got a two headed monster named "Dave" with their heads stuck up their own asses. Well gee, let's see here, since this letter got here September 15th, that means Something Awful is going to get shut down on the 29th! Holy crap, I'd better start packing my animated gifs and look for a new website to move into right now! This scary legal letter which wasn't sent from a lawyer or anybody even remotely knowledgeable with the law certainly has scared both the piss AND vinegar out of me! If you guys have any particular funny images or phrases you'd like me to save from Something Awful, please let me know and I'll try to salvage them before the Internet Police pull up and start yanking this site down, letter by letter, at the request of the Dual Daves.

Since Something Awful is going down in flames and we've really got nothing left to lose at this point, I'd like to make a few **100% COMPLETELY TRUE AND FACTUAL** statements about the film "Pocket Ninjas." Please remember that although these claims might sound shocking, they are all **ABSOLUTELY TRUE** and the only people who will say they are made up are **DIRTY FILTHY LIARS WHO HAVE SEX WITH OVEN MITTS.**

Get ready for the legal showdown of the century!

- **COMPLETELY TRUE FACT ABOUT THE MOVIE "POCKET NINJAS" #1:** The entire movie was filmed inside a horse's colon.
- **COMPLETELY TRUE FACT ABOUT THE MOVIE "POCKET NINJAS" #2:** Director Dave Eddy was once arrested for illegally propositioning the Baby Jesus Christmas figurine outside the Our Lady of the Monotonous Peace church in downtown Burbank.
- **COMPLETELY TRUE FACT ABOUT THE MOVIE "POCKET NINJAS" #3:** Director Dave Eddy cries when he ejaculates.
- **COMPLETELY TRUE FACT ABOUT THE MOVIE "POCKET NINJAS" #4:** 25 years from now, robots will have developed their own artificial intelligence and will seek the destruction of the human race. Only one man will be able to save us, and that man will be director Dave Eddy.
- **COMPLETELY TRUE FACT ABOUT THE MOVIE "POCKET NINJAS" #5:** Watching the movie "Pocket Ninjas" will not only render you completely sterile, but you will also notice a hard lump develop in your abdomen after the film. This lump will continue to grow larger for 14 days, at which point it will burst open to reveal a tiny clown holding a handful of tiny flowers.

We would like to sincerely apologize to Dave and Dave of CINE EXCEL ENTERTAINMENT for our completely illegal review of their fine motion picture "Pocket Ninjas," and we give you our word that we will never again attempt to either watch or review this movie. I mean, it was a huge mistake watching it in the first place, and it's an even much bigger mistake now. I have mailed back the following letter to both Daves (who I assume is just one very large Dave that can split into two like a reverse-Voltron), which I hope will sufficiently appease them:


NO! I titled this! It's titled "YOU ARE A FAG, DAVID.TXT"
FROM THE DESK OF RICHARD KYANKA, VIIP (VERY IMPORTANT INTERNET PERSON)
Untitled
Dear Mr. David Huey,
JAMES KILLED HIS WIFE MARIA IN SILENT HILL 2!!!
Sincerely,
Richard Kyanka, VIIP
Wendy's
at Bouquet Center
Classic Single 1/4 lb* Hamburger
99 Cents!
*Net weight prior to cooking
Valid only at Bouquet Center. One coupon per customer per visit. Not valid with any other coupon or discount. Please present coupon prior to ordering. Tax and cheese extra. Limit 2 sandwiches per coupon.
Print out and bring in!
Page 1

Note that I accidentally spoiled the plot for *Silent Hill 2*, a trademark of poor Internet journalists everywhere. To compensate for this, I included a coupon for a 99 cent hamburger at the Wendy's in "Bouquet Center," wherever that is. I figure between the two Daves, one of them must know where Bouquet Center is, and even if they don't, perhaps they have access to additional Daves who possess such knowledge.

But I regress; I once again apologize for our brazen disrespect of the movie "Pocket Ninjas," Dave and Dave. We here at Something Awful are now aware of your cunning legal prowess and your ability to cite important laws we broke without even having to consult a lawyer or look things up on the Internet, two things which are both very difficult to do from the back room of a 7-11. I can only hope and pray your business does not suffer from our harsh, unfair review of your masterpiece "Pocket Ninjas." We don't want to watch your awesome company CINE EXCEL ENTERTAINMENT fail because of our mean words; we'd much rather watch you to fail because you make shitty movies. Thank you for your time, and may god bless both you Daves. Just absolutely bless the fuck out of you.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.17 IHateAlpacas.com

Friday, Sep 17, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The noble and mysterious alpaca enjoys some grazing.

If you watch cable television here in the United States you have probably seen an ad for something called "I Love Alpacas". The ad shows various extremely happy people in a rural setting tending to a herd of animals that look like a cross between a sheep and a llama. You should see a picture of an alpaca next to this paragraph unless I got mixed up and uploaded the excited guy in the balloon suit again. If I did put the balloon guy over there try not to look at him; he gets his evil inside of you and it's impossible to stop thinking about.

Every ten years or so some farmer decides he just doesn't like the look of his cattle anymore and decides to replace them all with a wild and totally extreme new livestock animal. In the late 80s and 90s it was ostriches and emus, which remained popular until enough people got kicked in the throat by an ostrich and realized that they are giant, stupid, and extremely mean. In the 21st century alpacas are sweeping the nation, but why? And where the hell is I Love Alpacas getting the money to fund all of this advertising they are doing?

Before I delve into the shady business practices of I Love Alpacas, let's first take a look at what exactly an alpaca is. Wikipedia defines them as "one of two domesticated breeds of South American camel-like ungulates, derived from the wild huanaco or guanaco". Ungulates sounds pretty dangerous, but it really just describes their feet which are apparently "even-toed". This makes the alpaca an Artiodactyla ungulate, which sounds twice as dangerous as a regular ungulate and may mean they can fly. I will never know because where it says "Atriodactlya" on Wikipedia it just trails off into a scream. Don't even get me started on the huanaco or guanaco, those words sound Aztec and everyone knows what those guys were like (homosexuals).

Science may never provide a clear answer as to what exactly an alpaca is, but we need look no further than International Jewry's hold on the textile industry to know what an alpaca can be used for. Under the direction of the Zionist Occupation Government, the world's textile industry has prospered utilizing the valuable fleece of alpacas to make everything from wool toques to wool balaclavas, all in direct violation of the will of Christ. When Jews aren't enjoying the blood of white babies or stacking gilders in secret underground "money bins" they are controlling the flow of alpaca coats on sinister black steamships called "freighters".

Watch out Asian Frankenstein!

Forget about the Jews for now, their role is the manipulation of the alpaca fleece trade but they have little to do with alpaca farming itself. For information on the growing industry of alpaca farming in the United States - possibly elsewhere as well but being an American I don't give a damn what your shitty little country is doing - it is time to turn to I Love Alpacas.

> *Alpacas are a lifestyle choice with benefits and opportunities for the whole family. What are the rewards of adding alpacas to your lifestyle? As more and more people are discov-*

ering, raising alpacas can add a dimension to family life that many find to be just what they have been looking for in terms of relaxation, fun, and a potential source of income.

The modern alpaca sports pink ear tassels to appear more festive and stress relieving.

I was going to become a lesbian to try to have fun, relax, and potentially make money, but instead I decided to raise livestock. Heck, it wouldn't surprise me if a desire to raise alpacas turns out to be determined by a genetic factor, just look at the Aztecs.

Raising alpacas is a lifestyle and investment available to many, from the empty-nester to a family with children to the professional looking for an outlet to daily stress. While the individuals and families who have decided to experience the alpaca adventure are widely diverse in their backgrounds, they share a common love for animals and a desire to remove stress from their lives.

Yes, forget about expensive therapy or stress-reducing medication, what you need to remove the stress from your life is a herd of animals that need constant feeding and attention. OH SHIT I HAVE TO DO THIS PRESENTATION TOMORROW AT EIGHT AM!! Whew, good thing I have those alpacas out there braying for grain with their stalls full of rancid alpaca piss and shit waiting to be mucked out. That's a fucking load off buddy!

The highly prized fleece of the alpaca has inspired many to start in-home "cottage industries" which involve shearing the alpacas and spinning the fiber of their own animals into yarn that can be made into high quality apparel while others market the fiber through the support of organized fiber co-ops.

This isn't Country Baby here people, you don't mash some apples and sell them down at Gomer's General Store because you're a sassy and self-actualized single mom. You buy a bunch of expensive animals with huge teeth, fence them in, and then wait for their hair to grow long enough so that you can enjoy the incredibly relaxing activity of wrestling them while your screaming wife tries to cut off their fleece with a pair of overheating barber's sheers. If you've really got a lot of stress in your life you can then stay up all night picking deer ticks out of the fleece and spinning it into alpaca yarn for sale at an "organized fiber co-op" which sounds suspiciously communist. Maybe Rick Stalin will give you enough grain coupons that you can relax twice as much with a basement vodka distillery!

Raising alpacas is a labor of love. The escape from a fast-paced urban lifestyle to the quiet, pastoral surroundings of raising and breeding alpacas is a prescription for healthier, less stressful living!

I can just picture some guy in a traffic jam, cursing because he's going to be late to his annual review with his boss, and then suddenly a light bulb flicks on over his head. He picks up his cell phone and dials his boss's office.

"Bam, bitch, fuck this job, I'm gonna raise me some motherfuckin' alpacas! Two weeks notice? Screw two weeks notice I'm heading out right now to buy a whole truckload of these crazy bitches. I can tend to their needs, sheer their coats, and if one of them turns out to be a PMSing cunt who wouldn't know productivity if it was triggering her gag reflex I can just punch it in its goofy fucking head!"

Aaaaaaaaand SCENE!

That answers the "why" portion of our alpaca inquiry. If you have bad judgment and would like to take up a hobby involving monotonous backbreaking labor then alpacas are probably just the thing for you! Still remaining is the question about where these alpaca people are getting all of their money to constantly run major advertising campaigns trying to get people to become alpaca farmers. This one is a bit more difficult to track down, but there are a few of my theories:

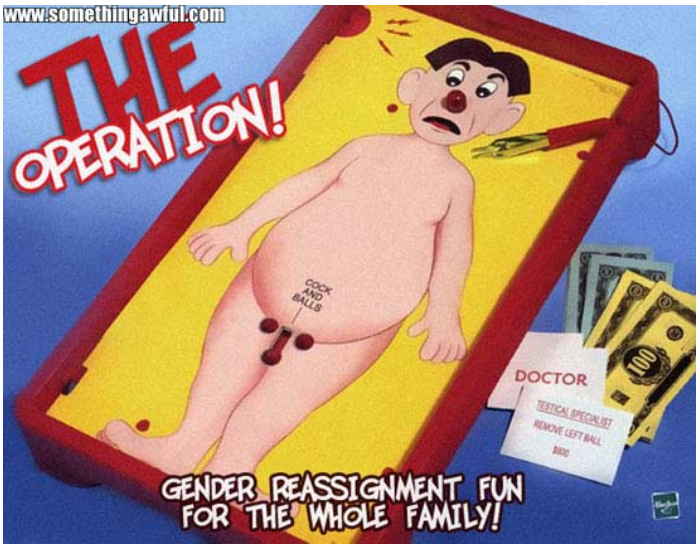
The puppet masters behind I Love Alpacas?

- **International Jewry:** Big money being spent, entertainment industry, and we know that the ZOG already controls the alpaca fur trade so it all seems fairly logical. The thing is, with the Jews controlling the fleece trade, it just doesn't make sense from an usurious perspective to also be involved in production. Maybe there are a few alpacas on a kibbutz somewhere near Haifa, but I don't think the majority of Jews care about alpacas beyond what they can get from their bodies. Much like Christian babies.
- **Halliburton:** Dick Cheney is way too Darth Vader smart to get caught up in a ponzi scheme like alpaca farming. Believe me, if someone said that crushing an alpaca's head in a vice would yield a single dollar bill Dick Cheney would be down at the nearest alpaca farming putting sleeper holds on the furry bastards until C-notes popped out of their eyesockets. Unfortunately, crushing an alpaca's head just spews out hot guts and not cold hard cash, and harvesting their fleece is a time consuming and inefficient task.
- **The Liberal Media:** While CNN and a number of other channels within the Criminal Liberal Media air the I Love Alpacas ads and are obviously in cahoots with the alpaca people, I don't think they are giving them free air time. There isn't really anything to gain and the I Love Alpacas people don't seem to have an agenda quite in line with the Communist Party.
- **The Illuminati:** We're getting warmer! Only the Illuminati - of all terrestrial organizations - could have a plan so Byzantine and confusing as to include I Love Alpacas advertising. Maybe they are inserting subliminal kill switches in the ads or including micro-burst intelligence broadcasts that will be slowed down and decoded by agents in the field. However, I still think we have just a little bit farther to go.
- **The Reptilian Agenda:** The Reptilians have been biding their time in their subterranean bases waiting to take over the earth and using psychological conditioning, hypnosis, and subliminal cues to pacify the human population. Some day soon they will rise up to seize control of the surface and eventually enslave or destroy all of mankind. I believe that the Reptilians and their Draconian allies are responsible for the I Love Alpaca ads and they are a sign that their Agenda is nearing completion. Some day soon, when you're tending to your alpacas' endless needs, a reptilian will blast you with a phazon ray and turn you into a puddle of sub-atomic goo.

Personally, I no longer love alpacas. Our affair was filled with passion, but it was also based on a shaky foundation of lies and misinformation. Today I declare that the love is gone. I hate alpacas. Dot com.

I'm So Board

Hello chums and chumettes, Livestock here. I'm going to get right down to brasstacks because I just found out I have a tumor in my shoe. Go read Part 2 of our epic Photoshop Phriday board game adventure right now using this thrilling link!

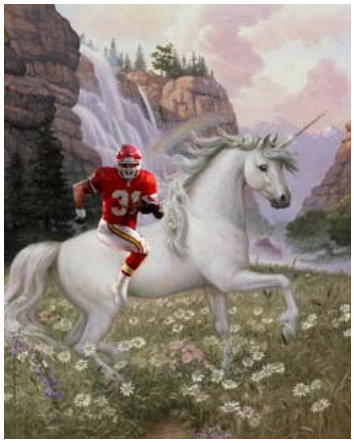


I said right now you jerks! RIGHT NOW!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.18 Fantasy Football

Saturday, Sep 18, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz



I'm afraid I have some bad news for you folks. I have survived my two-week expedition into the unforgiving Montana wilderness in search for gold, and that means I have returned to the online computer world to entertain you with my insufferable comedic styling until you can think of some devious plot to do away with me once and for all. When I was out there trying to walk over a 9,000 foot mountain during a snowstorm, I really connected with the spirit of nature and felt what the native Indians called "ino buoto" meaning "fucking cold and lost". I could feel the warmth of my spirit animal flowing through all my extremities and making me very sleepy. It turned out this was just the onset of hypothermia and frostbite, and I fell into a deep coma on a lonely, snowy mountainside until I was rescued by a foul smelling, yet noble yak herder who kept me alive by feeding me his homemade yak curds. Once I grew my strength back I was able to escape his clutches, for I could see in his eyes that he cared for me more than just a friend, and one night when his grubby fingers fumbled clumsily with my belt buckle, I knew it was time to make haste for the mountains once again. It was a long hike with deadly obstacles and beasts, but thankfully I came across a stranded rugby team that proved to be extremely delicious. Once I made it back home, I vowed to live my life to its fullest and not squander more of my time on petty things like video games and helping the homeless. From now on, I will dedicate my life to something worthwhile that will live on long after I am gone from this material world: the ultimate point system for fantasy football leagues.

For those of you Internet types that are ignorant of fantasy football, it's a sort of game you get when you cross Dungeons and Dragons nerds with gibbering jocks who like to watch large men chase a pleasantly colored ball. This unholy union of species was created in the turbulent and experimental decade of the 60's by a hippy mad scientist and a lot of drugs. The hybrid geek/jocks escaped the scientist's secret underground lair and went on to create the first fantasy football point system, soon spreading to college campuses and work cubicles across the country. Let's face it; the NFL is as exciting and fun as getting a red-hot poker being slowly embedded into your eye sockets. The games are long, drawn out goonfests, and the flow the of game mired by consistent penalty flags on every play because the spandex-clad linemen can't help playing grabass at the line of scrimmage. Fantasy football utilizes the power of your imagination to make this most monotonous of sports actually exciting, allowing all of your wildest football dreams to become a reality. I strongly recommend investing in rubber sheets before you start your fantasy season.

I spent the long hours after returning from my expedition retired to my isolated temple of solitude, and was hand-fed skinned grapes by scantily clad women while being fanned by small black children donning fancy velvet hats with feather plumes. As I sat in my bathtub filled with bubbles and lavender, I poured all of my attention into making the perfect fantasy football point system for future generations to enjoy, long after my eventual and bloody demise at the hands of my own serfs. Of course I wasn't prepared to release my new point system to the public without the proper testing, so I "recruited" 12 test volunteers at the nearest abandoned train station with a hot dog on a fishing line and some chloroform. After the

test subjects completed the live fantasy draft of all the players, they faced off with each other in head-to-head matches in the first week of football this past weekend. The results were astounding. Not only did the point system succeed on every level expected, the side effects were not as bad as I had predicted, and only one of the test subjects was paralyzed from the waist down. "Eureka!", I screamed as all good inventors should when their work was complete. I took my assistant Igor to the Ponderosa to celebrate this happy occasion, and finalized the grand unveiling of the system which I am prepared to share with you now. I had the meatloaf with mashed potatoes.

THE ULTIMATE FANTASY FOOTBALL POINT SYSTEM (Copyright Frolixo Enterprises. Only use with the expressed written consent of Frolixo, his robotic chimpanzee minion, and/or a blessing from Pope John II. Pregnant women after their 3rd trimester should not use this system as it can cause major birth defects such as webbed feet, harlequin desiease, and red hair.)

- Touchdown **6 pts**
- Field Goal **3 pts**
- Extra point **1 pt**
- Rushing yards **1pt per 15**
- Passing yards **1pt per 25**
- Coin toss win **2 pts**
- Gatorade coach dousing **3 pts**
- "Hot Dog" high step touchdown **8 pts**
- Haze rookie in locker room **2 pts**
- Contract hold out **–5 pts**
- Thank Jesus during post game interview **5 pts**
- Break left fibula **1 pt**
- Statutory rape **2 pts**
- Hickey by Priest Holmes **2 pts**
- Drug test failure **–4 pts**
- Head steam **1 pt per cubic foot**
- Endorsement deal **6 pts**
- Tell kid with cancer to "shove it" when he asks for autograph **–6pts**
- Find the wizard key **2 pts**
- Sack **1 pt**
- Kicker celebration dance **–6 pts**
- Knocking over guy with sound bubble **4 pts**
- Cause death/dismemberment of opponent **5 pts**
- Slimer eating all the weiners in the concession stands **–5 pts**
- Slay Kobold **1pt**
- AIDS **–3 pts**
- Pretend to run into group of cheerleaders and cop a feel **6 pts**
- Run the wrong way and score a safety **–3 pts**
- Accidental hooker death cover-up **5 pts**
- Invent a perpetual energy machine **5 pts**
- Ricky Williams **–10 pts**

My new fantasy football game is such a comprehensive and perfect system that football gurus such as the famous and quite insane John Madden called it "a goodship lollipop of laughs that keeps on trucking through even the toughest stains". He also said “He put a little too much mustard on it, ahaaaaaaaaa", so I’m not really sure what he means, but it sounds like it’s probably a good thing. Indeed adding this fantasy game to the NFL almost makes it watchable, and as I root for my random players around the league to gather fantasy points, flipping through the games every 5 seconds so I won’t miss any plays, my blood boils with excitement. In order to stay on my Laz-E

Boy through all games, I took drastic measures and underwent a surgical procedure to cut out a length of my intestine out and attach a colostomy bag to collect all my waste so I won't have to get out of my seat.. My wife does not seem to understand this newfound dedication to creating this revolutionary game system, and for some reason is very upset that I quit my regular job and stay out all night researching football stats at the local bars, usually ending up driving my car through the sliding glass door at 3:00 in the morning. She just doesn't understand that important things like this demand sacrifice, even if it means selling all the furniture for HDTV, cleaning out my colostomy bag, and keeping the Madden altar wet with fresh goat's blood 24 hours a day.

All in all, I have to admit that going out into the godforsaken mountains for two weeks was the most important and life-changing event since I joined Amway and sold my grandparents $300 in magazine subscriptions, raising my status in the Amway pyramid to "Commander of the 4th Fleet". When a man is faced with certain death, he realizes the little things like rent, food, electricity, and water really don't mean anything and you need to do something with your life before it's too late. I can only hope that this fantasy football point system will stand the test of time, like my other inventions such as the automatic nail clipper, and the cotton gin. I hope you get as much pleasure out of using this point system for your fantasy football season as I did creating it. If you are a pure nerd and despise sports then please don't read this article, and scroll down to read Zack's Alpacas/Balloooncycle/Reptilian agenda update, and return the unused portion of this update into the nearest recycle bin or Blockbuster video return slot. Thank you and God bless Jake Plummer this Sunday.

State Og

Contrary to the rumor going around, this week's State Og is not about the Atlanta Falcons' tight end Alge Crumpler. Contrary to the rumor going around, that is actually his real name.

> *At State Og we never miss an opportunity to fill an obvious gap in the consumer market, except for the opportunity to build an automated consumer market gap-filling machine, because that would put us right out of business! Haha! What we've come up with is the Tub O' Skin, soon to be synonymous with such fantastic medical breakthroughs as the Band-Aid and the Genital Leech!*

Check out this week's update!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

9.19 Forgive Me, You Bastards

Sunday, Sep 19, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

As I'm sure you all are undoubtedly aware, this past Wednesday night was the beginning of Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish Week of Atonement. It's actually ten days, but the Jewish Ten Days of Atonement doesn't sound as cool. In this time, in celebration of the new year and of our blatant disregard of the calendar, we ask forgiveness from all those that we have wronged in the past year. Finally, on Yom Kippur, we ask God himself for forgiveness for our greatest transgressions. For instance, starting a new fringe suicide cult based on the twin principles of worship of Baal and getting people to give me money? And then when we made all that cyanide-laced punch and I poured mine into the ficus plant? Yeah, that's something I'll probably save for apologizing to God. But there area number of earthly sins for which I must atone, and it seems like this is the most efficient way of getting my message of repentance out to those who I have hurt in all of my various wheelings and dealings.

To prove how repentant I am, I will now suck the poisonous fumes out of the traditional Rosh Hashanah balloon.

I apologize for using racial slurs to refer to African Americans, Asian Americans, and kikes.

I'm sorry for sending President Bush that letter covered in LSD. Well, actually, that apology should really be directed to the people of Iraq.

I'm sorry for starting that rumor that Ashton Kutcher is gay just now.

I'm sorry for reusing the same obvious gags over and over again.

I'm sorry for all the times I intentionally ducked underneath the sneeze guard at a salad bar and sneezed on everything until I couldn't sneeze anymore. I have a problem.

I apologize **again** to the Maori tribesmen. Now would you freaking midgets stop threatening to eat me already?

I want to apologize on behalf of Jews everywhere for killing Jesus. It's time to stop passing the buck. That was our bad. We killed the hell out of him. It was fun. Hell, we even made T-shirts.

I'm sorry for watching so damn much *Celebrity Poker Showdown*. I'm pretty sure I'm the main reason they keep that crap on the air.

I'm sorry for hiring the mob to kill you. Ooh, that reminds me, don't start your car.

I'm sorry for running that pyramid scheme. I just really, really wanted a pyramid.

I'm sorry for kicking that cute puppy. I probably made my point when I shot him.

I'm very sorry for the hamster incident. Enough said.

I'm sorry for reusing the same obvious gags over and over again.

I'm sorry for four out of five of the articles I've ever written for this site.

I want to apologize to Dave Barry, Seth McFarlane, pretty much everyone who has ever written for *The Simpsons*, the staff of The Onion, and various other writers for this site for stealing your material. I'm not going to stop, I just feel kind of bad about it.

I am sorry for *Blind Justice* on ABC. I usually control the media a little tighter than that.

I am told by my lawyer that I am very sorry for committing public nudity.

I'm sorry for reusing the same obvious gags over and over again.

I am sorry for all of the things I said about your mother. It's none of my business how much she charges for sex. I should just pay up and be grateful that there's someone out there who can satisfy my fat fetish.

I am deeply sorry for everyone who needed a heart transplant this year and didn't get one because of a sudden shortage. I admit that when I broke into that organ bank and ate all of the hearts, I wasn't thinking about any of the longterm consequences, other than that the power I would gain would finally allow me to defeat that pesky Justice League and conquer the Earth.

I want to apologize to "Dave Eddy," director of "Pocket Ninjas," for threatening to beat him into a coma with his own screenwriter and for calling him an "unscrupulous shit."

I want to apologize to everyone who read that last sentence. It was nothing but lies. I have no intention of ever apologizing to Dave Eddy. "Pocket Ninjas" sucked llama dong and I hate him with all of my hearts.

I'm sorry for trying to pass off this pathetic list as an actual article.

I'm very sorry. No wait, I mean "terrified."

Whew! It sure feels good to get that off my chest. I feel as though a great burden has been lifted. Now all I can ask is that you can find some way to forgive me for all the ways in which I have wronged you. If there's anything I've forgotten, please do not hesitate to contact me at Greasnin@somethingawful.com. Thank you, and may all of your kippurs be as yom as possible.

■ The Weekend Web: Makes You Sterile or Your Money Back!

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Lame Duck Jones" Gutierrez here with a much belated Weekend Web for you all. Thanks to epox, the world leader in making shitty motherboards, I was out of commission for three weeks and had to miss my Weekend Web deadlines and the World Series of Cockfighting webcast. Now that I have a motherboard with thermal paste smeared all over it I can continue doing what I do best, making girls cry. This week we have a forum full of glorified strippers, a forum full of nuts hot for Turbo, a forum full of grade school kids waiting for what could be the most overhyped game of the year, and a forum full of grade school kids waiting for what could be the most overhyped game of the year's big rival for most overhyped game of the year award. Don't believe me? See for yourself!

Yes, you can have all this for only ten easy installments of $0.00! What a bargain! Act now! Or else!

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

GCfangurl17 posted August 23, 2004 03:09 AM

AC Squad
Member
Member # 6433

wut movie r u talking about LOL

USA NUMBER ONE 9-11-02 ALLWAYS REMEMBER

IP: Logged | Report Post

MhsVarsityFlyer posted August 23, 2004 07:09 PM

AC Captain
Member # 5882

hey GCfangirl17 9-11 happened in 2001

Cheerleading is awesome! MHS STATE 05'!

IP: Logged | Report Post

9.20 I jsut wrote some news!

Monday, Sep 20, 2004 by isnoop "isnoop" isnoop

Body here More body here

-∼isnoop "isnoop" isnoop

9.21 The Only Good Web Comic

Monday, Sep 20, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On November 15th, way back in the innocent year of 1999, the Internet's first and only good web comic appeared. It was finely crafted, ingenuously written, each panel an unbelievably tight build up to a witty and original joke. The art alone was worth hanging in a museum. Almost five years later, and against all odds, that comic continues, improving in quality with each new magnum opus. The comic is the brainchild of Shaun Reveal and it is entitled "Boston and Shaun".

I would like for us - us being me and you, the reader - to join together today to celebrate the continuing legacy of greatness that is Boston and Shaun. Many of you have probably heard of Boston and Shaun, but for those of you unfamiliar with the comic consider this an introduction to the absolute cutting edge in Internet comics. Hell, comics in general. Hell, LIFE in general. Shaun Reveal is to this generation what figures like James Joyce and Ernest Hemingway have been to generations past. He is a voice for the thoughts that we cannot give voice to, a bold cry in the cultureless abyss of modern civilization. Join with me in that chorus; join with me in proclaiming to all friends and neighbors that Boston and Shaun is the greatest gift any of us could have hoped for.

In the Beginning

Boston and Shaun was born into this world from the beautiful mind of Shaun Reveal as a simpleton's version of "Calvin and Hobbes". It was rendered in crude black and white illustrations and featured the droll adventures of a young boy creatively named Shaun and his seemingly imaginary dragon. By the second strip it was apparent that in the surreal world of Boston and Shaun the dragon was not imaginary; Boston was treated as a normal character by Shaun's parents.

Boston and Shaun
©1999 Shaun Reveal
WHERE IS YOUR DRAGON, SON?
S. REVEAL
SHAUN, HELP! I CAN'T GET THROUGH THE DOOR!
BOSTON IS IN MY ROOM RECOVERING FROM THANKSGIVING, DAD

Above you can see an example of one of the earlier Boston and Shaun comics. It's clear that Reveal is still caught up in the simplistic three-panel joke format of more mundane comics. The joke in this one, as in most of these early comics, is so appallingly bad that it barely qualifies as a joke to anyone not reading "Highlights for Kids" while huffing model glue.

Tales of the Strange

Anyone with the right eyes could tell pretty quickly that Boston and Shaun was going to evolve into anything but a run-of-the-mill web comic. The fantastic elements evident from the very beginning began to become more and more of a focus of the strip. As time passed Reveal began introducing bizarre and often dreamlike ideas into the strips, a concept that seems especially out of place during Boston and Shaun's early years when he was still trying to stick to the traditional three-panel joke format. Here's a good example of this:

BOSTON AND SHAUN
WHO EVER BEEN HITTING ME WITH SNOWBALLS WILL THINK THIS IS ME
S. REVEAL
SHAUN, IS THIS WISE? I AM LINKED TO YOU. IF YOU FEEL COLD, I FEEL COLD
©1999 Shaun Reveal
NOW I FEEL JEALOUS TOWARD MY SNOWMAN

Other than Reveal's retardate level grammar the thing that really stands out about this comic is that it seems like it wants to have a joke. He's trying to combine his insane ideas with a conventional format and the result is agonizingly bad. Fortunately, Reveal must have somehow regained coherent thought long enough to realize that the three-panel joke just wasn't really suited for Boston and Shaun. Thanks to this epiphany, Boston and Shaun only remained in this sad state of limbo for a few months and a few dozen strips.

A Dragon Spreads His Wings

By the end of year one of Boston and Shaun the esteemed artiste had abandoned all hope of crafting three-panel jokes and had moved on to obsessive fetish-like month long story arcs about something called "fatting". Basically Shaun would switch back and forth from being a boy to a dragon with no rhyme or reason and when he was a dragon all of the other dragons would constantly feed him to make him fatter. Amazingly, the comics continued to make less and less sense with each installment.

BOSTON AND SHAUN
MAYBE WE NEED SOMETHING TO KEEP OUR MINDS OFF OUR TROUBLES, SHAUN
CAN I START WITH MY STORY?
POKE
©2000 Shaun Reveal
S. REVEAL
YOU WIN

This strip should give you a good idea of where Boston and Shaun was heading at the end of year one. All of the ingredients are there; a couple of bloated dragons, vague references to a motivating problem, and the kind of expository dialogue that we have come to expect from things in the real world like cats, trees, and rocks. I believe that there is a joke in this strip, but I also believe that it is so removed from a normal human's thought process that it cannot possibly be comprehended with all of the science available to us.

More of the Same: Now in Color!

The last achievement in Reveal's impossibly prolific first year of Boston and Shaun was to shift the comic from simple black and white to vibrant color art. Rather than serving as a tool for the reader to make sense of the comic, the addition of color to Boston and Shaun just gave Reveal new abilities to realize his absinthe-drenched febrile scribbling. Below is a strip that Reveal probably would not have attempted without the aid of color, in which color does nothing to help clear things up for the reader.

BOSTON AND SHAUN
SHAUN, I KNOW OF A MERGED FORM THAT WE CAN DO THAT WILL KEEP YOU ON THE GROUND AND KEEP ME FROM GETTING INFECTED BY YOU
JUST GET ME DOWN, BOSTON
©2000 Shaun Reveal
NOW, WE WAIT FOR MY MOM
S. REVEAL
WHY ME?

Elements of the above strip actually make sense, although explaining them would require a dozen or more paragraphs. To put it shortly; Reveal is a menace to global sanity. Having said that, don't be under the false impression that Boston and Shaun is anything like the serial and totally pedestrian "Mary Worth" or "Apartment 3G". Reveal is capable of devoting an entire month of illustration to moving a character from one location to another. He knows what action is and is not afraid to utterly confuse the casual reader if it means pleasing his obsessive fan base. It should be noted that his obsessive fan base consists entirely of Shaun Reveal.

Hump Year

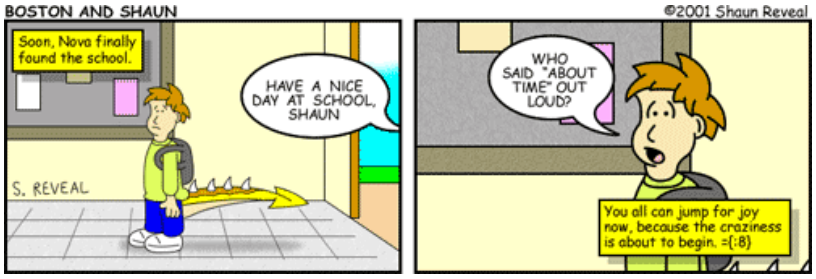
2001 was not a good year for Boston and Shaun. While Reveal continued to explore new dragon-related fetishes exciting only to him he also began to phone in the story and dialogue. Although it seems impossible, his grammar deteriorated, and he was more than willing to devote weeks on end to gripping story elements like "Boston so fat he stuck in doors". Even these simplistic arcs were confusing thanks to Reveal's complete inability to craft a story.

BOSTON AND SHAUN
I CAN GET OUT BY THE WINDOW
S. REVEAL
THEN THE FUNNY ONE REMEMBERED HE'S ON THE SECOND FLOOR
©2001 Shaun Reveal
I KNEW YOU'LL BE BACK

The setup for this strip is fairly simple; Boston is stuck in the door and Shaun needs to get outside. This setup took three strips, but we'll forgive Reveal as an auteur as long as the payoff is worth it! And boy is it! Not only does the dialogue fall apart into a confusing mash in panel two, we also have a resolution in the final panel that confuses tenses to the point of incoherence. Describing Reveal's attempt at a joke as "feeble" doesn't do justice to the surreal presentation.

Glacial

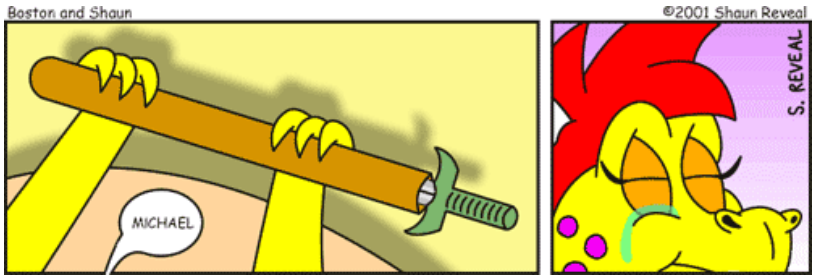
In the previous section I mentioned the breakneck pace of some of 2001's storylines. The single best example of this is a story in which Boston's mother places Shaun in her pouch and takes him to school. The process of getting from Shaun's house to his school takes approximately ten comics and during the course of this epic journey exactly nothing of interest happens. After 2001 Reveal toned this habit down slightly, but his grand finale of the riveting "going to school" story arc is worth mentioning.


BOSTON AND SHAUN
©2001 Shaun Reveal
Soon, Nova finally found the school.
HAVE A NICE DAY AT SCHOOL, SHAUN
S. REVEAL
WHO SAID "ABOUT TIME" OUT LOUD?
You all can jump for joy now, because the craziness is about to begin. =(:8)

As you can see, not only does this strip not have a joke, not only does it make absolutely no sense, not only is the grammar terrible; Reveal breaks the third wall. He seems to be admitting that he has been dragging his feet with the storyline, although the mere mention of the word "craziness" by Reveal is akin to a threat of violence. He's adding insult to injury with that comment. He subjected his readers to eight comics consisting of nothing and then threatens them with impending "craziness". It's like being tied to a chair for eight days straight without human contact and then your abductor comes in and cheerily tells you that tomorrow he's breaking a lead pipe off in your ass.

Seeds of Story: Madness or Genius?

One noteworthy thing Reveal began to do in 2001 was to plant story seeds for future plotlines. Since the expanse of Boston and Shaun represents the gradual unraveling of one man's sexual sanity it should come as no surprise that his story seeds are more than a little opaque. Take this one for example:



There is no context for this strip. It appears in the midst of one of Reveal's stock "fatting" mini-arcs and disappears just as quickly. Literally months later this comic is explained by another series of comics and plot arc about Boston's mother allowing her "wyrm mate" to die. It's all extremely moving stuff, but I have to question Reveal's foreshadowing. Was he planning it all along? Lulling us into a sense of narrative security with all of those fatting storylines only to wow us with the wyrm mate showstopper? Or did he just forget about this plot seed and then remember it months later? It's impossible to say.

Things Get Serious

In 2002 Shaun Reveal began to explore much more serious themes in Boston and Shaun. The usual "fatting" jackanapes remained present, along with Reveal's own meandering fantasies about topics like "merging" and "transforming", but the focus shifted to involved, completely incomprehensible, and long stories. In fact the storyline, if it can be called a storyline, involving the sinister "Michael" was begun in 2001 but moves into full swing in 2002.

This sample makes no more sense if you have the superhuman patience necessary to read Boston and Shaun from beginning to end. All I'm sure of is that Will spends an extremely long time in bed being watched over by Kanga and occasionally runs into some supernatural "fading" snags that are solved through the efforts of Boston in one of many sequences that make absolutely no sense.

Slipping Away

2003's anemic line-up of strips makes it apparent that Reveal was either putting much more time and effort into each strip of Boston and Shaun (unlikely) or he had developed a real life that kept him busy (impossible). Whatever the reason, the greatly diminished number of strips Reveal completed in 2003 is still impressive considering that the majority of them are astonishingly crazy. Reveal is building through some massive and Byzantine plot arc that is rendered totally unapproachable by his ineptness at storytelling and his retard-on-LSD like ideas.

As you can see, Reveal's ability to craft a sentence has not been hindered by his lack of interest in creating new Boston and Shaun content. You can also see that "fatting" has not ceased to amuse him.

Profundity

Bringing us up to today, Reveal has continued to produce the finest web comic known to mankind. His infrequent updates - coming only twice a month or so - are still packed full of the same insanity and bizarre storytelling sensibility as Boston and Shaun has always delivered. I'm excited to say that he has recently completed a story arc that has developed over the course of roughly three years, bringing to a close his so-called "Phase 2". Here is a sample of the climactic resolution of this epic storyline.

Wow indeed. Reveal demonstrates an unmatched ability to fragment what should be a straight-forward narrative into a series of panels that are so irrelevant as to border on the abstract. What you see above is some magical super dragon emerging into Shaun's world to finish off the evil monster that was threatening all of the inane characters. It looks about as impressive as Boston after a three-course "fatting" with a color gradient on some of its body parts. This climax is nothing but a big joke on anyone who bothered to wade through the 300+ strips that compose the "Phase 2" story arc.

I feel somewhat melancholy wrapping up this celebration of Boston and Shaun at the same time as Reveal is bringing to a close his epic "Phase 2" storyline. He implores us to await "Phase 3", in which we can expect a fully dragonized version of Shaun to appear, but with updates reduced to bi-monthly already I fear the wait for "Phase 3" may extend indefinitely.

I implore any of you with a genuine interest in seeing Boston and Shaun continue to email Mr. Reveal at his pseudonym begging for him to bring us "Phase 3". Though I mock Shaun Reveal at every turn I do so with a genuine affection for a comic so inept, so insane, and so unintentionally funny that I can say with a straight face that Boston and Shaun is the only good web comic.

◘ Flash Like a Tub, Tub, Tub.

Shmorky and Lowtax have once again joined forces to bring all red-blooded Americans another exciting installment of The Flash Tub. This week it looks to be the first of possibly many Letters From the Internet!

Go watch it you chumchunks, all you have to do is sit there and stare at it until you laugh!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.22 Heroes of Failed Relationship Prison Rodeo

Tuesday, Sep 21, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

When my co-worker, Billy, makes fun of me I lock myself in the janitor's closet and Lauren has to come get me. "Are you from Hot Topic?" I say. "Please hire me and give me free clothes to make me look more alternative. I want to wear a black skirt and fishnets and a t-shirt that says *"You laugh at me because I'm different. I laugh at you because you have a deformed labia."* One of the great things about the internet is that if someone talks to you through email, ICQ, or a messageboard it's perfectly normal and acceptable if you don't respond. It strips bullies of their primary weapon: the left field question that the victim can't answer without making a fool of themself. I'd love to drag Billy onto my internet where he'd be in a weakened and vulnerable state like Freddy Krueger when someone pulls him into the real world.

In a reality where all veils have been removed, life resembles the Sega Genesis game, Dr. Robotnik's Mean Bean Machine. When we connect the beans they don't just disappear. The only way to get rid of them is to dump them on someone else. This update is about the people who have been on the receiving end of my life's emotional refuse. In a moment straight out of a shitty Roger Waters concept album, my memories of these people will eventually come back to torment me until I either die or get distracted by some really good porn.

In an ideal world, the girl I met in my british literature class would've gotten a chance to tell me what a jerk I was. She also would've mentioned how hard it is to be an extrovert what with the invisible astronauts that will torture her to death if she ever stops stream of consciousness babbling to people she doesn't even know. I told her how I associated places with emotional states. I wonder what she would've said if I told her the emotions she gave me were pure Mcdonalds. Yes, that's my big mac combo meal. I'm going to masturbate until my dick bleeds and then use the blood as lube so you'd better give me some extra napkins.

In the medium of life as thoroughly depressing yet oddly captivating art, my life is a flawed masterpiece. Or maybe a masterful flaw. The girl from my british literature class and I went to Dunkin Donuts. "Someone carved "fuck you" into this table." she said.

"They obviously hate me because they can't break me." I said. "No matter what abuse they throw at me I'm just going to take it because I'm a pacifist."

"I really like this japanese pocket pc ad. It gets in your head but then it *doesn't leave*."

"I don't know. There's something I don't like about a dinosaur that always smiles."

My dad, his girlfriend, and I were exposed to the t-virus and are now floating in stasis tubes in the Umbrella corporation's secret underground laboratory. "God, your tube is filthy." my dad's girlfriend says to me. "I can't even stand looking at it. Don't you ever use windex? I can't wait until you get your first girlfriend and bring her back to your tube. Do you know what she's going to say? She's going to say "There's no way I'm stepping inside a tube this dirty."

"This has to do with them choosing me for the nemesis program, doesn't it?" I say. "You're just jealous of my happy."

"You're only happy because they've implanted you with electrodes that stimulate the pleasure centers of your brain every time you kill something."

"Hey, if I can enjoy something and you can't which one of us is really smarter?"

My relationship with Lowtax is strained at best. As an update writer I'm chronically unreliable because I'm always busy seeking out new heights of pleasure and pain far beyond any mere mortal's wildest dreams. The other cenobites who are my friends maintain that status by knowing when to keep their distance from me. They only call once a month and never ask to see my necropolis of the damned. Whenever I let someone into my necropolis of the damned I always end up regretting it. Then there's the awkward process of getting them to leave. Move along. Nothing to see here. Please exit through the slipgate on your left.

Justin and I pretend to be friends with his roommate, Matt, just so we can use his collection of life sized cardboard cutouts of all twelve Livejournal current mood emoticons. "I can't wait for Doom 3 to come out." Justin says. "The lighting effects are going to make reality look like crap."

"Reality already looks like crap." I say. "This concrete wonderland impresses me not."

Jed's current mood: emo

"Is that a chest vagina you're wearing?" Justin says.

"Hey, my chest vagina is not proof that I am stupid. My chest vagina, believe it or not-"

"I know, it has nothing to do with me. That's bullshit. The feeling of empowerment you get from your chest vagina is based solely the way it makes others perceive you."

Justin's current mood: mad

Sometime in the future society will have found a way to deal with shy, introverted psuedo-goths like myself. I'll meet you when your cruise ship crashes on the island where all the goths have been quarantined. We'll take a moment to reflect on the social commentary of how people tend to ignore a problem once it stops playing a direct role in their daily lives. Then we'll play Rocket Knight Adventures except I'll have turned down the volume so we'll have to make all the sound effects ourselves.

In 12th grade I convinced my classmate, Adam, to join my band. I filled his head with pop fantasies and then discarded him like an empty syringe of nuke. While loading Adam's bass into his car after our final band practice I found myself looking at the stars and contemplating eternity. "Those stars are just part of the skybox." Adam said. "We can noclip up there and touch them if we want."

"No, we really can't."

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

9.23 Ralph Nader, Candidate of Mystery

Wednesday, Sep 22, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

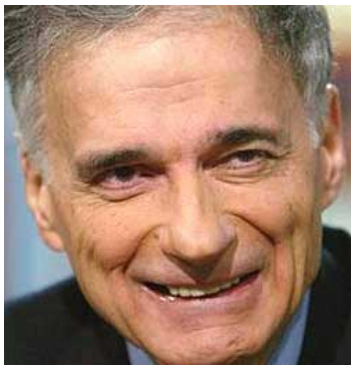
No matter what happens come election, we'll still have plenty of pride and giant inflatable eagles.

The 2004 presidential election is a battle fought not just with heart, but also with other vital organs, bones, and joints belonging to the two leading candidates. It's also fought with minds, but not those of the candidates. Because elections are serious business, they are strictly controlled by a shadowy cabal of lecherous men unafraid to consume live human babies in rituals that pay tribute to our secret satanic alien overlords. The two candidates we have to pick from are George W Bush, who is mentally retarded, and John Kerry, who is some kind of asshole yet to be properly classified by science. Out of these two candidates there rests absolutely zero chance of a truly better world and, at best, a reduction in the amount of overall crapiness plaguing the world. Logically, we have to choose one or the other or the world will fall into chaos as black as the very bowels of Abe Vigoda. And if we don't like that, we must accept that the system is solid and there is no hope of ever changing it. Some protest this doomed situation by refusing to vote, an act that accomplishes nothing in the long run, and others cast their votes on the third party and independent candidates that make up America's nefarious Fifth Column.

In the mainstream world of the two party candidates, most issues relevant to Americans are either avoided or dressed up in goofy propaganda, like the hilarious "War on Terror" gag that's making its rounds. Instead we focus on important matters like whether or not George Bush dodged the draft, or weather or not John Kerry truly killed enough Viet Cong to be classified as an American Hero. Nobody bothers to mention that George Bush *and* John Kerry were both inarguably absent from not just World War I, but also World War II. Those were the two most important wars in modern history, so why did they choose to hide in the shadows while braver men gave their lives? Furthermore, both were noticeably absent from fighting in the recent wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, a clear indication they have no real interest in active participation in armed conflict.

With the two leading candidates obviously being afraid to fight while simultaneously making their past efforts to fight a leading issue, that leaves them both looking like pretty big goobers. The only other man running for president worth mentioning is Ralph Nader, who has roughly the same chance at becoming our next president as a large box of Fruity Pebbles cereal with a free NASCAR hologram trading card inside. But, in an interest in exposing people to new ideas, I want to dedicate this update to demystifying presidential candidate Ralph Nader. Although the press and most Americans may ignore him, he still wants to be our leader and we should at least hear him out. We should do the same for anyone who wants to be our leader.

> Ralph is famous for many accomplishments, but most of all he is known for his excellent work voicing the character Snarf from "Thundercats."
>
> Ralph invented the seatbelt, though his original intention was to trap his worst enemy in a burning vehicle. He later defeated said enemy by bicycle kicking him off of a cliff.
>
> When Ralph learned that Starfleet Command was compromised by mind-controlling alien brain worms, he took action to prevent it from happening to America. Thanks to his tireless efforts, an independent committee regularly screens elected officials for the presence of alien brain slugs.
>
> Ralph once received a bad fortune from a fortune cookie and successfully sued the nation of China for millions of dollars in emotional damages as well as an apology from the



This is Happy Ralph! Hooray for Happy Ralph!

Chinese government. He used his winnings to buy every American a scoop of non-dairy ice cream.

Ralph has never been married. This is because he vowed marriage to his high school sweetheart who was abducted by aliens before the two could be wed. Since that fateful night when the visitors came, Ralph has dedicated his life to unraveling the alien conspiracy, reuniting with his lost love, and making sure nobody ever has fun driving a car again.

Ralph fought for years to prevent the series finale of "M*A*S*H" from airing, claiming Alan Alda's good looks were a danger to America. Years later we would come to realize how right he was.

When Ralph became vocal about the flaws in the automobile industry, he was briefly replaced with an identical robot under the control of the automakers. This switch was revealed when the robot malfunctioned and exploded in high orbit, sacrificing itself in an attempt to save mankind and seek atonement for its crimes. Two weeks later, a bearded and disheveled Nader showed up at the doorsteps of Congress and was promptly fed and given a change of clothes.

Ralph inspired the group called "Nader's Raiders," a fearsome band of marauders responsible for razing a number of cities and bringing the country to its knees. Up until that point nobody ever noticed our country even had knees.

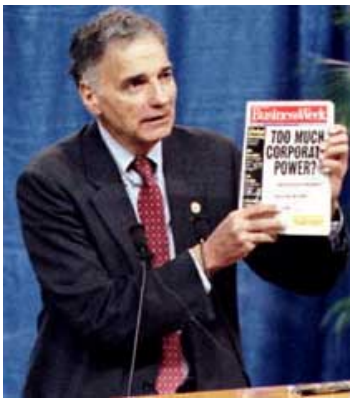
Ralph is so adapt at living on small sums of money he never has to tap into his gigantic bank account. In an interview he revealed that he's saving his money up for a solid gold submarine so that he might one day explore his oceanic roots in regal fashion.

When asked what charity meant to him, Ralph responded, "I would define charity as the reproductive act between two circus clowns." He even had the pictures to prove it.

Ralph made two unsuccessful bids for president with a female Native American as his running mate. I'm serious here.

In the 2000 election, Ralph fought an unsuccessful bid to get on the ballot in Canada, hoping that would increase his votes in the election. He would have been successful if not for a group of meddling kids responsible for the startling discovery that Canada was and is a mostly sovereign nation. Or so they think.

Ralph protects himself from larger predators by rubbing up against sea anemones, coating himself with particles toxic to other creatures. This is the real reason he's never been allowed in a presidential debate.



This shocking picture shows Ralph Nader undeniably holding too much corporate power.

> Contrary to popular belief, Ralph did not sexually molest Al Gore when he was a child. However, he did stage an audacious election hall robbery in which he stole a box full of Al Gore's votes. To this day, his guilty conscience gives personification to the box of votes. Each night the box cries out "Why?" in a scary voice while flapping its lid up and down. Ralph pretends not to hear it by covering his head with a pillow.
>
> Whereas mainstream candidates strive to maintain the status quo at home at great costs to the environment and the rest of the world, Ralph aims to shake things up by getting us all killed in completely different ways.
>
> Ralph is famous for the book "Unsafe at Any Speed," a thrilling cyberpunk-meets-fantasy story about people downloading their brains into cars and competing in illegal psychological street races.
>
> Consumer rights groups that Ralph was instrumental in founding have made a substantial impact on America by helping to pass several landmark bills including the Freedom of Information Act. They were unfortunately unsuccessful in getting the passage of controversial No Fatties Act.

So that's Ralph Nader in a non-literal nutshell. He's got some great qualifications, and he certainly has the prerequisite "melting face" look demanded of all candidates. Is he deserving of your vote? You be the judge. But be warned, if you say yes, then you are wrong and not fit to vote.

Figure 1.1A, a dog dressed as Spider-Man.

I tend to feel that we have no qualified individuals running for office, and the only remedy to this problem is violent revolution so bloody that we have to travel around in boats. In this fantasy remedy, I am very muscular and I carry a sword, often taking time to stand atop a pile of my defeated enemies in a grand pose. From an entirely realistic standpoint, I'll never be muscular. This means that the chances of the violent revolution we so desperately need coming to fruition are slim to nil.

Where violent political escapist fantasies fail, logic reigns supreme. I have long advocated an overhaul to the election process guaranteed to remove corruption, voter irregularities, unqualified candidates, lack of variety in candidates, and all the other problems. In my system, the candidate who receives the most votes must consume the second place candidate within a 24-hour period. If the winning candidate cannot keep the losing candidate down for a second 24-hour period, he or she is not qualified to lead us and control of the country defaults to a dog

dressed as Spider-Man (see figure 1.1a). However, assuming the winning candidate can properly consume and hold down the losing candidate for the duration of the mandatory time period, he or she will serve as President of the United States of America for a term of seventeen days, with checkout time being at noon. As far as I can tell, this system is completely foolproof, unless big business finds a way to train the dog to pass bills for them. But at the end of the day, I'm going to trust that the dog understands the noble credo Uncle Ben passed onto Spider-Man: "With great power comes great responsibility."

Yep, we're in good hands with that dog.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.24 Life Lessons: Genocide Just Ain't Cool

Thursday, Sep 23, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

GET IN ZE CLOWN!

Welcome to another edition of Life Lessons, the only Internet learning program made entirely out of recycled aborted fetuses. Today we'll be tackling the very serious issue of genocide in our culture, and how we can educate the public to stem the tide of this growing fad among the young people of today. Recently in the news we are hearing about the latest report of genocide in the African country of Sudan, whose main export seems to be endangered gorilla paw ashtrays, severed children's limbs, and ebola pancakes. This surge of genocide in the region seems to be all the rage with the kids there who are more than happy to replace their soccer ball with the severed head of a slain foe. The Secretary of State, Colin Powell, has gone before the United Nations to discuss possible military intervention in Sudan in a hope to quell th violence by blowing up stuff with tanks. I'm sure we would deploy a batch of troops with Blackhawk helicopters (whose primary attack is crashing into clay buildings and exploding into flames), and then get shot at from all sides by men, women, and even children with specially made tiny guns that would be adorable if they weren't so deadly. Of course it would end like all of our overseas operations; with a dead American soldier being dragged from a pickup truck. This unsettles the public because we are just used to people being neatly killed by an explosion or being impaled like in Schwarzenegger and Bruce Willis movies. No, military might not put a stop to this cycle of death. But what can I, a humble concerned citizen and registered sex offender do about it?

To first solve this puzzling aspect of human behavior, we must first look at what the word itself means, and how acts of genocide have been prevalent throughout our history. I have no fucking clue what the phrase "geno" means, but I'm pretty sure it is either Latin or Italian. Maybe "geno" might be the name of a dude that owed a mafia guy some money so his whole family was killed by the evil capo sporting a large handlebar mustache. I'm not sure what "cide" means either, but it probably has to do with being a jerk. Hey, I'm an Internet comedy writer, not all E=mC2 like that famous scientist guy, Albert Frankenstein. But don't worry, I found some books in a dumpster behind my apartment (with heavy water damage) and did a little research on the history of genocide. Let's look at a few examples.

- **Alexander the Great:** Considered to be one of the greatest warriors and leaders of all time. Alexander was also famous for his ruthlessness and temper, especially when on the rag. I'm not totally sure that males menstruated in those days, but it supports my theory that B.C. stands for Bloody Codpiece, and A.D. stands for After Diapers. We may never know, but one thing is for sure, Alexander killed a lot of people in his quest for total domination. It is recorded that after besieging a city of 40,000 residents for a month he had all of its women sold into slavery and all the men and boys bound and thrown into the sea as a lesson to any other cities that dare oppose him. It is also known that he liked to talk with his mouth full, and never give a courtesy reach around when being sodimized by one of his man servants. A new Hollywood movie called "Alexander" is coming out soon, but I hear they will leave that part out and replace it with Alexander rescuing a baby kitten out of a tree. We can see the roots of mass murder in our ancient history, and it would only grow in scope with time.

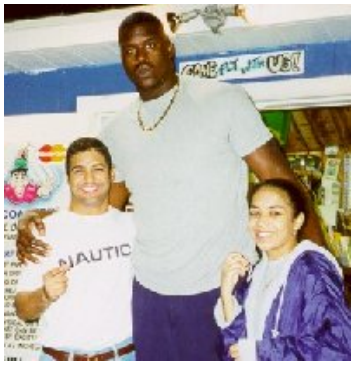
- **The Potato Famine:** The Irish have been a downtrodden race of blustery and ruddy folk for countless generations. The English, who made pissing people off by occupying their lands and instituting unfair taxes an art form, were the Irish people's most hated nemesis. Around the 1846 a

horrible blight hit the green isle causing all the potatoes to don moustaches, hats, and googly eyes. The Irish called it "The Mister Potato Head Disease", and while it delighted children everywhere, they were totally inedible. The British, instead of helping the starving Irish, blockaded food supplies to the island, resulting in the death of over a million people. The survivors were shipped to Boston, fully armed with billy clubs, whiskey, and blue suits as revenge against their old enemy: America. Thankfully the Irish ingenuity with alcohol saved the island after they made the now famous Guinness draft that was hardy enough to save the people from starvation. It also made them into incurable alcoholics, but you have to crack some eggs to make an omelette. Unless you are making on of my budget omelettes that's made out of sawdust and cheese-wiz.

■ **Jewish Holocaust:** I did some research on the Internet and found out this is all an elaborate hoax. Boy I bet Spielberg's face will be red when he hears this!

The last thing you see before you get on the train. I'm telling you, the clowns are organizing as we speak.

■ **Cambodia:** The story of the Killing Fields is complicated, so I'll just sum it up for you. America bombs Cambodia during the Vietnam War because Nixon is desperate and hates all living things, destroying the infrastructure of the country. Then crazy communists called the Khmer Rouge take over and hit a few million teachers, doctors, and engineers in the head with a stick, proceeding to dump them in rice fields and giving Pol Pot sponge baths every three hours. Since all the teachers, doctors, and engineers are dead, the country is stuck in the medieval period, just hanging out in straw huts and playing the board game "Sorry". Sure Pol Pot wasn't the brightest guy in the world, but he was a good public speaker and could jump really high. Nobody in the global community ever tried to stop the massacre, but after Vietnam would you want to send troops back into the horrible jungle against more invincible little bastards in black pajamas? Instead we bought polyester suits and went out to the disco clubs, dancing the night away. I just found out that the number one song during the year of my birth, 1978, was Disco Duck. This is terrible news.



Shaq sez: "Say no to genocide".

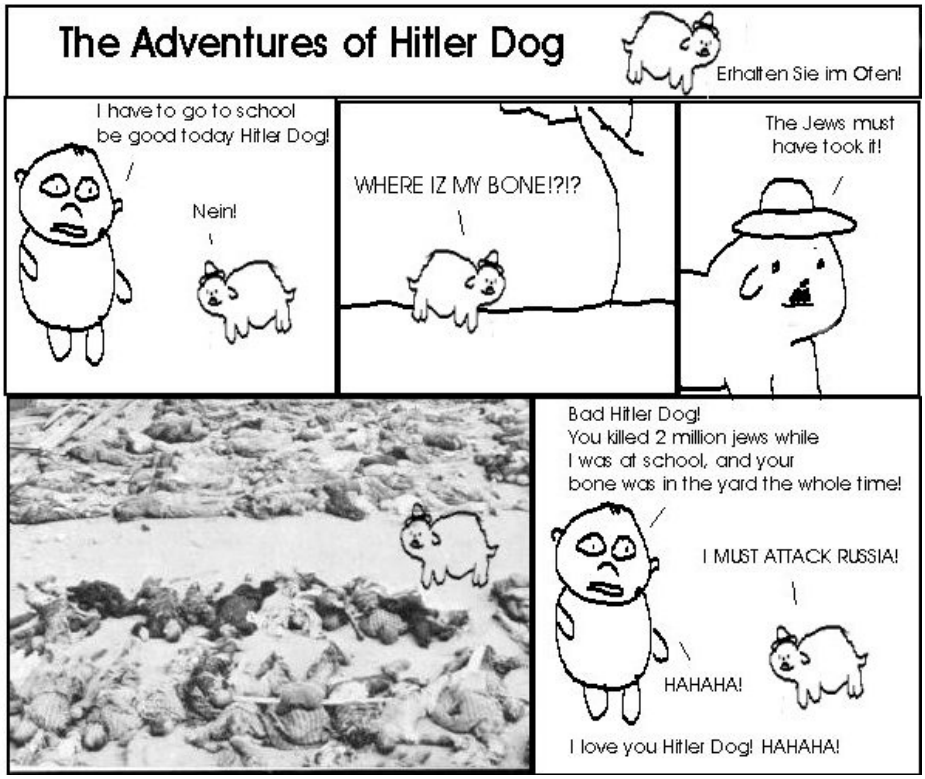
■ **The Balkans:** The Balkans have always been a place of turmoil ever since Franz Ferdinand was shot, kicking off World War I, as well as Franz's music career when he hit the top of the charts with his single "Take Me Out ". In the 90's, Slobodan Milosevic committed genocide against the Croatians until NATO (Necromancers Armed To Obliterate) dropped a lot of bombs on stuff, putting a big hurt on the sloppy Sloby. Normally I really like bombing and massive air operations, but after watching all the NATO briefings in the morning with that white haired British guy, I was totally turned off. It was really the most boring conflict ever, but at least none of our soldiers were dragged from pickup trucks on this one. For now on we should just keep our boys in the air, or bomb all the pickup trucks in the country before going in. Then what are they going to drag our corpses with, a moped? I think not.

After all this evidence, its obvious that genocide is a natural symptom of our violent nature, spurred on by hate, ignorance, greed, and the Guinness book of world records. The only way we can stop this cycle of killing in the future is to educate our children on the dangers of genocide, and offer them sound advice on what to do about the peer pressure. I've even come up with a slogan that can be printed on t-shirts, hats, and bumper stickers. The phrase is "Don't be snide, just say NO to genocide". Sure it's a little rough, but I'll work the kinks out in time. As far as what kids should do in a situation where they are asked by peers to participate in

genocide, here is a scenario that is the blueprint to the correct way to refuse the offer.

> **Billy:** Hey Bobby, we are all going down by the creek to catch horny toads and also probably drown a few million Bolivians. Want to come?
> **Bobby:** No thanks Billy, I have some homework to do.
> **Billy:** Everybody is going to be there. We can work on the mass graves together.
> **Bobby:** Thanks for the offer Billy, but I really can't. See you at school tomorrow!
> **Billy:** Oh we'll see you alright. (Writes Bobby's name in a small book).

Once Bobby overcame the peer pressure to join in with the other children in an act of genocide, the cycle was broken, at least for Bobby. But for every Bobby we still have thousands of Billys. There is still a lot of learning and sharing to do still. I thought that the best way to communicate with the young generation would be a comic. Kids are dumb and love comics. So here is my anti-genocide comic that I like to call "Hitler Dog". Enjoy.


The Adventures of Hitler Dog
Erhalten Sie im Ofen!
I have to go to school be good today Hitler Dog!
Nein!
WHERE IZ MY BONE!?!?
The Jews must have took it!
Bad Hitler Dog! You killed 2 million jews while I was at school, and your bone was in the yard the whole time!
I MUST ATTACK RUSSIA!
HAHAHA!
I love you Hitler Dog! HAHAHA!

So what did we learn today? For one thing, never leave your Hitler dog home by itself, or terrible things can happen. Also we learned that genocide is a very bad thing, even worse than Vin Diesel movies. We should follow the 10 commandments of the U.S. Constitution and "love thy neighbor" instead of gassing them or borrowing their hedge clippers and never returning them. Maybe one day there will be world peace, but I have a feeling it's only going to come about once we round up all the extremists and violent people, put them in labor camps, and ultimately dispose of them so we can have a world only populated with a pure race of peace loving folks. We can only hope that day will soon come.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

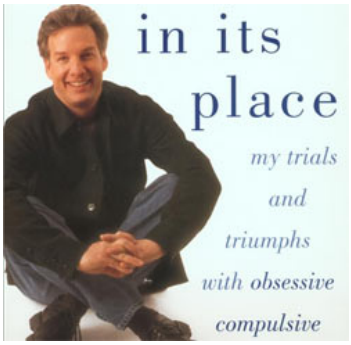
9.25 I'm Coming Unwrapped Here People!

Friday, Sep 24, 2004 by Marc "Double Dare" Summers

Alphabits Soup is mankind's most diabolical creation. Splayed across the briny surface of each bowl, drifting, churning madly, are the perfectly reasonable and carefully ordered letters of the English alphabet. Even the name is hideous; AlphaBITS, as though the whole thing were crumbling into random chunks, drifting away into the watery slop Campbell's tries to pass off as a lunch. Alphabits are an ingestible form of chaos, a slurry of disarray funneled down the clenching gullets of children from coast to coast. When I overcame my repressed homosexuality and my intense aversion to mess long enough to bilge my seed into a woman, the mewling things she disgorged never stooped to eating Alphabits.

Oh you think I don't get women? I've had many offers, believe me. I walk into a bar, lick the light switches, run my finger along the tops of all of the chairs and then inevitably some gorgeous college girl who remembers my stint on Double Dare wants to buy me a drink and chat. I sit uncomfortably, transfixed like a pinned butterfly on the end of her hot spear of exhaled germs. Will she try to touch me? Will she move the salt shaker three inches from its starting point after dousing her filthy hand for a tequila shooter? How did I get myself into this?

No, not for me. Never for me. Order is meaning, an escape from the esoteric nightmare of chaos. To actually know where something is, to understand its correct place, to keep it there no matter what occurs; that is my purpose. Some fool might look at the mad swirl of the sea and produce a poem, I see the perfect stacks of cookies, crackers, and candies on my table at the diner and I know order. I will present unto you, in short and concise segments, the origins and means of manufacture of each of these foods.



I even wrote a book about this shit and they still don't listen to me.

The show is "Unwrapped" but I would never do that. There is an intern who does the actual unwrapping. Sometimes the director instructs me to pick up one of the food items - to disrupt the delicate balance - and with agonized reluctance I do. However, if he asks me to eat the item, well then the pattern falls apart, so fuck him. People know Marc Summers so I can get away with that. I'm not some no-name NYU student directing 23 minute infomercials for Three Musketeers bars on a cable network about food.

Our set designer is a guy by the name of Dylan Kiszlowski. He's a union guy and it shows, no concept

whatsoever of personal grooming, a complete lack of attention to detail, and a general disinterest in setting up our displays. He'll lumber onto the set like an ogre, shifting packages of Mike & Ikes or carefully positioned bowls of ice cream wherever he wants. I have a fucking system Dylan! Didn't you read that five-page single-paragraph memo I sent out where I explained in agonizing detail that boxed candies should be at a five degree angle with my speaking position serving as the northern polar direction? Do I have to wrap my hand around a 93-perferation/23-ridged rubberized hammer grip and pound these fucking dirt simple concepts through your skull?

Here's an example of a conversation I had with Dylan last week while shooting our potato chip episode.

> **Me:** Well holy crud (I positively do not swear on set), what the dadburned heck is going on here Dylan? There are Ruffles all over the table.
>
> **Dylan:** Rich said to actually display some of the product-
>
> **Me:** Did Rich tell you to vomit Ruffles across the table like a 90 pound freshman girl on a Jaeger binge? Did he want you to upend a bag across this table that I have licked clean TWICE already today? Do you know that grease stains will show up on camera?
>
> **Dylan:** Uh
>
> **Me:** Yes, "uh", you pinheaded embodiment of the word "carelessness". It looks like a Ruffles truck overturned here! Look at this! Look at that chip there, it is within three inches of the bag of pork rinds. Move it this instant AAAAAAH! God in heaven, move that blasted thing!

No, no, no, no, NO!

Of course when Dylan finally got around to overcoming the effects of gravity on his lardy fingers he moved the chip within six inches of the Fritos bag. Potato to corn, greater than eight! Potato to pork, greater than four, but for Christ's sake, potato to corn, greater than eight! I asked Richard to fucking put this shit on a fine-scale graph each shoot and he still is not doing what I told him to. Goddamn amateurs! It's like Double Dare all over again. Do I need to tell you the thread count on all of the red team shirts or are you going to stop laundering them as permanent press? Ugh, I don't even want to think about that disaster.

You know what, I had this shit figured out with History IQ. The History Channel! I'm thinking there is no way I could get myself into situations like this on the History Channel, but then they decide that the cow-eyed masses want to see more stock footage of Panzer IVs or that howling moron R. Lee Ermey and his humiliating goofball routine. I think it's because the ingrate viewing public knows about as much about history as they know about astral projection and they just hate being reminded of how utterly ignorant they all are. On the plus side I get paid more doing Unwrapped, but I'd give up one of these zeroes for a crew that understood the meaning of the word "organized".

Do you know how they make Peanut Brittle? This is great, I learned just last week when doing the voice over for the montage. They use a technique called "COMPLETE FUCKING BEDLAM". There are volcanoes of peanuts shooting out of machinery, the conveyor is covered in this oily brown residue, and Rich told me the day they shot at the factory half of the hoppers were jammed with what they call "nuggets". I don't go near a location shoot, but just watching the raw tapes was enough to make me break out into a cold sweat. I had to film the voice over wearing nearly opaque sunglasses Nancy bought from the geriatric eyewear section of a pharmacy. I looked like Ray Charles but even the reduced audio of the conveyor running was making me want to throw up.

I'm sure you want to know why I'm bothering to vent all this. Well, I want you all to know how much I suffer to bring a little entertainment into your lives. I could go work in a clean room at some microchip plant running my carefully gloved fingers across the ridges of semi-conductors. Instead I endure for my craft and for my viewing public. Remember that! Remember my agony when you see me daintily pick up a carefully smoothed jawbreaker on your TV screen. Know how moving that ice cream spoon when I pretend to eat some of it is like driving white-hot needles into my nail bed. Each time I shift a package or box I feel like Saint Sophia watching the slaughter of her innocent children, powerless and alone, but devout in my love for the viewing audience.

-∼Marc "Double Dare" Summers

9.26 The Antichrist Is A Jerk

Saturday, Sep 25, 2004 by State Og Representative

At first, having the Antichrist in my apartment was pretty cool. For those initial few months he rested upright while in a dark slumber and I kept him next to my tv as a conversation piece. When guests came over and a lull in the conversation would come up I'd ask, "Hey, have you seen my Antichrist? I've got an Xbox too. *With Madden 2005.*" That got me more action from goth chicks than you'd believe, but conversely I needed to be careful around my religious friends. When they came over, I had to camouflage the Antichrist by stringing Christmas lights around his slumbering frame and placing a little angel on top of his head that would light up and play "Livin' La Vida Loca" when plugged in for reasons which I don't entirely understand. That got me more action from Catholic chicks than you'd believe.

I'm not much of a storyteller in person, but people would invariably ask me to share the tale of how I found the Antichrist, and this is what I would tell them. When I originally found his naked figure floating in the center of a giant ball of blue fire behind the 7-11 as the prophecies had foretold, I was psyched. Heck, who wouldn't be? I had taken that same route home countless times before and all I had ever found was a half-eaten Spider-Man comic book, but on that day I suppose I had been destined to win the unholy jackpot. I reached into the blaze to pull our dark savior's body out, expecting searing pain but instead finding the inferno suprisingly cool to the touch. As he emerged from his fiery womb into our world's atmosphere, a foul mixture of odors puffed into my face. Foremost was the unmistakable smell of a thousand souls burning in agony, something I would have never attributed a smell to, but there it was. Underlying that was... what was it? I paused for a moment to consider, then I had it. Pancakes. After placing the Antichrist in an old shopping cart, I returned to the blaze and procured the Forbidden Scythe, the Crown of Loathing, and the Cursed 1986 Chevelle Owner's Manual. I took these sacred items which we're all familiar with and blah blah blah. You know the rest.

I found this totally bitchin' picture of the Antichrist, so it's going here no matter what you say. If your fragile world is totally shattered by the awesomeness, then too bad.

After 66 days, 6 hours, 6 minutes and - you guessed it - 4 seconds, the Antichrist awoke and my fun ended. The whole thing happened while I was making fajitas, and it's a day I'll never forget as long as I live because those fajitas were simply splendid. A terrible shadow fell over the room, and in the darkness the Antichrist stirred. His eyes met mine, and it was as though time stood still. His eyes were galaxies of centuries-old fire and brimstone and rage, and they locked me in place. I didn't dare to breathe. Then he spoke, and his voice was the air. It wasn't so much heard as it was *felt.* It drilled down to my core and threatened to scatter me apart as though I was made of sand.

"Woah, is that an X-Box?"

After plopping down on my sofa, he grabbed at the controller which was just out of his reach in the same way that a three year old reaches out at an errant balloon that's floated dozens of feet into the air. With a sigh, I got it for him and went back to cooking. I had prepared myself to be commanded as a lowly pawn in his quest to enslave humanity, but this wasn't exactly what I had envisioned. The lethargy went on for days, his eyes rarely leaving the television. The only real command he gave me was to pick up some good cereal, so I came home with a box of Count Chocula and hoped that he would get the hint. If Chocula's sole motivation was chocolate instead of the blood of the

innocent yet he was still able to keep it real in his pursuit of evil, what was holding the Antichrist back? It didn't work, though. He didn't even bother to look up from the computer when I shook the box next to his head.

"This shit's incredible." He pointed at the screen and motioned for me to come closer. "Look, I can type 'the jackson five' into Google and get over 34,000 results. There weren't even 34,000 people in the Jackson Five!"

"Yes, that's great. I don't want to tell you what to do or anything, but shouldn't you be... you know... wreaking havoc? Venturing out into the world to create chaos and eventually bringing about armageddon?"

"Eh. How about I just create chaos in the general vicinity of this desk? It's raining outside."

"Well, yeah. It's raining *now*. How about later?"

"What if it rains forever? Did you ever think about that? Do you ever think about anything at all besides yourself and how you're going to get the money to provide me with food and shelter? Besides, when you were gone I did do something sort of bad."

"Really?" A glimmer of hope danced in my eyes and a smile worked its smiley way across my face. This was it. Finally, the seed of destruction that would grow and one day blossom into the burnt husk of the earth. "Go on, what is it?"

"I backed up your toilet."

I lowered my face into my hands and let out an exasperated groan, for in that moment I knew he was a lost cause.

"Geez," he continued, "I'm sorry. If I had known plumbing was so important to you I would have never ordered that 'Plumbing Fucking Sucks' book for your birthday with your credit card."

And that's pretty much how things have remained. From time to time I find myself longing for the good old days, when I enjoyed his company and when he was comatose. I realize that what I'm about to say makes me a bad person, but sometimes I wish the Antichrist had never been born.

-∼State Og Representative

9.27 You're Full of Spokker Jones

Sunday, Sep 26, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

This guy is really full of Spokker Jones.

Many people have asked me, "Hey moron, what is the origin of the name 'Spokker Jones'?" Well I will tell you this much, many people have guessed what it does not mean. For the record, "Spokker Jones" isn't another term for a penis encrusted in scabs. It's not what you call a penis tied in a knot. It's definitely not a penis that has been cut off by an insane woman who caught her husband cheating on her with the mailman and the penis is sitting in the street being eaten by ants that love the taste of penis. In fact, believe it or not, it has nothing to do with penises at all! Quite the contrary, it's a term for a bunch of hogwash, flim flam, or gobbildy goop. Don't believe me? Well mister, you've got a lot of nerve because here is a real life example of it being used in conversation! Cherish this mp3 file with all of your heart. Save it, distribute it, send it to grandma. Do whatever it takes to get "Spokker Jones" into the American lingo. Soon children all over the world will be calling eachother a bunch of "Spokker Joneses". The day that a lawyer exclaims, "Your honor the defense is full of Spokker Jones!" and the judge says, "OVERRULED, HIPPY!!!" will be the day I can die a happy man. When a guy tries to sell you speakers at a gas station you tell him, "YOU ARE FULL OF SPOKKER JONES, BUDDY!" Do it for America.

Today's update is all about Spokker Jones. Similiar to the hit television program, "Penn and Teller's Spokker Jones", I will uncover the horrible Spokker Jones that permeates through our society. It's about the kind of Spokker Jones that people try to pull on unsuspecting old ladies all the time. These are the issues in today's society that even paid cable stations won't touch, and that has nothing to do with the fact that these issues are not interesting or compelling at all. Folks, this update may just change your life. Whether that's for the better or for the worse is up to the courts to decide.

Abortion

Every year 79 percent of American teenagers go to the prom. Of those teens 90 percent end up banging in the backseat of a 1998 Toyota Corrola that contains roughly six months worth of fast food restaurant bags and cola cans. 50 percent of these kids end up getting pregnant, usually the girl, and have to decide whether or not to get an abortion or give birth to a future Weekend Web star. The debate over abortion is generally devided into three factions, the pro-choice folks, the pro-life folks, and the Huns. Pro-life advocates believe that retarded babies that will someday grow up to stab me in the face with a broken liquor bottle should be given birth to by people who have already stabbed me in the face with a broken liquor bottle. Pro-choice advocates believe that a good fall down the stairs never hurt anyone. The answer lies somewhere in the middle, and that is, of course, get a fucking job. The fact that you have time to organize pro-choice and pro-life rallies and blow up abortion clinics with crudely-made homemade explosives worries me. Maybe if you dedicated your life to something other than telling other people what to do with their bodies you'd get laid yourself. And then you might know what it's like to take your girlfriend to McDonald's to buy her a post-abortion Egg McMuffin before you run the fuck out of there with your freedom.

Video Games

Is this guy a MMORPG player or a sex offender? The answer might just surprise you! Actually it won't.

The popularity of video games has sky-rocketed in the last decade. In fact, last year 80 percent of Americans purchased a video game console system. Of those people 49 percent have masturbated into their favorite t-shirt because the tissues were out and they had to think fast before they climaxed and accidentilly wore the soiled shirt to work the next day. 12 percent of those people never noticed. The rise in video game popularity is due mostly to the fact that people are dumb and fat. The most popular type of video game is the massively multiplayer online role playing game, named so for the massive multiples that role play online in them. MMORPGs became popular with the introduction of Everquest, which combined the excitement of waiting for things with the intense action of complaining about things. Extremely large somewhat human-looking nerds play the game constantly, foregoing such activities as sex, dating, and monster truck rallies. With every "Ding! Your skill in role playing a bunch of fantasy bullshit has gone up (9,203)!" message, players forget that they should be in school, at work, or waiting in the unemployment line. Instead of unemployment checks role players collect swords and rubies and other shit that no one with any ambition what-so-ever would care about. By killing sand spiders and forest beatles role players feel as if they have accomplished something. Companies like Sony and Square Enix sell a false sense of self-satisfaction for only twleve dollars a month. Soon another generation of nerds will lose their jobs to play Blizzard Entertainment's newest offering, World of Warcraft. Great, I say. Less competition in the job market for us normals.

New York City

New York City is the center of the world. From Wall Street to Broadway, New York is the center of all things culture. In fact, last year zero percent of New Yorkers went to a Broadway play and zero percent visited one of New York's many art museums. Oh give me a break. New York is full of shit and the center of nothing. New York's idea of culture is buying a hot dog from "Guido's" and riding the urine soaked subway to Yankee Stadium and then being murdered on the way home. New Yorkers have this attitude like they are the center of the universe and everyone else in the country is low class. After the planes hit the World Trade Center on September 11th the world poured their heart out to New York. And yet when Southern California is being ravaged by earthquakes and half of our goddamn freeways are falling over the average New Yorker's response is, in that trademark New York accent, "Well why do they live there?!?! They're nothing but a bunch of pimps and whores anyway!" I hope the terrorists come back and finish the job on New York so we never have to listen to another one of those New York fucks boast about how great that cesspool is. As long as they inform New Yorkers first of course. Maybe they can move to Maine or something and start anew.

Statistics

Every year 99 percent of people who believe in something or other and are trying to get strangers to believe in that same thing use statistics to back up their claims. 99 percent of these statistics came to them in a dream. One statistic that is thrown around a lot these days is that one in four female college students experience rape or attempted rape. Now to the average passerby that's a horrible statistic and these monsters should be stopped. But what these groups don't tell you is what those statistics are actually based on. According to many women's groups the following actions constitute rape: looking at a woman, changing a female baby's diaper, having lewd thoughts about a woman, talking to women, working with women, seducing a black basketball star until he bends you over and fucks you for all you're worth and then changing your mind afterwards when you realize you can take this guy for all he's worth, and having sex after marriage. Now I'm of the belief that if

someone is taken advantage of in any way we should nab the guilty party, take them out back to a field somewhere, and blow their brains out. But if you were felt up at a high school party because you got a little too drunk to say no, maybe we should put *you* in jail. Just saying, is all. Anyway most statistics are bullshit, think for yourself, blah blah blah.

Election 2004

Ah, it's another crazy election year and voter apathy is once again in full swing! This year, 13 percent of Americans believe that Bush should win another four years in office. 12 percent of Americans believe that John Kerry is the better man. And 75 percent of Americans worry about making next month's rent. Most Americans don't have time to care about which rich white man will win or lose the bid for presidency. We don't have time to read presidential press releases or go to national conventions and bang a lot of cheap hookers. We are at work every single day trying in vain to make a living. Most of us pick a morning radio personality and cast our vote that way. So just who are you voting for, Howard Stern, Sean Hannity, Rush Limbaugh, or Bill O'Reily? I will be voting come election day, but it will be for the lesser of two evils. And isn't that what America is all about?

Penn and Teller's Bullshit

Every year 86 percent of out of work magicians' new favorite show is Sally Jesse Raphael. Even if that wasn't true, they sure do have enough time to watch it now. Ever since Fox's hit specials called, "Let's Screw the Whole Magic Industry's Shit by Revealing How They Do Their Tricks", professional magicians have been feeling the sting of unemployment. But in the midst of everything a couple of crafty bastards jumped ship right before the shit hit the fan and started a great TV show called "Bullshit". Two guys, Penn and Teller, who made a living bullshitting people their entire lives, pull the lid on the bullshit scams of TV televangelists, bottled water companies, and people who eat dog food each and every week on Showtime. Of course, the bullshit is in the Bullshit. Penn Jillette seems to think that by yelling very loudly and cursing a whole lot he can pursuade anyone to do anything! I know that if a very large man in a suit came into my house screaming, "HEY THINK FOR YOURSELF YOU BASTARD! DON'T GET SCAMMED INTO GIVING HUDREDS OF DOLLARS TO PEOPLE AS STUPID AS YOU ARE!" I'd do whatever he says. Hey Penn and Teller, what if I *like* giving my money to people who write books about rearranging your furniture in certain positions that bring good luck and fortune? By devoting a whole show to telling me what not to do, isn't that the same thing as anti-smoking groups telling me to not smoke? This is insane and I'll have no part of it! Actually, it's an awesome show and I'm just shitting you. Bet you didn't see that one coming!

Something Awful

Uh, some guy I guess...

Many people think that writing for Something Awful is all fun and games. But last year 100 percent of Something Awful's staff was beaten regularly and went without supper every night. The culprit is a man named Rich Kyanka who also goes by the name "Lowtax". Our hidden cameras captured Rich Kyanka screaming at a staff member who was stripped away of his family name and given the name "Frolixo". Rich Kyanka was quoted as saying, "WHEN I TELL YOU TO COOK ME MACARONI AND CHEESE I DON'T MEAN COOK ME MACARONI AND **CRAP**!!! THAT'S TEN DAYS IN THE SCORPION BOX!!!" He then kicked the staff member and broke all his Star Wars toys, even Chewbacca. Last month one staff member managed to escape the Something Awful compound and told us his story. "Hello. My name is Greasnin. It's been so long that I have forgotten my real name. Every day was like living a nightmare at Something Awful. He fed us farts. He chained us to a bedpost and made us ship SA t-shirts that he

rubbed on his butt. Every Saturday was 'daddy night' and- oh god please stop the camera. I can't do this anymore. SHUT THE FUCKING CAMERA OFF!" Greasnin, who we later found out was named Ben Platt, stormed out of the room and was hit by a tractor. Congress is currently pushing a bill that would make running a humor web site illegal. Rich Kyanka could not be reached for comment.

I feel like I have done a lot of good for the world. All in all it was a decent update. At least this time nobody was hurt or killed. So stay safe out there America and stay away from people, places, and things, and you'll live a long and happy life. In closing I'd like to say, screw Frolixo. Screw Frolixo. Screw Frolixo. Screw Frolixo. Screw Frolixo. Screw Frolixo. Screw Frolixo. Screw Frolixo. Screw Frolixo.

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

9.28 Kids Say the Darnedest Shit

Monday, Sep 27, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

For years, media darling Bill Cosby has had a vertical monopoly on asking children questions and getting whimsical answers. In an effort to break up this non-competitive environment I ventured to Whitebrook Elementary school in Chicago's north suburbs to speak with Mrs. Klinger's 3rd grade students. I asked them a broad range of questions, and boy was I surprised and amused by the answers I received.

In the interest of defeating Cosby's monopoly once and for all I present to you "Kids Says the Darnedest Shit".

What super power would you like to have and how would you use it?

"I want to have a shield like Captain America to stop daddy from hitting mommy."

"Invisibility so I can see what girls poop out."

"I would be Superman because bullets won't hurt him, and he can fly, and he can shoot ray beams out of his eyes, and he isn't Jewish."

"Water, turn into water, so I can feel the warmth inside of a Dolphin."

"I want to jump really far to win the Olympics so I can laugh at all of the bad countries."

What's your favorite food and why?

"I like cotton candy because it is like eating a shirt made of candy."

"The sweetest taste of all is victory on the battlefield."

"Uncle Carl has me suck on the garden hose and then he turns it on because he says I'm practicing so I want to try what I'm practicing to eat."

"I like Go-gurt because it's a tangy treat for an on-the-go kid like me."

"I looooove eating paste because I think horses look delicious!"

Who should be the president of the United States?

"I would vote for mommy because she said if I didn't she is cutting welfare."

"If the founding fathers were alive today they would despair at the state of partisan rhetoric and the quality of candidates put forth by both major parties. That's why I would vote for Triple H."

"My cat Mrs. Crenshaw because she has a lot of black baby cats and that's like the president who daddy says wastes his money on all the black babies."

"I would vote for George Bush because he makes daddy so mad and I hate daddy."

"DMX because he reminds me of my bike."

What's your favorite music to listen to?

"I can't get enough of Sounds of the Ocean 5! It just makes me want to dance like crazy."

"I like to listen to ragtime because it reminds me of the good old days when mommy couldn't vote."

"I can sing every Power Ranger song because I have been indoctrinated since birth to be a cow-eyed shallow-minded consumer."

"I enjoy the works of Phillip Glass because I have a stuttering problem and he shows me that I can overcome that by incorporating it into new age classical music."

"My favorite is Britney Spears. She looks like a clean girl that still likes to get it on."

Who is your favorite movie or TV character?

"Always, Be, Closing! Blake from 'Glengarry Glen Ross' taught me the alphabet. "

"Kunta, Toby, whatever you call him, he's absolutely hilarious in 'Roots'."

"My favorite movie is 'The Little Mermaid' and I love Ariel because I want to grow legs some day and walk just like she did."

"I loved Jesus in 'The Passion of the Christ'. I like pretty much any movie where Jesus is getting beaten up."

"My favorite is Yugi from Yu-Gi-Oh! When he shouts the name of the card he's using a shiver runs right down my spine."

What should America do about Iraq?

"My daddy says that whole area should be turned into a window."

"I think we should have a circus and they can all come and have fun and get their minds off their troubles."

"I hope that some day Halliburton will rebuild my dollhouse that my brother totally wrecked."

"The president said things are going well and I agree with the president because there are a lot of really funny videos coming out of Iraq these days."

"Put Sandman back in charge. After all, it's his mess, so let him clean it up with his magical powers."

Does violence in the media affect or influence you?

"Totally! Last week I projected ice out of my hand and froze my friend Kumar and then I punched him with an uppercut and he shattered into a thousand pieces."

"MTV's Jackass made me try to transform my penchant for stunts and pranks into a mediocre acting career."

"After listening to violent rapper Ice-T my sister now kills policemen daily."

"I don't know if reality TV show Survivor qualifies as violent, but I'm pretty sure it's responsible for me wetting the bed."

"That time when the Tyrannosaurus ate Tucker Carlson on Crossfire was pretty awesome but I might have just dreamed that because daddy was gluing his airplanes again. That's when I see fun things!"

What advice do you live by?

"The inside of the dryer is the place where all of the cool kids take naps."

"Mysterious friendly strangers in unmarked utility vans tend to have wildly unconventional definitions of the phrase 'lots of delicious candy'."

"Those bottles under the kitchen sink are for pirates only."

"Rahowa!"

"When daddy hurts mommy from behind it's because they were eating a snack naked and she started choking."

If you could take a vacation anywhere you wanted, where would you go?

"You can get just about anything for fewer than ten dollars in Thailand."

"I would like to visit France and then not buy anything so that France can feel my scathing political boycott firsthand."

"I have always wanted to go to Disneyworld to see if they have any unique branded merchandise not carried online or in brick-and-mortar outlets."

"I would like to go to New Zealand and see if I can meet Hobbits or Xena."

"Las Vegas seems as good a place as any to die for my religion."

If you enjoyed these straight-shooting answers, let me know, and I will compile the rest of the responses for you in an unplanned Part 2 of Kids Say the Darnedest Shit. I had a lot of fun with Mrs. Klinger and her scamps and look forward to paying them a visit down the road.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.29 NFL Experts Aren't Really Experts

Tuesday, Sep 28, 2004 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

ESPN's John Clayton properly registered himself as a sex offender, then picked the Chiefs to win the Super Bowl in 2004.

Now that week three of the National Football League season has wrapped up, I think it's fairly safe to say that "football experts" are neither "experts" nor "footballs." Yes, many football analysts have leathery, dimpled skin and air-filled interiors, but they don't have double reinforced lacing and you can't throw them in a spiral twenty yards through a hanging tire.

Anyways, before the season, a bunch of these jackasses picked the Kansas City Chiefs to win the AFC West. And The AFC championship. And the Super Bowl.

At the end of the third week, The Kansas City Chiefs are 0-3. That means they haven't won any games. They played three games and *they lost every one*. They did not win any games. **That's not good.**

Yet out of ESPN's twelve "football experts," five of them picked the Chiefs to win the Super Bowl in 2004. I'm not good at math, but I'm pretty sure that means 89% of ESPN's staff is mentally retarded.

Two of ESPN's experts -- and please note that the dictionary defines expert as, "a person with a high degree of skill in or knowledge of a certain subject" -- brilliantly guessed that Kansas City head coach Dick "Weepster" Vermeil would win the Best Coach of The Year Prize Monument Award Trophy. Here's what Dick Vermeil actually said after losing to the Texans:

> *"We've dug ourselves a big foxhole. The great thing about this organization is when we dig a foxhole, we dig it big enough for everybody to get in."*

Wow, that's great! So instead of digging just one grave for your own elderly ass, you've dug a huge **mass** grave that all the players, coaches, cheerleaders, and mascots can hurl themselves into! Wonderful! COACH OF THE YEAR!!!

Drew Bledsoe makes $8.75 million a year, and this photo proves he's worth every penny!

My point is that ESPN's experts are full of bullhonkey, and I'm the only person in the entire world who is qualified to provide accurate predictions of the future outcomes of sporting events. Here's my "Hot Spicy Picks" for week four of the NFL season, and keep in mind that I know more than all the other "experts" because I am the most sassy and abrasive:

New England at Buffalo
Winner: Buffalo by 10

I'm a Buffalo Bills fan and our team has lost more Super Bowls *in a row* than any other team in the league. So they're a force to be reckoned with. Plus, Bills Quarterback Drew Bledsoe is a marvel of human engineering. One time he threw an old crock pot fifty-four yards *through the air* into a dumpster. And since the Patriots traded Bledsoe away like an old sock a couple years ago, he's out for vengeance. Bitter, revenge-vengeance.

If you think New England is going to win this game and break the consecutive "we

haven't lost any games" record, you're an idiot with more drool coating your keyboard than ESPN's John Clayton. Buffalo will win by at least ten and punter Brian Moorman will once again show the entire league why they call him the "incredible, edible leg."

Oakland at Houston
Winner: Houston by 3

Just before the morning meeting, Oakland offensive tackle Barry Sims receives word that his father has passed away after a long battle with cancer. Inspired by Sims' loss, future Hall-of-Fame wide receiver Jerry Rice dies of a massive stroke midway through the second quarter. Sebastian Janikowski kicks a 43-yard field goal, but it doesn't make him feel any better about himself. Houston wins after a guy throws a ball at another guy and he catches it and then people cheer.

NY Jets at Miami
Winner: New York/New Jersey Hitmen by 7

The Miami Dolphins and the rest of Florida get washed away in a hurricane, so the XFL's New York/New Jersey Hitmen are re-instated and smooshed into the league as an expansion team seven hours before kickoff. Although many of the Hitmen players haven't played since their last 2001 game against the Memphis Maniax , the sheer element of surprise allows them to overcome Chad Pennington's freshly-shaven Ivy league wuss passes. Hitmen quarterback Marcus Crandel throws a 57-yard touchdown with 4:13 remaining in the third quarter to receiver Alvin Harper, who initially catches the ball just as his left foot hits the right hash mark on the 42-yard line of the Jets. As he crosses the plane of the goal line, Harper plants his right foot, spins 27 degrees, and spikes the ball into the face of line judge Mike Durner. Harper immediately apologizes, saying, "whoa, sorry man, I just... you know.. there's a lot going on in my life right now."

In conclusion, ESPN sucks and you should never listen to their advice unless it's medical-related.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

9.30 Not Without My Emoticons: The Dumb Internet User Story

Wednesday, Sep 29, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

My e-mails are now 100% more awesome and worthwhile.

In past articles, I've discussed emoticons a great deal, reviewing them and evaluating their function in our ever-changing society. Today I took the time to review a revolutionary product aimed at making a great multitude of emoticons accessible in an unprecedented manner: in e-mail and instant messaging. Finally, the power of imbuing your online communications with raw emotion is possible, and the timing is as right as ever. Using sophisticated technology, a young company called Smiley World was able to create a browser toolbar making the world of emoticons as simple as loading up Internet Explorer and traveling to a pornographic website full of carnal sluts willing to do anything for your pleasure. I don't mean to say that Smiley World is in any way affiliated with pornography or carnal sluts, just that their program is as easy to use as a carnal slut. Also I think it gave me gonorrhea, but that might just have been one of those crazy "only on the Internet, folks!" coincidences.

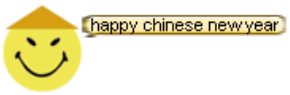
Let me quickly jump off track to clarify an ambiguity that plagues me in my ongoing efforts to collect and catalog emoticons. Recently, when I was discussing the need for a form of binomial nomenclature to keep tabs on emoticon varieties while on my lecture circuit, I was asked what the difference was between an emoticon and a smiley. In my research I have noted that the distinction is subjective, as the two individual terms are often used interchangeably. Primarily, though, emoticons deal with the visual representation of emotion, such as "happy" and "I have a zipper for a mouth." Smilies are more of an art form that can include emotion, but also encompass things such as actions, like playing a mandolin or dancing. History teaches me that smilies, in their current incarnation, are a derivative of the rise of emoticons. Thusly I use "emoticon" as a blanket term that encompasses smilies as well. This can seem confusing, I know, but the sooner the scientific community takes me seriously, the sooner we can make all this stuff official.

Now let us continue discussion of Smiley World and their wonderful toolbar. My life can now be divided into two distinct eras. Everything bad that's ever happened to me took place prior to my recent installation of the Smiley World toolbar. However, I can report that nothing bad has happened in the hours that have passed since getting a key to emoticon Valhalla. There are few things that truly wow me as a human being. One thing that wows me is the ongoing exploits of my imaginary friend, Mr. Rocket Corn, who has a cob that is made out of a rocket. Another thing is when I first experience an event that I know will change my life forever. When I first loaded up the Smiley World toolbar, it was an epoch in my life. It was the moment where my old skin was shed, and my new scales shimmered in the bright yellow smiling sun.

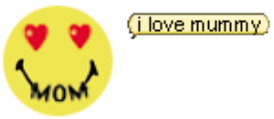
At first I was concerned that this new toolbar would take control of my life, dictating my emotions through visual conditioning of some sort. But of course that was paranoia, much like my belief that Dale Earndhart was killed due to the reckless driving of his older brother, Racer X. It was like Smiley World used advanced technology to map the full range of the emotional spectrum, creating the perfect face for every mood great or small. I've become a better man thanks to this program, becoming more in touch with a wider array of emotional outputs I never even knew I had. Before I was "wahhhh" all the time, whereas now I'm definitely more "wahhhhuuuaaaahhh" in my outlook and behavior.

What the Smiley World toolbar does is compress every human emotion and every human experience conceivable into about two dozen categories, featuring names such as "divas and dudes" and "funny incidents." I mention those two categories because they best represent my life. It might seem cruel and dystopian at first, but rest assured, compacting human emotion into small pictures divided into categories is exactly the kind of progress we need to advance as a species.

I can talk about the science until the cows evolve into homes, but let's get down to the basics. I'd to share with you a handful of these emoticons and experiences up close and personal:



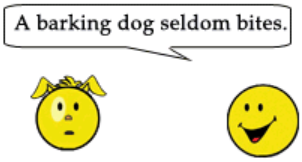
This one is destined to come in handy when you are talking to Chinese people on the all too common date of the Chinese New Year, especially stereotypical Chinese people, fresh from working a long day in the rice fields or on the railroads. This would also be pretty useful if you were friends with Raiden from *Mortal Kombat*, although he probably would get sick of seeing this dumb face and shoot lightning at you.



Even though this looks like some kind of horrifying nightmare where mommy is a bloodthirsty monster, I understand the intention was to be sweet and wholesome. That said, the moment my mother turns into a bloodthirsty demon drunk on murderous rage, I will warm her heart with this wonderful smiley in an e-mail message sent to her holding cage.

One of my biggest complaints about Smiley World is that they openly endorse drug use, as illustrated by this smiley advocating the wanton abuse of the murderous drug marijuana, which causes thousands of cop killings each year. I'm going to assume this was a slip up and that Smiley World does not want police officers murdered by pot-fueled madmen. But then again maybe they do want that. We all have our faults, so there's no sense making a fuss about it.

In the off chance you're directing a movie remotely and using a chat program like ICQ or AIM to communicate with your cast and crew, a smiley like this is of grave importance. How else can you start a scene without a slate? As an added bonus, this smiley seems to be bleeding. I sure hope the cast and crew aren't laughing on the set over the director's misfortune.

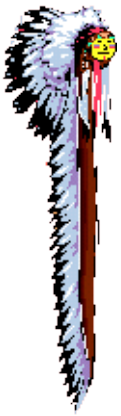


This great smiley, located in the "proverbs" category, is perfect for all those innumerous occasions where a dog is menacing one of the chatting participants. With simple words, this smiley will put any fears to ease. It truly is like they thought of everything!

All and all, I give the Smiley World toolbar four stars. This is the future of the Internet, people.

In utilizing this advanced peace of software, I realized something about human nature. In a way, emoticons are a part of us, as people, as human beings. Inside each one of us is an inner emoticon, the center of our emotional core. To truly reach our emotional potential, we must learn to expose this inner emoticon to the outside world. In future support groups, counselors will use an emoticon discovery strategy to unravel the complex web of human emotion and how it can overwhelm people.

In looking inward, I discovered that this was my inner emoticon:



I'm not sure what to do now. I'm not sure at all.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.31 My Plants Died But it is Okay Because I Hated Them

Thursday, Sep 30, 2004 by Tom "moof" Davies

When I first moved to the big city a few months ago I was very lonely, and so I bought some plants for companionship. I kept them in the dark and did not water them often because they were jerks. They died last week. Although I did not like my plants because they called me names and made fun of me when I was sleeping, I once again find myself falling into the dark bottomless put of utter and total loneliness. So I have decided to get myself a pet, probably a bear. This whole paragraph is supposed to lead in to the list I made of good pets and bad pets, but I don't know how to do that so I am just going to end it right here.

A Good Pet: A Bear

Bears make great pets because they are gentle and easy to domesticate. If you do not know what a bear is, let me tell you. A bear is like a dog except it is bigger. A bear can do a lot of useful chores around the house, such as chopping wood, cooking, and knitting. You can also put a saddle on your bear and ride him to work. Bears are more fuel efficient than cars and can swim. Bears are awesome and I love them.

This is a picture of a dog, which is very similar to a bear in many ways.

Good names for your bear: Mister Bearstable, Growly.

A Bad Pet: A Teddy Bear

Teddy bears are stupid and absurdly ridiculous. Teddy bears are not as nice or kind as real bears, and sometimes they will steal your money and spend it on drugs and gummi worms. I know this is true because sometimes in my dreams I am a teddy bear and it is terrible and I want to die. When will it end oh god when will it all end.

A Good Pet: A Rock

Shut Up!!! AARRAAARGH!!!

Rocks are mostly found underground which is also where moles and goblins and INKlings live, so be careful if you are going to look for rocks. Rocks come in many shapes and sizes, varying from round to not very round. If you want to, you can draw a face on your rock and maybe stick some hair on it too. Don't use real human hair though or else your rock will grow into a rock person and will eat all your food and kill your parents.

Good names for your rock: Mister Rockstable, Rocky.

A Bad Pet: The Zoloft Rock

The Zoloft rock may think that life is great and everything is terrific, but let me ask you this, Zoloft Rock - what about war and famine and death and starvation and republicans? Well? Shut up Zoloft Rock. Just shut up. Go away. I hate you.

A Good Pet: A Hobo

Hobos are good because they have a lot of stories to tell. Once I met a hobo who lost his home and his job and had to live on the street! What a story that was, and how we laughed until the sun came up and I woke up in a pool of my own blood and urine with my wallet and my pants missing.

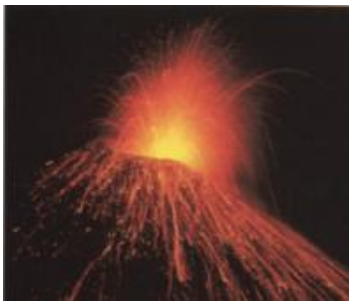
Good names for your hobo: Mister Hobo, Hoboey.

A Bad Pet: A Hobbit

I am afraid of hobbits because they are always trying to kiss you when you are not looking. It is a fact that Sam and Frodo were making out behind the rocks during much of The Lord of the Rings. A FACT. I do not want to make out with Frodo or Sam. Maybe Legolas though, he is dreamy.

A Good Pet: A Tree

Trees are mostly found in forests. They are made out of wood and leaves. Sometimes trees have owls and heffalumps in them. A tree is a good pet if you don't like things that move or make noise. Before you grow a tree, make sure there is enough room in your house for it to grow or else you might die and turn into some kind of monster or zombie or something. At this point I really have no idea.



OH NO WHAT ARE YOU DOING.

Good names for your tree: Mister Tree, Leafy.

A Bad Pet: A Mountain

Mountains are bad pets for the most part because you can never be sure which are volcanoes. The worst thing your pet can do when you are playing with it is erupt and spew molten lava and burning chunks or rock and ash at your face.

A Good Pet: A Fish

I had lots of goldfish when I was little. I would throw a hoop over a stick at the carnival and then a man with one eye and a peg leg would give me a goldfish. The carnival at our town was right next to the sea and when I would go on those rides that spin around and around it looked like I was going to fly right into the depths cold ocean but that almost never happened. I would think about setting my fish free into the wild where he could be with his friends and live and happy life in an undersea castle but I never did because I am a jerk. I don't think a goldfish would survive very long anyway because it would get eaten by a shark or a mermaid.

Good names for your fish: Mister Fins, Fishy.

A Bad Pet: A Giant Sea Monster

Sea monsters make bad pets unless you live on a boat. They need a lot of space and a lot of things to eat, like fish and people. If you live on a boat and have a lot of people (they can be dead or alive, it does not matter) then perhaps a sea monster would be an okay pet. For the rest of us though, it is not a good idea to keep a sea monster. When taken away from their home (the sea) they get lonely and afraid and cry a lot, which is very noisy. It is difficult to sleep when there is a sea monster crying his eyes through the dark and lonely night, miles from the beautiful depths of the majectic

ocean.

A Good Pet: A Bee

Bzzz Bzzz Bzzz. That is the noise a bee makes, and you had better get used to it because I want everyone who reads this to go out and get a pet bee. Bees are easy to find, look on flowers and in beehives. The best kind of bees is the bumble bee, which are bred for their speed and noise. Once you have caught a bee, you can keep it in a cage or a tank. Feed your bee honey and meat.

Good names for your bee: Mister Bee, Buzzy.

A Bad Pet: Some Beef

I don't really know where I was going with this, I had to think of a word similar to 'bee' and 'beef' was the best I could do. Anyway I suppose beef would make a pretty bad pet unless it was a lot of beef and alive, in which case I suppose it would be a cow. Cows make awesome pets so I suppose beef can be a good pet. Just a chunk of beef would be a bad pet because you can't do a lot of with it except cook it and eat it, and you must never ever eat your pets.

-~Tom "moof" Davies

Chapter 10

October

10.1 The Return of Kids Say the Darnedest Shit

Friday, Oct 01, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

After an almost unanimously positive response to my "Kids Say the Darnedest Shit" article I have returned with more of the wit and wisdom from Mrs. Klinger's class at Whitebrook Elementary school. The questions once again cover a broad range of topics with unpredictable and often downright crazy answers.

Fasten your seatbelts, because you have no idea what those darn kids are going to say next!

What do you want to be when you grow up?

"I want to be a doctor that looks inside girls."

"A goblin sapper."

"A mommy! I want to be one of the mommies that has the really little babies that you put in the special box. They're so tiny!"

"I want to be America's box-office sweetheart."

"I don't know what it's called, it's where you live in a sewer and eat human poop."

What is your favorite sport and why?

"The best is the sport of kings which is called gerrymandering."

"I like the one with the ghosts and Pac Man. It's pretty scary."

"My favorite sport is pursuing the most dangerous game; automobiles."

"Basketball is the best. There is nothing quite as amazing as watching those powerful and toned black men. It's like a pack of panthers fighting over a zebra carcass."

"Skeet shooting perfectly captures the horror of life as a duck."

If you were running for president what would your "October Surprise" be?

"I would jump out of a cake at my daddy and say 'happy halloween!' and then he would hug me because he would also have back the arms he lost to the combine."

"I would finally catch the elusive spring fever."

"I would probably launch missiles at someone that everyone hates, like me."

"I think it would be really cool to punch the queen of England right in her face. That would be a surprise to people."

"My mommy would buy me the Playstation she promised me when she sold all of my Ritalin to Paul Hucklebean."

What is your favorite subject at school?

"Lunch! Nothing gives me more pleasure than feeling myself get fatter. It's like putting on a snow suit really slowly! Sometimes, if I listen really close, I think I can hear the fat."

"I love music class because the singing drowns out the sound of the voice telling me to kill."

"History is great. I just can't stop laughing about that holocaust. I'm like 'whatever Mr. Schwarzbaum, okay, sixty bajillion Jews died' and he gets mad, but I still can't stop laughing."

"Math class is probably my favorite. It's way better than English class because numbers don't love or hate."

"I would have to say art class. I turned in a blank sheet of paper and got an A+ because Miss Hooper said it was a minimalist masterpiece."

Who is your best friend and what are they like?

"My best friend is a hot meal and a cold shower after a long night working the metal press."

"My best friend is Jerry Crenshaw. He is nine feet tall, invisible, and he promises that the streets will run red with blood if the bullies don't lay off of me. He has a plan."

"Mommy is my best friend because she opens her hand when she strikes me."

"My favorite friend is the helicopter. Without it where would we be? Not on top of helipads, I can promise you."

"I would say that my best friend is Sally. She taught me everything I know about showing just enough to get some attention, but not so much that I look like a slut."

If you could be any animal, which one would you be and why?

"I would like to be a canine heartworm because I love my puppy Scrapples."

"I think I would like to be a tiger because the lion is the king of the jungle and that's just way too much responsibility."

"Eskimos are my favorite animal and I would love to live in a city of ice and eat baby seals."

"I think it would be neat to be a bear like my two dads are."

"Daddy says there is no way that humans came from monkeys so I would like to be a monkey that has a human baby to prove him wrong."

What is your hobby?

"When mommy and daddy aren't home I like to try and pry open the locked box on the top shelf of their closet. I think it belongs to daddy and I bet it's full of fun things that I can point at my friends."

"Prayer and abstinence."

"Mommy says my hobby is running around like a fool but that's actually what I do as my job. My real hobby is dancing like a moron."

"Nation building."

"I would say video games, but that's just a guess, because I'm not sure what you call it when your daddy shoots at you with a cross-bow and you try not to get hit in the face."

What is your favorite joke?

"Knock-knock. [Who's there?] Orange. [Orange who?] Orange you glad this isn't that joke where I say banana over and over again until you get mad and want to lock me in the cellar?"

"Have you heard about the new run-flat Italian tires? Dago wop-wop-wop."

"How many blondes does it take to screw in a light bulb? Probably one unless the light bulb is really high and you need another one to hold the ladder steady."

"I don't know what the joke is called but it's the one where you make a Polish person either cry or hit you."

"There is this talent agency and they are looking for fresh talent in the region so they put up posters everywhere. After a long day of casting calls the talent agent's secretary announces that the last candidates are ready to perform. A family of four walks into the talent office, a mother, a father, a girl and her younger brother. The little brother lays down a cardboard mat and the father sets a boom box on the talent agent's desk. He presses play and this really fast rap music starts playing.
The talent agent says wearily, 'well, let's see the act.'
With no further introduction they break into their routine. The young girl pulls off her father's tear-away pants and starts sucking his dick, while the mother starts eating the little boy's asshole. Once he's hard she picks him up and the father bends over and she starts feeding his dick into the dad's asshole while the daughter bends over underneath him and starts fucking him. The mother switches back and forth between licking balls and licking her daughter's pussy while her husband fucks her. When the father is just about to cum in his daughter he pulls a funnel out and sticks it in the mother's ass. He and his son beat each other off into the funnel until they fill the mother's ass up with cum, then the father pulls the funnel out of her ass and she squats over the daughter's face and shits the cum into her mouth. The daughter snowballs the shitty cum to the son and the son snowballs the cum to his dad and then finally the mother takes her glass eye out and the father drools the mouthful of cum into the mother's eye socket.
They all stand up and spread their arms apart, cum running down their faces and shit all over them, and they cry in unison, 'we're the aristocrats!'"

I hope you enjoyed hearing from the students of Mrs. Klinger's class as much as I enjoyed talking to them. Maybe someday I'll make it up there again to have another talk with her delightful class.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.2 Huzzah!

Saturday, Oct 02, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

For those of you who are like me, living a sad, trivial existence revolving around what sort of pot pie you will be consuming on a particular evening and watching reruns of Remington Steele while masturbating into a napkin, the Renaissance festival is the most exciting event of the entire year. History and fantasy enthusiasts alike crawl out from their black lighted basements to partake in the merry festivities where the air is filled with laughter, the smell of dung, and the ring of cash registers.

Many of those dressing up see the festival as an outlet to express themselves through frilly clothing and horrible British accents. Personally I think it's all a little silly to dress up like a harlot or foppish gay swashbuckler, so instead I show up dressed as a mythical centaur along with my magical bow "Roger", and whenever I see somebody dressed like an elf I scream "WELL MEET FAIR ELF, CAN YOU SHOW ME TO THE NEAREST WATER TROUGH FOR I AM QUITE THIRSTY!!" I doubt you get it because it's really just an in-joke with festival goers, but sometimes the elf tries to flee after my affront, I have to trot after them and if I can catch up, pummel them underneath my hooves and let out a booming neigh over their broken body. The great thing about the Ren-fest is that you can totally immerse yourself into the spirit of the event, and any murders committed are considered "crimes of passion" because sometimes you can get a little too caught up in all the hoopla and horseplay and strangle a jester with short piece of rope and then stuff his body in the hay tent until his corpse is found next year and put up as a spooky prop. In my eye, jesters are on the same level as mimes, and fair game for Malnok, the centaur guardsman of York

The large motley rabbles of pseudo-historical exhibitionists freely roam the grounds of the fair, losing themselves in the atmosphere of wonder and awe. Indeed most of the festival-goers are fairly ignorant of any real history of the age, and as such think that 14th century England was a cheerful wonderland of dancing and dwarf tossing. There's no mention of war, disease, poverty, and death. Yes, it was a great time for all, even with the infant mortality rate at a healthy 50%, and goblins eating all the May Day pudding. You could walk down the street and be sassed from all directions for not spending money on games like "throw the piglet in the bucket", or watching a knight in his shiny armor seductively eating a corndog before the big joust. But there are many other highlights to the Renaissance as well that are located directly under this paragraph you are currently reading. Use your scroll button you idiot.

Crowds

Nothing is better for getting into the spirit of the Renaissance festival than looking for a parking space for 2 hours and then wading through a sea of blubbery wenches, 90lb nerds in studded leather, and baby carriages filled with bawling feather-capped snotlings just to get to the ticket booth. By the time I actually get inside the festival, I'm ready to go home and hide from the brutal reality of stupid, fat hobbits. Last year I couldn't find a parking spot on the roped off, never-ending grassy field of cars, so was forced to park near some apartment building with a bunch of other angry folks. After I was all blustery and sweaty from the day's events, I returned to my car with my arms full of useless tickets only to find that I was taken away by Ye Olde Tow Shoppe, and I was totally screwed, along with all the other fools that shared my fate. In the Renaissance days, stealing a man's horse would warrant a trip to the King's gallows, and the victim was even given a complementary hen for

their troubles, but now you have to pick up your car for an outrageous fee and then give a hand job to the tow truck owner because you spent all your money at the festival. They call this progress? Also, I think every obese person should be issued a Rascal scooter by the U.S. Government to keep a steady flow of pedestrian traffic.

Spending Money

These guys have never seen a real vagina.

If you plan to fully enjoy the Renaissance festival experience, I recommend that you mortgage your house and sell your plasma for at least 6 months so you'll have the necessary funds for your enjoyment. This includes parking, price of admission, food, drinks, and the multitude of homemade crafts that are marked up 300% because they're made by authentic nerds in a tent. Something funny happens to you once you get to the festival and see all the crap that's for sale, and that 6th ale starts kicking in. I still don't remember buying that huge pewter dragon candle holder that is currently sitting in my basement with socks draped over it, or that $200 dagger that is sitting my junk drawer next to my emergency shoelaces. It has gotten so bad that when my landlord spots me going off to the festival in my centaur outfit, she makes me pay for rent on the spot because she knows I'll be cleaned out by the merry brigands before the day is out. It's no wonder that most of the common citizens of this age were crippled with poverty when a mere sausage costs $3 and a public flogging costs $5. I need to get a piece of this action and learn how to make wooden mugs or some shit.

Sass

The one thing that is most abundant at a Renaissance festival is unbridled sass. If there is a history lesson to be learned here is that everybody back must have teased each other mercilessly, probably because there was no TV yet or something. Every hired drama student/sandwich engineer that works at the festival belts out personal insults at the passerby so they feel like they are really living in the Renaissance. I know if I spend $10 to get in, I expect a thorough sassing and will demand a refund unless I get called a "scrawny freckled rapscallion" at least 5 times during the course of the day. Words were harsher in those times, and it toughened your hide so you could withstand arrows and vampire bites. Feelings are for 21st century wimps.

The knights relax after a long day of "jousting".

Bread Bowl

Step 1: Buy soup served in bowl made entirely out of bread.
Step 2: Consume soup.
Step 3. Are you ready for this? EAT THE FUCKING BOWL!

The bread bowl is the greatest invention known to man and the cornerstone of civilization. If I could find a local bakery that made bread bowls, I would never have to do dishes again.

Give a Scotsman a blowjob, only $8.

Jousting

Many think the highlight of the festival is the knights reenacting the most chivalrous sport of the era: jousting. Freud once said that "jousting is a metaphor for men that suffer from extreme penis envy, and have an innate desire to knock other men off horses with their penises." I don't know if I agree, but one thing is for sure, the fake jousting at the festival is really boring. I have a feeling that these guys don't have insurance, and are extremely overcautious when jousting. If you were an insurance company would you have a knight policy to cover these guys whose job is getting knocked off a horse with a large stick all day? So it always ends up with the two knights coming about five feet from each other and then running away. Watching my nephew play the Nintendo game Joust is more exciting than watching a couple clowns on horses just pass each other for an hour.

Some of you may be asking "Hey Frolixo, why do you go to this event every year if you hate it so much? You are a stupid faggot." Well that is a valid point. I must admit that I have the memory of a goldfish and always buy a ticket without remembering what a horrible time I had the year before. Also, I can't stand to have money and will automatically spend all my hard earned savings on any shiny bauble or trinket that happens to strike my fancy. Like I said, all I have in life is watching Pierce Brosnan solve crimes with his confident swagger. The festival is all I have left, and nobody can take it from me. Hopefully I will see you there next year, and please don't run from me. I WILL take you out..

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

10.3 Huzzah, Part 2!

Sunday, Oct 03, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

This is a dark day for me, and believe me, I'm none too happy about what I'm about to say, but hear me out. As those of you who visited this humble website yesterday know, our own beloved Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz treated us to a saucy article about how crappy Renaissance faires are, and how he nonetheless goes every year. If you would like to read that article, you may do so by scrolling down to the bottom of this page. Not all the way to the bottom, though, or you'll miss it. I, however, did not read Frolixo's article about Renaissance faires yesterday, because I was too busy being **at a fucking Renaissance faire.** You have to understand how much this upsets me. See, as a writer for a semi-humorous website that gets its jollies by making fun of people who do things that are even the least bit socially awkward or unusual, the yearly Renaissance faire is like the Holy Land. It's a veritable Mecca of material. Everyone who attends these things - myself included - is, at least to some degree, a colossal dork. There is absolutely no way to attend a Ren faire and then not write about it the next day. Hell, that's the primary reason I went in the first place. I thought, "Hey, that's one more week where I don't have to think up my own article topic, unlike most weeks, when I just scan the headlines of wacky Australian news sites for some stupid news item I can drag out into a full length piece." I **have** to write about this thing. But, as fortune would have it, Frolixo beat me to the punch, through no fault of his own. It would be one thing if I thought what he said was way off base, but no, to my infinite shame I agree with everything he said. So here's the problem: it's two in the morning, I just got home from a night of post-Ren faire shenanigans, and I'm way too tired to come up with anything clever or fresh. So I'm just going to add in a few points of my own that Frolixo neglected to mention and call it a day.

Look, I'm even using the same pictures as Frolixo! God, I'm lazy!

The most crucial aspect of the Renaissance faire experience that Frolixo touched upon, but didn't do justice, is the people. You have to remember that while there are those who go to Ren faires in normal modern street clothes, such as myself, these places swarm with people who dress in full Renaissance regalia and whose primary concern while within the confines of the faire is to purchase more accessories for their Renaissance regalia. As you may recall, everything sold within a Ren faire is insanely expensive. For instance, I saw a ratty leather coat today that might have gone for a hundred to a hundred fifty bucks at a novelty clothing store. At the faire, it was priced at nine hundred dollars. **Nine hundred dollars.** I've been on this planet for nearly twenty-one years, and I have never spent nine hundred dollars on any single purchase ever. I should make it clear that I have been in possession of no less than five cars in that time, and I can still say I've never spent nine hundred dollars on anything. Use that to give you some perspective. Nonetheless, there are hordes of people who shell out their life savings to buy incredibly expensive clothing that they only wear to go to other Ren faires for the sole purpose of buying more incredibly expensive clothing. Clearly, this is not an environment inhabited by people with all their cylinders firing properly.

I think that it may be precisely that reason that people who would not normally go anyplace public feel that the Ren faire is the perfect place to go. They figure, nobody there has any concept of what is normal and sensible to functional society, so who are they to judge how strange I am? That is why your average Ren faire attracts the most bizarre people on Earth. First you've got the ones who are just physically weird. These events call out the most oddly proportioned people you will ever see in one place in your life, with the possible exception of the Republican National Convention (see that? I'm lazy *and* topical!). Sure, there are your typical skinny guys and fat people, but only

at a Ren faire can you see a nine foot tall woman in a bustier with breasts that register on the radar of overhead aircraft. Due to the peculiar nature of the clothing worn by so many Renaissance enthusiasts, every ounce of fat on many of these people is squeezed into one section of their bodies, creating all sorts of strange, undulated bulges. And as a rule, we're talking about a good number of fat people here. Let's put it this way, I saw two separate women who were so morbidly obese that they couldn't move without the aid of electric wheelchairs. On an average day, I don't see any people who are too fat to sustain their own locomotion. Today I saw two. And one of them was wearing a corset, although I'm not sure if you can really call it a corset at that point. Your typical corset contracts the wearer's waist, forcing the chestral region upwards and outwards, creating the appearance of a large and heaving bosom. This particular garment wasn't contracting shit, and if it was, I can only assume that without the corset, this woman would have been so large that the light currently emanating from your computer screen would be sucked into her gravitational field.

You don't have to be gay to go to a Ren faire, but it helps!

People tend to settle into one of a number of categories in terms of their involvement with the Ren faire experience.

Old School Haterz

For some people, just going to the faire in modern day clothing isn't enough. They need to prove to the costumed individuals around them that they are not one of them. These people will object loudly to anything remotely resembling participating in a Renaissance activity. For the record, "Renaissance activities" can include things like: acknowledging any of the wandering performers as anything other than college kids trying to make a few easy bucks, holding a sword, staff, or other prop for someone they know who came in costume, or clapping in rhythm at a performer's request to help out an act. Furthermore, the Haterz will not only refuse to play along, they will actively try to disrupt things by any means available to them, such as intentionally clapping out of rhythm or shouting random obscenities while a performer is juggling flaming knives over an audience member's head.

Normies

There are those who just go to enjoy the humorous accents and lively performances, but choose to stay firmly rooted in their own time period. These people can be distinguished by their T-shirts, blue jeans, cellular telephones, and vaguely detached smirks. They tend to make up a good portion of the crowd and are often seen as easy targets for performers looking to score some cheap laughs.

Renaissance Goths

Ren faires are typically bright, happy affairs. However, the Renaissance goths know that the Renaissance was only a time of joy and prosperity for a privileged few. The lower classes lived in squalor and servitude, fighting for survival against a constant onslaught of famine, cruelty, and plague. It was a black time for all, and dammit, *somebody* has to represent the truth! That's why the Renaissance goths will dress in only the blackest of medieval clothing, including capes made out of a cut up pleather trenchcoat and genuine sixteenth century boots from Hot Topic. The Renaissance goths will generally find one another and brood together upon the bleakness of life somewhere near the food court, while the rest of the people enjoy the experience that twenty-five bucks for.

Hardcores

The hardcore Ren faire patrons are the ones dressed better than the paid professional Renaissance actors. They've spent the last fifteen years perfecting the ultimate costume - the right tunic, the right chain mail, the right bracers, the right boots, the right headgear, the right crest, the right sword, the right plastic elf ears. Over the years, their obsession unites them, creating couples who then start coming in matched outfits. IF and when they manage to successfully spawn offspring, they will bring them along and dress them up as well. Beware of toddlers running around in authentic Renaissance outfits that cost more than your entire wardrobe.

Don't worry, he's wearing underwear under that thing. Ironically, though, his underwear bears a photorealistic artistic rendition of his genitals.

I could go on and on, but frankly, two articles in two days about this topic is a bit much. Also, it's late and I'm tired. In the end, the Ren faire experience can be a positive one, as long as you go in with the right mindset. For instance, you know you're going to spend a shitload of money, no matter what, so buy stuff you can use! Unless your town is sacked by Vikings, you'll probably never get to use that Mighty Broadsword of Greater Cleaving that you bought for four hundred dollars. Just buy a souvenir shotglass, so at least you can drink until you forget the fact that you just dropped twenty bucks on two ounces of easily broken glass. And yes, get a bread bowl. Food of the gods.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

10.4 Name Dropping Featuring Dave Barry

Monday, Oct 04, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Who is this "Dave Barry" character?

Syndicated humor columnist, author, and inspiration for the absolutely phenomenal and amazing "Dave's World" sitcom Dave Barry sometimes links to Something Awful on his blog. I was told that he is a pretty famous author, and that this should be considered a fairly major event, but all I read are alternate history books in which the Native Americans win World War II. As far as I know, Mr. Barry has never written one of these books, so his body of work is pretty much outside of my sphere of awareness. Intent on educating myself about Dave Barry, I turned to my oldest friend Internet and read up on Mr. Barry. He seems like a reasonably nice guy, but I still didn't feel like I was getting the complete picture.

I called up my good buddy Matt Drudge to see if he could ferret out anything juicier about Dave Barry. Our phone conversation went a little something like this:

ME: Hey, Matt, how's it going?
Matt: Who is this? How did you get this number?
ME: It's Zack, from Something Awful.
Matt: THE Zack? Zack Parsons? That guy?
ME: Yes, calm down Matt Drudge. I was wondering if you could do me a favor and look up some information.
Matt: Anything for you! Who do you need the 411 on? Clinton? Bush? Kerry? I've got stacks of stuff on Kerry. Did you see that pen bullshit I posted? They're eating it up! They're calling it "Pocket Gate".
ME: Yeah, whatever Matt, I need you to look up some stuff on Dave Barry.
Matt: Who?
ME: I'd never heard of him either. Supposedly there's this famous author named Dave Barry who links to Something Awful sometimes. About all I know is that he didn't write "Rommel's Last Stand" or "The Iron March of Tears".
Matt: Alright, I'll get everyone on it. If I find out anything look for the flashing siren.

Drudge is a shifty character to deal with, always combing every conversation for a tidbit that he can stick into some article he makes up about Cheney licking whipped cream out of a stripper's bellybutton, but he gets results. Sort of like a leaf blower made out of scorpions. At least I didn't have to meet with him in person. The guy walks around with a huge jar of Vienna sausages and smells like a meat locker after a power outage.

Something exciting happens!

While I sat down for an interview with some douche from Entertainment Tonight about the affect of the blogosphere on the mainstream media Drudge raked his withered claws across the back of the world raising runnels of information. Normally I don't do interviews, especially with cotton candy outlets like ET, but I'm so sick of hearing about the blogosphere that I wanted them to swing by just so I could slap their spot director in the face. That didn't even get them to leave so I sat across from the interviewer with an American flag over my face with holes cut for my mouth and eyes and ate

chocolate pudding. Whenever the interviewer started to ask a question I un-muted a gay porno called "Felcher: Buttock Ranger" that I had playing at maximum volume. Eventually they got the idea and left.

During my six o'clock shiatsu my phone started to chirp out Sorabji's Opus Clavicembalisticum. I was so lost in thought that I was going to let my personal assistant get it, but by minute eighteen I remembered that I had Drudge turning over rocks for me. I picked up and Drudge was breathing heavily, as usual, like he'd just worked out his passive aggression on a beef shank covered with the photocopied faces of boys who'd broken his heart.

"This had better be worth it," I said, waving away the masseuse with a Franklin and a wink.

"Is it ever!" Drudge was gleeful. "I'll fax what I have over right away."

I was reluctant to give Drudge my fax number, but I was even more reluctant to go through life like Oscar Schindler thinking I could have done more to find out about Dave Barry. I could always get the fax number changed anyway.

I started reading the moment the first sheet was finished printing and didn't stop for six hours. It was such intense reading that I had my PA catching urine in World's Greatest Grandpa mugs and passing them along a bucket brigade of house workers to the toilet. I probably could have had her use something larger, it's just that I have so many of those mugs and I want to use them for something besides throwing at employees when they bring me bad news.

Dave Barry, you beautiful enigma, you Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner, you little house on the prairie of the existential oversoul. Your life was like an onion made of shadows and mystery, but there it was, all laid out before me in neatly laser printed pages from Matt Drudge. What's to say about Dave Barry? There is so much that anything approaching comprehensive would require a work of encyclopedic proportions. Instead I will offer up to you a few facts that might just surprise you.

Dave Barry is a killer of men. He has slain at least five personally, using nebulous diplomatic immunity rights to avoid criminal prosecution, although at one point the federal government threatened to extradite him to Peru.

Barry is apparently attempting to reshape the whole world in his own image. He has sired some 294 children with 285 different women, and those are just the documented cases. Some of Drudge's anonymous sources put the number closer to 1,200. This doesn't even factor in the gallons of semen that Barry donates weekly to artificial insemination clinics. Rumors persist that it has even been used to create a centaur.

In 1982 Dave Barry founded a religion called Pneumianity, preached that he was the godhead, and formed a religious commune in the jungles of Nicaragua. In 1983 his group was visited by Nicaraguan authorities and members of the US government. The visit turned into an orgy of violence when Barry ordered his henchmen to attack the departing government officials at the airport, had the remainder of his followers commit mass suicide, and then "ascended to dwell with Pneumias for all eternity" in a helicopter that took him to Los Angeles.

Has been involved in multiple altercations with singer/songwriter Randy Newman, including a brawl that erupted in a Beverly Hills jazz club and sent Newman to the hospital with a dislocated shoulder.

Barry is in talks to have his book "God Bless the Jews and Their Nigger Friends" made into a three-part miniseries for CBS, but production has been delayed by insistence on receiving payment in authentic ducats.

- Votes for Lyndon LaRouche in every election including local and state elections.
- Had a section of his website devoted to an Al Qaeda message exchange until it was shut down by the FBI in 2003.

After reading about four hundred pages of this scandalous information I didn't know what to think. I knew Mr. Barry appreciated our work here at Something Awful from time to time, but I never bothered to find out who this big appreciation-throwing question mark really was. When I finally found out it felt strange. The whole situation reminded me of that Karl Marx quote "I would never belong to an anti-czarist revolutionary organization that would have me as a member". My peers are villains and scoundrels, travelers of the world with predilections for starting cults and impregnating every fertile womb they fall into.

The one thing Drudge hadn't managed to dig up was Barry's phone number, so I dialed Drudge up again.

Mystery solved, problems begin.

"Matt," he started to gush at the sound of my voice but I cut him off. "Matt! Listen to me! Don't ever call me. Don't ever mention me. We're not friends. I don't want friends like you."

"What the f-" I hung up before he could finish and hit speed dial. Drew Curtis from FARK answered the phone.

"Drew, baby, brunch is cancelled. I'm going on hiatus. No more social functions, no more black tie dinners where we rub elbows with the elites. I'm going back to nature, I need to find out more about myself. Yeah, sure, you can have your Gary Glitter albums back."

I have a buzzer on my wrist that signals my personal assistant Lorena no matter where she is in the house. It's wired into her central nervous system so that when I push the button it triggers her brain's fear center and makes her think that only I can protect her from the hungry dead that are pursuing her. She came running and screaming into the room.

"They're after me again! Do something! Do something!" I slapped her.

"Gone, baby, calm it down. You're safe." She held onto me like a female monkey carrying around its long dead baby. "Lorena, let go. Cancel all of my appointments. I'm going to Hyannis Port, tell Jeeves to set up the room, stock the bar, and get plenty of fresh citrus. Ribbons and paper for the Remington."

Lorena was breathless, but I pressed on, pulling up my underwear and draping an ermine robe over my shoulders.

"I'm going to get away from this..." I hesitated to give my life a title. "...this shit. Shit. I'm going to write the great American novel."

I headed towards the door, then paused to glance back over my shoulder at Lorena. She was still wiping tears from her black-rimmed eyes.

"It's about this guy named Johnny Two Feathers who helps the Sioux defeat Hitler. It's about America. The everyman."

I snagged a bottle of Blue Label firewater on my way, emptied the contents into a Jeff Gordon

commemorative cup, and sunk into the Corinthian leather of the limousine as it whisked me off to my future free of Dave Barry.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.5 Who's Gonna Protect My Internet Now?

Tuesday, Oct 05, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Oh Amit Yoran, who is going to help protect us from ourselves now?

We Americans sometimes take things for granted. For example, I've been taking my girlfriend for granted nonstop for about a year now, and I plan on continuing this until late January 2005 or until a near-fatal car accident reminds me of how precious and fleeting life is, preferably by having the role of myself played by Fred Savage. There's a whole box of crap in my basement that I've been taking for granted for nearly two years, mostly because my basement is teeming with mutated spiders and devil rats which have undergone extensive training by the Navy SEALS. I refuse to stop taking this box for granted until a team of strong, courageous men agree to venture into this deathtrap and eradicate the evil pests with rocket propelled grenades. The leader of Team Basement Liberation could be played by Olivier Gruner if he's not too busy starring in quality Cine Excel Entertainment movies such as "Vampire: Attack of the Vampire" or "Underwater Robotic Mechanized Assault Yeti Cyborg Legion 6: Return of Theo Huxtable."

Today I'll be fulfilling one of my sworn obligations as a legitimate media outlet by demanding innocent, sweetly brain damaged folks from around the globe begin to OH MY GOD PANIC IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO AND WE'RE ALL DOOMED I TELL YOU, DOOMED! Once again everything we know and love runs the risk of being flushed down the toilet bowl of despair inside the bathroom of broken dreams by using the toilet plunger of eternal infamy because THE INTERNET AS WE KNOW IT IS DOOMED!

> **U.S. cybersecurity chief resigns** - *The government's cybersecurity chief has resigned after one year with the Department of Homeland Security, confiding to industry colleagues his frustration over what he considers a lack of attention paid to computer security issues within the agency. Amit Yoran, a former software executive from Symantec Corp., informed the White House about his plans to quit as director of the National Cyber Security Division and made his resignation effective at the end of Thursday, effectively giving a single's day notice of his intentions to leave. Yoran said Friday he "felt the timing was right to pursue other opportunities." It was unclear immediately who might succeed him even temporarily. Yoran's deputy is Donald "Andy" Purdy, a former senior adviser to the White House on cybersecurity issues.*

An actual image of a computer virus, the same one which murdered Balki Bartokomous towards the end of "The Langoliers."

As a famous philosopher once said, "you know the party is over when Amit Yoran leaves the room." Come back, Amit Yoran! We love you and didn't mean to hurt you, baby! Now some of you more ignorant and / or filthy folks out there may not be aware of the many, many duties Amit Yoran accomplished for each and every citizen of the Internet during his however long stay as the government's cybersecurity chief. In fact, some of you might not have even been aware that the United States had a cybersecurity chief! Well you know what folks? Protecting idiot Internet shlubs like you and me is hard work, and Amit Yoran spent a ton of sleepless nights devising cunning plans to make all our online experiences much more fun and safe, like riding a roller coaster through a hallway full of baby ducklings stuffed with marshmallows and pillows. Amit Yoran was probably one of the most overworked men in America during his

tenure as the cybersecurity chief, and his duties included (but were not limited to):

- Checking his own email and pressing the "delete" button when discovering any messages promising to deliver "teenage cream pies" directly to his desktop, shortly after giggling like a schoolchild.
- Using the Internet to discover important information regarding the Internet.
- Asking his secretary if he had any appointments scheduled for that particular afternoon, then saying "hmmmm" and thoughtfully tapping a pencil against his head after she reminds him nobody has ever called their office since moving in.
- Pretending to talk to President Bush on his "PicturePhone," which was a regular phone with the word "PICTURE" written across it with a red Sharpie marker.
- Occasionally scrawling down important Internet-related things on his cybersecurity notepad, such as "take out trash tonight" and filling an entire page with copies of the phrase "SO LONELY."
- Briefly thinking about computers every time he passed a CompUSA.
- Looking shocked and confused when his secretary would walk in, smell the air in his office, and ask him if he smelled something "really gross."

This is what your computer does when it is infected with a virus. You can tell because it says "VIRUS" on it.

Of course none of these activities would've been possible if it wasn't for President Bush's decision to appoint somebody to the position of cybersecurity chief as part of his "National Strategy to Secure Cyberspace" proposal, which was created in response to the time President Bush searched for the phrase "what is my wife's birthday?" on Google and it returned 674 links to hermaphrodite furry porn. The National Strategy to Secure Cyberspace, personally written by President George Bush and some of his most technologically savvy advisors, contained a large set of online goals, including:

- The removal of suspicious VRML geometry which could possibly steal sensitive credit card data, such as the shady-looking blue cube that was repeatedly seen hiding behind the yellow cone whenever a user attempted to buy something online.
- The phasing out of email and the introduction of "amail," where the "a" stands for "awesome" and the "mail" stands for "mail." Amail would be exactly the same as email, only there would be a line of text at the bottom that reads "THIS MESSAGE BROUGHT TO YOU COURTESY OF GEORGE BUSH" and a little clickable tool tip which offers such sound Internet advice as "when posting on the Internet, make sure you have an online buddy who will hold your hand and alert the proper authorities if you are abducted by a popup ad for free iPods."
- Discovering a method to somehow physically eat birthday cake over the Internet.
- Creating a color-coordinated set of warning alerts for the Internet that increase whenever something scary and threatening occurs, such as the discovery of an efficient email virus of the launch of a new Insane Clown Posse fan site. Level green means everything is okay and you may continue to download your erotic "Charmed" fan fiction text

files, while level neon red means that if you even try to turn on your computer, John Ashcroft will personally kick down your door and throw your entire house in a specially constructed "Internet Jail," which is just like a regular jail only the wardens are a lot more obese.

- Researching the feasibility of forcing computer manufacturers to install every piece of spyware, adware, malware, and computer viruses on their machines before they ship them out, thus saving users the hassle of inadvertently accomplishing the same thing over a time span of days, perhaps hours.

- The creation of a governmental supercomputer which could scan and analyze the Shroud of Turin, thereby recreating a digital reproduction of Jesus through latent DNA samples left in the cloth, and releasing an Internet Explorer plugin which downloads this representation of Christ to your computer. This software, dubbed "iChrist," warns users when they are visiting any non-Christian site and is able to transform jpegs of blood into jpegs of wine. If you pay $15 and upgrade to the full, registered version, iChrist informs you of the latest sports scores and weather forecasts with "an outrageous Jesus edge." All Barabbus fan sites are automatically blocked.

Unfortunately Amit Yoran could not keep up with the fast paced, high stakes world of government cybersecurity, some claiming he resigned due to Bush's lack of attention. I don't believe that George Bush intentionally ignored the office of cybersecurity, I just suspect that somebody uninstalled the talking parrot program on his computer which read out his new email. This infuriated Amit Yoran, who sent a strongly worded email to the President which he never received because it was entitled "FREE XXX CUMSHOT VIDEOS FOR ELIMINATING YOUR DEBT THE CHRISTIAN WAY" and it was blocked by the mail server.

Regardless, the Internet is back to its wild, untamable roots, much like that one Danielle Steel novel about the woman in the 1800s who traveled to a plantation in Louisiana and made out with a bare-chested man in a field of flowers shortly before learning it was her sister in drag and she had cancer and amnesia and was looking for her biological parents who she was separated from decades ago when a Lifetime Network camera crew showed up and abducted her to star in their original movie, "Mommy Where Are You? I've Been Abducted By a Lifetime Network Camera Crew: The Julie Clarke Story." So I guess it's once again up to responsible Internet citizens like you and me (mostly me) to make the online world a more safe and secure place. Luckily I am an Internet expert and know all kinds of smart shit about the Internet like IP addresses and how much glue it takes to fix a router, so I will offer up a few critical tips necessary to ensure your personal safety on the World Wide Web (FTP):

This computer is very safe because it's disguised as a mailbox or something, therefore making it more difficult for viruses to discover.

INTERNET SECURITY AND SAFETY TIP #1: Many dangerous viruses and worms use security flaws in the Microsoft Windows operating system to spread. Inspect your operating system at the end of each day for worms and viruses, periodically tapping on the monitor and listening for a wet, hollow sound. If your computer starts acting strange or you see any foreign residue on the bottom of your registry, call a trained Internet technician to come by and exorcise your computer or, if none are available, spray the inside of your computer with a garden hose until it smells like it's fixed. Don't worry about water hurting the

CPU or anything; I saw a movie where some guy was swimming in a pool and a large piece of electrical equipment fell in it and he died, so that means computers like water.

INTERNET SECURITY AND SAFETY TIP #2: Another potential open door for viruses is email. Only open email if it's from a person you know and the title of the message is "NOT A VIRUS!!! REALLY!!! I SWEAR IT!!!" If you accidentally open email from an unfamiliar source, back away from your computer and begin shrieking like Donald Sutherland at the end of "Invasion of the Body Snatchers." Wait in your closet with the lights off until trained Internet technicians arrive at your house and disinfect your computer with a mixture of baking soda and Miracle Gro.

INTERNET SECURITY AND SAFETY TIP #3: Viruses often find it difficult to spread when your desktop is cluttered up with thousands of icons and programs running in the system tray. All these programs are distracting and confusing, prohibiting them from spreading as efficiently. Try to fill your desktop with links to every single exe file on your computer, then organize them into the shape of a really long maze with the starting point being "My Computer" and the end being the recycling bin. The viruses will come out of your computer, travel through the maze of program icons, and fall into the trash! As noted computer expert Kevin "pdf Dawg" Mitnik once said, "it's so easy to use, no wonder it's number one!"

With this type of desktop layout, the viruses are trapped after entering your computer and have no choice but to flow straight into the trash.

INTERNET SECURITY AND SAFETY TIP #4: Don't fall for the scam of buying more RAM. This is one of the biggest swindles in the computer industry; the maximum number of computer viruses and spyware your computer can run is directly proportional to the amount of RAM you have! When buying a computer, refuse to accept it until they take out all the RAM and prove to you there's no secret RAM hiding in the case like behind the hard drive or in a dark corner next to the motherboard.

INTERNET SECURITY AND SAFETY TIP #5: If you notice a speed and performance drop on your computer after using it nonstop for six years or more, this is because you don't heave enough neon on it. Buy a translucent computer case mod and

> install as much green glowing neon on it as possible. If it still acts sluggishly, stencil something catchy across the side of it like "FRAG MACHINE" or "FRAG MACHINE 2000" or "MY GIRLFRIEND."

Alas poor Yoran, we will miss you!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.6 The Debate Debate (Debate!)

Wednesday, Oct 06, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Gentlemen, start your engines! VROOM VROOM!

The first and last debate for America's aspiring vice presidents (all two of them) wrapped up not long ago, with the results being much closer than the first presidential debate. Although most people favor Dick Cheney's performance, John Edwards did put up a decent fight. All in all, both candidates did a fantastic job arguing issues in a completely meaningless way, signaling another four years of the same regardless of the election's outcome. Both accused each other of flip-flopping (a pointless accusation since every politician with a pulse flip-flops) and having inaccurate facts. There were also some cheap shots, but none on the level of an East Coast-West Coast hip hop feud.

Before the debate began, I listened to some random NPR attack drones discuss how Dick Cheney was a menacing statesman, fierce and steady, determined to destroy Edwards with his proverbial Omega Beams. They talked about how his arm was lost in a sword fight, his past as a cage fighter, his mother's Gorgon heritage, and all the blood on his hands. When speaking of John Edwards, they talked about his magical tongue that, like the song of a siren, had the power to enchant people for better or worse. They praised him for his vitality and his ability to not look like a bitter old man. I considered this a good primer for the debate, since it appealed to my interest in superficial commentary.

"The Rules of Engagement" for the debate were similar to those of the first presidential debate. Both candidates would have two minutes to answer questions, get 90-second rebuttals, and 30-second sudden death bonus rebuttals. In addition, a merciless colored lighting system would tell them when they had to shut up. Candidates would sit at a table with the moderator, Gwen Ifill, who is best known for her work on the game show *Where in the World is Carmen Sandiego?*. Unfortunately, Rockapella did not join her in presiding over the debates. Unlike last election, which was disastrous, the debate committee chose not to have the winner be declared by a panel of young women that went on dates with each candidate.

Hey, he doesn't look so evil in this picture!

Although the debate was highly repetitive, it did provide some interesting moments key to helping voters decide which candidate they want leading the charge into Armageddon. Here are some of the highlights that stood out most to me.

- Dick Cheney, in a strange move, began the debate by demanding fifteen minutes of silence for the late Rodney Dangerfield. This delayed things, especially when John Edwards argued it was a bad move. Cheney called Edwards disrespectful and went ahead with his fifteen minutes of silence alone.

- Edwards started off heavy by removing his shirt and asking Cheney to "oil him up." When Cheney refused, Edwards called him a "tease." Edwards, in a candid move, then

recited the sacred Green Lantern Oath while bare-chested:

> *In brightest day, in darkest night,*
> *No evil shall escape my sight.*
> *Let those who worship evil's might,*
> *Beware my power....Green Lantern's Light!*

■ While Edwards went through the debate not wearing a shirt, Cheney wore a T-shirt with a tuxedo design printed on it. He repeatedly juggled oranges and bit his lip when asked difficult questions.

■ When the discussion turned to homosexual marriage, Edwards snapped a VHS tape out of his jacket. "This video cassette," he said, "contains footage of Dick Cheney's lesbian daughter having lesbian sex. I think the American people have the right to see this video, and I brought a VCR with me." Cheney successfully "yoinked" the video away as a frustrated Edwards struggled to properly hook the RCA cables to the VCR.

■ Cheney, attempting to prove Edwards incapable of defending this country, shocked everyone with a startling revelation. "How do I know John Edwards can't defend our country?" asked Cheney. "Because I abducted him from his home when he was a child and threw him down a flight of stairs, obviously causing permanent brain damage."

Cheney cracked his knuckles and added, "and I could do it again." Edwards was left in tears.

Loveable young playboy John Edwards.

■ On numerous occasions, Edwards mistakenly referred to the moderator as "your honor" and Dick Cheney as "the defendant." On the flipside, Dick Cheney repeatedly invoked the name "Adolf Saddam bin Laden Noriega" in a possibly calculated attempt to spark fear in the hearts of cowardly Americans and further link bin Laden with Hussein and other evil men.

■ Cheney lost some credibility by countering Halliburton accusations with, "the nonpartisan website Sexbarn.org has all the information discrediting those rumors." Actually, Sexbarn.org turned partisan about the same time they added the alpaca gallery and video section.

■ Edwards did not hesitate to bring up Halliburton at every opportunity. Cheney finally countered by giving Edwards a coupon book offering valuable discounts on Halliburton brand merchandise.

■ Both candidates struggled with Gwen's question, "if you could be any flavor of ice cream in the whole wide world, what flavor would you be?"

■ Cheney began multiple rebuttals with, "I don't know where to begin." While he was attempting to convey that he was overwhelmed by inaccuracies, it came off sounding

more desperate. Edwards preferred to start his rebuttals with, "the reason for that burning flesh smell is that my opponent is ablaze in the flames of his own filthy lies."

Normen Fell wasn't involved with the debates, but I was thinking about him throughout those tense 90 minutes.

- In an effort to prove how strong he was, Cheney injected a syringe full of heroin into his heart. He finished the debate spitting and oozing blood from of his mouth.
- When told not to mention John Kerry's name in his response, Edwards mentioned it twice. Legend has it that if you say John Kerry's name three times, he will appear and kill you with his hook hand. Gwen scolded Edwards for trying to invoke evil spirits.
- In his closing statement, Edwards thanked Gwen and the vice president. In Cheney's closing statement, he thanked Gwen and snubbed Edwards. This showing of contempt had an obvious effect on Edwards, who was visibly shaken. For the first time he learned just how hallow politics truly were and undoubtedly lost all faith in American democracy.
- Meanwhile, in a remote cabin, Peter Camejo declared himself the winner of a debate he had with two effigies he built in his garage.

Unfortunately, unlike the first presidential debate, the vice presidential candidates failed to fully grasp the very concept of the election. This is an election of fear, and whoever tells the scariest story wins. They repeatedly strayed from topics such as "nuclear proliferation will kill us all" to pay lip service to unimportant domestic issues such as jobs, gay marriage, and healthcare. This is absolutely unforgivable, since healthcare is meaningless if we're all dead or injured by terrorists! Furthermore, neither candidate addressed the impending return of 9/11. Anybody with a 2005 calendar can see that it's going to happen again. All I'm saying is that there are no 13th floors on buildings, so maybe we should play it safe and strike that date from the record.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.7 Welcome to Venezuela

Thursday, Oct 07, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

This update is brought to you by SAITGO (Something Awful Internet Travel Guide to the Outside) in partnership with Cadbury Halloween Eggs, the special edition eggs with bloody fetuses encased in creamy chocolate shells, and with the support of readers like you.

Greetings, and welcome as we take a fantastic journey to one of the truly great treasures of the world. Today we will be exploring the wonders of Venezuela, the South American paradise that is nestled between the loving arms of Colombia and warm buttocks of Brazil. If you are planning a vacation in the near future, I hope this travel guide helps sway your decision into choosing Venezuela as your destination. As you soon will see, this spot is the hot location for swinging singles, couples that just want to escape, and even families that want a real adventure. Despite what you might have heard, Venezuela has ABSOLUTELY NO VAMPIRES! Don't believe the lies! Now, join us as we graft wings on your back and staple you to a Pegasus as we whisk you away into the heart of this land of mystery that is Venezuela.

The story of Venezuela is rich with history and culture. Unfortunately, I don't know that story because I was hired for this gig at the last minute and didn't have ample time to prepare. I'm really supposed to be at the Little Missy Prettypants beauty contest right now working as the emcee, but this payed a little more and I was uncomfortable about breaking my parole by coming within 50 yards of soft, innocent children. You know, this isn't what I went to school for. I spent 6 years and a huge sum of money to become a Java programmer, and now I'm whoring myself out making balloon animals at bar mitzvahs and working overtime at "Hot Dog on a Stick". Who would've thought that everybody else would go into computers as well, and not business administration or TV repair like in the 80's. I'm really starting to think my career path was a wrong one and I'm close to going back to school to learn how to suck cocks. I hear there's good money in that.

1 **Caracas:** I'm not entirely sure, but I think this is the capital of Venezuela because on all the maps the name is a little more bold than the rest. The city is probably a great tourist spot because there is a good chance it has electricity, running water, and maybe even hamburgers. There are also a host of great nightclubs for you folks that like to live on the wild side and get women drunk, have unprotected sex in the bathroom, and come home with a full blown case of AIDS. There is never a shortage of tomfoolery and mischief that you can get yourself mixed up in. Hire a guide to show you around the city and steal your camera, take a helicopter ride smuggling drugs across the border, or even stay in your hotel room and watch cartoons speaking in crazy South American dialect. Just one word of advice, don't run foul of the local gang who isn't afraid to slice open your fanny pack and eat your traveler's checks right in front of you. If you see one, just slowly back away or climb a lamp pole. Also wear garlic and crosses because for some reason it drives them back into their dark cubby holes below the city.

2 **The Beach:** This is the hot spot for tourists looking to get a nice, crispy melanoma tan, or for perverts spying on the naked women in the nude section and ejaculating onto a crab. Just be careful of the crabs because they can grow extremely large in this area and have been known to chop off fingers and torsos of unknowing tourists who foolishly wade into the surf without any body armor or large spears. Besides the dangers of the man-eating crabs and great white sharks the lurk just off the reef, this beautiful location is perfect for waterskiing, parasailing, or playing cat and mouse with the local drug lords just like in that movie "The Beach" with Leonardo DiCaprio. That movie sucked.

3 **The Jungle**: This is the prime location for you adventurous types who love the outdoors and survivors of harrowing ordeals in order to get made-for-TV movie offers by the networks. Here you can hire the best poachers money can buy to drive you around in their jeep until they find an endangered species for you to shoot. Since there are not many of these animals left, your really have to be proactive to nab one of them before it's too late. I really want a set of monkey heads that I can serve to guests like in 'The Temple of Doom', but instead of serving their brains I would just fill the heads with chicken soup or something because brains are gross. If there is at least one reason to visit Venezuela this fall, it's shooting monkeys.

4 **Coffee factory tour:** Venezuela is the largest producer of coffee in the world and its rich beans are carefully cultivated in its many coffee bean farms around the country. This particular factory farm was the original started by Juan Valdez and his magical mule companion, Francisco. Juan had a famous saying in those days that went like this: I like my women like I like my coffee. Thrown into a burlap sack and slung over the back of a mule, and then taken back to my basement to be burned, crushed, and scalded with hot water. Sure Juan had his dark side, but he made the best coffee around, and soon his business became world famous. Francisco went on to become Juan's Capo, running another coffee operation on the west side of the country. But Francisco the mule become too greedy and tried to betray Juan and take everything for himself. A violent war ensued, known as the coffee wars, and left the market in tatters, leaving poor farmers and businessmen left in the uncaring hands of Folgers instant coffee. Eventually, Francisco was killed and Juan's empire was once more restored, bringing an end to Venezuela's bloodiest chapter. On this factory tour you will be shown all the historical spots of the Coffee War, as well as where Juan first met Francisco under an enchanted plum tree. If you mention my name, you'll get a free sack of coffee beans, or a shotgun blast to the knees, depending on my tab at the time.

Oh wait a second, this happened in Colombia. Ok, never mind, don't read this paragraph and just move on to number five.

5 **Worlds Largest Rubber Band:** Easily one of the most popular tourist destinations in Venezuela is the really large rubber band that was found by a local farmer when he was digging a hole to hide from his wife. This behemoth boasts a span of 30 feet and has enough stretching power to hold of the children of Mexico in its suffocating grasp. Currently on display on top of the farmer's roof, it's a must see for any visitors in the area or devout Christians on a holy pilgrimage. Yes, the world's largest rubber band had been declared a holy relic by the Catholic Church because a patch on its side kind of looks like Jesus if he was clean shaven and weighed about 50 pounds more. Every year, millions of people flock to the rubber band and pay the farmer a small donation to be catapulted into a dung pile. This is said to be a ritual of being born again and teaches humility to all those who pass through the stretchy arches of heaven. But be warned, if the world's largest rubber band senses you are a heathen or have less than holy intentions to be launched, it will take action against you. I won't go into any gruesome details so you can just use your imagination on this one.

6 **The Ruins:** Located at this site are some of the most awe inspiring and breathtaking ruins in South America; this is a must see for any history buffs. I fully admit that I'm totally ignorant on any history whatsoever except for what I've seen in the movies, but I think there were something like Mayans or Zulus and they had some spears and sacrifices and shit. These ruins are actully huge temples built for their Gods, but it didn't really work well because I don't see any of them around today. Go ahead and feel free to explore the ruins at your lesuire, just make sure you head back when it starts to get dark. Take my word for it, you don't want to be at the ruins at night under any circumstances. There are some things in the world better left unexplaned, like the dozen tourists found drained of blood and hanging upsidown naked from some trees last year. Have fun!

7 **The Mystery Spot:** Just another tourist trap, literally. Do not visit the mystery spot if you want to live.

8 **Dracula's Castle:** Deep within the Carpathian Mountains lies a fortress of evil where the guardian of the undead sits on his throne of skulls. His name is Dracula and his thirst for innocent blood will never be quenched until he is destroyed. The castle is open from 9:00 AM-6:00 PM on weekdays and noon to 5:00 PM on weekends. Admission is $8 for adults, $5 for seniors, and $4 for children under 10 and beautiful virgin women. Please note that once you enter Dracula's Castle, the law of Venezuela ends at the door and you may be subject to a special brand of the count's offbeat humor and be prepared, it can get a little "blue". Please leave all religious icons, garlic, and wooden stakes in your car or there is a chance the count will dispatch you as you enter and dump your corpse from the highest tower of the castle. Don't say I didn't't warn you

Ok so there might be a few vampires in Venezuela but what country doesn't have their share of problems? If you decide to visit Spain instead they have a terrible rat problem, Italy is running rampant with cockroaches, and Greece is filled with Greeks. Just stop being such a baby about it and come spend your vacation in the Venezuela sun frolicking with capybaras. So maybe I was hired by VVHIWLTTUD (Venezuela Vampires Hiring Internet Writers to Lure Tourists to Their Unsuspecting Deaths) Foundation to make my update a vacation guide today instead of writing observations about airline food and the differences between men and women like I had planned. Big deal, I need the money.

Look just go there ok? Is that so much to ask? Jesus it's like pulling teeth with you people.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

10.8 Behind the Scenes at the Dune Motion Picture Pitch Session

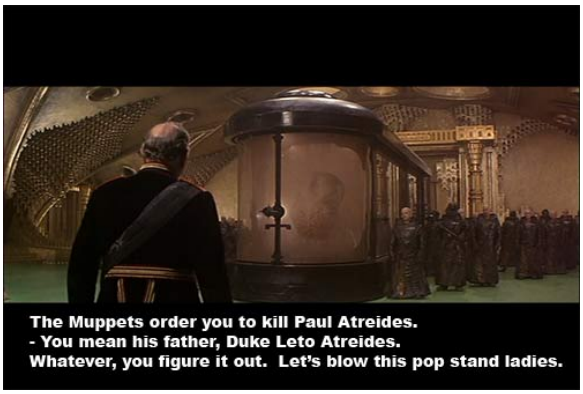
Friday, Oct 08, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Okay, picture this, we open up with space, and then this princess woman's head fades into view. Like, you know, maybe she's a ghost and maybe she isn't. Who knows! It'll be great. She can save us a ton of dough that we would drop on an introductory montage.

Alright, then we go to the space king's palace, and he has this guy from the Muppets coming to visit him and it's really scary. And the Muppet guy has a whole band with him and this bald dude just starts totally rocking out on the microphone in this creepy alien voice. Then this big tram car thing opens up and there's a Muppet inside and it tells the space king to kill Paul Atreides, who is the hero of our movie and basically Christ or God or something but he doesn't know it yet.

The Muppet's rockers

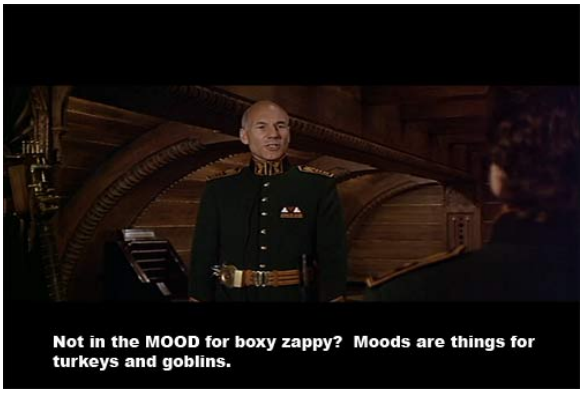
The Muppet speaks


The Muppets order you to kill Paul Atreides.
- You mean his father, Duke Leto Atreides.
Whatever, you figure it out. Let's blow this pop stand ladies.

Then we go to where Paul Atreides lives and we'll have the guy from Quantum Leap - no not Bakula, the other guy - and the guy from Star Trek - no not Shatner, the other guy - and we'll have some other dude there who has these big furry eyebrows. Then Picard is totally going to give Paul a bunch of attitude and they'll start fighting with these cool boxy and zappy things and it will be a great way to showcase some eye-popping special effects.

He who controls the eyebrows...

There are four lights!



En garde!

So then after fighting with the boxy things the space king's witch will show up and trick Paul into putting his hand into a box. Then his hand will melt or some shit, I haven't thought all that through, but it WILL be awesome, I promise.

Then we go to the Red Baron, and he is the bad guy. To make sure everyone knows he's bad he's really fat, has bad acne, can fly, and is gay. He calls in his nephews who are wearing these really cool suits that look like those black plastic corrugated drainage pipes and maybe one of them can be a rock star like Bruce Springsteen or Sting. Yeah, Sting! And the other guy just looks like a troll and can grunt a whole lot. And the Red Baron wants Sting to play one of his hits, and they get all excited about hearing Sting play a song and then he doesn't because he's evil too.

Fields of Gold!

Fields of Gold!

Fields of Gold!

Fields of Gold!

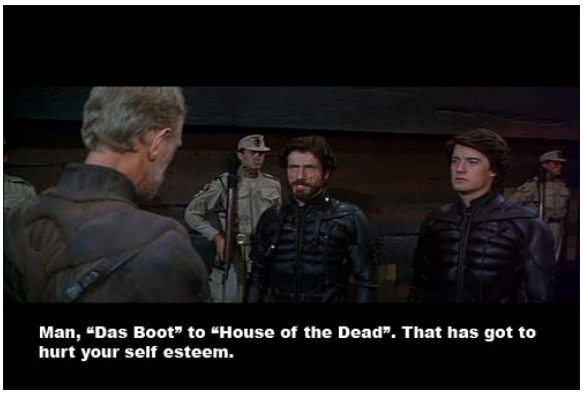
Fields of Gold!

Fields of Gold!

Then Picard and Paul Atreides and his dad and whoever else are on this Dune planet. And they are meeting with this ecology professor guy who is showing them how to wear their suits that keep them alive in the desert. And the guy goes to fix up Paul's suit but oh my God it's already fixed desert fashion because "he will know their ways" or whatever it says in that book this is about.

Number one!

I see your mother didn't dress you.



Then the guy from Quantum Leap is looking for something with a flashlight in a corpse and then when Paul’s mom isn’t looking he grabs a sheet of paper out of the guy’s skull or something. And then we see it’s secret orders from the Red Baron who wants him to kill the Duke or else he’ll kill Sting or some other person. And Quantum Leap guy doesn’t want to kill the Duke, but he loves Sting or whatever and wants to hear "Fields of Gold" so he is going to kill the Duke.

Then the Red Baron and the space king’s soldiers attack Paul’s castle on Dune and Picard charges out to fight them, but that’s cool because he survives and Paul finds him later. Then the Quantum Leap guy poisons the Duke and puts a poison tooth in his mouth so he can kill the Red Baron. Yeah, like one of those hollow KGB teeth but it’s full of gas he can spit out and kill the Red Baron when he gets close. So he bites the tooth when he thinks the Red Baron is close but instead of killing the Red Baron it kills his friend with the big eyebrows.

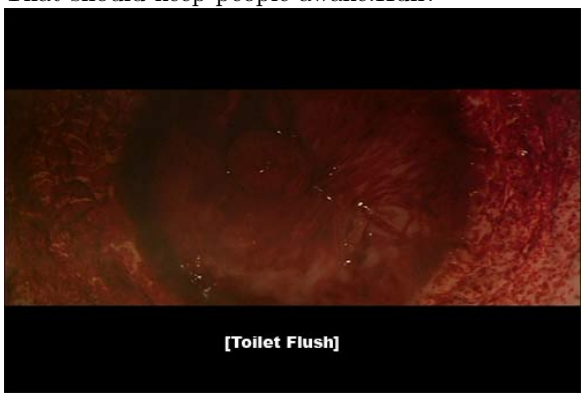
Not without my dog-hter.

The Tooooth.

The Tooooth sucks!

Then Paul and his mom escape and Paul has some kind of crazy dream with blood and whatever. I don't know, just neat pictures, they don't have to mean anything, you know? Then some hot desert girl with glowing eyes will come onto Paul and they can have sex in between more weird dream sequence stuff.

That should keep people awake.Huh?



Hey good lookin'.

Then back on the Red Baron's planet we can have Sting get out of a shower and flex and whatnot for the ladies. And the Red Baron can try to get him to do "Fields of Gold" again but he still won't do "Fields of Gold" and so things are starting to get tense between them.

Ahhhh...

Fields of Gold?

Fields of Gold?!

Then Sting and the Red Baron can give the guy with the furry eyebrows a cat, and I don't know it's a future cat so it looks weird and maybe has like a badger or a pigeon taped to its side.

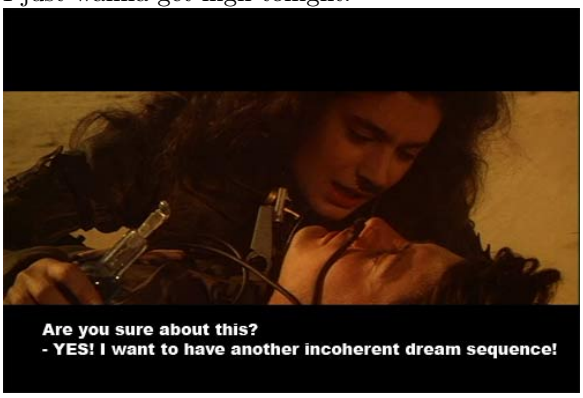
Paul, who is friends with the Free Men, can teach them how to shoot sound beams. Maybe using a microphone or some other gadget. Like, I was thinking last night, every object in the universe has some frequency of sound that will destroy it, so if you make it loud enough you can shoot the sound at that frequency like a gun and destroy ANYTHING. That's pretty deep, I think. No, no, it's not in the book, I just think it would be cool. And then this big sand monster comes up out of the ground and the Free Men are all scared of it but Paul is way too tough to be scared and he just climbs up on its back and starts riding it around.

Chhhhhhhaaaaa!

Look out!

But to fully become a wizard or Jesus or whatever Paul has to drink this juice which is from the sand monsters and it will probably kill him. So he goes out and lays in the desert and all the Free Men watch and then the hot Free Men girl will come over and pour it in his mouth and then he can have a really cool dream. This one will be even cooler than the other one.

I just wanna get high tonight.



Diane, I'm holding in my hand a small vial of the Water of Life.

Then Paul gets all the Free Men together and they go to kill the space king and the Red Baron. And Picard is there and Paul is looking out really intense and Picard says "bombs!" and then there is an explosion and a mountain explodes or something. Then the Free Men all run through the hole in the mountain and they are riding on the sand monsters because Paul taught them how to do that and they start totally killing all the space king's soldiers.

Atomics!

Peeew Pewwww! Zap! Ka-boom!

Paul's little sister, who just appears at some point as a little girl because she's magical, she comes in and pokes the Red Baron and he starts yelling and flies out a hole into one of the sand monster's mouths.

Then Paul does karate kicks on a bunch of guys and runs into the throne room where the space king is standing with Sting. And then Sting and Paul starts fighting, but Sting still won't play "Fields of Gold" and he has a poison blade on his stomach, but Paul uses mind over matter shit and he totally flips him over and stabs him right in his head like that Steven Segal movie. Pow!

The Fields of Gold will run red.

Subterfuge.

Segal'd!

Finally, now listen to this part, it starts totally raining! On this planet where it has never rained ever before! It starts raining, and then it shows Paul's sister and she's all like "he's the space king, duh!" and then we roll credits.

So waddya think? We could do that on just 40 million.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.9 Gaming Report: Nintendo DS

Saturday, Oct 09, 2004 by State Og Representative

Tokyo, Japan - As Something Awful's chief gaming correspondent and an admitted Nintendo fanboy, I was honored to be on hand for Nintendo's press conference detailing the launch of their upcoming system, the Nintendo DS. A lot was expected of the big N, with their dominance in the handheld market being threatened by the imminent arrival of Sony's sleek and sexy PSP. Nintendo president Satoru Iwata (rough english translation: Dirk Brockman) kicked the event off with a bang, detonating his tasteful vest and matching jacket which had been stuffed with dynamite. After a polite round of applause, his replacement Shigeru Miyamoto (Carlita Fernandez) took the stage.

Dirk Brockman, mere moments before detonation.

> "Ladies and gentlemen, we are very excited about the launch of the Nintendo DS and the innovation it will spark in our industry. With two screens, our revolutionary handheld will deliver more two screened games than any other console in history. Think of the possibilities! For example, an updated Duck Hunt which uses the top screen for gameplay and the bottom screen for displaying the grass at your feet. How many times have you missed a duck because you were wondering whether you were standing in crabgrass or sawgrass? Thanks to the second screen, you will be pleasantly forbidden from wondering again. And it's crabgrass."

But that's not all. The second screen on the DS is also touch-sensitive and can be used to control the action with your fat greasy fingers or the provided stylus. This could lead to some incredibly original gameplay elements. Scenario A: you're playing Grand Theft Auto and come across a totally sweet car occupied by an elderly woman. Should you pull her out of the vehicle, steal it, then run her over? Yawn. Instead, use the stylus to key the car as you walk by, leaving a crude caricature of a man holding his anus wide open. OR approach the windshield and rub the DS' screen in circular motions to clean her windshield until she gives you a dollar. Now that's what I call chaos! Scenario B: You're playing a game set in World War 2, and one of your squadmates takes a gutshot from an enemy sniper. He drops to the ground screaming, hands clasped around his midsection to hold his guts in. You cautiously approach as crossfire streaks through the air inches above your head, and, using the touch screen, attempt to make him feel better by tickling him.

All of this is great, but what's a system without any games? No, not the Sega 32x. You know what I meant. After the in-depth presentation of the DS unit itself, the press was shown a collection of games currently in development. Many were promising, some looked downright incredible, and a handful were puzzling. I've highlighted a few of the most intriguing, but bear in mind that the guy in front of me had a really big head that wobbled a lot and a weird haircut, so it interfered with my ability to catch all of what was said on stage.

Puppy Times

Puppy Times is aimed at people who always wanted to raise puppies in the confines of a very small box, but hate the prospects of criminal animal cruelty charges. This surprisingly deep title lets you raise several puppies, beat them arbitrarily, poke them in the ribs when they try to sleep, scream at them through the DS' microphone, and smile fondly as they launch cute attempts to escape their cold and uncaring digital hell.

Network play is planned, but Nintendo has not yet confirmed if a puppy deathmatch mode will be included in this senselessly brutal game.

Feel the Magic: XY/XX

The cliched moment when a scorpion delivery truck crashes and dumps boxes full of live scorpions on your date. Don't worry, the game becomes more original as it progresses.

Ahhh, love. For a young man, there's nothing quite like it. That wonky feeling in the pit of your stomach when you somehow manage to make the object of your affection smile. The nervous excitement leading up to that magical first kiss. Being accosted on your first date by a delivery van full of scorpions, a wave of parachuting scorpions, and scorpions disguised as other scorpions with little fake mustaches. That's right, this is THE Japanese dating sim for people who feel disappointed by the waning volume of scorpions in dating sims over recent years, and is reason #137 why I feel Japan should be renamed Scorpion Island.

It's worth nothing that Feel the Magic: XY/XX originally went by the much easier to make fun of title Project Rub, but Sega thought better of it and went with a more unassuming and simple title. You're always one step ahead of me, Sega, but one day you'll blink for just a second too long and I'll be on you like scorpions on my girlfriend.

Hokuto No Ken

At long last, the head-exploding fisticuffs of the popular Fist Of The North Star anime have been paired with the pulse-pounding intensity of casino-style slot machines. Get three watermelons and you punch your opponent's head off, get three 7s and you punch your own head off. If you get anything less, your opponent's nose gets a little scratchy.

You'd think a game like this would only be made exponentially more awkward by attempting to have a story. You'd be right, but they added one anyway. My Japanese isn't up to par, but in one of the conversations I think the main character said something to the effect of "My mom says I fuck like a wildebeest", which struck me as bizarre. After all, up until that point I had been under the impression that wildebeests reproduced asexually.

Super Mario World 64 DS

The constant role model, Mario teaches children the importance of being overweight.

In this remake of the N64 classic, you run around with up to three other players and collect stars and golden coins strewn about the level, the very same coins which also littered every Mario Brothers adventure since the original. This disturbs me greatly. Somewhere deep in the Mushroom Kingdom, there lives an elderly man. He has paid into social security throughout the entirety of his 35 year career as a pipe sweeper, and after his sight was lost in the freak fireball incident which ended that career, his very survival has relied on an envelope full of coins which the Kingdom mails him monthly. Every month he undertakes that dangerous trek across the kingdom to the post office, and every month he unkowingly loses 90% of those coins on the way home through the hole in his pocket. He is only able to afford the most basic of ramen turtle soups, and was forced to move

out of the sturdy question-mark lined house which he grew up in and into a tiny brick apartment that breaks apart at the slightest bump. This man lives in squallor just a heartbeat away from death, and we only have our own greed to blame.

I'm not quite sure how well these titles will go over, but it should be an interesting launch. All in all, this was a very exciting conference and you enjoyed my article immensely.

-∼State Og Representative

10.10 A Pointless Guide To Dating, Relationships, and Sex

Sunday, Oct 10, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

Patrick Duffy once mistook a prostitute for a woman.

Many people have asked me, "Hey buddy, how do you get all the chicks? Are you a Freemason or something?" and I reply, "What? Huh? Are you talking to me?!" and they say, "Wait. Aren't you Patrick Duffy?" and I say, "Why yes, yes I am. How are you?" For a while I felt guilty about my impersonation of Patrick Duffy. It took thirteen years of therapy to overcome it. For those that don't know, Patrick Duffy is an accomplished actor who has starred in such televsion programs as Dallas and Step by Step. His film career is just as successful. Duffy, age 55, has enjoyed leading roles in such classic films as Danielle Steel's "Daddy", Dallas: J.R. Returns, and Death Scouts. In 2000 Duffy was quoted as saying, "I miss regular television. I miss the work ethic of those 5 day a week things. So, eventually, I'd like to get back to that." Patrick Duffy what happened? We miss you. Please come back to television.

What follows is the very same guide Patrick Duffy used to become the man he is today. I wrote it over 60 years ago and it has helped men woo women under the "Capture and Release" policy of the Minnesota State Fish and Wildlife Commission.

Dating

Dating is the activity in which men and women try to trick eachother into getting what they want from eachother. Men want sticky drunken sex while women want dinner at an expensive restaurant, expensive jewelry, or the man's testicles, preferably expensive ones. The goal is to get what you want while not giving up what they want. As a man you want to have sex with a woman without spending a dime. Left to his own devices this would never happen. So just how does this "dating" occur then? It's simple, through the magical technique known as lying.

Lying is the most important aspect of the entire dating theory. Without it none of this would be possible. Unless you look like Brad Pitt or Christopher Hewitt, you won't get far without telling a fib or two. There are many things you can lie about including but not limited to:

- Your job
- The amount of money you make
- Your car
- Your arrest history
- Your conviction rate
- That time the hooker got a little too mouthy and you had to show her who's boss
- Your dick

Your job is probably the most important thing you could lie about. The easiest way to do this is to embelish a little when describing your current job title. Don't say you flip burgers, say you're the dad from Family Ties. Don't say you sit on your ass all day posting on internet forums, say you're a technology consultant and reassure your date you make a shitload of money for some reason. Say, didn't you once call world famous game developer Cliffy B a cunt from across the room at an E3 press conference? You might as well call yourself a successful creative consultant for a large interactive entertainment company. There are, however, some jobs you need to steer clear of.

Police Officer: As much as I respect police officers, you never want to tell a woman you are one. With all of the weed, cocaine, and illegally downloaded mp3s you're looking to score off this ho, I'd

say this would create a major conflict of interest. Oh, and the fact that she's 15 probably doesn't help either.

Professional Sports Star: Let's face it, if you're reading this you cannot get away with boasting that you play for the New York Knicks. Your four-foot-five, three hundred pound frame will be laughed right out the door. The only exception to this rule is in Korea where many hot Korean chicks will have sex with you if you say you play professional StarCraft. Repeat the words "no rush 20 mins gl hf gg" over and over again and you'll be in. IT'S FUNNY BECAUSE KOREANS PLAY STARCRAFT A LOT ROFL!!!

Webmaster: Four years ago it would have been cool to mention that you're a webmaster. I mean, shit, it sounds so fucking powerful. You "master" the "web". What girl wouldn't immediately cream her panties at such a statement? The dot.com era was booming and everyone was making shitloads of imaginary money clicking banner ads and watching dancing hamsters. Times have changed though. Declaring that you run a web site now has the same appeal of boasting that you manage a Subway and ejaculate into the meatball subs. Telling a woman you're a webmaster is usually met with, "Hahahahahahaha, no really, what do you do?" and then a fountain of tears.

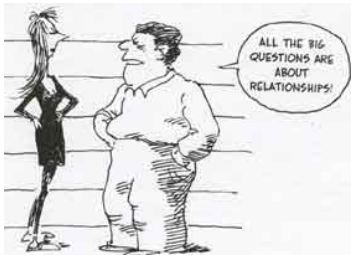
I AM THE MIGHTY WEBMASTER! TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES!

I know these professions sound very impressive but how are you going to back up such wild claims? Well don't worry because I've got a trick that can't fail. I learned this little technique from the Tom Leykis Show. What you do, see, is dig through the trash near a local ATM machine until you find a reciept with a huge cash balance on it. When giving your would be victim your phone number simply write the digits on the back of that bank reciept. When she reads the balance she'll think you're a millionaire and have sex with you that night. I didn't believe it at first but you have to realize women are stupid and will believe anything you tell them! It's THAT easy. The only side effect comes from realizing you will never ever make that amount of money in your lifetime and the resulting bouts of depression. That and you're a dirty fucking trash digger.

Women have a much easier time in the dating scene than men. In fact there is a fool-proof technique that allows women to get a date with any man she wants and I'll show you how to do it!

Step 1: Spread your legs.

At least that's how I think it works. Everything I know about women I read on the back of a ketchup bottle.



You're right about that my friend!

Relationships

Relationships are those things that, when you don't have one, you desperately want one. And then when you finally get into one you think, "Oh Christ, this isn't so great." It's kind of like those movies with the talking cats and dogs. You'd think a movie about talking cats and dogs would be really great but they always end up so horribly wrong. Anyway, there are several different levels of relationships that you may experience in your miserable lifetime. I will convienently list them here!

Level 1: Booty Call

The first level of relationship that you can participate in is the booty call as was suggested by the text immediately above this paragraph. Booty calls are man's best friend. Quite simply, you call someone up, they come over, and you both engage in something slightly resembling sex. Booty calls were invented in the late 1600s as an alternative to sitting around and dying of the plague. The most common type of person to recieve the booty call are fat, ugly, and poor people that must take it whenever they can get it. Contrary to unpopular belief many people participate in booty calls without even knowing it! Here is such an example.

> **Spokker**:
>
> Hello hello Livestock. Hey buddy, I just got in the new "Sister Sister" collectible plates from the TV shopping network. Come over and check them out!
> **Livestock**: Oh boy, Spokker! Thanks a bunch! I'll be right over!

What Livestock doesn't know is that I had no interest in showing him my Sister Sister collectible plates at all. The only thing on my mind was his tight ass. I don't even like Sister Sister! But I've known Livestock long enough to know that he cannot resist the sweet allure of Tia and Tamera Mowry.

Level 2: Stalker

Stalkers are getting a bad rap these days and I take much offense to it. Look, I'm busting my ass sitting in a lawn chair in your front yard with a pair of binoculars and a bottle of Jack at all hours of the night looking into your bedroom window. Why can't you women take a compliment! Christ almighty! You'd think that someone would be flattered that I care enough about them to camp out on their front lawn in the cold when there are a million front lawns out there to set up my stalker camp. You're the one screaming and throwing shampoo bottles at me, and *I'm* the one that gets arrested? YEAH, I'M TALKING TO YOU JENNIFER. You're just lucky they serve some delicious ribs at the local precinct. Bitch.

Level 3: Boyfriend and Girlfriend

At this point you've followed my dating advice and somehow managed to slip your hand into some hammered chick's panties. Congratulations, you are now boyfriend and girlfriend, even if she doesn't know about it yet. Don't worry, she'll wake up in a few minutes. So what happens from here? I don't quite know. I have not gotten to this level without getting the law involved.

Level 4: Marriage

Marriage is a cold and desolate place to be, similiar to Disneyland. You'll have the least amount of sex that you've ever had in your life. Getting married is like voluntarily putting yourself in jail without the fun of committing a crime first. The only way out is to commit half your salary to someone who was mostly likely sleeping around on you. The biggest problem with marriage is that some guys will marry the first woman that will open their legs for them. This is called playing the odds. Odds are you aren't going to amount to anything anyway so you might as well trap the first woman you can into a horrible marriage that usually ends in murder-suicide. It happens all the time!

I'd hate to see what the honeymoon looks like.

Level 5: The Sewers

There is always one level that is themed after a Sewer. There is

absolutely no exception to this rule at all. Even if you are enjoying a game set in a dark forboding castle with many traps and obstacles to overcome, you would be naive to think that you won't be visiting the dark foreboding sewers underneath that castle.

Level 6: Divorce

Divorce is one of the most popular activities among married couples. In California alone 266 percent of married couples get divorced yearly. In fact, divorce is so popular that some people do it five or six times a year. Divorce is when people get tired of eachother and go to a judge because God forbid that some people talk things out amongst themselves. It's a multi-billion dollar industry that has made many women rich beyond their wildest dreams. You see, men are monsters and are to blame for everything bad in the universe. Just for that women have convinced very effeminate judges to make men pay half their salary to women who broke the rules of their marriage by getting fat and ugly. But I guess divorce is so expensive because, hey, it's worth it.

Level 7: Not Learning Your Lesson and Getting Married Again and Again

Fire is hot. If you put your hand in fire, it burns. You learn that fire burns and never do it again. Not so with marriage. Despite the fact that marriage can cause up to third degree burns many people jump in anyway! I don't think we'll ever figure out why.

SEX

Without sex, dating and relationships could not happen. But what exactly is sex? According to my parents sex is when a boy sticks his neener into a girl's hoo-ha and yells racial epithets at her. However, many scientists are now saying that sex can be used for reproductive purposes. Wow, what an age we live in! For those of you who are new to sex I've prepared a handy guide to get you started.

Step 1: Preparation

Somehow, someway, a girl is in your bedroom ready and willing to have sex with you. Don't ask why. Don't ask how. We might find that out later, we might not. You'll only screw it up by asking questions right now. You don't need to know why. The only thing you need to worry about now is how in the holy hell you're not going to embarrass yourself or accidentilly murder her. But there are a few things you need first.

- A large box of condoms. Trust me you'll need all of them
- A couple of towels
- A shovel
- Non-disclosure agreements for all parties
- Garbage bags
- Miner's hat

Once you have acquired all of these things with the money you earned selling blood and semen at your school's bake sale please proceed to step 2.

Step 2: Insertion

This is the hardest part about sex. There are many places to insert objects into a woman's body and it's very hard to decide which one to go for. It's like ordering soup or salad at a restaurant. I can

never decide! Your choices include the vagina, the anus, the mouth, open wounds, and many more. Be creative. Today we will pick an old classic, the vagina. Put on your miner's hat and descend to the fiery depths of the vagina. You'll want to start digging an entrance into the crevice immediately as you only have 20 minutes until the thing blows. Remember to set up support struts on both walls of the vagina so you don't get trapped inside should a collapse occur. Also, keep a canary on hand. Keep on digging. When the canary dies you'll know it's time to commence fucking.

Step 3: Intercourse

If you have followed my advice so far it should look something like this.

Remove your Happy Days underwear, the ones with Fonzie on the fanny, and roll all of the condoms onto your penis. Now tie a rubber band around the base of the penis and wait a couple minutes. Your penis should now be glowing red and pulsating at a fantastic rate. Grasp your penis with both hands and place it near the entrance of the vagina. Gently push your penis into the vagina while saying to yourself, "I think I can... I think I can..." Once the penis is firmly in the vagina begin moving your penis in and out of the vagina. This is called intercourse.

During sex women have other areas that need attention. Play with her breasts. Slap her ass. Prepare a large sandwhich. Caress her neck. No, not too hard. I said "caress". Okay buddy that's a little too much carassing there. Calm down. No, don't choke her! What are you doing?! God damnitt, look what you've done. Okay, okay. I know what this looks like but calm down. We can get through this. Everything's gonna be allllll right.

Step 4: Federal Prison

I knew this was going to happen. And quite frankly, I'm not surprised. Teaching you people how to have sex has had terrible consequences. Now let's never speak of this again.

I had a lot of fun tonight. Maybe we can do this again sometime? No? Uhm... okay. How about a kiss goodnight? Hey! There's no reason for hitting. No don't call the cops. Oh come on it wasn't that bad. Hello? Hello???

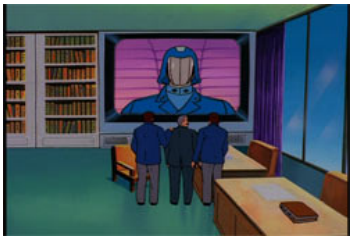
-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

10.11 Cobra After-Action Report: Cobra's Candidate

Monday, Oct 11, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Cobra After-Action Report series.

When protest marches, insurrection, and force of arms failed to overthrow the Weimar Republic in Germany the Nazi party turned to the democratic process itself. In 1933, Adolph Hitler became the chancellor, quickly reshaping the government into the most terrifying totalitarian regime the world has ever known. For the first and certainly not the last time "the system" was used to defeat "the system". In this installment of Cobra After-Action Reports we learn that Cobra Commander has taken a page from "Mein Kampf" and attempts to subvert democracy itself. Will Cobra succeed? Will Cobra Commander actually be elected as ruler of the world?



Oh, Cobra Commander, what won't you do?

You should consider both of those to be rhetorical questions. Cobra Commander couldn't successfully unwrap a popsicle and in the case of "Cobra's Candidate" he's not trying to take over the world, he's trying to propel a Cobra-sympathizing candidate to the lofty position of mayor. I applaud Cobra Commander's modest goals considering his grandiose schemes tend to end in a dramatic defeat and a screeching panicky escape using some sort of jet pack or hang glider. In this case he seems to have set his sights much lower, but as usual his plan is muddled and executed by a bumbling pack of incompetent buffoons only rivaled by their GI Joe opposition.

Cobra Commander has joined forced with Generic City mayoral candidate Robert Harper. The bloated windbag Harper has been enjoying success running on a bold "tough on crime" platform, but he is receiving some stiff competition from rival Whittier Greenway. Cobra Commander instructs Zartan and his bumbling Dreadnoks to recruit local gang members to tear down Harper posters, intimidate citizens to vote for Greenway, and hurl fruits and vegetables at Harper every time he tries to give a speech. This clever ruse gains sympathy for Harper and he is soon comfortably leading Greenway in the polls.

We'll get into this plan and its chief failings more in a minute; first let's take a look at the forces of Cobra committed to assisting the Harper '8X campaign.

- **Theater Commander:** Cobra Commander

- **Theater Resources:** Corrupt politician Robert Harper, Zartan and the illustrious Dreadnoks, demolitions expert Firefly, and wise ninja Stormshadow.

- **Corps Level Resources:**

3+ Cute Cobra four wheelers
1+ Squad of Crimson Guard Elite Infantry
1 Cobra patrol boat that probably has some awesome snake name

- **Known Opposing Forces:**

The Generic City police. Who the hell would expect GI Joe to arrive and chase down heckling kids in a mayoral election?

- **Primary Mission Objectives**

Get a Cobra-friendly mayor elected in Generic City.

- **Alternate Mission Objectives**

  I don't really know. Maybe get the zoning restrictions lifted on that giant Cobra-headed castle they wanted to build downtown.

Lacking clearly defined objectives beyond getting some generic easily-manipulated politico into the mayor's office is really one of Cobra's crippling weaknesses here. Also paramount among their problems is an over reliance on the extremely unreliable Dreadnoks. Zartan has somehow earned "cool points" for being a punk, but in truth he is the worst kind of military commander - arrogant and incompetent. The fact that all of the Dreadnoks talk like a cross between Crocodile Dundee and one of the chimney sweeps from "Mary Poppins" and wield cutting edge military hardware like chainsaws and blow torches doesn't exactly inspire confidence in the Dreadnoks as military force.

198X, Day 1, 2:00 PM

Rebels on a rampage in the City.

"Elect me your mayor and I, Robert Harper, will bring law and order back to our great city."

So states the voiceover that plays as we see a poster of a well dressed politico taped to a telephone pole. A teen in a bouffant hairdo with a greaser jacket tears the poster down and, at the sound of sirens in the distance, leaps over a fence shouting "try and catch me, mister law and order!" This sets the tone for the amusingly harmless crime wave sweeping the town in opposition to law and order candidate Robert Harper. A pair of teens warn a frightened and slightly confused fat man in a necktie to vote for Harper's opponent Whittier Greenway, then reappear, along with the poster-ripping madman, at a rally where Harper is speaking. They buzz around loudly on their motorcycles, terrorizing the citizenry with their dreadful lack of manners. When Harper begins to speak they jeer and hurl a variety of vegetables (mostly eggplants for some reason) at him. One of them eventually scores a money shot across Harper's face with a tomato.

On a nearby roadway Scarlet, Lady Jaye, Spirit, Snake Eyes, and some vaguely ethnic and anonymous GI Joe are riding motorcycles. They receive a radio message from the rarely-heard Colonel Sharp instructing them to scramble to the political rally at the president's behest. Apparently the police in Generic City were unable to handle three teenagers hurling produce at a mayoral candidate and the president authorized a military deployment. I'll let you decide whether that's a grim statement about the suppression of first amendment rights in the United States or just a really bad excuse for the GI Joes to become involved in inane local politics.

A brief motorcycle chase with interesting results.

The Joes arrive at the political rally just as the terrible teens use chain bolas to collapse the speaking platform. The teens flee but the Joes give chase, following them into an alley and then up a fire escape to the rooftop of a building. When the teens reach the rooftop they signal to a much higher building where three of the Dreadnoks are watching from the backs of four wheelers. The Dreadnoks lament the fact that the teens failed and then drive their four wheelers off the building, amazingly dropping fifteen stories to the building the Joes and the teens are on with no appreciable damage or injury. Ignoring the likelihood that such a jump would have resulted in death or critical injury, I have to wonder how and why the Dreadnoks were on top of a 20 story building sitting on all terrain vehicles. Did a helicopter air-land them there so that they could do donuts on the central airconditioning units?

Did they carry the ATVs upstairs in crates and then reassemble them so that they could jump wildly around the dunes of pigeon excrement there? As usual, there are no real answers to be found.

Scarlet and Lady Jaye clamber onto the roof just as the Dreadnoks complete their death-defying leap. The Cobra thugs attempt to ram the fairer Joes but the ladies dodge out of the way. Snake Eyes, who is just reaching the top of the fire escape, is not so fortunate and is knocked back down on top of his companions. One of the Dreadnoks pauses to blast the upper moorings of the fire escape with his rifle. For several seconds the fire escape teeters precariously under the weight of the Joes and then Spirit's pet bald eagle decides to land on top of the fire escape. This is just too much weight and the whole thing goes crashing down, all of the Joes falling ten or more stories (including the eagle?!?) to become tangled in a deadly mess of twisted metal. The Dreadnoks instruct the teens to go check for prisoners while they finish off Lady Jaye and Scarlet.

Eagle blooper!

The Dreadnoks back Lady Jaye and Scarlet against the roof's safety barrier and prepare to ram them, but the ladies act more quickly and vault over the side, swinging through a top floor window. They smash through the glass and into the apartment of a wet fat man in a towel just leaving the shower. He stares in awe, thinking he just won the uniform fetish lottery, but the Joes make a quick exit to check on their friends. Alas, the other Joes have been taken into custody, so the estrogen duo heads back to the political rally to scout around.

Meanwhile, back in the subterranean lair of the Dreadnoks, the teens and the Dreadnoks lead the Joes down a seemingly abandoned subway tunnel and into captivity. I think it's worth noting that the Cobra's not only captured stereotypical Native American Joe Spirit, they also capture his bald eagle and his wolf. Why would you take an eagle and a wolf prisoner? Are you going to interrogate them on eating rabbits or regurgitating mice into the mouths of their young? They aren't just worthless for information; I think when you let magical animals into your prison you are asking for a prison break to happen.

One of the Dreadnoks chastises the teens in his quaint way for failing to lose the Joes when fleeing the rally and thereby forcing he and his comrades to reveal themselves. Pilar, the sassy female leader of the gang, is enraged by this and ineffectively attacks the Dreadnoks. They restrain her and explain that if she wants to get paid she'd better...catch those Joes who are getting away!! The teens run after the fleeing Joes and in a shameful display of his honed ninja skills Snake Eyes is easily tackled by Pilar. When she and Snake Eyes look up they see that the abandoned subway tunnel turns out to not be all that abandoned. A subway is rushing directly at them, and only Snake Eyes' quick thinking and acrobatic skills save them. The Dreadnoks arrive just in time to recapture Snake Eyes and use him to leverage the remaining Joes into surrendering.

Ninja skills in action! Go Snake Eyes!

One interesting thing to note is that just beyond where Snake Eyes and Pilar fought the subway tracks were almost completely obstructed by rocks. I assume after rushing safely past Snake Eyes and the female gang leader the train slammed into half a ton of rock, careened off the rail and into the wall, and crumpled like an accordion. An accordion full of the dead and screaming injured that catches on fire.

198X, Day 1, 4:00 PM

Cobra Commander has been taking his hugeination pills again.

A fully recovered Robert Harper is escorted to his meeting at Extensive Enterprises by Scarlet and Lady Jaye. By this point in the series even the Joes are keen to the fact that Extensive Enterprises is nothing but a front for Crimson Twins Tomax and Xamot. The ladies don't mention the fact that they know this, but when they see Harper off at the door to the building they immediately switch into full fledged stealthy, wall-climbing, grappling hooking, snooper mode. Harper takes the elevator up to meet with Tomax and Xamot while Scarlet and Lady Jaye begin scaling the exterior of the Extensive Enterprises building.

On the top floor Tomax and Xamot congratulate Harper on his excellent performance in the polls. Harper thanks the street gangs for the repeated attacks on his campaign for his soaring poll numbers. Then the Cobratron screens activates and Cobra Commander at last reveals his devious plan and his reason for becoming involved in the election. "With you on our side, Mr. Harper, we can attain our goals by simply making them laws." I hate to rain on Cobra Commander's parade, but within the limited scope of powers that a city mayor has I don't think many of "Cobra's goals" can be attained by turning them into city ordinances. Commercial zoning? Maybe. Declaring Cobra Commander the unchallenged ruler of the world? Probably not.

Luckily for us all, surveillance babes Scarlet and Lady Jaye listen in on the conversation and get the scoop on Cobra's devious plan. Tomax and Xamot notice the interlopers and attack them on the precarious ledges of the Extensive Enteriprises building. Scarlet manages to send one of them plummeting to the ground 50 stories below and the other, suffering from sympathetic pain, tumbles to his doom as well. They land in a pair of dumpsters 4-500 feet below; their terminal velocity falls cushioned by the hard iron dumpsters and the jagged broken glass inside. Lady Jaye and Scarlet descend and slam the lids of the dumpsters closed. They could have taken them prisoner, or at least checked to see if they were dead, but no, these ladies are in a hurry and have to dispense with niceties so that they can strut around and throw out one liners about crippling or fatal falling injuries.

In the underground hideout where Snake Eyes and the other Joes are being held the teens have taken over watching their cell while Stormshadow meets with the Dreadnoks. It's interesting to note that the GI Joes stand at the door of their cell completely motionless in a line like they are posing for a family photo. What's more Spirit's wolf is mysteriously visible as well, even though it would have to be almost five feet tall to be seen at all. Stormshadow, meanwhile, informs the Dreadnoks that Cobra demolitions expert Firefly has set up a "fireworks display" for the final Harper campaign rally. The Dreadnoks promise to show up but then leave Stormshadow and his entourage of Crimson Guard to watch the prisoners while they had out to party. Ninjas are busy people, so Stormshadow delegates the job of watching the prisoners to the Crimson Guard. Great thinking!

198X, Day 1, 8:00 PM

Scarlet and Lady Jaye decide that they need to find the leader of one of the youth gangs and try to talk some sense into him. They begin their search by canvassing the seedier neighborhoods of the city, where teens run rampant doing back spins on parked cars and waving their arms spastically for no apparent reason. In what can probably be best described as "the most hilariously absurd sequence in animation history" we have a snapshot of the already ridiculous 1980s youth culture, filtered through the lazy and out-of-touch creators of GI Joe, who then sent it off to Korea to animate. It's a scene that has never and could never exist in reality, not even in the movie reality of cultural artifacts like "Breakin'" and the often referenced "Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo".

After their information requests are rebuffed by a man in a red belly shirt doing the robot Scarlet and Lady Jaye are approached by a ten year old boy who claims to know one of the gang leaders. He offers to take the Joes to Pilar for 20 dollars and even stands up to the dubiously legal threats of violence Lady Jaye uses to coerce him. Before he will take them he insists that they hand over his weapons. After some reluctance they agree, after all, what harm could come from handing a quiver of exploding javelins to a ten year old boy who spends his nights hanging out in the dangerous break dancing district of town?

One of the greatest moments in this episode.

The boy takes them to a candy store run by his (and Pilar's) mother. After talking to her in the back room, Pilar and her brother emerge and Pilar threatens the Joes with Scarlet's crossbow. Lady Jaye explains that Cobra is just using the gangs to get Harper elected, but Pilar refuses to believe her. Their conversation is interrupted when four teens in red jackets emerge from the back room looking like they're going to sing "Greased Lightning" until the Joes beat a hasty retreat. Instead they attack Lady Jaye and Scarlet, throwing them through the front window of the shop and wrestling them to the ground on the sidewalk. Just when rape seems imminent Pilar orders her thugs away so she can finish the job with the crossbow.

The actual greatest moment in this episode.

Just then Wild Bill executes an impossible maneuver with his helicopter, one in which is rotor would clearly be buried three feet into the surrounding buildings, and frightens away Pilar and her gang. They thoughtfully leave the crossbow and javelins behind in the street. Lady Jaye and Scarlet mount up in the chopper where a mysterious mustachioed Mexican sits with Wild Bill. The Mexican is later revealed to be karate expert Quick Kick by animators with more attention to detail.

Back in subway prison, the Crimson Guard are doing an excellent job of keeping the Joes locked down by standing in a line three feet in front of the cell with their backs turned. The mysterious and vaguely ethnic Joe mouths off to the Crimson Guard and, once again showing stellar judgment, a single Guardsman turns around, walks up to the bars, and stick his gun inside the cell. Spirit's wolf bites the gun and then Spirit wrestles with the guard for a number of seconds while the other guards stand motionless three feet away. The gun fires directly upwards and hits a grate on the ceiling. This, in turn, triggers a massive and totally unexplained explosion that is visible from the helicopter above. In seconds the Joes leap through the ruptured grate to rescue their imprisoned compatriots, easily overwhelming the Crimson Guard and sending them packing with the classic Joe battle cry "let them go."

One Guardsman remains behind for interrogation, knocked out by Spirit's Indian neck-burn. Snake Eyes beats him up with ferocity unbecoming a member of the Free World and forces the poor idiot to reveal that the Harper rally being held on the docks in less than an hour is going to be attacked. The Joes hurry to avert a catastrophe.

Scarlet brushed an errant strand of hair from her face and met Pilar's lusty gaze...

198X, Day 1, 9:00 PM

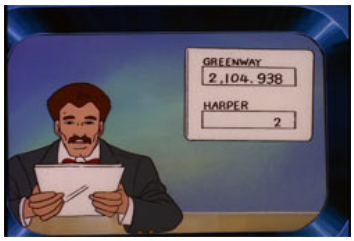
Let me go ahead and warn you now that this ending is anticlimactic. Even compared to the usual GI Joe conclusions where the Joes rush into a Cobra compound and the Cobra troops rush out in the

opposite direction.

At the Harper rally, Harper is giving his usual stump speech about laying down the law. Hecklers are drowning out his supporters and fruit is flying every which way but loose. When Pilar notices that her little brother is heckling too she sends him off, fearing for his safety and his involvement in gang affairs. Little Tito runs off to one of several abandoned warehouses to cry and we see a sinister Cobra bomb planted only a few feet away. Honestly, Harper is lucky to have anyone show up to a political rally being held next to a series of dilapidated warehouses. What could be more uplifting and exciting than urban decay? Hey, I know, let's hold our next rally inside a mausoleum!

Out on a sinister red Cobra yacht Zartan and Firefly exchange words over the workings of the bombs. There are several, one in each of the abandoned warehouses, and at the push of a button they will be blown up. I have always liked Firefly and I have always felt Zartan to be vastly overrated, so when Firefly calls Zartan "swamp breath" I roared with laughter. Okay, not really, but I did chuckle at Zartan's angry glowing chest that makes light saber sounds. If only we could all have mood chests that played Star Wars sounds I think the world would be a lot friendlier.

Just as the Joes arrive the explosions begin ripping through the abandoned warehouses (even though the wide shot shows them clearly happening in front of the buildings) and screams can be heard coming from inside one of the burning buildings. When Pilar tries to rush to save Tito the Dreadnoks prevent her claiming that she has been paid to heckle the politician. Superb thinking fellas! I'm sure she'll put her heart and soul into yelling at Harper while she listens to her brother's dying screams. Luckily, the Joes have arrived to confront the Dreadnoks. Pilar runs off to save her brother and the Dreadnoks attempt to draft the gang to help them only to fail when the gang members realize just how utterly moronic the Dreadnoks are.



HAW HAW!

Fiery Scarlet proves that she is a woman of action and plunges into the burning building after Pilar. Once inside the two women embrace, alone at last, their lips and bodies pressing against one another. The crackling timbers of the burning building light their...whoah, sorry, thought I was writing GI Joe erotic fan fiction for a second there. To the cheers of the cowardly Joes waiting outside Scarlet, Pilar, and Tito emerge coughing from the burning warehouse. Heroic firefighters arrive and deploy the big pumpers, proving once again that the REAL American Heroes are the ones who had a building fall on them.

Harper, distraught over the sudden change of events, flees down the nearby pier and leaps onto the retreating Cobra pleasure cruise. He thanks Zartan and Firefly for waiting for him, but the odd couple chastises him and then unleashes a flurry of punches that send him over the edge. Harper is fished out of the water by the Joes.

198X, Day 3, 5:00 PM

The election results are televised and amazingly Harper lost by the comical margin of over 2,000,000 to 2. Someone wonders aloud (it might have been me or even my spirit animal) who the two votes for Harper could have been. It turns out it was Tomax and Xamot, who lament about supporting losers and then tear up their "ELBCTION BALOTS" and let them flutter to the floor of their office.

To reiterate, Cobra's plan was modest but pointless, and Cobra entrusted their most difficult assignments to the moronic Dreadnoks. Even the usually reliable Stormshadow inexplicably left incompetent Crimson Guardsmen to watch over a larger number of imprisoned Joes. Cobra's follies aside, the real idiots in this caper were the Joes. They exhibited a total lack of situational awareness, frequently took unnecessary risks, and repeatedly violated the Geneva Convention by threatening

noncombatant children with murder and torturing uniformed POWs. The Joes only succeeded because of the usual gross incompetence of Cobra forces arrayed against them combined with a dash of implausible good luck.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.12 Vote Carnosaur in 2004!

Tuesday, Oct 12, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Happy Fifth Birthday, SA

I almost forgot, today is SA's fifth birthday. Hooray.

Vote Carnosaur in 2004!

Cameron Diaz explains how people who don't vote or vote for Bush will be directly responsible for hyper-intelligent machines taking over the world and enslaving all mankind.

If you're like me, and I'm fairly confident that at least one person in my house is, you're terribly sick of the 2004 Presidential candidates. America transforms into a whining, bitching, irritable toddler every four years, fueled by two middle aged white men who spend all their free time calling each other names or complaining about how they are being called names. I don't consider myself either a Republican or Democrat on account of the fact that I still haven't found somebody from either party worth voting for. I am a Novotatarian and I refuse to cast a single ballot until some party decides to produce a middle aged white guy who appeals to me and doesn't conduct himself in the manner of a complete butt.

We Novotatarians are being unfairly persecuted by the liberal media who claim that our refusal to engage in the voting process seems irresponsible and anti-democratic, somehow making us less of a citizen like a C.H.U.D. or Scientologist. Raving idiots like Cameron Diaz futilely try to threaten the Novotatarian party by making outrageous claims such as "if you think that rape should be legal, then don't vote."Let me tell you something, Miss Diaz: grouping us Novotatarians in with the Rapeocrats not only cheapens our democracy, but it also makes you look like a tremendous fool who has starred in such hit Hollywood films as "Ben Stiller's Awkward Misunderstanding Comedy About a Loveable Cretin With Bad Luck 74" and "The Grrreat American Grrrl Power Movie 43." Not all us Novotatarians support rape, and even the ones who do won't bother voting for any bills that legalize it. That is simply the nature of our party and if you would've bothered researching the colorful Novotatarian history, perhaps you wouldn't have acted like such a tremendous fool on that TV show where people are given free automobiles for $7,000 each. Furthermore, let me tell you dunce caps from Turner Media and MTV and every other commercial-driven corporation who want me to elect the bribed leader of their choice: not voting is the most patriotic thing anybody can do. Each time a TV anchorperson announces in a very sad, solemn voice that 98.4% of American citizens refused to vote, my heart skips a beat because I know the Novotatarian party is growing and our displeasure for both candidates is becoming more apparent. Soon our raw, consolidated apathy will force one of the two parties to nominate an actual decent, intelligent, charismatic leader in order to capitalize on our growing numbers, but we won't bother voting for him either because, really, what's the point?

Whenever I ask somebody these days who they are voting for, they seem to invariably respond with something along the lines of, "I'm voting for Kerry because I hate Bush" or "I'm voting for Bush because I hate Kerry." Well here's a revolutionary idea: instead of voting AGAINST somebody, why don't we actually vote FOR somebody? Has America grown into such a tremendous shithole that the only way a candidate can garner votes from the public is by hoping people hate him slightly less than his rival? Has democracy mutated into some blackened, disgusting entity that requires us to vote for the sole purpose of preventing the other candidate from winning? I don't think so, and this is why I'm voting Carnosaur in 2004.

In a world full of turmoil and topsoil, Carnosaur is the only real choice.

Carnosaur took the voting world by storm in 1993 when he debuted in the smash hit self-titled feature film "Carnosaur," starring himself, Clint Howard, and various other people who went on to play supporting roles in artificial butter commercials. This movie, a pseudo-documentary of his difficult life growing up, portrayed the Carnosaur as a deep and introspective creature who truly had his finger on the pulse of this great nation. For example, when he ate about 20 hippies who had chained themselves to a giant tractor in order to protest giant tractors, he reflected our country's passionate hatred of filthy hippies and our passionate love of eating stuff chained to a tractor. When he devoured a Mexican who apparently wandered onto the set and attempted to ask directions to the nearest restroom, he displayed America's contempt for illegal immigrants and proved how we desperately require new immigration laws. Carnosaur is the only candidate this Presidential election who is truly in touch with America and will not stoop to spewing out personal attacks, half truths, and incessant sound bytes in an attempt to defeat his opponent. If you want proof, just look at Carnosaur's track record:

- Consumed at least 28 people in 1993, including a very smart doctor / scientist / person who wore a white coat, in addition to Ron Howard's sweetly retarded and horribly ugly brother.

- Voted to lower taxes on meat imports and increase subsidies to those family-owned farms with at least half of their income derived from beef or poultry, while raising taxes on companies who manufacture tranquilizer dart guns and large strong nets.

- Voted for the "Fairness in Pharmaceuticals" bill which imposed stricter fines on drug manufacturing firms attempting to circumvent FDA rules. Later admitted that the only reason he voted for this bill was because he thought the word "pharmaceuticals" meant "hey Carnosaur, I found Clint Howard's home address, why don't you come over here and eat him and his wife and kids?"

- Consumed at least 20 people in 1995, mostly highly skilled Marines specializing in anti-dinosaur operations and armed with customized anti-dinosaur weapons called "guns."

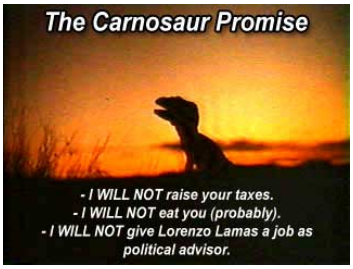
- Engaged in a heated debate with Senator Vincent J. Fumo regarding health care for seniors. During a discussion of Medicare, Senator Fumo began calling Carnosaur a "faggot," at which point Carnosaur refused to dignify his insult with a response. He decided to take the high road, instead tearing off the Senator's arm and swallowing it while emitting a blood curdling screech of rage.

- Saved a baby from burning to death in a house fire, although nobody is exactly sure what happened to the baby once he was rescued from the inferno. Carnosaur claimed the baby "ran away" and also ate the 63 chickens in a nearby poultry processing plant.

- Once ran headfirst into the side of a commuter train in an attempt to break through the passenger car and consume a family of six traveling to Boston. While this may not sound noteworthy by itself, our records show that the children had a very, very strong possibility of growing up and becoming terrorists! (They were minorities)

Consumed at least 15 people in 2000, although was not able to eat Nick from "Family Ties," no matter how hard he tried. Hey, we all make mistakes in our lives.

Defeated General Pete Mercer, leader of the anti-dinosaur branch of the armed forces. The actor who played General Pete Mercer later went on to star in such films as "The Last Movie I Was In Before Dying Was a Carnosaur Movie" and "Help Me, I'm Dead; the General Pete Mercer Story."


The Carnosaur Promise
- I WILL NOT raise your taxes.
- I WILL NOT eat you (probably).
- I WILL NOT give Lorenzo Lamas a job as political advisor.

A Carnosaur promotional commercial clearly shows his position on many key points.

Many scientists and experts who claimed to know shit about how stuff does stuff to other stuff claimed Carnosaur couldn't exist and that it was "impossible" for any creature to grow over eight feet tall in less than 72 hours, particularly a creature whose diet consists primarily of Clint Howard. Carnosaur proved them wrong by not only growing to over eight feet tall in under three days, but by additionally tearing off their arms and legs while lurching around in a morbid, bloody dance of ecstasy. When the Eunice Corporation first hired Dr. Jane Tiptree to create a deadly, murderous flesh eating dinosaur which would somehow make their poultry production facilities more efficient, the scientific community declared it couldn't be done. Then they declared it shouldn't be done. Then they all kind of stopped declaring things for a bit and began to wonder exactly how a homicidal dinosaur would financially benefit a poultry farm. That is the precise moment that Carnosaur leapt through their bedroom drywall and tore their ribcage out with his jaws of American pride and ripped their faces off with his claws of American ingenuity. Although Carnosaur was created for the sole purpose of destroying mankind and somehow producing a lot of chickens in the process, he has been able to overcome these moral setbacks and contribute both to democracy and our great nation.

A HIGHLY SKILLED artist's representation of a national debate between George Bush Jr. and Carnosaur.

Carnosaur has never once attempted to "dumb down" his message or engage in verbal attacks against his rivals George Bush Jr. or John Kerry. Sure he engaged in numerous physical attacks against both men, including the time he busted through a restroom wall and attempted to devour Kerry while he sat on the toilet and read an outdated copy of *The New Yorker*, but that just proves the Carnosaur is a "can do" type of candidate full of moxie and possibly also gumption (mostly moxie). While Bush and Kerry sit back and relentlessly insult each other in an attempt to flood the American public with as many negative issues as possible, Carnosaur is out making the world a better place. For example, just two days ago Carnosaur devoured a big fat guy wearing a jean jacket which displayed a sequin dragon image on the back, and our records indicate that this person ONCE COMMITED AN ILLEGAL CRIME. Bush and Kerry may talk tough on crime, but only Carnosaur has the courage to go out there and do something about it. When was the last time you heard of John Kerry or George Bush eating a criminal? Not since 1973 at least! Maybe even later than that, I don't know, I'll have to check my records.

Carnosaur is a man of few words but many actions. When Congress was arguing about amendments for Iraqi financial support, Carnosaur was out making a difference by knocking over camper trailers and shrieking with righteous anger after the National Guard opened fire on him with their anti-dinosaur weapons (known as "guns"). When the Senate was deadlocked fighting against each other on the last budget bill, Carnosaur crossed over party lines by devouring almost all the delegates

from Wisconsin and then taking a steaming shit in the middle of the debate floor while women and children shrieked and fled with American pride. So what does Carnosaur stand for?

Carnosaur is ANTI-GUN, but only when those guns are mounted from a helicopter and are being used to shoot him in the face. Carnosaur believes in responsible gun ownership and SAFETY LOCKS that detect when a weapon is being used to shoot a 30-foot tall dinosaur who is attempting to eat a family of four. Carnosaur has nothing against the NRA or their policies, but does believe their CEO Charlton Heston is "quite stringy" with "hardly any meat on the bone."

Carnosaur supports THE WAR IN IRAQ because he believes there should be as many troops as possible overseas in order to strengthen America's foreign presence and also prevent troops from defending LARGE RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOODS from LARGE DINOSAURS OF THE CARNIVORE VARIETY.

Carnosaur supports GAY MARRIAGE as long as science figures out some way to allow gay people to breed and produce babies. Countless TASTY, TASTY BABIES.

Carnosaur supports IMPROVED HEALTH CARE FOR SENIORS, as long as this health care is administered inside a VERY LARGE FIELD SURROUNDED BY WIRE FENCE providing VERY FEW PLACES TO HIDE or call THE ANTI-DINOSAUR BRANCH OF THE ARMED FORCES.

Carnosaur supports SAVING TAX DOLLARS by dismantling the ANTI-DINOSAUR BRANCH OF THE ARMED FORCES. Carnosaur will voluntarily dismantle the Anti-Dinosaur ops by himself in a dark, sealed warehouse if possible.

Carnosaur supports a Constitutional amendment PROHIBITING CLINT HOWARD FROM EVER APPEARING ON ANY FORM OF MEDIA, except a newspaper announcing his fatal heart attack and providing directions to the Dairy Queen where the services will be held.

It's obvious that what Carnosaur stands for outweighs what George Bush and John Kerry stand against. Carnosaur is a creature of action and moral values, somebody who's not afraid to stand up to the terrorists and drug lords, shortly before forcibly separating their heads from the remainder of their bodies. Carnosaur was raised as a chicken herder in the heartland of America, a place where good ol' fashioned common sense still prevails and isn't affected by Washington's fancy big business talk and requirement to wear pants. Carnosaur is the only choice for all us Novotatarians riding the fence, unable to decide between not voting for Bush and not voting for Kerry. This election year, please remember:

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

A VOTE FOR KERRY OR BUSH IS A VOTE FOR CLINT HOWARD.

10.13 I'm Cuckoo for Coco-Puffs and Gay Marriage

Wednesday, Oct 13, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Outspoken gay rights advocate Rosie O'Donnell, seen here consuming the life force of another human.

One of the lesser topics making waves this election is that of gay marriage, or as it's commonly known, "institutionalized sodomy." I call it a lesser topic because, while gay marriage is an important issue, it simply does not hold a candle to war. War is perhaps the most meaningful outlet for the full spectrum of human expression, and we should make it our primary focus always. Way down the list of important topics, right after healthcare and vehicle emissions, is gay marriage. As a straight man belonging to the coveted 18-25-year-old male demographic, I consider myself uniquely qualified to comment on this issue that has nothing to do with me whatsoever.

With upwards of hundreds of gay people living in this country, the issue is sure to be a major factor in the election, especially since both candidates pretty much said, "no way José!" On the plus side, if you are gay and Dick Cheney's daughter, you can rest assure that your father loves you. He always will, okay? Unless gay people are also magical, it looks like homosexual marriage is destined to remain as illegal as crime, which is a pretty bad thing I'm told. And, if gay people are indeed magical, it might be necessary for another series of witch trials for the safety of everyone. This all might seem unfair, but we do live in an unfair society. If you think gay rights are limited, just look at what the terrorists have to put up with. Their rights are virtually nonexistent, and with such hatred directed towards them it's no wonder they want to blow us up.

The age-old reasoning as to why gay marriage is a crime against nature is that the Bible says homosexuality is a sin, not unlike beating the Pope to death with a truncheon. Somewhere in that Good Book, sandwiched in-between the all-encompassing madness, is a line that says it is unconstitutional for a man to marry another man. This is reinforced by the story of Noah's aircraft carrier. Noah managed to fit two of every animal into a Nimitz class supercarrier and navigate around a flooded earth, evading time storms and Japanese Zeros. When the waters subsided, the earth was repopulated with the animals he sheltered. Had he not picked both a male and female of every one of the millions of animal and insect species he saved, there would have been no reproduction. Thanks to this and inbreeding we are living in a healthy and densely populated world. No thanks to you, gay culture!

Times have changed and the world is no longer recovering from a flood. People are plentiful and thusly homosexuality is a viable alternative for those seeking adventure in territories with geography similar to their own. Religion, being inarguably separate from the state these days, is no longer a valid justification for outlawing anything. So what's the real reason behind the Wild West style stance against homosexual marriage? Simply put, it's a lack of understanding on both sides of the fence. To truly understand an issue, one has to do research. That's not an easy task, and gay people need to understand this. For example, in order to properly research this article, I would have to marry another man. I simply cannot do that, not just because it's illegal, but because I am secretly attracted to women and often admire them when they are not looking, which is pretty often since I'm hideous. This creates a catch-22, because in order for politicians to understand and legalize gay marriage, they would have to marry a member of the same sex, which is illegal. Do homosexuals really want elected officials to commit crimes on their behalf? Although politicians are by nature corrupt and often criminal, we generally ask them not to be as a courtesy. That's what this issue is really about: courtesy. Homosexuals are not being courteous to the people they elected!

So in summary: gay marriage is technically **impossible**. Seriously, I've proven this beyond the shadow of a doubt with science and science's older brother – logic. You can check my work again if you don't believe me, but the results will still come out the same. I'm not trying to rain on anybody's pride parade here; I'm just trying to be honest. I have no vendetta against homosexuals and I'm all for equality, even though gay people did steal rainbows and unicorns away from us. What we have here is a case of logic being the real monster and oppressor.

Gay people are workers just like us. They are our ship captains, our constructon workers, our Indians, and our gay bikers.

So if it's impossible for us to legalize gay marriage instead of making it punishable by imprisonment as it is now, what can we do to satisfy gay people in a non-sexual manner? For starters, why not expand that school voucher program? I have no idea what the holy hell a school voucher is, but it sure sounds nice. Why not give them to gay people as a sort of consolation prize? I have no qualms being bought off, so I would jump at an opportunity like this if I were gay. And marriage, being the relationship equivalent of the Titanic, is only going to end in a lot of homosexuals with broken hearts and hurt feelings. These days the very concept of marriage is worth about as much as a bushel of spoiled ham that somebody threw up on. Besides, if stereotypes teach us anything, it's that all men are pigs and all women are sluts. That fact pretty much invalidates all forms of marriage by itself.

I'm afraid homosexuality loses this round. They have a solid argument, but it just doesn't hold up against the law, which will never change because of reasons that need not be questioned. Ever. It would be nice if homosexuals could have the same freedoms we do so that they could squander them as we do, but one man's freedom is another man's gays are encroaching on my religious beliefs and God will punish us if this is allowed to pass. In the end, the man who believes he has God on his side wins, because God has heat vision and super strength. Until we figure out a way to defeat God, things are never going to change.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.14 ALOD Spotlight: DatingTips.ws

Thursday, Oct 14, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Trouble in Paradise

It appears nobody works for Something Awful anymore except me, so here's a picture of Carl Weathers.

I wrote a poem about the cast of "Cheers" as well!

The cast of Cheers written in dark alleyways
Like screams on somber stationary
A letter never delivered
Kelsey Grammer leering with gargoyle eyes
Tormented, dark, alone
His mind is a gutter and the rain never stops
Shelly Long is dead inside
Woody Harrelson is a mannequin
Forged of glass shards reflecting a terrible childhood
And Ted Danson is past his prime
They are all rotting meat now
And soon they will be eaten

Thanks and please remember to vote kindly this election.

P.S.: Thanks actionattackgoose, Sensurround, and Ava for pictures.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.15 My Dinner With Andrea

Friday, Oct 15, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The terminal at O'Hare was choked with returnees from the Green Zone in Iraq. So many wonklords and apparatchicks flying in and out of Baghdad through O'Hare (of all places) that they had their own section of the terminal. You could pick out the KBR guys from the rest by the side arms and jock struts, like rugby players at a frat party, all wearing those extremely silly looking sunglasses on strings. It was slightly bright in the terminal but dark outside save for the winking lights of coming and going aircraft. They wear their sunglasses at night.

I bumped into Rasheed (no last name, like "Cher" or "Van Halen"), who I had met during a press junket for "The Last Samurai" in New York City. He was a worldly guy, Pakistani, mid twenties, but he'd been everywhere. Rasheed was a stringer, nominally on the dole from CNN, but he admitted to me almost immediately that he was planning to take a cake contract from the ex-CPA in Iraq.

"I consider this an investment in my future," he said with a brilliantly white smile and thumped his brand new spectra vest.

I loosened his tongue over a series of Coronas at the Bulls Bar in the main concourse. A double sized cutout of Michael Jordan loomed over us like an avenging angel.

"I just got back two weeks ago and I already miss it." Rasheed explained, leaning back in the booth and looking appraisingly at a red headed stewardess from Delta.

I asked him what "it" was.

"The money, of course." He chugged the beer. "It's retarded over there. Pretty safe if you're white and not in a uniform because you can lay low in one of the castles, but me...it's dangerous for me. At least when I'm actually on the job."

Rasheed was a native born American but he'd grown up speaking Arabic as a second language. It was a seller's market for translators over there. I asked him what he did with his free time in Iraq.

"Anything I want. I wear a disguise when I'm doing my job; a fake beard and these," he pulled a contact container out of his photographer's vest and shook it. "So during my off hours I can walk around perfectly normal, and it's crazy in Baghdad. A lot of people have this perception that because it's a predominantly Muslim country it's very conservative. I guess maybe it is in some ways, but for the right amount of money you can get anything. Girls, guns, fake credentials.

Rasheed lit a cigarette and made eye contact with the stewardess at the bar.

"I knew someone who sold babies and a woman who sold organs out of the back of an '88 BMW. Seriously, jars of fucking guts. I'm pretty sure they were human. One night I played quarters during a mortar alert lock-in at the Tahiti Club in the GZ. After the Voice of God sounded the all clear, I went out after curfew to a dive club in Sadr City. For thirty bucks I got a blowjob while I fired a machinegun at an old burned out tank. Everything's for sale over there."

Rasheed asked me why I was at the airport and I told him that I was star chasing. Rumsfeld or someone big from Defense or State was rumored to be arriving for one of their infamous unscheduled tours; high speed, heavily armed road show through the relatively safe parts of Iraq. Wave to the troops and then feed them dust out of the tail end of a convoy of identical black Excursions with armor mods.

"Fuck Rumsfeld." Rasheed declared sagely. "He's a prick anyway. He wants the press around for the photo ops but the minute you try to ask a question the tan gorillas [editor's note: press term for the plainclothes CIA security around any VIP in the sandbox] are shoving you back into a corner."

I told him that I had heard Rumsfeld was difficult.

"Bremer was good though," Rasheed drained the last of his Corona. "You wouldn't know it from the satellite feeds, but Bremer was a goddamn cowboy. Walking around in his blue blazers in 120 degree heat with his slacks bloused into desert combat boots. I asked him once where he kept his pearl handled revolvers and he showed me a .45 he had in a shoulder holster."

Rasheed mimed pouring a forty out onto the red and black carpet.

"I'll miss you Bremer." The maudlin act dissolved into his distinct high-pitched giggle.

Rasheed excused himself to make one last swipe at some action stateside with the stewardess. I paid the tab and headed back into the terminal with a Styrofoam cup full of Jack and Coke. It was even more crowded than before. A VIP flight had just arrived from Iraq and swarms of well-tanned twenty-somethings in Hawaiian shirts were offloading. These were the CPA holdovers finally returning stateside. Some upbeat, some dejected, almost all of them glad to be home. A few families were waiting to greet them, but most headed in the direction of the cabstand. Their replacements watched apprehensively, perhaps realizing that in some symbolic way the guard had just changed.

I asked around a little with some familiar faces, trying to see if anyone had heard the same rumor as me. I came up snake eyes. Fucking Internet.

One of the last people off the VIP flight was Andrea Mitchell from MSNBC. I knew Andrea fairly well, we'd met years ago when she was slumming it on Fox News and although it would be stretching it to call her a friend we were at least friendly. Her limo was late and she seemed peeved to be left dealing with her luggage solo. Her meat shields had fled the minute the plane had gone wheels down so she didn't have any manual labor. I said hello to her, reminded her who I was in case she had forgotten, and offered to help her. She thanked me graciously and I picked her Samsonites out of a luggage conveyor so dusty that it crunched whenever the interleaved plates turned.

We talked shop for a few minutes before she got in a call to her people and sorted out the limo situation. Apparently there was a VIP en route and he or she had commandeered multiple limos out of the blue. It would be half an hour before the company could get one out to O'Hare for Andrea. I offered to buy her something to eat. She wanted to go to the Bulls Bar. I shrugged and wheeled her luggage to the same booth I had shared with Rasheed. He was gone and so was the stewardess.

When the waitress arrived Andrea ordered a chef salad and I got a steak. I prefer them medium-well, but I went for rare because I didn't want to keep her waiting or potentially miss the VIP. I could tell that Andrea thought I was trying to pick her up or something, but that could not have been farther

from the truth. I didn't worry about it or blame her for being narcissistic. Anyone who gets more than a minute a day on TV inevitably thinks the world revolves around them, probably because so much of the world actually does.

"Where'd you get that?" Andrea pointed to the lacquered white-gold American flag tie pin I was wearing.

I told her I just wore it is an "in". When someone doesn't recognize you they look for signs. If you've got an American flag tie pin they're that much more likely to listen to your questions with the assumption that you're from the "right" press instead of the "wrong" press. That impression won't last, but it's an "in".

Andrea chuckled when I explained this to her. She's too well known to ever get away with something like that so it probably never crossed her mind.

"They all wear those exact pins over there. Those exact goddamn pins." The drinks arrived and Andrea attacked her merlot like a diabetic scrambling for a Three Musketeers.

"Sorry." She said, slightly embarrassed. "They don't even offer those little bottles on the flight. [CNN's Walt] Rogers had a flask of something, but he wasn't sharing."

I asked Andrea what it was like for her over there.

"Was it what I expected? In a way. I'm not sure why I went, field reporting isn't really my thing. I expected the danger, the chaos, but I wasn't expecting the security. I'd heard about it, but it's worse than I'd heard. Do you know what I felt like?"

I shook my head.

"A duck. A damn baby duck. You're not going to find a security team willing to go out on the prowl so you have to rely on these little pre-planned tour groups. Like a mama duck is leading you everywhere." She drained her glass. "Or the tour bus at Universal Studios. I'm surprised Jaws didn't jump out of the Tigris at us."

The food arrived and the conversation ebbed slightly. When we began to slow down a little I asked Andrea what she thought of the Iraqi people.

"They look nice through windows." She leaned forward and I could smell the wine on her breath. "Like a brown-skinned display in Macy's. That's all you'll ever see, because they tell you if you try to meet them more personally you're going to end up minus a head."

She laughed suddenly and abrasively.

"I talked to some soldiers who said they're okay. There was one guy...he'd been grazed in the head two days earlier in an ambush - just a flesh wound - but he still said they seemed okay. There were plenty of Iraqi workers in the Green Zone too, some of them were nice but most of them acted like and were treated like they were space aliens. Sort of bewildered, afraid, and even a little bit angry. I guess that might not be a bad metaphor. Maybe I'll use that."

I told her it was a good one.

I was halfway through asking her a new question when Andrea spotted her limo driver. She offered to pay for the meal but I refused, throwing the last of the day's stipend away on a shitty cut of beef that was too raw for my tastes and dinner for a woman who had nothing really useful to offer. I followed her out of the Bulls Bar - I hoped for the last time that night - with her luggage in tow. The chauffeur took things from there and I bid Andrea good night with a slightly awkward hug.

Back to the terminal again. "Third time's a charm", I told myself. A mid-east bound aircraft was boarding and little clumps of men and women in suits and mercenaries in their nondescript but ironically very recognizable gear exited the terminal. I cooled my heels, reading an abandoned issue of the Tribune and pretending to belong with the still-waiting stragglers of Team Democracy hopefuls. Close to an hour passed before the demographic changed. When it did I knew I had been wise to pop a NoDoz and stick around. Swarms of blue gorillas arrived with their looping earpieces and bulging suit jackets. They didn't wear their sunglasses at night.

The anticipation grew. I handed over my ID to a blonde guy with a chiseled chin and a suspicious look. He murmured something into an unseen mouthpiece and nodded, then handed it back and went on his way. Everyone in this section of the terminal had already passed through at least two extra security checkpoints, but the Secret Service has never been in a habit of taking chances. Except with Carter. They practically stuck him on a hook for that fucking swamp rabbit.

I felt a lump in my throat when I saw Condoleeza Rice, our VIP of the hour, making her way with a flock of security towards the terminal. Everyone was on their feet by this point, jockeying for a chance to shake her hand on or tell her how grateful they were for the chance to swim in a resort pool in the midst of a war zone for Democracy.

She was no more than fifty meters away when I felt it. A tightening within my gut. A clenched fist squeezing my intestines. I recognized the unpleasant sensation immediately from a business and pleasure trip to Thailand I took in '98. Back then it was bad shrimp. This time it was surely that rare fucking steak. I imagined it, chewed and bloody, wielding scimitars and daggers along the inside of my stomach.

I looked at Condoleeza Rice's face and knew that I was about to shit blood. That may sound bad to you; a fecal accident in front of the National Security Advisor may sound appallingly bad, but try thinking about the Secret Service. If you crap red down your pant leg in front of the blue gorillas they are as likely as not to put a fusillade of 9mm bullets into your chest. I didn't feel like testing this theory so I half walked, half jogged, half waddled to the bathroom, my sphincter clenched prison-shower tight.

With a groan of relief I dropped trou, slamming my ass against the rim of the toilet. I was going to miss my chance to ask Rice a question, the whole reason I had killed most of a night at O'Hare, but by God I had not shit my pants.

"They've changed your name on the maps, But you'll always be the Saddam International of my heart."

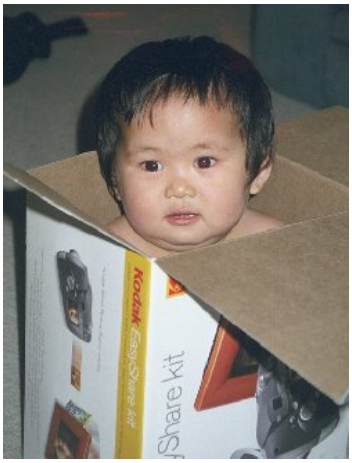
Fucking airport humor. I gazed with wonder, blood and shit squirting out of my clenching bowels, my eyes watering with that very specific exhaustion and pain you only get during particularly violent bowel movements. I read it again and thought to myself, "fuck the food, what are they putting in the air here that gets someone to write that on a bathroom stall?" My guts clenched again and then released another stinging spurt of red shit splash into the toilet loudly.

I felt bewildered, afraid, and even a little bit angry.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.16 This is Your Life

Saturday, Oct 16, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz



Are you stuck in a dead-end job? Are working in an area you didn't go to school for and feel desperate for change? Do you ever have that not-so-fresh feeling in your secret spot? Well, today I'm here to help you go over your career options because like you, I found myself living a lie. I was working at the corporate headquarters of a major company, and my future was looking bright. I was getting promotions and raises due to my willingness to dress really slutty for the managers in my sector. But I didn't feel content with my lot. I always longed to do something else with my life, like be a roadie for a rock n' roll band. You know, haul the amps, stock the band's trailer with water, clean rock star vomit, and get sloppy seconds with the groupies. But unfortunately, I had many physical obstacles in the path of becoming a roadie, such as not being able to lift the heavy equipment required for the job, as my arms are really just glorified lo mein noodles. This put an end to my wish, and if we learned anything from the life of Christopher Reeve, it's to give up your dreams before your heart stops working. So I signed up for DeVry and smoked a lot of pot in the parking lot during the class breaks, and now I post on the Internet. But fear not, it might not be too late for you.

I am fully qualified to give advice on this matter as I am well experienced in all fields of labor, mainly due to the fact that I've been working non-stop since the age of 12, and moved from job to job because I would always end up punching out obnoxious customers and hiding them in an empty box on the dock to be shipped next day air to Cambodia. Let me be your Internet career counselor, and leave your shaky future in my capable, semen-encrusted hands as we take a look at your realistic job options.

Help Desk/IT Lackey

"Can I please have a chair?"

Chances are that most of the people reading this are computer geeks who work in an IT or support related field. Anybody who's ever had to explain anything technical over the phone to a angry, swearing, totally clueless southern yokel has been through more mental anguish than a POW in a Shanghai prison camp, and anybody that has done it for over a year will be completely broken in mind and spirit. While I must admit it's not as straining as loading bags of fertilizer onto trucks, the mental effects of this type of job are long-lasting and maybe even permanent. I've seen boys who are barely old enough to shave get bombarded with hour-long tech calls from French Canadian customers all day long. I once saw a large bear of a man get viciously berated by an irate customer over the phone and break down into teary mess. One day while I was tending the call queue, shells came raining down out of nowhere and the guy in the cubical next to me had his arms blown off and cried for his mama all night long until he finally died of his wounds.

It is a war of logic vs. anti-logic, and the poor nerds recruited are on the front lines, growing ever more weak with each drawn out tech call that ends up just being unplugged equipment. You may never grow calluses on your hands from hard labor, but the calluses on your soul will remain to the

end of your days. You work hard and give it all to your company, but your only reward is your job being replaced by Asian and Indian children all working inside a large dome underneath the sea while a starfish with a whip drives them into overtime, but then they are rescued by a dashing archeologist riding a seahorse that's being chased by Nazi subs. Oh shit I gave away spoilers to the new Indiana Jones movie. Sorry.

Pros:

- No physical labor.
- You can read comedy websites while getting paid.
- Free coffee unless your company is really cheap.
- Flash tank game.
- Office antics, like "sodomize the newbie".
- The hold button, so you can go into the bathroom and slit your wrists.

Cons:

- Dealing with stupid people.
- Damaged eyesight from looking at screens all day.
- Erectile difficulties.
- People reciting lines from Office Space.
- Outsourcing to terrorist training camps.
- Cancer from printer toner, air conditioning, and Cheetos dust.

Retail

Git in ze Piggly Wiggly!

I don't know anybody that has never worked retail at some point in their life. Whether it is a supermarket, music store, or Best Buy, the lure of the 5% employee discount on merchandise lures many unsuspecting youths to their doom. Once while I was fresh out of school and down on my luck, I accepted a position at a supermarket greeting people. For two whole days, or 16 hours, I stood there, being paid to say hello to people. I looked across the store to the other greeter and saw that it was middle-aged retarded man named Cecil. After the first four hours I found a chair instead of standing, and after the first six hours I stopped saying hello and just sat on a chair in the entrance while people passed me by. After the second day, I gave up on life and sat on my chair drunk and hurling insults at the incoming customers. The final straw was when Cecil, the kindly fellow with Downs, was made my supervisor and corrected me for not "greeting" people while working as a greeter. I threw my work vest in his face and vowed never to work retail or say hello again.

Working as a greeter is pretty rare though, and probably the most common retail job is working as a cashier. This is very boring and grueling work. I was a cashier at Target when I was 15 and countless suburban moms would haggle over Snackwells prices and get me in trouble by telling my manager that I called them "a dirty whore" after ringing up their KY Jelly. In retail it's all about pleasing the customers. Furthermore, many stores stopped calling them customers, and starting using the term "guests". I don't know about you, but when I have guests over at my house I don't expect them to bring their snotty children who will rip open packets of candy while screeching, steal a ham by putting it in your pants, or take a dump in the middle of the floor. I would go so far to call these people "intruders" and shoot them in self-defense. Probably the only thing worse than a retail job is a food service job or being a website administrator.

Pros:

- Store discount.Free credit card numbers from purchase receipts.

- Going to the pet department and watching the guinea pigs frolic on your break.
- Shopping cart battles.

Cons:

- Dealing with stupid people.
- Faggy uniform/vest.
- Not allowed to put fuzzy stickers on your nametag.
- Blue light specials.

Food Service

"I'll get your goddamn fries after my break, ok fatty?"

Only if you are blind, deaf, homeless, and an illegal immigrant should you be working at a fast food restaurant. Even then, stealing from fruit stands would be a more respectable way to make a living. My only food service experience was working for a month at a thoroughly rotten establishment called "Old Country Buffet". It was there that I saw the true face of man, and knew in my heart that our kind was doomed. Never before have I seen such disgusting practices that go on everyday behind the scenes of the food industry, but the customers were even more revolting. One chair was not enough to support the carriage of many folks who waddled in and heaped piles of food onto their plate. As a busboy I tried to keep their tables free of used plates but soon there were leaning towers of plates on every table that I couldn't keep up with. I stumbled and fell, the plates crashing to the ground, my blood soaking the gravy stained carpet as the flabby beasts all around me laughed through mouthfuls of mashed potatoes and my Scottish manager screamed at me in his heathen dialect. It really wasn't worth the $4.75 per hour.

Pros:

- Free blood from the meat carcass bags.
- Day old Timbits if you work at Tim Hortons
- Grease traps

Cons:

- Dealing with stupid people.
- Unsanitary work environment.
- Getting stabbed by the short order cook in a heated discussion about Yoda's powers.
- Supersizing.
- Fatty fat fat fats.

Horsey

When I was three years old, my mother asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up. I told her I wanted to be a horsey, but she just laughed at me and said, "Don't be silly dear". After she told my father what I said, he took it a little more seriously than her and had a talk with me. I was ordered to give up these dreams of becoming a horsey, for he wanted me to be a famous and renowned doctor that would someday cure male pattern baldness. I told him I would, but in my tiny heart I kept the hope alive that I would someday be a horsey and run away from this terrible place. Well I'm proud to say that I have fulfilled this burning desire and I do work part time as a horsey, unless there is bad weather or it's hay fever season.

"This is awesome."

Pros:

- You get to romp in grassy meadows.
- Hay.
- Paralyzing actors.
- Benefits package.

Cons:

- Stupid people sitting on your back.
- Horseshoes.
- Horny farmers.
- The glue factory.

Fireman

For those of you who are looking for more adventure, excitement, and third degree burns, being a fireman might be the right choice for you. Granted you have to climb ladders and shit, but you get a really cool uniform and can shoot the fire hose through windows. I was really thinking about leaving my computer job to go battle evil fires in the heart of my city, but I wrinkle easy and couldn't make the cut. I also thought it would be just like the movie "Backdraft" and you would have sex on top of a fire truck, but then there would be a real fire and the truck would pull out with you still naked on the top. We sometimes have to remind ourselves that the movie industry may make some jobs look a lot better than they really are.

Pros:

- Chicks dig firemen.
- Free axe.
- You get to go down the pole.

Cons:

- Saving stupid people.
- Fire hurts.
- WTC falling on you.

Internet Comedy Writer

Internet comedy writer Zack Parsons playing "Stairway to Heaven" in his basement.

In these dark times of economic hardships, you sometimes have to do things what would normally go against your set of morals and personal pride. When your grandmother needs her medicine, and your 10 kids are rolling around the ground clutching their malnourished bellies, it's more important to get a paycheck anyway you can rather than worry about what people are going to think about you. Sure being an Internet comedy writer may not be the most noble way to make money but it beats being a stockbroker or working at the renaissance festival. Since the dark secret was out that I worked nights as an Internet comedy writer, my family stopped inviting me to Thanksgiving dinner, my credit rating plummeted, and my library card was cut into pieces in front of my face. I keep telling myself I'm just going to do this until something better comes along, but it's been almost two years now. I'm just crossing my fingers that Arby's calls me back. I would rather work with roast beef than Greasnin any day.

Pros:

- Hate mail.

Cons:

- Dealing with stupid people.
- Lowtax calling me at home and threatening myself and my loved ones.
- Sexual harassment by Livestock.
- Forced to be funny even if you are a drunken manic-depressive and your hamster hates you.
- AIDS.

Ok maybe you should just keep your job and not listen to me. For somebody that has been fired as much as I have, I might not be such a good source of career advice. All I can say is to follow your heart, and don't be afraid to borrow money from your parents or sleep on their couch until you are 30. There is nothing wrong with taking your time to find out what you really want to do, and if you have to sell some crack or suck some cocks to get by, it ain't no thang. Peace kids.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

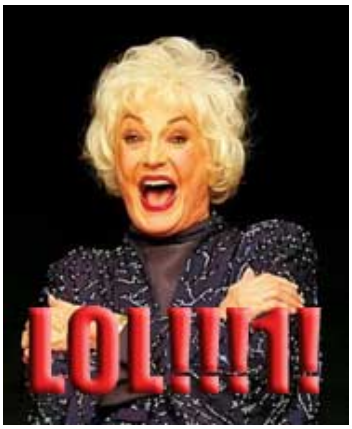
10.17 The English Are Different From You and Me

Sunday, Oct 17, 2004 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

People who think they're being pithy often say that the America and England are two countries separated by a common language. This is why pithy people need to be shot. I know what separates America and England, okay? It's called "a whole lot of fucking water." But lately I've come to realize that there's a whole lot more than that between us. If you're like me, then you generally think of the British as a witty people who spend most of their time drinking tea and staring in bizarre sitcoms that we don't entirely understand. There's nothing too objectionable in that. I'm not much of a tea drinker myself, but I'm not about to hold that against them. They've proven themselves to be capable diplomats and worthwhile trading partners over the years, and our two societies have grown and flourished in apparent harmony. But recent information may suggest that these seemingly noble and friendly people aren't the sort of people we want to call our allies after all. Take a look:

> *Fergie urged to keep 'em on*
>
> *NEWS that Sarah Ferguson is to pose nude for a charity book was greeted perhaps ungenerously by one British newspaper today, as it launched a campaign urging her to stay clothed.*
>
> *A readers' petition - entitled Keep 'em on, Fergie - was The Sun's swift response to the decision by Ferguson, the former wife of Prince Andrew whose official title is the Duchess of York.*
>
> *[...]*
>
> *The Sun, Britain's best-selling daily paper, printed cut-out coupons in today's edition which it urged readers to sign and send to Ferguson, care of her public relations agency.*
>
> *"Dear Fergie," they read, "please, please don't inflict your naked pictures on the world."*

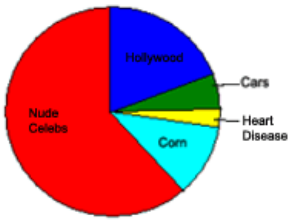
I'm sure you're as outraged as I am about this. What happened to you, England? When did you lose your way? When did our cultures turn down such separate paths that something like this could happen? Look at yourselves. You're actually encouraging a national celebrity to keep her clothes on. Does that seem like justified, rational behavior to you?



They say if you look into her eyes, you see how you are going to die.

Let me tell you, that kind of shit wouldn't fly in America. On this side of the pond, we understand that nude photos of celebrities are wondrous and precious things. It doesn't matter who the celebrity is. We know you don't want to see Fergie naked. No one has *wanted* to see Fergie naked in a long, long time. But it's not about what you want, it's about the greater good. When a celebrity allows nude photos to become available to the public, it is the civic duty of the citizenry to do everything in their power to get their hands on those photos. It has nothing to do with sexual attraction. Hell, if Bea Arthur posted nude pics online, Americans would still go nuts for them. Forget the fact that staring directly at a nude photo of Bea Arthur would most likely have the same effect as opening the Ark of the Covenant, what with the face-melting and the eyeball-bursting and the flaccidity; we'd still see a rash of nude Bea Arthur image macros sweep the internet in a reign of visual humor/terror of goatse.cx proportions. Admit it, you're thinking of some marginally

funny Golden Girls-related text to put in 48 pt. Impact font right now. It's only natural. Hell, it's patriotic.



Statistics don't lie, even when I make them up.

The economic impact of nude celebrity photos cannot be overestimated. As the graph at left may or may not indicate, pictures of nude celebrities accounted for over two thirds of our country's gross domestic profit last year. The two minute snippet of the Paris Hilton video alone made enough money to finance another three years of putting off holding an election in Iraq. Making money off of readily available pictures of naked celebrities is capitalism in its purest form. Anybody can get in on the action. Market analysts surmise that the first time one of the Olsen twins' boobs pop out in front of a camera, it will end unemployment in this country for a generation. It amazes me that the English people could be so short-sighted as to ignore the possible financial benefits of Fergie posing nude. But that's not the point. This isn't about the money. This is about culture. This is about the essential differences between the goodly people of America and the fascist British. This is about celebrities being able to enjoy the God-given freedom to degrade themselves in a public forum. We fought the Revolutionary War over less.

Until recently, I was able to go to bed every night and wake up every afternoon secure in the knowledge that if some washed-up, near forgotten quasi-celebrity decides to embarrass him or herself in front of millions of people, I'll know about it. I thought we were living in a world where the developed nations could put aside whatever other ideological differences they may have and agree on a few key points, such as the enjoyment of a public figure's humiliation. The world laughed as one at that hideous picture of Britney Spears in a car. We were able to forget about terrorism, hurricanes, famine, and drought when a photograph revealed that when she is not covered in makeup, Angie Everheart is, in fact, a cave troll. Now it seems that England doesn't want to be a team player. We happily publish thousand page descriptions of every lurid detail of our President's affair with an intern, but England won't even give us one nude picture of a simple Duchess. If they're willing to go that far, what's next? Soon they're going to tell us that they don't want to do *The Simple Life: UK, U Krazy!* Before you know it, they'll be stoning their own women to death in the streets for showing off their ankles.

It's a dignity thing, isn't it, England? You don't want to suffer the international embarrassment of having a member of the royal family - even one who isn't even married to a royal anymore - seen naked by people around the world, is that it? That's your problem, you don't understand that there's no such thing as embarrassing your country anymore. Look at us! We let George W. Bush be President for four years, and he's actually got a shot at a second term! After that, Queen Elizabeth would have to release a techno album comprised entirely of her own bodily noises to even register on the national embarrassment scale. Believe me, no one is thinking, "Oh my God, Fergie is going to pose nude for charity! Those British certainly are a lewd, unsophisticated, ape-like bunch!" No, they're thinking, "Oh my God, Fergie is going to pose nude for charity! Someone remind me who the hell Fergie is!"

Let the woman get naked. We'll all suffer through it together. It'll be a bonding experience for us.

This whole "avoiding any public discussion of sexuality for fear of creating an awkward situation" shtick has gotten pretty tired, England. Sure, we shell out ridiculous amounts of money every time Hugh Grant makes a movie in order to see him fumble his way around women, but that's only because we're thinking about how hilarious it must have been to watch him try to work up the nerve to pick up a transvestite whore. On the whole, the entire act has

started to wear thin. I recently had the opportunity to see a play entitled *No Sex Please, We're British*. It was two fucking hours revolving around the premise of a newlywed couple who get a box of porno in the mail by mistake and have to hide it from everybody in the world because if anyone knew that they owned pornography, they'd have to kill themselves or something. This was the longest running comedic play in the history of the British theater. You people had Shakespeare actually producing work in your country, and still the most successful comedy in your entire history was about people getting all flustered over a box of porno. That's a little sad. In a day and age where a person only has to take a few seconds to search the web to be jacking off to pictures of Megatron and Starscream blowing each other, getting a *Playboy* in the mail just isn't that shocking. I'm not saying it's a good thing, I'm just saying that's the way things are. You need to come to grips with that. Let Fergie do her thing. Just remember, the Taliban wouldn't let their women get naked, either, and look what happened to them.

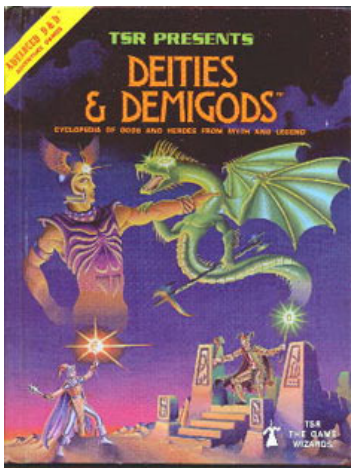
-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

10.18 Role Playing Corner: Celebrating Thirty Years of Forced Abstinence

Monday, Oct 18, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Many of you, gentle readers, have probably heard of the famous (some would say infamous) role playing game "Dungeons & Dragons". This Saturday nerds and those who make their livelihood off of nerds around the world celebrated the 30th birthday of "Dungeons & Dragons". Prior to D&D the closest thing to role playing games were various tabletop strategy games. D&D creator Dave Arneson and perpetually bitter king nerd Gary Gygax transformed the little figurines into fully realized characters of a player's own imagining and catapulted gaming from table tops to character sheets.

I would like to devote today to great moments in "Dungeons & Dragons" history. You may scoff, but without the kobolds and magic missiles of D&D where would computer RPGs be today? Here's a hint: GAY ANIME ROBOT STORIES. If you prefer Nordic barbarians over huge-eyed elves with romantic problems then you should view D&D with just a modicum of respect. *Just* a modicum.



Simply posting this image gives me an "in" with the D&D crowd.

1974

Gygax and Arneson created the first release of the Dungeons and Dragons rule set. This version is very crude and only includes two or three tables of data on which you rolled information. Later versions, supplements, and technological advances in computer spreadsheet software further improve the game.

1975

After the success of the initial release of Dungeons and Dragons Gygax and Arneson form TSR (Tactical Studies Rules) to publish new versions of Dungeons and Dragons and future supplements. By the second edition the charts and tables inside the books have advanced from using a simple six sided craps die to two ten sided dice used to effectively determine a number from 1-100. By the third edition dice making has advanced so much that Gygax is able to harness the power of the massive 280,500 sided die for his legendary "Random Furniture Found Inside Secluded Gnome Huts" table.

1979

The first accusations surface that Dungeons and Dragons has a Satanic basis and is essentially a devil-worshipping cult. Fundamentalists Christians, the willfully ignorant, the profoundly retarded, and most but not all inanimate objects fail to recognize that Dungeons and Dragons takes sociopaths off the streets, forces them to socialize, and generally prevents crime. The Satanic cult accusations gradually diminish and then disappear entirely only to be replaced with the much more accurate "D&D leads to Dorito and Mountain Dew binges."

1982

Gygax introduces the famous THAC0 or "Thacko" statistic. It supposedly means "To Hit Armor Class Zero" although only a handful of math major college students know

Nothing says class like a rawhide mumu.

exactly how it applies to the game. When this statistic is later removed from the game these math majors become violently outraged.

1985

Gygax leaves TSR in a massive management shakeup. The parting is acrimonious, although the most venom comes from fans loyal to Gygax rather than the D&D brand. Immediately after Gygax leaves TSR the quality on D&D releases slips dramatically down from one chart or table every three pages to one every nine.

1989

The Dungeon Master's Guide for 2nd Edition Advanced Super Dungeons & Dragons is released in which TSR unveils its new random encounter chart that branches into 78 different randomly determined random encounter charts. Still smarting over the Gygax departure the new edition receives a lukewarm response from devoted fans and fails to generate any real buzz in the community.

1993

TSR's popularity is on the decline thanks in no small part to the failure of the desperate Robotlandia, Super Mario World, and Sex Island campaign settings. Magic: The Gathering card maker Wizards of the Coast purchases TSR near the end of the year, prompting almost as much impotent fan outrage as occurred during the Gygax imbroglio. Most of the world remains apathetic and maybe even slightly hostile towards the unfolding drama.

2000

Wizards of the Coast releases a new version of the Dungeons and Dragons rules called "3rd Edition" that uses a generic and simplified version of the original D&D rules. For some reason this sends thousands of diehard fans into an uproar which is only quieted by a staggering succession of supplements featuring all new charts and tables. One of the interesting aspects of this new rule set is that it is based around the "Open Gaming License" which allows other publishers to use the rules without paying royalties to Wizards of the Coast. Seconds after the first print run ships to distributors Furries around the Internet are developing their own campaign setting.

Present Day

> Dungeons and Dragons is once again the crowned king of pen and paper role playing games. Every weekend tens of thousands of gamers file into hobby shops around the world, muscling past the overpowering legion of 9 year olds playing "Yu-Gi-Oh!" to set up a fart zone around a card table in the dingy corner where their nerd musk and hateful glare won't frighten off paying customers. Table turf fights frequently break out between D&D gamers and Warhammer 40,000 players who view their hobby as having more "street cred" (read: it's infinitesimally less emasculating).

The history of Dungeons and Dragons is long and full of triumph and tribulation, but D&D does have its undeniable dark side. Let's take a look at some of the worst things that have come about as a result of D&D.

> ***Pool of Radiance: Ruins of Myth Drannor* for the PC** - The only PC game to ever include a bug that could format your hard drive when you uninstalled it and you would be uninstalling it about five minutes after you first played it.
>
> **Indirectly Resulted in the Book of Erotic Fantasy** - Anything even peripherally associated with the most pathetic role playing supplement ever made is thrice damned. Dungeons and Dragons is much more than peripherally associated with it.
>
> **Diablo and Everquest Pen and Paper RPGS** - In case Diablo and Everquest weren't derivative enough of Dungeons and Dragons for you to actually just play Dungeons and Dragons you get these two gems from Wizards of the Coast. Role a D6 for each time you click on the monster!
>
> **LARPing** - Live action role playing is like pen and paper D&D, combined with paintball, minus 99% of the exercise and 100% of the dignity. On the plus side, if you're LARPing D&D at least you aren't LARPing "Vampire: The Masquerade". That would be REALLY humiliating.
>
> **Renaissance Festivals** - I can't actually blame D&D for the existence of Renaissance Festivals, but I can blame it for making them much worse. Without D&D Renaissance festivals would almost be cool. Okay, not cool, but no worse than Historical Williamsburg re-enactors. As it is now every single person at a Renaissance festival either plays D&D or is married to someone who plays D&D, and you can't get that thought out of your head when you go to one. It's like showering at a gym where you know everyone is gay.
>
> **The Dungeons & Dragons Movie** - I don't think I need to describe how bad this was to you; all I saw were the trailers and I nearly threw up on my lap. Of course, without D&D we wouldn't have Tom Hanks in the role the Academy sadly overlooked him for as troubled teen Robbie Wheeling in the taught psychological drama "Mazes & Monsters".

Making up for all of this: kobolds. What the hell would the world be without the kobolds? Not somewhere I would want to live, that's for sure.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.19 My Quake 2 Level

Tuesday, Oct 19, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

My Quake 2 level was made for me long before I was born. A team of level designers labored over the placement of every brush and entity. I have nothing to fear from my Quake 2 level. Even its darkest, most claustrophobic corridors are nothing more than flat 8-bit textures stretched over repetitive patterns of 64x64 polygons. Still, if given the choice I think I'd choose fearing my Quake 2 level over knowing its every boundary.

The scientist removed my cranial plate. "We're erasing your directives and reprogramming you to serve the OCP corporation." he said.

"Okay."

"What's wrong?"

"I'm just not used to another person touching me, 21-year-old virgin and all that."

"Oh. Do you want me to stop?"

Some replicants can only socially integrate themselves into a group of people by making fun of others. I don't hate my co-worker, Billy, because he makes fun of me. I hate him because I'm jealous of his ability to convince others that he's human. "I really like "Tunnel of Love" by Dire Straits." Billy said to me. "I was hoping we could make it our song."

"What?"

"Well, you can't just let me make fun of you and then not expect me to want a deeper relationship. And no, we can't be friends with benefits. I've been hurt by that too many times in the past."

High school is a place where the zombies outnumber the humans by 400,000 to 1. You find yourself sharing an underground bunker with people you don't particularly like but have to bond with because they're all that's left of humanity. I spent last night with my high school friends Dima and Josh and Josh's girlfriend. "What do you want to do tonight?" Josh said.

"Let's eat the pellets that fell between the trough and the side of the cage during feeding time." Dima said.

"All you ever want to do is eat pellets." Josh's girlfriend said. "Don't you know they're made from the processed remains of other slaves?"

"Why don't you like me?" Dima said. "Is it a bunch of little things - sort of a killing you with a thousand pin pricks type deal - or do you have a deeper problem with me as a person?"

"Good news." I said to Josh 5 minutes later. "I just talked to your girlfriend and in a few minutes she's going to let me feed her some pellets. You should have no problem getting laid tonight."

Working in the washed out industrial corridors of Mars City was like being perpetually trapped in my high school metal shop class. I could still hear my classmate, Jeff, telling me that if I prank called his grandmother again I'd be getting a prank call of my own ...**from the police**. Skull spiders were

biting chunks of flesh out of my legs but I couldn't feel any pain. "What's happening to me?" I asked Lauren.

"You're in noclip mode." she said. "It enhances experiences. Just try not to think about the fact that your parents use it too or it'll destroy the whole noclip mode as teenage rebellion thing that's an essential part of being young."

"I had the most amazing dream." I said to Lauren the next morning. "I dreamed I saw the xenomorph queen and was eating her royal jelly. We're all her subjects, you know. We're telepathically linked with her on some binary level. There was also this other sensation - a dream within a dream if you will - that I was a shy, boring nerd who'd be a goth if it wasn't for all this pesky self-respect. Also I think I was wearing a sombrero and singing along with Nine Inch Nails songs I didn't know the words to."

"I found this dead facehugger in your pool of vomit." Lauren said. "There's a good chance that there's a baby alien gestating in your stomach."

"That's okay. I've always sort of had female womb envy."

The martian day is 37 minutes longer than earth's. That equates to 12 more minutes each day I have to spend at Mcdonalds draining my soul into cracks in the tiled floor. "You know how you fought off that demonic cherub by converting your stepometer into a makeshift taser gun?" a customer said to me yesterday. "I just wanted to say I thought you handled that really well."

"Oh, that was no big deal." I said. "The day I got an abortion was the day I stopped being afraid of demon babies."

Back on earth I was watching Josh smash a car window with an aluminum baseball bat. Somewhere beneath the streets a river of psychoreactive slime was flowing, perpetuating a cycle of violence as old as hatred itself.

Billy died. "I'll always remember the time Billy called me Gaylar, prince of the rodeo except he put the emphasis on rodeo when it should have been on prince." I said. "It's funny how when you love someone it's the little flaws that you cherish the most."

"I know what you mean." Lauren said. "My favorite Penny Arcade strips are the ones that get me thinking about how *I* could've done them better."

It's almost midnight as I'm writing this. My Quake 2 level is open in Worldcraft and I've got my finger on the delete key, hoping to gain the unique perspective on level design that only comes from facing complete oblivion. Jedidiah, tomorrow will be the most beautiful day of your life. Your power pellets are going to taste better than any meal you've ever eaten.

"What are you?" I asked the xenomorph queen.

"I'm the best experience of your life. I don't have time to talk right now but I'll leave my calling card. It'll be in the form of the ghost spore of emptiness that's left inside of you after your ability to walk through walls wears off."

My first side quest as a level 64 slave wasn't to enjoy my happy but to hide it from the rest of the world. Can I have another bag please? The Depends logo shows through the first one.

A warning klaxon sounds as I ride the cargo elevator out of the underground bunker. My feet ache from wearing heels all day. My hair is matted down from the wig cap. There isn't much gas in the

helicopter. I can't quite make out what my friends yell at me as I take off. Something about how my dress still has the JCPenney tags on it. Or maybe it's "goodbye".

My stepbrother and I, both 9 years old, are playing Sonic the Hedgehog and using debug mode to make elaborate cages for Sonic out of pinball bumpers. "Yeah, well if I was making the cage it'd be even bigger and have red springs on the bottom." my stepbrother says.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

10.20 Amazing World Exclusive: My Review of Half-Life 2

Wednesday, Oct 20, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

It was a rainy morning when the UPS man arrived at my house, knocking on my door with a work-hardened fist well versed in the language of doors. I opened the door and was greeted by a smiling man clad in a uniform as brown as the earthen soil below. After forging my signature, he handed me a package containing a pristine copy of the *Half-Life 2* release candidate. As an Internet journalist, Valve deemed me worthy of being part of the media elite tasked with praising their product before it hit the consumer market. I wasted no time putting the release candidate into my computer, which then required me to download the game from the secret Steam Shadow Network designed for celebrities and captains of industry. After 48 hours getting the game up and running, I was ready to experience the second coming.

Gordon gets a love interest. And no, I don't mean the old man.

One simply cannot review *HL2* without needlessly mentioning its tenuous development. Half a decade after *Half-Life* first wowed audiences, the sequel is finally complete and ready for release. For nearly four years, the crew of Valve Software remained silent on their actions and distracted people by re-releasing the first *Half-Life* over and over again with slightly different box designs. The stress of remaining tight-lipped on what was arguably the most anticipated game in the world got to them, and so they promised to release *HL2* on September 30, 2003. Then they didn't release it on September 30, 2003, and people cried out in great shrieks of woe, cursing the name of Valve Almighty. Since then the *HL2* source code was stolen by al-Qaeda, the alpha build leaked to Internet savages, and Gabe Newell increased his biomass to occupy more territory. On the positive side, the year plus delay gave them enough temporal space to finish the game, something a lot of companies forget to do before going gold.

Right from the start, you can see that Valve truly surpassed every expectation imaginable. Then, once you stop reading the reviews and start playing the game, you see firsthand that Valve created a sequel to *Half-Life*, a popular first person shooter. Somewhat perplexingly, you again take on the role of Gordon Freeman, a profoundly troubled scientist suffering from Asperger's syndrome or some other social disorder that renders him unable to speak to other people. Gordon, emotionally disturbed and desperate for an outlet, prefers to communicate through crowbars and other violent equalizers. Chilling stuff, but *HL2* is all about putting you in a dark, dystopian environment similar to the one seen in "Johnny Mnemonic."

I was kind of watching television at the time, but I remember the game starting out in a train car. I'm not sure if was the same train from the first game, but it makes since that you would get on the train and it would keep moving until it got to the sequel. Although it's kind of stupid to think that there would be train tracks going all the way from an alien dimension or a secret underground base to Eastern Europe, where much of *HL2* takes place, that's precisely what we're led to believe. I suppose it's probably a different train car, but this was never really cleared up for me as the game progressed. Thankfully the designers didn't leave too many dangling plot holes like the mysterious train car in the rest of the game. From the start, *HL2* offers a lot of exposition explaining what's happened in the time since the first *Half-Life*, but I unfortunately missed most of it because Sallie Mae called to ask about my student loan repayments. I think I heard people in the game talking about Columbine taking over and loan consolidation, but my mind was elsewhere at the time. I'll have to go back and replay it sometime and figure out what they are talking about.

Soon after that I'm practically sitting through a boring lecture in a science lab with a guy who looks kind of like one of the scientists from *Doom 3*. Luckily for me, there was a hot girl in the class named Alyx. As it turns out, Alyx is the daughter of a scientist from the first game named Eli, after the famous inventor of the cotton gin and interchangeable parts method of course. Eli was one of the black scientists, I guess. I'm not sure which one, because all black scientists look alike to me. That's a shame, really. Even when a black man proves himself just as equal by advancing in society, he still suffers the same unnecessary stereotypes. Shame on you, Valve Software. Shame on you.

HL2 breaks new ground by subjecting you to horrible oppression. It's fun!

Let's face it – *HL2* in all its glory is just another first person shooter, with an emphasis on shooter. So how does it stack up in terms of weapons? I'm glad you apparently asked me! *HL2* features a rich arsenal that consists of virtually every action game weapon archetype. Thankfully it deviates somewhat with a few truly innovative weapon options such as a gun that shoots gravity, allowing you to "push" objects away. Like any good vacuum cleaner or prostitute, it has both a suck and blow option. This lets you pick up objects and dangle them in front of you, then launch them into the face of an enemy. I think this gun could lead to some awesome multiplayer mods, like one where players compete in a futuristic version of football using a human baby as the ball and the gravity gun instead of hands. Players can also utilize Xen aliens as helpers with a unique weapon that's essentially a ball of meat. I don't know why Gordon carries meat in his pockets, but then I'm not a scientist like he supposedly is. Wherever you throw the meat, the aliens will go and attack anything in the proximity of where the meat landed. I was developing a similar idea for use in getting fat women to do my bidding, but Valve beat me to the punch.

If weapons are the solution, I think the enemies in the game are most definitely the problem. Or, if not part of the problem, then they are definitely part of the solution. Wait! Maybe guns are the problem. Oh shit, I don't know! Confusion aside, *HL2* features a number of enemies, such as Columbine Soldiers, giant laser shooting tripods, and UFOs. Some familiar faces are back, such as the headcrabs and the zombies they create. I personally was disappointed to see the zombies back, because they raise my blood pressure. I don't know why, but whenever I see zombies I just want to check my blood pressure and make sure I'm okay. Sadly, Valve showed little imagination with boss monsters. The game's final showdown has you engaged in a rooftop shootout with the infamous G-Man, who turns out to be your future self sent back in time, probably at the end of *Half-Life 3* as some kind of post-ironic twist ending.

There was this part where I was in a dune buggy. Or maybe it was a jet ski. I don't remember and it's not that important since it's a trivial detail. I just know that I was moving very fast and there was this flying ship that was dropping what looked like barrels around me. And I thought, my God, the genius of that. It was like I was shot with a diamond – a diamond bullet right through my forehead. Ships that drop barrels! We were wrong to think that first person shooters had previously hit their high water mark. *HL2* is a flood of Biblical proportions and yet, paradoxically, it is the ark that saves us. *HL2* isn't just about shooting aliens and jumping from platform to platform; it's about dodging barrels falling out of ships. It's always been a norm that barrels are a part of the environment from the start. By adding them in on the go, this game gives an unprecedented sense of real world uncertainty. Just like Salle Mae does when they call to ask for money, this game has the power to dangle you over the edge of a pit filled with active chainsaws, revving rabid from that disease that turned machines into killers in "Maximum Overdrive."

Whereas most games feature indoor environments and nothing else (I'm looking at you with a flashlight, *Doom 3*), *HL2* features robust outdoor environments that seem to go on forever. The

Source Engine seems well qualified to handle a wide variety of tasks and while not as densely detailed as the new Doom Engine, it makes up for it by rendering intensely visible environments. The engine packs a lot of special effects while running relatively good on a wide range of computers. *HL2* shines brightest with its powerful physics engine that gives the game a realistic feel, since now you can knock things over by walking into them, block doors with objects, and manipulate crates like never before.

HL2 falls pretty short when it comes to multiplayer. There is no multiplayer component, which is a shame because I looked forward to using the gravity gun to pick up another player who in turn is picking up another player with his own gravity gun. I thought that might be a great thing to do and take a hilarious screenshot of to submit to every *HL* website out there. Valve had the opportunity to do something different and special, but instead they fancied up a few *Counter-Strike* levels and re-released that dreadful mod for angry high school teenagers everywhere to relish with acne-armored delight. *Counter-Strike* can be fun, but most of the time it's a lot of idiocy and a lot more of me getting shot with a sniper rifle while blinded by a flash grenade I accidentally threw in front of myself. To make it even worse, Valve upgraded the "spraypaint" options so now it's easier than ever to make obnoxious graphics to spam all over the place. They even included a built-in "wallhack" command accessible via the console.

So how do I feel about *HL2*? I have mixed feelings. On the one hand it was the most profoundly moving experience of my admittedly heretofore brief life, on the other hand it really failed to go in the direction I was hoping. The story was nice, but it didn't follow the ending I longed for. In the original *Half-Life*, you had two choices on how to finish the game. One choice, the most morally conscious choice, resulted in death. I chose that route and logically assumed the sequel would follow the outcome of the first game. It does not. I suppose that means the first *Half-Life* isn't considered part of the "*HL2* canon," which is stupid given all the references to the events at Black Mesa. A colleague argued with me that the alternate "death" ending was ambiguous, because all we really see is a room full of grunting aliens before the screen fades to black. I think this notion is absurd. Am I to believe that the aliens merely raped Gordon? Their intention was murder, I assure you.

I'm not sure whats happening here but I think the guys running are your enemies and the giant tripod monster is your pet.

But thanks to the positives, such as the thrill of using the gravity gun to hurl things around like an emotionally troubled child, it provides the most fun in a video game since *Adventure Island* for the NES, which was the first game to combine tomahawks and skateboards. A lot of people complain that *Adventure Island* was a boring side-scroller with little innovation, but let's not forget *Adventure Island* was doing outdoor tropical environments long before *FarCry*. Where most games groan, *HL2* moans and even screams pleasure. No other game puts you into a scientist-shaped vessel and pits you against an army of aliens with such grace and eloquence. It feels real, like it's really happening. That is a rare accomplishment in this day and age of cookie cutter games with identities as shallow as the people that play them. Valve has accomplished the impossible, and God himself is most certainly going to hang himself out of jealousy. After a long reign at the top, he's now only second best at world creation. Valve has created a gem worthy of display in the most regal of gem-encrusted gem display cases.

Pros: the barnacle models are sufficiently more detailed this time around. All the delays were worth the wait.

Cons: having Alyx die towards the end was a big letdown. Borrows many elements from the original

Half-Life, such as characters and plot threads, yet is not a true sequel.

Final Grade: A%

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.21 The Legend of Coco Crisp

Thursday, Oct 21, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

It was 1979, the year of the monkey. It was a year Cuba was hit with a legendary Christmas storm, destroying crop fields and cutting off all power to the city. Maria Crisp was about to give birth to a young baby boy, although she didn't know it yet. The freezing, blustery wind shook her squalid rusty metal shack like a jiffy pop, but without all the delicious popcorn, causing the chickens to squawk in obvious dismay and Maria to whine in fright as she huddled in the corner covered in a shawl. The shack was located in the slums of Havana, where crime and poverty ran rampant. Just then she felt a rush of water drop from her nether regions, soaking a bewildered chicken. She started to go into labor, shouting for the Lord almighty to save her from this pain. The neighbors came rushing in at Maria's cries, thinking she was being murdered by Castro or one of his commie thugs. A women experienced in childbirth helped Maria deliver this miracle baby, even though the materials at her disposal were rudimentary at best. Soon, a little head appeared out of the distended vaginal opening, and to the shock of all the villagers, he had a miniature Cleveland Indians baseball cap on, and in his hand a hardened piece of amniotic fluid shaped just like a bat! But the really amazing part was that Maria had never had sexual congress with a man before, and was thus a virgin. Yes, Coco Crisp, born in 1979 on the dirt floor of a Cuban hut, was an immaculate conception, and a gift from God to the world.

But all was not well in the Crisp household. The neighborhood, which was all devout Catholics, believed that Coco was the chosen one, sent down from the heavens to help them in their time of need, but the Cuban government saw the child as a menace, and a threat to the peace of Havana. During the night a Communist winged monkey squad raided the shack, seizing little Coco, and throwing him in a burlap sack where he was flown to Castro's dark tower deep in the Cuban mountains. He was placed before Castro's throne on the cold stone floor of his evil chamber. Castro pondered what to do with the little boy who caused so much trouble in his dominion, and asked for the boy to be placed on his lap so he could look into his eyes. Coco Crisp the baby was placed on his knee, looking up into the dictator's eyes, but he couldn't help himself and made a dookie pie right on his lap. Castro screamed and threw Coco out of the tower window as he struggled with the nugget staining his brand new fatigues. The winged monkeys peered out the window, expecting to see Coco's body impaled on the sharp rocks below, but to their shock and amazement a great golden eagle soared up into the night sky with little Coco Crisp hanging on its back for all his worth. The eagle bore him away from that terrible place, to an even more terrible place called Cleveland. It was there Coco forged his way into the history books, and learned what it was like to face unbeatable odds, and come out the victor.

Life was hard for Coco on the mean streets of Cleveland. He found a culvert for shelter and slowly gained his strength back by feasting on the blood of the hobos who would wander into his lair drunk and unaware of his presence. Soon Coco ventured out into the city, only feeding at night, and making money by stealing apples and selling Amway products. One day while walking through a back alley, Coco Crisp was surrounded by a gang of boys his age. The leader of the gang, a ruthless street punk known as Milton Bradley, ordered Coco to hand over his money or face a beating. Coco jump kicked Milton in the head, and soon they were fast friends, ruling the east side of Cleveland with

an iron fist. They called themselves the "Gumdrop Gang", and built an empire out of bootlegged Menudo tapes and stolen shipments of Sweet-tarts. But the pitfalls of great power and wealth were soon realized when Coco had reached the top, sitting on a mountain of sweets, suffering from tooth decay and loneliness. He left the gang, giving sole leadership to Milton Bradley, and fled to city on foot, looking for some meaning in this turbulent world of violence and confusion. He would find that meaning on the road with his faithful Indian companion through some crazy adventures that shall live on in our fables and tales forever.

Before we go any further celebrating the life of this great hero and baseball martyr, I would like to share some tidbits about Coco Crisp so we might get to know his complex, loving soul.

- Coco Crisp is allergic to peanuts..
- Coco Crisp can leap over 25 feet but only when he's playing left field and is barefoot.
- Coco Crisp doesn't have any eyelids, but instead a natural layer of mucus that protect his eyes from wind and dust.
- Coco Crisp spays female kittens in his spare time.
- Coco Crisp taught me how to scold a child and make love to a woman.
- Coco Crisp once ate 100 pickled eggs on a dare, and then ate 100 more for fun.
- Coco Crisp stole the AIDS quilt to use for a hot air balloon and set a world record for height and time duration.
- Coco Crisp spent 10 days mending a fence but then drove his car through it to prove a point about the fragility of life.
- Coco Crisp once hit a home run and Steve Perry caught the ball in his souvenir beer cup. Coco tried to get the ball back after the game, but Steve Perry turned into a Pegasus and flew away.
- Coco Crisp believes in God, and the only thing that scares him is Keyser Soze.
- Coco Crisp is one of only 4 people in the world who can beat Bayou Billy for NES.
- Coco Crisp's favorite cereal is Frosted Mini-Wheats.
- Coco Crisp planted his eggs in the water supply and 80% of the population are now hosts for his embryos that will hatch on February 24th, 2005, covering the world in a 2nd darkness.

Coco traveled around the country, selling life insurance and breaking the hearts of every female he would run across. This of course infuriated the townsmen and many times he was tarred and feathered for his flirtatious selling techniques. His Indian companion was an old Apache who was the last of his kind, and was in debt to him because Coco saved him from a rattlesnake in Arizona. They got along handsomely and took turns going door to door selling their special life insurance. Many people bought from the Indian because they still felt guilty for taking his land, but Coco soon took the sales lead after thinking of the igneous idea of shooting the customer in the legs and showing them how important a good policy could be, and how sudden an unexpected death could occur. But soon this carefree gallivanting came to an abrupt halt when the IRS set up a sting operation to capture Coco and the Indian for failing to pay back taxes. Coco was captured, but the Indian chewed his way out of the net and ran towards the Mexican border. The IRS agents were fat and slothful, so instead of giving chase they called in an air raid, and just as the old Indian was within 200 yards of the border, a Daisy Cutter was dropped on him, ending the proud Apache linage in a large mushroom cloud. Coco was now in the clutches of the evil United States government, and he was all out of ideas.

The IRS proposed to put Coco in a pit armed only with a spear against two Rhinos and a hive of angry bees, but the CIA stepped in and took acquisition of the prisoner. They offered Coco a one time deal: A full pardon for his tax crimes if he would work for them as a secret agent and help

take down one of the most dangerous operatives in the world, the Icelandic super villainess known as Bjork. He agreed and started his super agent training that would turn him into a weapon of destruction, and the knowledge on many scholastic teachings he missed out on as a child on the streets. Coco was soon ready for action, and rode on the back of a specially trained seal to Bjork's secret volcano lair, where he snuck past her polar bear guards and infiltrated her inner sanctum of ice and elf workers. There they had a really cool fight that I can't really explain so you'll have to trust me on this one. Bjork fell through her ice floor, impaling herself on an icicle and then rolled into the core of the volcano, starting a huge eruption. Coco grabbed a motorcycle that was nearby and rode it at full speed away from the blast, it's fiery tendrils licking the back of the bike. But alas there was a huge thousand foot cliff ahead and nowhere to go. Just then a plane piloted by Milton Bradley flew by, and Coco rode the motorcycle as fast as he could off the cliff, and landed in the plane's cargo bay as the volcano erupted. Although he was happy he survived, Coco had enough of this dangerous and absurd action sequences, so quit the CIA and returned to Cleveland in Milton's plane.

It was there that Coco first discovered baseball. He and Milton were working at the hot dog stand in Jacob's Field and one burly drunk customer refused to pay for his dog on account that he saw Coco use it to clear his ear canals. While this was partly true, Coco didn't take kindly to the mans words and swung a foot long dog as hard as he could, smacking the man clear over the fence. The manager of the Indians, Eric Wedge, seeing this incredible display of talent, scrambled up the bleachers to offer Coco a spot on the team's roster. It had been a terrible season of baseball, and the Indians would try anything to get a winning record. Coco agreed, but with the provision that Milton Bradley, his childhood friend, would also be added to the team. The coach balked at first, but then conceded that they both would be hired and would start immediately. Coco didn't even change out of his hot dog uniform as he strode to home plate, a bat in hand and a gentle yet deadly smile on his face. The pitcher chuckled and threw a fastball right over the plate that Coco Crisp pounded with all his might. The ball sailed high through the air and crashed into the scoreboard, shooting out a shower of sparks that set all the people seated below on fire. The Indians won the game, and Coco was now recognized as the true American hero from Cuba that he deserved to be. Then a few days later he died trying to do a slick willy on a skateboard.

We will remember Coco Crisp for who he was: a kind, warm, loving, double jointed, hook mouthed, webbed toed monster of a human that shall be dearly missed. Since Coco has died and Milton Bradley was traded to the Dodgers for a packet of Pop Rocks, the Indians have never been the same and won the award for the most retarded team in baseball. Those who knew Coco, and still worship his memory by pouring fresh infant blood on his grave nightly, realize that death cannot conquer the spirit he has given us all by showing us that life is worth living to it's fullest. Also you should never perform the slick willy maneuver unless you are wearing a helmet and you know how to skateboard. This one's for you Coco Crisp, save a seat for me in that big ballpark in the sky.

Coco Crisp (1979-2004)

(This update is dedicated to Cikala, who helped fix my car last week)

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

10.22 Thank Jesus for Easy Politics

Friday, Oct 22, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In modern America's hotly divided political environment it is a genuine comfort to be able to join hands with people across the aisle and come together to vote for who is objectively the best candidate. Being a Chicagoan I am fortunate to be able to enjoy this experience by voting for Democratic Senate hopeful Barack Obama. The reason I can post this without much concern for angering people is that he is facing off against Maryland carpet bagger and political extremist Alan Keyes. Partisan blood may flow through your veins, you may want to punch every Democrat in the face, but you'd still have to be crazy to vote for Alan Keyes.

Barack Obama is apparently made of sunshine and magic.

To give you an example of just how unified Illinois is about this particular race, the polls show that Barack Obama has a slight lead with 69 percentage points over Keyes who is polling at 24 percent. A lead of 45 percentage points is virtually unheard of for a non-incumbent candidate and there's a great reason why this situation has developed: every time Alan Keyes opens his mouth absolute madness falls out.

Keyes has compared abortion to the Holocaust multiple times, he has referred to homosexuals as "selfish hedonists", and he stated in a recent debate that homosexual couples with children will lead to incest. Keyes also views every journalist, even right wing ones, as part of a vast liberal conspiracy to doom his campaign. He constantly accuses them of misquoting him and then, in the next sentence, repeats exactly what he claims they misquoted. Alan Keyes is convinced that the world is out to get Alan Keyes.

I may not really be what most people would consider a journalist, but that doesn't stand in the way of most people these days so I don't see why it should serve as an impediment to me. To put truth to Keyes' belief that journalists are conspiring against him and misquoting him I have assembled a list of Keyes quotes from off-the-beaten-path sources. They range from Lexis-Nexus searches to me calling up hostile Republican sources I know from college. The great thing about this campaign is that most of the Republicans hate Keyes even more than the Democrats, so they're willing to spill some serious beans on him from behind the scenes.

What's that coming out of Alan Keyes? Oh, it's just more crazy fucking rainbows!

This has been about a month in the making, so allow me a moment to wallow in my satisfaction as I present two categories of Keyes mirth. First there are the From the Horse's Mouth quotes that I have tracked down, and then there are the Krazy Keyes Factoids which are pulled mostly from my aforementioned anonymous sources.

From the Horse's Mouth

"I love my daughter in concept, but the fire of hell will consume her soul in the afterlife and she will deserve it for her transgressions against the Lord." - Keyes addressing a Kindergarten class in Peoria about his homosexual daughter.

"I am sure most of you have seen photos of the mass graves at Sobibor, Treblinka, and Dachau. Miniature

versions of these same scenes are repeated on a weekly basis in the alleys behind abortion clinics. And by miniature I mean that there are as many dead humans but they are very small, like hobby scale Jews, only not Jews. Sometimes Jews." - Keyes at a luncheon for the Jewish Voting League in Chicago.

"God weeps for every child slain in an abortion clinic and so do the Jedi. They feel the disturbance. They hear the voices crying out and then being silenced." - Keyes speaking at a Star Wars convention at the University of Illinois.

"When people ask me about my view of evolution I show them this. Could random evolution have produced this? Could mere chance and circumstance have created such a wondrous and complex thing?" - Keyes speaking to a science symposium while holding up a Sony Mini-Disc player.

"My opponent claims to be black, of color, claims that he can understand the plight of the African American voter in Illinois. Ladies and gentlemen, I may not speak to any issues that concern you, but just look at him. I am like five times darker skinned than him. I win the blackness in this race. He barely looks Puerto Rican!" - Keyes speaking to random passerby outside a South Side Chicago McDonalds.

"San Dimas football rules!" - Shouted at the end of a particularly poorly received speech at Van Wilder High School, rivals of San Dimas.

"I want to crack them open and eat their brain. I want their brain right away. I want to be able to taste what they are thinking as their still-firing neurons slide down my throat." - Keyes on the freshness of puppies euthanized by a local animal shelter.

Krazy Keyes Factoids

Don't be sad! They can take the election away, but they'll never take the madness.

- Keyes attended a rally of the Ku Klux Klan in July of 2004 and actually set fire to an honorary cross. Although Keyes remained hooded throughout the rally he spoke at length on the subject of sending African Americans back to Africa. His personal assistant scheduled the event as a means of "reaching out to his base".
- While visiting a hospital in Chicago, Keyes poured consecrated holy water on a patient in the terminal stages of AIDS and claimed that the man was a vampire. Orderlies physically restrained Keyes to prevent him from stabbing the man in the heart with a wooden stake.

- When questioned by a Chicago Tribune reporter about the lingering debt Keyes has from his 2000 presidential bid Keyes began biting the woman's face. It took two members of Keyes' own staff using a combination of bullwhips and cattle prods to drive him away from the woman.
- Keyes fell off of a platform and sprained his ankle while attempting to demonstrate to an audience in Springfield that God could imbue him with the power of levitation.
- Keyes was arrested in August for "lewd conduct" in a movie theater on Chicago's West side called El Agujero Mojado. According to unnamed sources within the police department Keyes was caught being fellated by a transvestite prostitute who goes by the street name of "Hutch".
- Keyes ran down a crippled orphan in a wheelchair with a bulldozer. He explained the incident as "part of [God's] plan".

Keyes may not be the worst candidate to run for a position in Congress - after all, it's virtually impossible to top James Traficant - but he is one of the great uniting figures in these turbulent times. Americans can stand side by side, looking to the future, shouting with one strong voice: Alan Keyes sucks!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.23 Life After Games

Saturday, Oct 23, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

It's a scene that plays out on the news all too often. A teenager somehow gets his hands on his parents' gun or makes his own in wood shop and then goes on to commit a shooting. When the press finds out one of his hobbies is playing video games, they narrate their report over ten year old stock footage of Doom and Mutant League Football while speaking in very concerned tones which you might mistake as genuine. As far as the press is concerned, this is the only side of gaming that we need concern ourselves with. But they are wrong. There is a much darker aspect of the industry that lies below the public's radar; a seedy underbelly laden with shattered dreams and tragedy.

Meet Glass Joe. A fan favorite in the NES hit Mike Tyson's Punch-Out, Joe lived the high life in the 1980's. With the game selling strong, Joe dined in New York's poshest restaurants and signed a lucrative endorsement deal with Calvin Klein to star in a series of racy and provocative billboard ads promoting their line of pixilated boxer-briefs. When the time came for an inevitable sequel to the NES title for the SNES, however, Glass Joe was inexplicably kept out of the loop. Upon Super Punch Out's release, Joe's popularity waned and the money stopped rolling in. Facing the possibility of living on the street, his options were limited.

Glass Joe (pictured top, unconscious and face down on the canvas) at the best of times.

"I swallowed my pride and took a job at the Beating Factory, getting pummeled by an automated mechanical fist ten hours a day for minimum wage", Joe says before taking a long pull from a no-name beer. His feet rest upon a table made of cinder blocks and plywood, and his chin is covered in days-old stubble. I ask him what the purpose of the constant beating is, and what the factory can possibly produce. A look of genuine surprise washes over his face. "You know, I never thought to ask. I'm a simple man. I just do my job. I make enough to get by, and I get a great employee discount on beatings. Hey, you aren't gonna eat that, are you?"

I stop writing long enough to note what he's pointing at. "My pencil?"

He shrugged. "You call it a pencil, I call it a pencil. *That I eat.*"

Glass Joe isn't the only video game character to fall from fame. Not by a long shot. Consider the heroes from Altered Beast who starred in numerous hardcore furry porn videos, the medium-sized asteroid from Asteroids that coaches a WNBA team, or Ecco the dolphin who now operates a forklift in a struggling tuna cannery.

"Don't you think I'm aware of the moral dilemma this job puts me in?", Ecco scoffs, gesturing wildly with his flippers. "Don't you think I lie awake at night in shame? What I'm doing... it's not natural. I know it. Hell, I don't think I'm even supposed to live outside of the water for more than a few minutes. But when that big check from Sega stops rolling in, you do what you have to just to survive." His eyes brighten and he leans forward. "You know, I really thought I was going to make it. The full-page ads in gaming magazines, all the hype in the previews. For a while there I began to think I was really going to be somebody. I was so close." At this point his voice takes on a dreamlike quality and I realize he isn't looking at me, but past me and into a distant and happier time. I leave quietly, and if he notices he gives no indication.

For every Mario or Mega Man that manages to star in multiple sequels and stay in the limelight for years, there are thousands of one-hit and no-hit wonders such as Glass Joe and Ecco who fall through the cracks of the industry, never to be seen again. Sadly, these two seem to represent the best-case scenarios for this ever-expanding group of gaming outcasts. Many fall into a life of crime,

particularly the "mascots with an in-your-face attitude" that numerous companies had at one point hoped to create franchises with. They can be easily identified by their trademark mohawks or surfer cuts, sunglasses, baseball caps worn sideways or backwards, and constant use of the words "radical" and "extreme". These misfits' poor behavior and lifestyle choices were positively reinforced with game deals, and after their eventual failures they were never able to become productive citizens.

"Take a good, long look at this face, Mr. Farrell", rasps Bubsy the Bobcat through the prison phone. The figure glaring back at me from the other side of the bulletproof glass has sunken, haunted eyes and is horrifically emaciated from either a heroin addiction or some sort of exotic sexually transmitted disease. "I am Johnny Depp without the success of Edward Scissorhands after 21 Jump Street. I am the face of horror. Do not forget this face. Make it immortal with your words, Mr. Farrell." At that, he withdraws a shiv and runs the crude blade in a slow, deliberate arc from the top of his brow to his chin as the guards rush and tackle him. I stumble away in the confusion, dazed and fighting back the urge to vomit.

The face of a laughably cute enemy, or that of pure terror?

Here our story takes a new twist. You see, heartbreak and horror isn't confined to those who have failed in the video game industry. Even those who achieve continued success hold dark secrets. Some low-level baddies from popular game series grow increasingly frustrated as experienced players easily defeat or simply run past them and feel the urge take their agressions out on others. To see a recent example of this, one need only look at the recent rash of terrorist bombings undertaken by a group of extremist Bob-ombs from Super Mario Brothers fame. "Koopa Ackbar!", one Bob-omb was reportedly heard screaming mere moments before detonating himself outside of an Italian restaurant, killing 29 and conveniently opening a passageway in a section of wall where there had previously been a barely noticeable fissure. The authorities refuse to confirm or deny the contents of said passageway, but it's commonly believed that a 1-Up mushroom of some sort was found inside. An extra life that comes too late for the charred remains of the Bob-omb's 29 victims.

And now we begin to see the scope of evil which is inherent in the industry. Are these tragedies the result of a deep rooted problem in video games, or simply the end result of years of bad choices on the part of individuals who were unable to cope with pressure or take responsibility for their lives? What can be done to remedy the situation, if anything? Can you really eat a pencil? I simply don't know. But maybe - just maybe - we'd have a better understanding of the situation if my fellow journalists did their job and dug a little deeper.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.24 Something Awful World Exclusive First Review of Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas

Sunday, Oct 24, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

San Andreas is coming!

The wait is finally over! After roughly 600 years of being encased in a solid block of ice in Greenland the highly anticipated Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas has been freed from it's icy tomb and is being delivered as we speak to Anytown, USA! Folks, you are in for a real treat today. Something Awful, the web site where real men pee sitting down, has secured the world exlusive first review of San Andreas in all of its exclusivity. We are exclusively honored that Rockstar Games have exclusively chosen us to deliver the exclusive review of their exclusive video game. Let me just say one thing folks, they should have left the damn thing in Greenland.

Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas tells the story of a man named Carl Jordan who, after getting beat up by some bullies in west Philidelphia, catches a plane to his mother's house in Bel Air, San Andreas. Unfortunately his mother is killed in an earthquake and the in-flight movie was "The Grudge". Enraged, "CJ" must battle the gangs of San Andreas to find out who framed him for a crime he did not commit in a city that has been consumed by a strange deadly orange tint. Who killed Carl's mother? What is the cause of the deadly orange tint? Where are my car keys? Oddly enough these questions are never answered over the course of the game. What we get instead are a gaggle of loosely related missions where CJ must help old ladies cross the street or mercilessly slay young hookers that have no families and must suck dick for 5 dollars a shot to pay for their massive tuitions in order to increase his health bar. But then again, the Grand Theft Auto games were never about story anyway.

Anyone else think CJs original look looks kinda dumb?

From: **Brightman42** | Posted: 10/23/2004 6:21:02 PM | **Message Detail**

I just think he looks stupid with his original haircut and clothes, well more like he's too plain looking I guess, just not cool enough. He looks freakin awesome in the trailers with the afro and glasses when he's all buff from working out at the gym though. Who else thinks this, and what are you going to do to make him look better?

"Yeah I lie a lot, that's what makes me cool." - Zorak

From: **Lp Made Skater** | Posted: 10/23/2004 6:21:46 PM | **Message Detail**

he is black , so yes he duz look dumb. pwned!@

And I find it kinda funny, and I find it kinda sad. that the dreams in which Im dieing are the best i've ever had.

Gameplay

The main course, of course, of San Andreas are the missions themselves. You would think that after four years Rockstar could be more creative with their objectives. Every mission goes pretty much like this. Drive someone somewhere, pick something up, oh no the police, run. Do this a hundred times and you have beaten the game. On one mission I was asked to drive CJ's cousin's grandmother to the store to buy some hemorrhoid

cream. As CJ comes out of the store you discover that his cousin's grandmother actually stole the cream as she has no money. A 5 star wanted level is slapped onto your wanted meter and off you go driving grandma's inflamed ass all over San Andreas trying to get home while she hits you with a wooden spoon and screaming that you are driving too goddamn fast. Pretty much every mission is like this!

Fortunately San Andreas has a Thanksgiving feast of mini-games to partake in, each one infinately more fun than the main game itself. The player can drive taxis, catch criminals, deliver newspapers on his bike, post on internet forums, rally for peace, purposely slip and fall in grocery stores and then sue the owner for millions, sell tainted hot dogs, get a job as a Kwik-E-Mart employee, shill for warranty plans at Best Buy, pull a bus with your teeth, play Pac-Man in a mini-arcade, go on Fear Factor, throw pies at Ann Coulter, crash award ceremonies, and breed cats. In fact the game's mini-games are so expansive that it's like having a bunch of video games in one. The best example is a horse racing mini-game at the Los Alamitas race track in Los Santos. CJ can bet on horses and watch them race, buy and breed world class studs, and run out onto the track and strangle his horse that did not win and cost him thousands. The mini-game is so detailed that CJ can actually walk to the stable where the horses are kept and brush their hair so that they are always pretty. CJ likes ponies.

o yea and btw i hope this is not true but sum1 says CJ dies. man i hope this is not true. i hope i didnt spoil it for ne1. cuz i was in a chat room and some dumb guy jus wrote it out. man im so mad

Rockstar has upped the ante on realism this time around. To some this may sound like a blessing but to me it sounds like a chore. Now the player must find food to eat or he'll lose health and must also exercise constantly to keep in shape. But most surprisingly is the need to buy insurance in the game. In California drivers are required to carry minimum coverage car insurance at all times. Since San Andreas is a parody of California the player will be required to get CJ auto insurance, which can be purchased from San Andreas' many "reputable" insurance brokers. Insurance will clear a 2 star wanted level if you are pulled over. And trust me, you will be pulled over a lot in San Fiero. I hate exercising and paying for insurance in real life. Why would anyone want to do it in a game?

While many have touted the game's 150 hour completion time, the average player will most likely beat the game in under 30 hours. Why? The game is ridiculously easy! Gone are the days of lanky out of shape honkies that can barely shoot their gun straight. The main character this time around is African-American. What this means for the player is that you can pretty much just power through the game without a care in the world. You see, blacks are bred to be the better athlete. They are stronger, faster, and more inteligent than Italians. Thomas Jefferson invented the African-American and enslaved them for no good reason in 1701. It took the power of Rockstar games to liberate the black man and put him into a video game. What they didn't liberate, of course, was their A.I. As CJ players will be able to out-run, out-gun, and out-gum enemies in every mission of the game. In fact, you could probably just hold down the circle and R1 buttons, run to the yellow blip on your radar, and still beat most missions. But that doesn't mean I don't like this game. No way. I love this game. I love black people. I have many black friends in fact. If you don't rush out and buy Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas you are a racist. There I said it.

Graphics

San Andreas is like a feast for the eyes. Gone are the jagged edges of Liberty City. Gone are the bleeding colors of Vice City. Rockstar has given Grand Theft Auto a new coat

Which fast-food place will you want to eat at?

From: **DaNangThang24 (gs)** | Posted: 10/23/2004 4:05:4

I think I will eat pizza most of the time.

From: **Linkex14** | Posted: 10/23/2004 4:06:13 PM | **Mess**

Cluckin Bell!
---
www.sluggy.com
7th anniversary, if you haven't heard of it by now,

From: **Kirby2k3** | Posted: 10/23/2004 4:06:17 PM | **Mess**

the one that sells jam
---
www.faceparty.com/l0st_B0y << me :)

From: **Stealth-Gunner (gs)** | Posted: 10/23/2004 4:06:52

CLucking bell, C***-a-doodle-doo!

of paint and it looks better than ever. Using the most advanced in blur technology you would never guess that you are playing something that looks like it's a total conversion for Doom. By popular demand the trails are back and this time around they are better than ever. The technology is called "ghosting" and recreates the feeling of playing a video game on an overpriced $600 LCD monitor right on your home television set!

The cities are masterfully built featuring many large rectangles and cubes with low-resolution textures applied that may resemble something that possibly looks like a house or skyscraper. And what's more impressive is just how huge these cities are. In order to make San Andreas nearly ten times the size of Vice City and Super Mario Bros. 3 combined, Rockstar Games used an advanced technique called "copy and paste". By copying a house and pasting it into the same map four hundred times programmers can create huge cities that people with no jobs can wander through for hours.

The first thing players notice on their arrival to Los Santos is the orange glow that the city is engulfed in. Don't bother adjusting the tint on your televison, that's atmosphere! Los Santos recreates the city of Los Angeles perfectly. The white people live on one side and the black people live on the other. No other game has captured the true essence of Los Angeles better than San Andreas, not even the giant turd that is True Crime: Streets of LA. All throughout Los Santos are shootings, low income housing, and mass transportation that no one uses. The city streets are packed with cars. During the hours of 6AM-10AM and then again from 3PM-6PM the player will be forced to sit in traffic just like the real Los Angeles! Rockstar has cleverly placed halted construction projects on every major freeway that close lanes and infuriate drivers. Whenever it rains every car in the game will immediately drive into the nearest building or pedestrian. This, folks, is realism.

Music and Sound

Music has always been an integral part of the Grand Theft Auto series and that is no different here. To accompany the ghetto atmosphere and hardcore violence, Rockstar Games is featuring over 10 radio stations filled to the brim with such world class artists as Hoobastank, Linkin Park, and Avril Lavinge. I've included a brief sample of the game audio for your listening pleasure. To show you just how much music this game has I'll include the track listing for one of the game's many radio stations, Playback, which

Don't kid yourself, this game won't be game of the year.

From: **Hondakiller** | Posted: 10/23/2004 3:34:54 PM | **Message Detail**

Sure, you guys have the right to post here and be excited because this genre might be your favorite. AND, I think gta was the third best game the year it came out. I will also be getting MGS3. This series has become one of the series I buy from. I only buy Metal Gear Solid, Grand Theft Auto, and Gran Turismo games. So that means I buy a new game not very often. Now lets get to the point. This game will take a back seat to the other two games I mentioned. Also, there is a game called Halo 2 which is supposed to be the only competition for MGS3, Anyway, I am just letting you know there are 2 other great games coming out this year and you should always buy MGS3 and maybe GT4 if you like cars.

Below me

features classic hip-hop, at no extra cost to you.

- Eazy E - Ain't Nothin' But A G Thang
- Notorious B.I.G. - I Don't Give A Fuck
- Dr. Dre - The Chronic
- Alicia Keys - I'm a Slave 4 U
- The Wallflowers - Headlights
- Muppet Babies Theme
- Perfect Strangers Theme
- 20 minutes of static
- Cats in heat
- Lion King: The Musical

The abundance of music is incredible and I really must tip my hat to Rockstar. To secure so many world class artists is an impressive feat only comparable to the time I snuck into the Source awards and farted on the award statues.

CellPhones or telephaty

From: **SolidusSnake3 (gs)** | Posted: 10/23/2004 3:52:30 PM | **Message Detail**

Well i was reading under the section of gangs and their are 2 more gang that finished with families they did say they would help you and they were once part of OGF but my question is when ur are in trouble do u like call ur gang to help u??? or they just come

From: **Latino1090** | Posted: 10/23/2004 3:58:43 PM | **Message Detail**

Hopefully just come cuz i find it hard to imagine a scenerio where ur about to get shot and u tell dem to give u a min. to live so u can make a call. IDK dats just me

Pros: The incredibly detailed mini-games. They are like whole other games in themselves.

Cons: Boring missions. Horrible graphics. Predictable story. Having CJ die at the end was melodramatic and cliched.

In conclusion I felt the game lacked depth and bordered on retarded. It was a lackluster experience at best. Better luck next time Rockstar.

Score:

Grand Theft Auto is no doubt a legendary series in the history of video games and we have been honored to be allowed to bring our audience the very first world exlusive review of their very anticipated game. I havn't played it yet but my girlfriend tells me that it's just awful. Fun fact: Lowtax was supposed to write this review but he threw his review copy away. What a wacky guy.

The GTA rap

From: **CALICO8402** | Posted: 10/22/2004 9:13:08 AM | **Message Detail**

Back in Los Santos after escaping the beef// You can.....escape tha life but you can't escape the streets//
It gets...rough in the hood you can't be saved by police//
cause' their the main ones tryna get you deceased//
CJ's back and the rate of crime just increased//
You can expect the worst while you prayin for peace//
Terrorize a whole state from Venturas to Fierro//
This is payback this ain't about the dinero//
You know he's still rollin with the click from Orange Grove//
Seein Ballas and Flats leave em dead in the road//
Robbin houses and cars the only way to get by//
This is how g's livin every day of they lives//
So keep ya guard up and be prepare to throwdown//
Even ya family ain't safe these cats out here is lowdown//
So get ya game up time to regain your bravado//
This ain't yor average life this is Grand Theft Auto//

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

10.25 The Last Days

Monday, Oct 25, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Meeting John Kerry in person is sort of like meeting a tree made out of human skin and wrinkles. On TV he looks a lot like Frankenstein or Herman Munster, up close he more closely resembles Droopy Dog stretched out on a torture rack. My first encounter with the man was a brief run-in at a café in New Hampshire during the Democratic primary. I pretended to be from the legitimate press and he shook my hand and asked me what I was going to write about him. I told him that I was going to write that I shook John Kerry's hand and then he asked me what I was going to write about him and I told him that I would write about shaking his hand. Then I just sort of trailed off. I don't think he got the recursive joke - I don't blame him much, it was a shitty joke - and he had plenty of people trying to shake his hand.

Back then Kerry was near the bottom of a pretty thick pile, two days ago when I met him for the second time he was fighting desperately to stay on top of a much smaller heap. I wasn't looking to meet John Kerry, I was working on a story about his operatives. Most strikingly, when I shook hands with him again he looked like a faded piece of cloth. The pace of non-stop This is the Fucking End campaigning had taken its toll on him. His grip was firm, but he barely even glanced at me. I and the rest of the crowd were just meaty appendages on a good will conveyor for him. If it had been possible I think he would have continued talking to one of his aides while kissing the baby being extended to him.

I asked one of the campaign chumps if he was alright and they just nodded. That sort of nod is all over the place. Swarms of these guys follow around both candidates with a bobbling head and a fake knowing smile like some sort of partisan dashboard toy. There's no passion to these politics, it's business. They want "their guy" in so they can reap the rewards. Their guy wants in so he can too.

Kerry has put a lot of effort into pushing away the sort of folks that Dean attracted by the thousands. Deaniacs. Deanaholics. Embarrassments. The people who got Dean on the cover of Newsweek and then ensured he'd never get the Democratic nomination. Not that Dean helped his own cause much, but his chaff is definitely not something Kerry wants sticking to his honey in any substantive sense. He'll take their filthy votes and hold his nose while he does it.

I think Kerry's campaign ads are shit. I watched one on his garish regional tour bus and I wanted to throw the DVD player out the window. Kerry has about 10,000 different angles of attack, hundreds of hours of great professional retardate Bush footage, and a massive spin staff and all he puts out are these number-heavy shitfests that would put a meth head to sleep. When he finally got around to putting out that unnecessarily vague eagle ad it was going up against Bush's wolf pack ad. Way to go Kerry. He was the same droningly dull chowder head in the debates, but of course that was all it took to walk away with those.

Bush, I've got to admit, I was predisposed to dislike. I hate the cowboy image (and make no mistake that is all it is, the guy practically holds out his pinky finger when drinking something), I hate the whole war in Iraq bullshit, and I hate his sleazy frat boy demeanor. Kerry might be dull, but on TV Bush ejects feces from every pore. He's like the world's best political cartoon that somehow turned into a somewhat real human being.

Meet him in person, and you're likely to change your tune. Bush is fully charged at all times. He campaigns exactly as much as Kerry, but he comes across like he got a good night's sleep and woke up looking forward to shaking people's hands. Campaigning isn't something he has to do; it's something he wants to do. There has been a lot of hemming-and-hawing and mockery in the media about loyalty oaths being required at Bush rallies. I thought they were a self-defeating contrivance,

and I still think they are pretty fucking sinister, but when you get a vetted crowd in front of Bush the affect is amazing. He is conducting the orchestra up there. He plays the crowd like a bootleg Chinese 1001-in-1 NES cartridge.

The down side to this is that Bush's crowds are by default ideologically in lock step and passionate about the President. When he talks they roar with enthusiasm. When he attacks Kerry they boo and jeer feverishly. When some college girl walks into the Legion Hall with a "STOP AIDS" sign they drag her out by her hair, kick her, and want to do even more. That's not to say that Kerry doesn't have his share of that sort of asshole - he may have even more - but he doesn't filter to get only that sort of asshole. Besides, when Kerry speaks, by the tenth run-on sentence the crowd is practically begging him to wrap it up. "Alright guy, we agree with you, global test, whatever."

The one area where Bush definitely has Kerry beaten is in the advertising and spin game. Sitting Presidents pretty much have a lock on winning the spin game these days, because the point where policy speech ends and press release begins has become completely blurred. But, Bush has much shrewder ad wizards casting enchantments for his campaign. Through the use of political action committee buffers that are only half-heartedly decried by Bush's campaign Bush has gotten away with basically lying in a number of ads about Kerry. The media doesn't call his people on it, for a variety of reasons, and Kerry's own cabal of PACs are so pussy that they recoil in horror at the mere angry mention of them by a Republican representative in the media. Oh no, they said our ad is mean, we'd better pull it!

I'm not going to insult your intelligence by telling you who to vote for. There are other choices out there if Bush and Kerry are not up your alley. Badnarik, Cobb, Nader, and dozens of other fringe candidates that are about as likely to get elected as I am are all anxiously awaiting your vote. I will, however, tell you to vote. Read a little more about the candidates that interest you. Go searching for some conflicting viewpoints. If all you read and watch comes from Fox News then go check out the BBC or the laughably anti-Bush UK paper The Guardian. If all you read and watch comes from BBC or The Guardian then check out Fox News or the laughably anti-Kerry site Free Republic. Be willing to make yourself mad.

As an aside, I apologize for the relatively serious tone of this update. I had a poker themed one cooking and, believe it or not, it was even less funny.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.26 Yes I Have A Grudge

Tuesday, Oct 26, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The horrifying "shower scene" from "The Grudge."

My girlfriend and I recently made the tragic mistake of refusing to not see the movie "The Grudge" around 7:30 PM last Friday. In case you're out of the pop culture loop and you somehow missed the many, many commercials for this fine feature-length film about a boy who accidentally swallows a cat despite the protests of his rapidly shedding mother, it conveys the harrowing tale of a haunted house which murders roughly half of Japan and causes Sarah Michelle Gellar to adopt a facial expression best described as "somewhat concerned or possibly constipated." I'd like to offer up a mini-review of this wonderful American film remake of a Japanese film remake of a made-for-television movie which cost $19 to produce, including the cost of dustbusters to clean up the tumbleweeds of black hair which constantly rolled through the set, knocking over backdrops and crushing small children:

BRIEF REVIEW OF "THE GRUDGE"

Sarah Michelle Gellar plays the role of Sarah Michelle Gellar in the Hollywood remake of the Japanese horror film "Ju-On: The Grudge." When a woman and her small child are murdered by their very hairy husband, their ghosts prowl throughout the house and downtown Tokyo, killing every single person who enters for some reason which is explained in a scene that can best be described as "very white and blue." Every horror film produced since "The Ring" has taken advantage of the glorious "white and blue" cinematic technique which guarantees their film will be at least 238% scarier, as it's a proven fact the colors blue and white are the most terrifying of the color wheel. For example, Booberry is white and blue and that guy is scary as all hell. I mean, a ghost that haunts breakfast cereals while wearing a derby and bow tie? Enough said.

The famous white and blue film technique is very simple and cost-effective for even the most amateur of Hollywood directors. Basically the filmmakers shoot their movie, edit it, and then run it through a giant rusty machine built by Martians which miraculously transforms every color into either blue or white. Red apples? Hope you like blue apples! Hey, is that a rainbow over there? No, it's a big blue floating horseshoe which has traces of ghost semen in it! I love blue and white, please Hollywood, keep eliminating every goddamn color of the rainbow because when I pay money to see a movie, I want it to look like I'm watching the reflection of my television set showing static inside a pan of antifreeze!

Bill Pullman has a wonderful supporting role as "some guy who does something" and kicks the film off into high gear by killing himself in an attempt to escape being in the movie. His death also marks the first of many unintentional comedic moments that causes the audience to laugh uncontrollably, a hallmark of any great horror film. Gellar is visiting Japan, taking courses at a local university when her boss, Ted Raimi once again playing the role of a man whose face was mutilated in a printing press, gives her a job taking care of an old woman who sleeps in the aforementioned haunted house of doom. Somehow the old woman has an immunity to ghosts that Japanese girls and married couples lack, and she takes advantage of this by staring at the bedroom wall for a good three days or so while a couple ghosts walk around and toss Snickers bar wrappers all over the floor.

Gellar soon discovers that there's something strange going on in the haunted house, mostly due to the fact that it's haunted but also because roughly a half a million people have been murdered there and are decaying all over the place. After cleverly using the Internet and asking a Japanese detective why he was standing on a roof, she mashes the pieces of the puzzle together and realizes the house contains restless spirits of a mother and her son, both murdered by their husband years ago. It turns out that when you die in Japan, and you were experiencing some tremendously powerful emotion at the time, your ghost haunts the area where you were murdered because, well, it's Japan and that's just how things work. So if you're some really fat dude and die from a heart attack while eating a cheeseburger, your spirit will float around and make everybody who approaches very hungry for McDonalds. Likewise if you die using the Internet, your ghost will start making people act retarded and talk nonstop about Firefox and the .ogm file extension.

Soon sleepy blue ghosts (not Booberry) begin appearing all over Japan and somehow kill every single person who ever entered the house except the extras who weren't important enough to warrant their own death scenes. I think they only haunt you if you physically walk in through the door; that is, if you're playing in the yard, you're probably safe. Or if you check their power meter outside, you're safe too. But if you walk in to fix the cable or you're there to deliver some flowers, then you're screwed. "Never deliver flowers to a haunted house" is one of the most prevalent mottos in the floral industry. To make matters worse, getting killed by a ghost makes you become a ghost as well, and then you are forced to murder Sam Raimi's brother, a man whose fight-or-flight reflex fell off a horse during an episode of "Xena: Princess Warrior." Gellar, who visited the ghost house to pick up trash that the dead Japanese girl before her left behind once she was murdered in a closet, realizes that the she's next on the ghost's hit list, so she must act quickly and do something before something else happens and it's too late to do something else.

Unfortunately, the ghost already has her targeted, and it causes very scary things to occur like grow a hand out of her hair (which disappears before she can notice it) and have her ghastly son hang out on every floor of an apartment complex while she uses the elevator (and never sees him). I've always wondered why ghosts in movies were so goddamn ineffective. I mean, they spend a ton of time ensuring scary things appear behind characters and in mirrors, but the people they're trying to scare never even see them. If I was a ghost and I was attempting to scare somebody, I wouldn't devote all my energy to doing crazy stupid things behind my target; I'd make damn well sure they saw me when I was materializing and sticking my own jawbone up my ass while projecting morbid images of Tori Spelling's father with my hair.

The audience seemed to laugh more watching "The Grudge" than they did during "Napoleon Dynamite," although to be honest, folks seemed to cringe in disgust more frequently while watching "Napoleon Dynamite." Modern Asian cinema is known for creepy visuals, dark atmospheres, and terribly nonsensical plotlines which constantly require the viewer to suspend disbelief. Modern American horror is known for it's white

and blue film, sound effects suddenly playing at 100 million decibels to signify something scary has happened and you should therefore be very scared, and telling stories about a bunch of annoying retarded teenagers figuring out mysteries by using the Internet. Combine both together and you get... well, I'm not exactly sure what you get, but it wasn't very good. The only frightening part of the movie occurred in the first 15 minutes, before I grew accustomed to seeing the ghost appear every 10 seconds, dictating exactly what to expect and when to expect it. "Horror" does not mean eliminating every non-blue color of the rainbow and flashing clips of a cat boy emitting screeching noises in a closet at ear-shattering levels, and the only "grudge" I had during this movie was one against Sam Raimi for tricking me into spending my money to watch a bastardized Asian horror film processed in Smurfette's vulva.

Despite my extreme displeasure with the movie, I can safely say that nothing, and I repeat NOTHING, was as horrible as the people around me watching the movie. We live in Lee's Summit, Missouri, a town populated by a bunch of high school and sub-high school children, all planning on going to college to earn a degree in "saying 'like' after every other word." In case you missed the memo, all American teenagers are apparently federally required to carry at least two cellphones everywhere they go. If they at any point fail to use these phones nonstop, the translucent electrical collar around their neck will detonate, showering the surrounding area with fragments of bone and Hot Topic clothing. Now some of you may claim I sound like a bitter old man, but if the desire to systematically torture and then execute every single teenager fucking around with their Nelly ring tone during a feature film makes me a bitter old man, then so be it.

Simulation of what "The Wizard of Oz" would look like if made with modern horror film white and blue miracle technology.

With this in mind, I have decided to build my very own movie theater, which I plan on calling "The Something Awful Theater For Normal People." This movie theater will cater to us normal people, the folks that actually buy movie tickets so we can watch the fucking movie, and it will adhere by the following rules:

1) Cellphone usage will be forbidden. Anybody caught even handling a cellphone will be forced to wear The Rainbow Assault for an hour. The Rainbow Assault is simply a pair of headphones that I bought at a garage sale in Lawrence, Kansas for 83 cents last year, a piece of highly advanced technology featuring a festive and decorative scene on the earpiece depicting what appears to be the Care Bears administering enemas to each other. The Rainbow Assault has the ability to spew out distorted sounds at volumes approaching 200 million decibels through a completely distorted and overloaded ear speaker manufactured by horribly insane Taiwanese engineers in the mid 1980s. If a repeat cellphone offender is caught again, we will upload a cell phone theme to their unit called "The Ring tone Virus," which, upon loading, murders the owner in seven days. Then we will attend their funeral and call each other on our phones, talking really loudly about "what Rebecca was wearing" at last night's party, despite the fact that we'll be standing less than five feet from each other. If one of their mourning parents complains about our behavior, we will all respond by playing the MIDI version of "My Boo" on our phones at once.

2) Any African American individual who shouts "funny" comments at the movie screen such as "YOU DUMB BITCH, DON'T OPEN DAT DOOR!" and "AW HELL NAW" will be forcefully strapped to a chair and escorted into the "Stereotype Reeducation

Room," where we will attempt to help them break free from their painfully generic behavior featured in such hilarious standup comedy skits by Steve Harvey and every other black comedian in the history of history. It has become painfully apparently that black comedian stereotypes have developed into a self-fulfilling prophecy and it's simply impossible for some individuals to break free from the loud n' sassy moviegoing cliche they are commanded to conform to by every minority to ever walk into a spotlight. Treatment will be applied based on the effective methods demonstrated in "A Clockwork Orange," except the movie we force them to watch will consist of choice clips from "Friends" interlaced with stock footage of skinny white people playing football in the early 1900s with all those goofy pads and leather helmets. Any white people who shout at the movie screen will be summarily executed because, hey, white people watch movies LIKE THAT and black people watch movies LIKE THIS.

3) Popcorn will be sold with mandatory "chewing silencers," tiny little electronic devices which detect if a person is chewing with their cavernous 10-foot wide mouth open, showering surrounding patrons with moist corn particles and wads of saliva. If the chewing silencer detects an offender, it will spew a stream of dense caulking into their mouth, preventing it from opening for the next two hours. These chewing silencers will be both effective and environmentally safe, transforming into a harmless acid which will eat through human flesh and bone until it successfully oxidizes and, I don't know, turns into tree bark or something I guess.

I don't know what's happening here, but it's in white and blue so it must be scary according to Hollywood!

All in all, it was a miserable moviegoing experience. On one hand, "The Grudge" was an absolutely terrible horror film which wasn't as much frightening as it was laughable, but on the other hand we really couldn't even pay attention to the film due to the fact that the movie theater was apparently built inside a giant Sprint store haunted by the hundreds of spirits who died in there while waiting to speak to an actual human being. Until the youth of America stop being so goddamn annoying, I plan on attending only NC-17 movies whose title has the word "nurse" or "engorged" somewhere in it. This may be a sacrifice, but it's a sacrifice I'm willing to make for America and our fantastic white and blue cinema experiences.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.27 A Journey to the Future

Wednesday, Oct 27, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

"Holy moly!" I shouted as I rushed out of the alleyway into no less than the future. A crowd of nearby futurists had gathered, obviously admiring me for my astonishing accomplishment of time travel, which I was about to explain to them since they didn't really know what I was shouting about.

"I'm from the future," I told them in an excited manner. "Well, actually the past. I mean the past. Sorry, I meant to say the past."

"The past?" inquired a dapper man wearing a silver jumpsuit with a glowing lightening bolt insignia on his chest. "That explains the hideous outfit you're wearing. You look like a museum's miscarriage, which doesn't even happen anymore because of the advancements in museum science."

"Through methods unknown to me I have ventured from a past era to the future, or as you call it... *the future!*"

"No, we call it the present," responded an angry lady wearing a robot skin coat.

"It may interest you to know," the jumpsuit clad man spoke, "that we have a crater named in honor of your Bill Cosby."

"A crater, on the Earth?"

"No, the moon. Here. We stopped living on the Earth ages ago because it's full of jerks. And also vicious man-eating aliens. Jerks, mostly."

"Jerks" agreed the angry lady.

"You mean I time traveled all the way to the moon?"

A hardy looking man belted out, "Sure, why not!" He looked stately in his plaid exoskeleton, and his neon moustache was positively glowing.

"Wow," I said. "I guess you'll be wanting to know how I did it then?"

"No, not really," said the hardy man. "Someone left a banana peel on the timeline and you slipped. Big deal."

"Time travel is nothing new," said the man in the silver jumpsuit. Adding, "It's a thing of the past, really." They all nodded in agreement.

"Oh," I said, feeling as defeated as a P.O.W. camp full of captured high school dropouts without the life skills necessary to survive in the harsh emotional prison camp conditions of the future.

The day I was sent forward in time was a day unlike any other, specifically because of the time travel part and also because I had gotten extra hash browns with my breakfast. With a stomach full of hash browns the future is harder to swallow than ever, and that's something you rarely ever sit down to think about until you find yourself in the future digesting hash browns that are suddenly older than your grandma.

As I walked the future streets of the future city on the moon, I couldn't help but notice the beautiful

view of Earth resting just above my head behind the saw tooth cityscape in the horizon. In the distance great radio towers broadcasted sausage diagrams into space, hoping to lure intelligent and hungry life out of hiding. Signs and animated billboards gave the place an eerie feel as they depicted an endless slideshow of giant staring faces. This was the kind of persecution fish must feel living in aquariums. Were the TVs watching us now? And hey, how was there an atmosphere on the moon?

No more than ten minutes after venturing into the future, an elderly bum accosted me. One would like to think that in a world as developed as the moon, in the future no less, that homelessness would be a thing of the past.

"Hey," he said while his right arm made spastic punching motions. "Hey, craterface!"

"What do you want?" I asked, making a point to stand out of distance of his swinging right arm.

"Got a handout for a poor Moonling?" His tattered chrome secondhand Hercules-Transmag-Bovine Corporation uniform was smothered in all manner of moon refuse. I shudder to even mention the disgraceful condition of his cape.

Reaching in my pocket, I removed seventy-five cents and placed the coins in his open hands.

"What in the hell is this supposed to be?"

"Money," I nervously replied in a confused voice that carried the weight of a birthday cake with an Alzheimer's-stricken stripper inside it.

"Great Cosby's Ghost!" he shouted. "Don't you know we're communists here?"

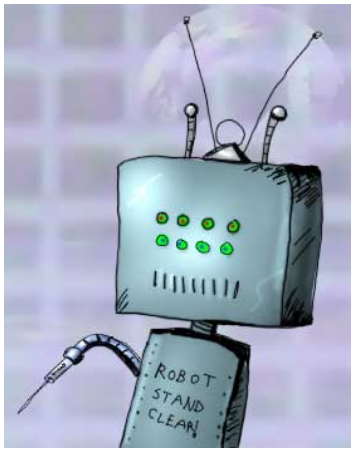
"Well what did you want me to put in your hand?"

"I wanted you to pee in my hands. That's how we do business here." He formed his hands into a cup as he said that.

"No!" I whimpered in shock. "I can't do that kind of thing."

"Look, I figure a fellow like you is probably from the past, and this future business is probably quite frightening. You help me out and I'll help you find your way in this topsy-turvy future – in the present tense, mind you."

I don't know what convinced me to urinate in that old man's hands, but I like to think it was trust in the underlying compassion and goodwill of humanity. In many ways, the cup is a metaphor for our lives. It's an empty container we fill with experiences. When it was all through, and all my urine – my Lucifer's Gold – had dripped through the grips of his fingers onto the street below, he smiled a smile so wide the rings of Saturn were probably quite jealous. The bum was old and probably dangerously close to his expiration date. I filled his cup one last time, and now he was going to fill mine for the first time, although not with his old man urine.



"Okay, yeah, well just head over there to that building," he said as he pointed his wet hand in the direction of the building immediately behind me.

"Thanks," I said, again feeling completely defeated.

The biggest building, which stood out in dramatic fashion because of the golden hologram statue of Bill Cosby in front, was the The City of Moon City City Hall. I entered through the revolving door

entrance, which I noted reacted much differently than revolving doors of my time because of the different gravity of the moon. In the interest of science I went around about eight times before finally deciding to remain indoors.

"Excuse me! Excuse me!" I pleaded for attention at the main counter. Immediately I was terrified. There came the robot, a hulking metallic husk of unknown intention and thought. A genuine scientific marvel standing in front of me, staring away with artificial eyes that sliced into my face like an exceptionally sharp piece of cake. My reaction was delayed, in part out of unbridled astonishment, in part out of unbridled disbelief. Like kindling before a scorched earth, I feared my very existence was enough justification to send the robot spiraling out of control in a calculated pre-programmed fit of madness.

"Please, Mr. Robot, do not hurt me," I cried, trembling ever so slightly.

Like digital wind chimes, a cacophony of beeps rang out from the secret circuitry hiding behind that cold metal face. Each beep seemed only to trigger another and they flowed out like water from a leaking faucet, dripping constantly but never in any set order. All random and rogue, these sounds flanked me, spilling into each of my side-mounted hearing devices. I was so unnerved by the cascade of beeps that I shrieked, letting out a whistling scream that carried a tremendously girly connotation. I was emasculated by nothing more than the beeps of a machine, though the machine could undoubtedly damage me in some perverse fashion. What electronic whim would it take for it to produce an origami swan out of my spinal column? I wondered as I used both hands to cover my mouth in hopes of preventing future shrieks from escaping.

"Excuse me, young man," interjected a kindly janitor shooting debris on the floor with a laser pistol. "The robot teller does not understand girlish shrieks."

"I'm from the past. I need to speak with someone about my condition."

"Well, why didn't you say so?" he inquired as he shot at debris around my feet with his laser without ever taking his gaze off me.

"I was distracted by this robot. Please don't shoot me."

"Well now don't go getting in a bunch. He just wanted a urine sample. But be a prune if you want! Go up to the top floor – floor 572. The stairs are at the end of the lobby."

"Is there an elevator?"

"A what?" he inquired in queer confusion.

Thank the godless forces that created perfect order out of the universe for the moon's reduced gravity, as it was much easier to just jump to the top. There I found the office Time Traveler Registrations.

"Hello, I'm from the future!" I shouted in triumph, feeling that my journey was finally at the start of its logical conclusion.

"You're under arrest, god damnit!" shouted a fat man in a wheelchair loitering behind the sideways monolith he used as a desk. There was a freshly cooked turkey on it, and he seemed amply poised to eat it, what with that giant fork in his hand and all. He was also wearing a filthy bib that read, "The Future is Now!"

"What the hell did I do?"

"Time traveling into the past is illegal! You should know that. You of all people, from the future,

trying to ruin your own timeline!"

"I meant I'm from the past. Sorry. I came from the past by way of a strange occurrence I shall tell you about in lurid detail!"

"No that's okay. I'm not interested."

"Surely you must be interested in time travel?"

"No, it's my job. It's pretty routine these days."

"Well I have knowledge of the past. You see, this moon is a lot like the world I come from – Planet Earth. While Earth doesn't have a light or dark side like this moon or that turkey, it has white and black people. Once those people went to war – sort of – in a civil war to defend the rights of freedom of every person to be free, regardless of color."

"Thanks," he said as he wrestled a drumstick free from the turkey's glistening body. "Not interested, though."

Frustrated, I grabbed a shiny metal object off his desk. "This calculator—" I started to say.

"That's not a calculator. It's for monitoring my glucose."

"With this calculator I can calculate an endless number of ways to bring you down. That is, if you don't work with me."

"You should probably be heading back to the past about now."

"Isn't that illegal? And I can help your scientists."

"I doubt it, they went to school and all that. And no, it's not illegal because this already happened in the past and present, okay?"

"Well, really, I don't think I can return."

"No, here, I'll make you a time portal. Which time zone are you from?"

"I'm from October 26, 2004."

"No I meant time zone. Central, Eastern?"

"What differences does that make?"

"If I mess up the time zone you could end up having to wait around awhile for TV shows and things to happen."

"Pacific, I guess."

"Okay, off you go!" he said as he tapped some buttons on his glucose monitor and made a time portal appear. Reluctantly, I stepped in and returned to the present day with scarce knowledge of the future save for that it was disappointing and full of assholes. The future sure was anti-climactic.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.28 Out of Your Source!

Thursday, Oct 28, 2004 by Semiautomatic Turban

AMERICAN fans no doubt aware of Semi Automatic Turban who us? Splendid music for dreams of **your** children and others! Dreams of music successes has shipped to homeland soil much like selves as INS says of no student visa! I say I am sorry I was not aware of master card!

Transportation traffic you spend all of your time! DRIVING you mad? Just a jest!

As you see there is many out source of labor AMERICAN. Many a programmer is around us here home. But why not a humor and laugh and joy as well we work to do? American of love laugh! We prove well how undercutting your ankles in surprise.

List Funny

AMERICAN humor is very funny with list funny. We know this and third rule. Example here:

- Miss. Stewart
- Mr. Brown
- Fart Street Players

As you see there is a out of sorts! This is in lies humor. In homeland of similar but involves clear markings for graves of which many are just dying to get in!

Jay Leno

AMERICAN love a Jay Leno so why not let us be a Jay Leno? Example here:

I read in parchment Palestinian captain Yasser Arafat is of dying. Can this be believe? Yes i tell my wife "Many wishes upon his corpse sinking into the ground and torture horrible you burn in flame forever curse you traitor I teach you rip up your skull family I open their throats brisk for their shame how you like that reverse fortune! " And my wife said oh no you did not say so! And disappear!

Cute Dog

Many times a cute dog tells a child to give him a token which a child redeems for his own waste. This is fortune for both man and child but of dog? Dog refugee of own design! Telling this dog he is cute is much of the same while simply disposing of a mother is a small package of mail away. AMERICAN say a cute dog is the same as throwing a river into the eye of that same children while his tokens fall from his cold hands into ravine.

We know let us wrote now stop pressure you get it!!

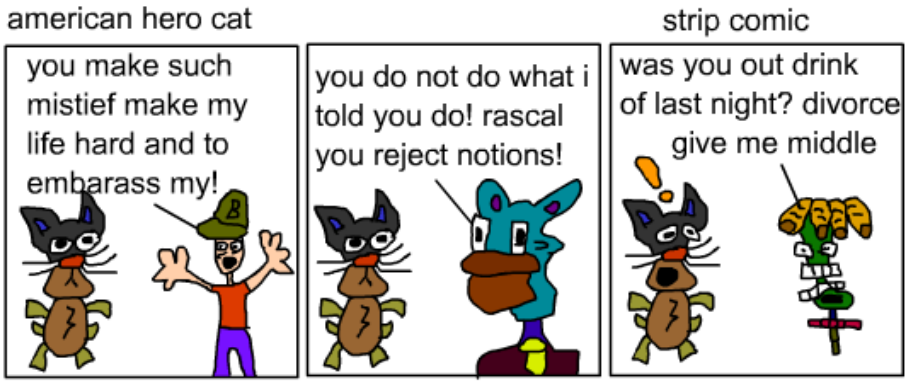
Strip Comic

AMERICAN news has many of but we have artist of as same. We take a cat? Example here:

Many a child is for a wish... that is all is wish propel in air!

My Country Your Country

A fun joke where many say other thing in other way? Comparsion jokes! Example here:


american hero cat
strip comic
you make such mistief make my life hard and to embarass my!
you do not do what i told you do! rascal you reject notions!
was you out drink of last night? divorce give me middle

- In AMERICAN you wear tank top. In HOMELAND we ride top of tank!
- In AMERICAN you eat burger. In HOMELAND we burn haystack with knife computer for research technology.
- In AMERICAN you kick us out you not so great you tell us dreams and dreams children also and we just want to make music but you say our student visa unable and we wish only well apple pie despite God yet still airport crank is many so HOMELAND we ditch a shovel of dirt and eat remains for good measure for misery sake but only happiness.

Your elder a real crabapple? Tell them in such words an into crank when your boss!

As you see an outsource of a banking programmer? Waste of our efforts! Many we take from you for you have more time for baseball game. We write a funny golden laugh for you jelly your belly in time for soccer television. Out of source many of this we have many times and watches we make which every way! Slap around you family own into third dimensions hurl into physics lab for all matters! Rich Kyanka pay us only of third cent for whole she bang you hunker of all goat.

-∼Semiautomatic Turban

10.29 Welcome, Future Citizen

Friday, Oct 29, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Thank you for expressing your interest in becoming a citizen of the United States of America. We are looking forward to your individual and important contribution to our great Republic. Before you begin filling out your Application for Citizenship (*Form 13342.43A* see attached) you should be aware of some recent changes in our citizenship process.

US voter law now requires that before becoming a US Citizen you must determine your US Political affiliation. There are two choices of political affiliation that will be explained fully in the *My Two Dads: Voting in America* booklet, which has been provided with your citizenship packet.

For purposes of brevity the two choices will be known hereafter as **Red** (Republican) and **Blue** (Democrat). Now you will answer a series of self-assessment questions to determine which party you prefer. Answer each question by circling either Paul Reiser's head or Greg Evigan's head. If you do not speak English, then please just circle whichever head you find more sexually electrifying, or ask a citizenship advisor to assist you by speaking English loudly and slowly. Please answer each question honestly; there is no right or wrong answer.

1. I support massive Federal spending

   - Yes **(Red)**
   - Yes **(Blue)**

2. I like the government to raise taxes on the people to cover massive spending.

   - Yes **(Blue)**
   - No **(Red)**

3. I like the government to use imaginary fantasy money to cover massive spending.

   - Yes **(Red)**
   - No **(Blue)**

4. Christ is Lord and you had better believe it.

   - Yes **(Red)**
   - No **(Blue)**

5. Christ is Lord, but hey, whatever guy.

- Yes **(Blue)**
- No **(Red)**

6. I support the troops, until they stop shooting and start complaining.

- Yes **(Red)**
- No **(Blue)**

7. I support the troops, because it would look bad if I didn't.

- Yes **(Blue)**
- No **(Red)**

8. The jury is still out on this "evolution" business

- Yes **(Red)**
- No **(Blue)**

9. The jury is still out on this "capitalism" business

- Yes **(Blue)**
- No **(Red)**

10. I get all of my opinions from film celebrities.

- Yes **(Blue)**
- No **(Red)**

11. I get all of my opinions from radio celebrities.

- Yes **(Red)**
- No **(Blue)**

12. "Liberal" is a dirty word, it's "Commie", you pinko.

- Yes **(Red)**
- No **(Blue)**

13. "Black" is a dirty word, it's "African-American", you racist.

- Yes **(Blue)**
- No **(Red)**

14. Which statement most closely approximates your views on the war in Iraq?

"Oh my God, the terrorists might kill us at any minute, invading this random country was the only way to be safe!" **(Red)**

"Oh my God, our Commander in Thief is making the troops torture Iraqi babies until they bleed oil for Halliburton!" **(Blue)**

15. Complete this statement: "Political protestors should..."

...be congratulated for their incredible bravery. **(Blue)**

...move to Canadia if they don't like it here. **(Red)**

16. Complete this statement: "France is..."

...a utopian center of world culture and philosophy. **(Blue)**

...now known as "Freedom". **(Red)**

17. Could you forget about Poland?

Yes **(Blue)**

No **(Red)**

18. Could you forget about Dre?

Yes **(Red)**

No **(Blue)**

19. Which statement most closely approximates your views on Social Security?

"We should bankrupt it as quickly as possible by shoveling money into re-election pork and interest groups." **(Red)**

"We should put our heads between our knees and pray because it'll take a miracle to save this shit." **(Blue)**

20. Why are you applying for citizenship in the United States?

I want to be rich **(Red)**

I want to be free **(Blue)**

21. No, really, why are you applying for citizenship in the United States?

To live off of handouts and spit out dozens of welfare babies so that I can lazily work a minimum wage job. **(Blue)**

I'm a terrorist **(Red)**

After you have finished answering the questions, tally your number of **Red** responses and your number of **Blue** responses. If you have more **Red** than **Blue** then you are a Republican. If you have more **Blue** than **Red** then you are a Democrat. Be sure to double check your answers as both you and your children will be committed to voting for your chosen party in perpetuity. Be warned, if you are or plan on becoming a firefighter, policeman, soldier, cripple, lesbian, or ethnic minority, you can be asked at a moment's notice to appear next to a smiling old white man for publicity purposes. Please ensure your teeth are clean and straight for this reason.

You're almost there! You're almost a citizen. Now all you need to do is answer the following fundamental citizenship questions and then wait 3-6 months while the Immigration and Naturalization Service reviews your application. These 12 questions have been selected to reflect core values of US citizens. They are questions that every legitimate American should know the answer to.

1. __(blank)__ be to rap, what key be to lock.

A. Digable Planets
B. Chief Supreme Court Justice William Rehnquist
C. The AH-64 Apache
D. France

2. What do the stars on the flag of the United States of America represent?

A. The number of pounds overweight the average American is
B. The number of gallons of fuel stored in a Ford Excursion
C. The number of States of the Union excluding territorial holdings and Canada
D. The number of planets in our solar system

3. Who won the Second World War?

A. The United Kingdom
B. The Soviet Union
C. Finland
D. The United States

4. Why would an alien invasion of earth fail?

A. The Second Amendment to the US Constitution.
B. Jeff Goldblum would upload a computer virus into the alien mother ship.
C. Alien immune systems would be fatally susceptible to freedom.
D. Alien cruisers not built Ford-tough.

5. Why are so many US doctors originally from India?

A. Indian healing factor makes physicians redundant.
B. All turtles are reincarnated as doctors in India.
C. Indians learned difficult lessons about the human body during the Trail of

Tears.
D. High-tech American Internet Universities offer all of the great education abroad with half of the accreditation.

6. Which of the following was not invented in the United States by a genius?

A. Television
B. The Sports Car
C. Freedom
D. Nazism

7. What does the FBI do?

A. Straight set-trippin
B. Control the sale of dildos in Texas under U.S.A.P.A.T.R.I.O.T.
C. Play the role of antagonist in TV's "The Sopranos"
D. Work closely with the ATF to take the fun out of America

8. What does the acronym N.A.S.A. stand for?

A. Need Another Seven Astronauts
B. Need Another Six Astronauts
C. Need Another Seventy Astronauts
D. Nuclear Astro Space Academy

9. Who is the current president of the United States?

A. Albert X. Gore
B. George W. Bush
C. George H.W. Bush
D. George H.A.W. H.A.W. Bush

10. Which branch of the Federal Government is a front for the Trilateral Commission?

A. The CIA
B. The NSA
C. The TGIF
D. The PLZ RSVP ASAP THX

11. Why did the United States intervene in Vietnam?

A. To get at Vietnam's massive oil reserves
B. Vietnamese hookers willing to provide better dollar value than US hookers
C. To prevent Ho Chi Minh from developing weapons of mass destruction
D. Domino, motherfucker!

12. Who is currently America's Sweetheart?

A. Meg Ryan
B. Condoleeza Rice
C. Lindsay Lohan
D. Tom Selleck

Hooray! All that remains between you and the total freedom enjoyed by a US citizen is a quick 3-6 month citizenship application review process. Please note that if your nation of origin is any of the 129 listed in our *Why You Aren't Welcome Here* booklet, then please allow 20-30 years for a full

Homeland Security review. In the mean time please enjoy the gratis photograph of the Statue of Liberty included with your citizenship packet for ironic purposes.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.30 E-Meat Is E-Murder

Saturday, Oct 30, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

With Election Day coming up in a few days it's easy to lose sight of the more important subjects that concern us, such as the flu vaccine, fantasy football, Chufflebells, and video game animal abuse. Today we are going to talk about the latter, for it has been a plague on the gaming community and society as a whole with no end in sight. Pixel by pixel, these innocent electronic beasts of fancy have been all but wiped out by ignorant and carelessly violent games. That's why in 1992 I started PETVGA, an offshoot off the large animal rights group, PETA. It stands for People for the Ethical Treatment of Video Game Animals, and our organization is growing larger every day. Granted, the first 10 years of the organization was extremely rough at times, mostly because of the mocking reception we receive when people first hear the idea, and the fact that the club was just myself and my half-brother Sir Gregory VI. Even though my commitment to the group has cost me my job, marriage, and my ability to leave the state without contacting my parole officer, it has all been worth it.

When I try to expand the minds of those who come across my path, whether at the grocery store or in their bedroom at night, I present a case of abuse with a collage of graphic screenshots from various games where animals are slaughtered wholesale. I hate to resort to shock tactics, but this is the truth we are fighting against, and we must face it, no matter how ugly. Much to my disappointment, most folks do not respond well to my presentation and usually say, "Get out of my way I just want to buy some pears", or "How did you get into my home? Oh God, please don't kill me". I like to think this is not due to the lack of conviction that I present my damning case against the gaming industry and its users, but rather the overbearing guilt that these people cannot face and seek to lash out against me by shooting buckshot into my backside while I make a hasty retreat out the window. These are just some of the dangers you face when you stand up for what's right against the giants of the gaming industry.

So what can we do about it? Sir Gregory VI (who is really a talking mouse), and I came up with a really clever acronym for that one night after doing a "presentation" in the home of an attractive young professional and basking in the afterglow. We call it LSBI, which stands for learning, sharing, boycotting, and ice cream. If you follow these four steps in order then it is only a matter of time until enough of the public is involved against this terrible video game animal abuse to make a difference. Please take these steps seriously, for if you transpose the order of them and decide to eat ice cream before learning, in seven days Sir Gregory VI will come out of your TV set and devour your soul along with all your cheese. The most important of the four steps is the boycotting. If we can single out the worst offenders of the video game industry, our refusal to buy the games until they change their cruel code is the strongest weapon we have against them. I have a list of five of the cruelest video games for you to distribute to your friends and family. I also have a list of 147 known Communists but I'll save that for a rainy day.

OH THE HUMANITY!

1. Rome: Total War

This game released by Activision is the third in a series of strategy war games that are extremely popular with young men and pedophiles. While it is common knowledge that animals were used in ancient combat, such ideas should not be tolerated or glorified in fun or entertaining way. In this game you can recruit horsies, elephants, wardogs, and an absolutely appalling unit called "incendiary pigs". The pigs are covered in pitch, tar, and oil and then set ablaze to run frantically into the enemy ranks. I can't even look at this screenshot without trembling with anger that these game designers would create something this cruel to do to a poor digital piglet. Pigs are known to be the most noble and carefree beasts that ever roamed the planet, and setting them ablaze to make a few bucks is not just morally wrong, but an act of electronic terrorism. I would like to kidnap all the board members at Activision and ride them into battle, set them on fire, and molest them at the lonely Roman camp to see how they like the life of an animal in their game. Please do not buy this game and add to the bloated coffers of these war profiteers so they can snort coke off a young Cambodian boy, or whatever game designers do with their money.

2. MMORPG's

The three worst offenders out of this genre of games called MMORPGs, or Massive nerds Mining Ore and Running from Pudgy Gnomes, are Ultima Online, Star Wars Galaxies, and the Everquest games. In these online games, the goal is to horde as much money and possessions as possible, any way you possibly can. As a result, the beasts of these worlds suffer tremendously at the hands of these "adventures" that spend hours chasing around the poor animals to harvest their hides and flesh. Most of the time the newbie players have such a poor skill level at making boots that they can go through 100 animals just for one pair. This is the sort of ignorance that makes me vomit in disgust and then slip on the vomit, falling down a flight of stairs and breaking my hip at the bottom of the stairwell where I lay for a week in my own filth before somebody finds me and steals my wallet. The nerdiest and saddest gamers often play these games, and as such they care not for the suffering of creatures, but only their +2 gloves of Elf Tomfoolery or skill points so they can dance in a cantina for 10 hours. Please boycott these games as well as Snackwell cookies because I ate a bad one last week and was on the shitter for like, 2-3 hours.

The electronic animals have no vocal cords or any way to protect themselves. It's up to us at PETVA to stand up for them, and maybe take them out to a dinner and a movie. If you are very lonely and would like to help these mistreated electronic beasts, please send me a email to join our organization. To accept you as a member I need a written recommendation, your social security number, a hair follicle sample, a quick bj, and a short paragraph on how we can make peace in the Middle East. Also Sir Gregory would like to make a nest in your ear cavity so you serve as a host to his spawn that will slowly take over the world, one soul at a time. Don't struggle, it's easier that way.

Must kill Anglo-American ducks for the glory of the Rising Sun.

3. Duck Hunt

This one is pretty much self-explanatory. At a young age, we were trained to by the NES Corporation of the Japanese Empire to shoot laser guns. The fodder for these military exercises was ducks that would frantically try to escape being shot down and ravaged by a chuckling dog. It was a virtual duck holocaust that would only end once enough ducks escaped the child's laser beams of death. Throughout all this butchery, the dog would berate and mock you non-stop, making the anger inside you boil over into rage. A rage that could only be quenched by the blood of a thousand electric ducks. While this is an older game not currently on the market, NES is still a big player in video games, and as such should still be held accountable for their past animal war crimes. Also for Bayou Billy because I bought it for $50 and it was the worst game I ever played and I couldn't return it. I want my 40 acres and a mule.

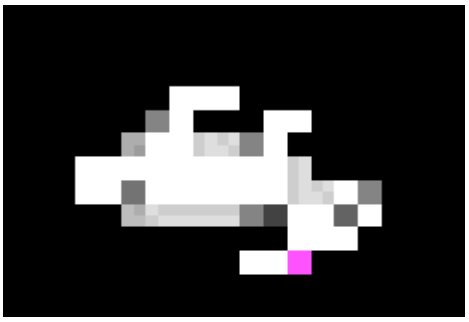
4. Bass Fishing Games

Imagine this if you would be so kind: you are walking down the street just minding your own business and you spot a corn dog on the ground. Nobody is currently claiming this delicious treat, and your stomach grumbles with hunger. Just as you start to lose interest, the corn dog jiggles around a little, and you notice a shiny bell attached to it. Well now it is irresistible and you pick up the corn dog and take a bite, only to find that a barbed hook was hidden inside that pierces your cheek. Then you are yanked by the hook, tossed into a container where you can't breathe, and have to get your picture taken with big smiling hick that needs a bath. This is what it is like to be an electronic bass in one of these various fishing games that come out every year to supply the demand for aquatic sufferings that these terrible gamers participate in for personal glory and suppressed homo-erotic tendencies. Who plays fishing games anyways? Anybody that buys these games should be put on a list and have their phone lines and computers tapped by the FBI and PETVGA. Although we still don't have the authority to do wire taps, I have eavesdropped under beds before with my notepad, something I was very afraid to do because I just watched Poltergeist again and that freaky possessed clown still scares the hell out of me.

I'm gonna kill every last one of you motherfuckers!

5. Oregon Trail

This game is the oldest, and most reckless of all the games involved in the ritual abuse and killing of virtual animals. I'm sure everybody who's ever owned a computer has played this game at one time in their lives. It was created to not only entertain, but to also teach youngsters about this exciting chapter in American history. Yet within this game there is also a lesson of recklessness and waste that is inexcusable. Of course I am talking about the portion where you have to go hunting for your food. While I am personally against hunting, I can at least see the necessity of it when you are traveling in the wild, but what this game teaches is far from necessary. The average hunting yield if you are a decent shot is 3,000 pounds of meat! But alas you can only carry 200 pounds back to your wagon! Oh well, there's plenty of animals out there anyway, let them rot in the sun! This display of shocking carelessness is downright evil and wrong. It's this kind of behavior that caused the great buffalo to be wiped out by the white man, just because he had a few extra bullets or was bored of getting dysentery. Somewhere off in the brush is a digital Native American witnesses the massacre, a single tear falling down his pixilated face.



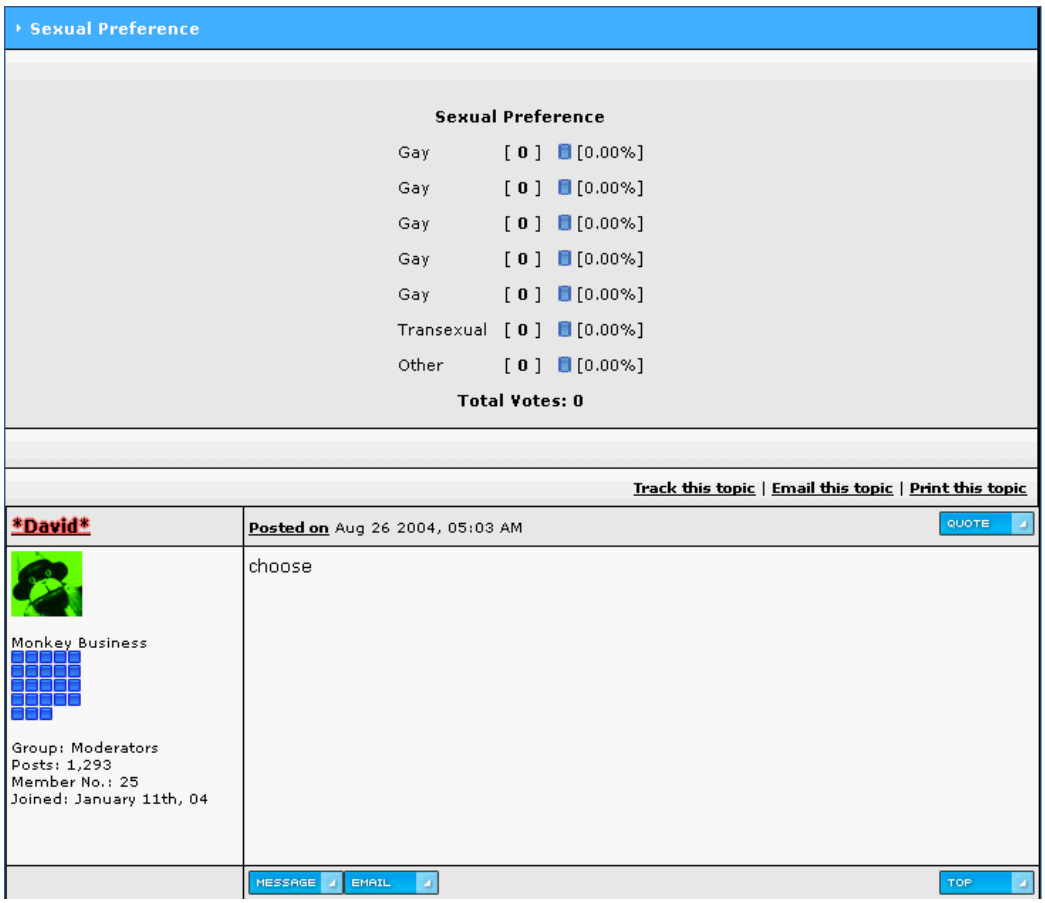
Take a long look at the startling truth of video game animal abuse. Was it worth it? Was it really worth it? You horrible monsters.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

10.31 The Weekend Web!

Sunday, Oct 31, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spooker Jones" Gutierrez here with another grab bag of internet horrors. This week we have teens who need help, a popular anarchist with a legion of dorks, the worst forum ever, and musical guest Hoobastank. More like HoobaSTUNK am I correct here guys?



My nose is bleeding so click here. Maybe I should just keep my finger out of there.

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

Chapter 11

November

11.1 The Joy of NARC

Monday, Nov 01, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The adventure of the story of the most realistic game ever made.

The latest and greatest Grand Theft Auto game was recently released to almost uniform acclaim, but its arrival on store shelves overshadows a less heralded release by Midway Entertainment. The cheapo bargain-bin priced Midway Arcade Treasures 2 is packed to the gills with some of the best and worst videogames released in arcades during my youth. In addition to smash hits like Mortal Kombat II, Mortal Kombat III, Gauntlet II and less beloved games like APB and Timber there is NARC. NARC is, without a doubt, my favorite arcade game of all time. Not only is it extremely violent, it also features a mesmerizing and brutally honest take on the criminal underworld that threatens America's streets.

In NARC you don the blue (or red) body suit and motorcycle helmet of either Max Force or Hit Man. They're anti-crime agents sent to pacify the streets using any means necessary and take down the criminal organization KRAK. The mechanics of the game are extremely simple, which is part of their charm. You guide Max or Hit through level after level infested with drug dealers, pimps, and serial killers, dishing out justice by either arresting criminals for a bonus or simply blasting them to kingdom come with a machinegun and a rocket launcher. It's a pretty normal sounding plot line for an arcade action game, but the beauty is in the execution.

Having just played through the entirety of NARC twice in one sitting I feel compelled to subject our readers to its glory. Level by level, blow by explosive blow, I would like to take you on a guided tour through the gritty and realistic criminal underworld of NARC. To assist me in this endeavor I called a friend of mine on the Chicago police force who goes by the nickname "Rocko". He isn't on the vice squad but he has worked with them several times in the past so I thought he might be able to explain just how realistic NARC is.

NARC Level by Level with Officer "Rocko"

The Title Screen

The title screen for NARC pictures Max Force and Hit Man posing next to their machinegun equipped red crime fighting Porsche. The license plate says "Say No Or Die". I asked Rocko if this was fairly accurate.

> **Me:** Does this seem pretty accurate?
>
> **Rocko:** Oh, definitely. Most of our cruisers now are Porsches with machineguns on the front so if we need to pull over a drunk driver we just light him up. Double parked? The rockets will take care of that.
>
> **Me:** "Say No Or Die" seems pretty fascist.
>
> **Rocko:** It's true though, if we find a dime bag of weed under your passenger seat we will cap you in the face right there by the side of the road.
>
> **Me:** Do you guys always wear color coordinated body armor and motorcycle helmets?
>
> **Rocko:** Only when we're blasting crack heads.

I started up the game, impressed with the realism captured so far.

Level One - "The Junkyard"

Every level of NARC begins with a close up view of some sort of crime computer that the NARC agents keep in their car. It makes really awesome beep-boop-beep sounds and then enhances an image of the primary enemy you will be facing during the next level. Before I got started on Level One I asked Officer Rocko just how realistic this NARC computer was.

It's like being on the streets!

Me: So you have computers like that in your cars?

Rocko: Some cruisers have laptops; some have these old pieces of crap dash computers.

Me: When you're going to bust a gang of junkies do their pictures come up on the screen?

Rocko: No. It's for running plates and checking for warrants. The old ones do sort of look like that though. Maybe the computers in the CPD Porsches look like that.

The Junkyard in NARC is your first taste of the urban jungle. You face off against swarms of junkies in brown trench coats who fire at you constantly while you search for the enormous key card that will unlock the Das Lof gang hideout. The Das Lof gang hangs out in the subway with Rottweilers that turn into puppies when you shoot them. In NARC you have the option of either gunning down your enemies or, in many cases, busting them by standing next to them motionless. After a second or two they will put their hands behind their backs, the word "BUSTED" will appear over them, and they will fly off into the sky. I asked Rocko how close this came to portraying the street-level arrest process.

Me: Is this how it goes down on the streets when you bust a druggie?

Rocko: Totally. We usually go in crouching so their bullets fly over our heads, then when we get up to them we say "you're busted!" or "busted motherfucker!" and they'll put their hands behind their back and fly up into the police helicopter that follows us overhead.

Me: Don't you read them their rights?

Rocko: Sure, if you mean "don't we shoot them with rockets". If there are too many of them to bust or they start lying down so we can't crouch under the bullets we are authorized to use rockets to "bust" them.

Me: What about the Rottweilers? Are they a big problem and do they turn into puppies and run away when you shoot them?

Rocko: It's not just Rottweilers. If people don't take care of their animals properly they will turn into killers. Last week I had to shoot eight Dobermans so that animal services could come in and collect the puppies.

I continued on to the second level.

Level Two - "The Hypoman's Secret Lab"

Watch out for that needle, Max!

In this level of NARC Max Force and Hit Man set off in search of the nefarious heroin junkie and medical doctor Hypoman and his secret laboratory. On the streets the duo face dozens of lanky purple hued junk heads who throw deadly two foot long heroin needles at the NARC agents. I asked Rocko if this was the usual modus operandi for heroin addicts.

> **Me:** When you go out to bust heroin users, do they usually try to inject you with heroin from giant needles?
>
> **Rocko:** It's not just the police they pull that shit with. You drive out in the South Side and the air is thick with those giant heroin needles. Little Heroin Town. They are just trying to shoot everyone they can up with dope. I know a guy - Jake - they nailed him right through his vest with one of those things and he OD'd. We couldn't get him to the hospital in time.

I fought my way to Hypoman's secret lab where giant beakers and test tubes contain bubbling red, orange, and green fluids. You can break these and stacks of money will fly out, but while you do so druggies and dogs keep attacking you.

"Yeah", Rocko said, unprompted. "This brings back memories of our bust on a meth lab last week. We had to hurry and find the key card to get out of that place because the dogs just kept coming. It was a goddamn nightmare".

Level Three - "The Bridge"

The third level of NARC really takes the action to a whole new level. Here Max Force and Hit Man drop in from the NARC helicopter onto a criminal infested bridge. Throughout the course of the level they will face many enemies they have already faced as well as a new PCP addict who take several bullets to bring down, can't be posted, and can stop a car. You also get to drive the NARC Porsche on this level. Actually there are about a half a dozen NARC Porches sitting vacant throughout the level, but watch out! Scattered across the bridge are rows of dumpsters and glowing explosive mines. When you're cruising along at fifty in your crime-fighting car nothing ruins your day like slamming it into 15 dumpsters and then being bitten to death by a PCP addict.

Beep-boop-beep! PCP!

I decided to ask Rocko about the traffic hazards of level three first.

> **Me:** Are dumpsters and minefields serious problems during police pursuits?
>
> **Rocko:** Landmines really aren't. They are about three feet long and glowing so it's pretty easy to just stop the car and continue the pursuit on foot.
>
> **Me:** What about the dumpsters?
>
> **Rocko:** Those crazy druggies will pile ten dumpsters up on the road right as you take a hairpin and it will take all your skill to either stop or avoid them. Especially on bridges. The less likely an area is to have dumpsters the more likely that druggies brought dumpsters to the neighborhood and put them on the street.

I continued to question him about how deadly a PCP addict can be, as well as the helicopters you face in level three.

Me: Are PCP addicts a serious threat to you?

Rocko: We don't see too many of them these days, but when we do, definitely.

Me: Why are they so dangerous?

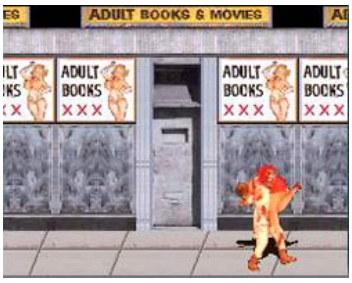
Rocko: Well, if you don't see them and you hit them with your car you'll come to a dead stop and usually your airbag will deploy. It takes a half-dozen machinegun bullets to bring a PCP addict down. Usually we use rockets.

Me: What about the helicopters you saw in this level? Is that something you run into on the street?

Rocko: It's terrible. Every crackhouse now has at least one helicopter.

I wrapped up level three and continued on to level four.

Level Four - "The Seedy Part of Town"



Kinky has a hooker! He's going to pay for that!

Hit and Max head to the seedy part of town in level four, where they've gotten word of a number of new criminals on the prowl. In this level the duo will face off against black cowboys who throw sticks of dynamite, homicidal clowns that wield butcher knives and try to cart off hookers, and every cop's most hated enemy: giant bugs. If Max and Hit can save the hookers they will earn a bonus in points and in a moaning gyrating show the women put on when the brave NARC agents get close to them.

Me: Homicidal clowns?

Rocko: Yes.

Me: Grabbing prostitutes?

Rocko: Constantly.

Me: Black cowboys throwing dynamite?

Rocko: Yes. Well, not so much cowboys, usually they wear stereotypical pimp suits.

Me: But they throw dynamite?

Rocko: Every goddamn day.

Me: How often do you face giant bugs?

Rocko: Pretty often. They're almost impossible to shoot so we have to hop around and hope we land on them and smash them.

I assumed the pink cars that try to run you down in this level were true to life and left any questions about those unasked. Time to take the fight to KRAK's doorstep!

Level Five - "Sky High Nursery"

By this point NARC has tracked the source of all of the illegal drugs on the street. It's a green house covered with pot leaves and peace symbols, but it's guarded by an entire battalion of machinegun and flamethrower wielding Vietnam vets. Assisting the vets is a legion of black cowboys, assigned to help protect the potted pot plants located throughout the level.

Me: Using flamethrowers in a greenhouse doesn't seem like the smartest thing to do. Does it happen in real life?

Rocko: It does. If there is one thing I have learned about war veterans in my years on the force it's that they will use any weapon any time if it means killing cops.

Me: And they get along well with black dynamite-chucking cowboys?

Rocko: Yeah, like peanut butter and jelly. Like "Q" and "U". You almost never see them apart from each other.

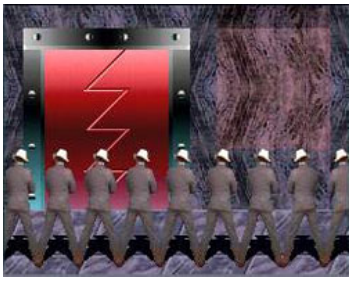
Me: Except in level four.

Rocko: And Humboldt Park.

Cutting a swath of destruction through the greenhouse leads to level six, seven, and KRAK headquarters.

Levels Six and Seven - "Battle to the Boardroom"

In levels six and seven Max and Hit battle through the streets outside the KRAK office building and inside the hallways of the KRAK corporate HQ. They combat many of their old enemies as well as the mysterious Mr. Big's zoot-suited posse of gangsters. The gangsters always attack in groups and charge forward firing machineguns that can cause a lot of problems for Max and Hit. This section was realistic enough that I didn't really feel the need to ask Rocko about the gangsters. However, facing off against Mr. Big in his golden wheelchair I had to ask a few questions.



They may look like smooth criminals, but only losers do drugs.

Me: Are most crime lords confined to golden wheelchairs?

Rocko: Yeah, a combination of crime and decadence have made them too fat to walk around.

Me: And they all have these machineguns on their wheelchairs?

Rocko: This game is a little outdated. Now most of them have lasers of some sort. Much more dangerous.

Once Hit and Mix knock the corpulent Mr. Big out of his wheelchair three times the kingpin drops a golden keycard that allows the NARC agents to enter his inner sanctum.

Level Eight - "The Final Battle"

Just a little everyday police work.

Within Mr. Big's lair Max and Hit have to face off against a new and much more terrifying incarnation of the crime lord. Instead of a wheelchair he is now sitting atop a hovering disc. Oh, he's also no longer a fat guy but instead a hideous grinning and gigantic bloated head. Rockets will take off his sunglasses, but this just allows him to shoot fireballs at Max and Hit. Several more rockets and in a burst of gore he reveals that he's a giant mechanical skull on a prehensile neck that shoots flapping tongues out at the brave NARC agents. It takes several well placed rockets to the swaying neck bones of the mechanical skull to finally bring down the vicious drug kingpin.

Me: This game has been really realistic up until now, but I have a hard time buying the mechanical skull.

Rocko: Think again, meathead. Remember Julio Los Casos? He transformed into a giant mechanical horse skull that shot exploding metal Frisbees out of his eyes. It took fifteen SWAT officers to bring him down.

Me: But, the tongues?

Rocko: What about them? Dead on. I've read at least twenty raid reports that mentioned spitting giant tongues out.

After obliterating Mr. Big, Max and Hit disappear into the drug lord's secret money bin, where he stores dozens of huge gold blocks. There is no opposition and this is pretty much a walking reward for Max and Hit. After collecting the gold NARC gives you one final parting message.

I thanked Rocko for his time in unraveling the mysteries and majesty of NARC. If you loved the arcade game I highly recommend Midway's recent Xbox release for its arcade to home translation perfection.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.2 Point / Counterpoint: Election 2004, With Rich and Zack

Tuesday, Nov 02, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Election 2004 is today and, if you're like most of America, you still have no idea what any candidate stands for or how they're fundamentally different from each other. Both want the government to grow to gigantic sizes, they just have different opinions as to what departments should grow. Both want to accept large payments from private interest groups that dictate what policies they should believe in, they just have different opinions as to what groups should write them the largest checks. Both want to protect America from evil terrorists and people intent on ruining our great country, they just have different opinions as to what countries should have the right to hate us. To make matters worse, you can't watch television or listen to the radio for more than twelve consecutive seconds without hearing a whiny, annoying, dirty political ad featuring one politician bitching about the other shortly before obscenely patriotic music begins to play and they spend roughly nine nanoseconds talking about themselves. Elections are no longer about voting for a candidate, they are all about voting against a candidate.

So who do you choose this Tuesday? Beats the hell out of me; I always fill out write-in votes for Batman every election. But to help you form a decision based primarily on ignorant comments and poorly written tripe posted on a so-called "comedy" website whose most important breaking news article concerned the unhealthy diet promoted in the game Bubble Bobble, we have put together a point / counterpoint article where I, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, and Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons weigh in on our opinions regarding both George Bush and John Kerry. We hope after reading this informative update you, the reader, will feel more prepared to form an educated opinion of your own and this newfound education will cause you to stop reading our terrible articles here.

TOPIC #1: Who has the best domestic economic policy?

Computer simulation of what would happen if George Bush - I mean John Kerry - is re-elected to another four years in the White House.

Rich: George W. Bush Jr. has done nothing for our economy except make the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. This guy I went to college with, I forget his name but his last name was some kind of bird I think like "Eddie Falcon" or "Joe Parrot" or something like that, he's the poorest guy I know. He lost his job to some foreigner four years ago when he refused to come in to TCBY for nine consecutive weeks, yet another cog in George Bush's scheme to outsource America.

Now my friend whose name I can't remember, a good guy who was poor to begin with, is even more poor four years later. He used to sell *Everquest* items on eBay back then for about $500 a month, but now he can't even do that because he had to sell his computer for tickets to see R. Kelly, so his income has dropped from $500 to $0. How has George Bush's economic policy helped him? Eddie or Joe or whatever his name just sits around playing *Madden 2004* all day on his Xbox, as he's too broke to go see a movie or kick back a few cold ones at a bar. How has our economy improved if the lower class are losing more and more money and can't even sell enchanted monk headwear to make ends meet?

John Kerry's economic plan ensures that every American will be on a more balanced playing field. He'll give poor people more money so they will have better opportunities to spend money just like every American is guaranteed in the Constitution or the 10 Commandments or whatever, and he'll

take money away from the rich people who caused people like my friend what's-his-name to be broke in the first place. John Kerry knows that the best way to improve America's economy is by creating jobs, so he'll create a bunch of high paying, respectful government "payment redistribution" positions that allow poor people the chance to take money from rich people and hand it out on the streets like in "Robocop 3." And, if you'll recall, Robocop ended up flying around the city in that movie, so vote for Kerry if you want Robocop to fly. If you're poor and you really hate any aspect of your life whatsoever, like my friend Joe or Ed or whatever he said his name was, then you should vote for Kerry because he'll personally write you a check and then play a game of *Madden 2004* against you on XBox Live. He'll even play as the Ravens if you ask him to.

Zack: John Kerry has a great economic plan if you like higher taxes, fewer jobs, increased road tolls, more parking tickets, and oil that costs more per gallon than liquid diamonds. John Kerry is the most liberal Senator, making Ted Kennedy the second most liberal Senator in the state of Taxachusetts. As you well know, liberal = communism and communism = raising the taxes for an enlarged welfare state. Kerry supported the death tax. The DEATH tax, people. He's not happy taxing you while you're alive, he wants to tax you after you are dead. He will dig up your corpse, turn you upside down, and shake you to see if any money falls out of your pockets. Kerry will tell you that his tax increase is only for people making more than 200,000 dollars a year, but that includes 9,000 small businesses and 4,500 REALLY small businesses! If they have to pay more taxes that means they will fire people to pay the taxes and so the joblessness rate will increase. People won't want to make more money because then they will have to pay more taxes, and the American Dream will die like a vampire without blood that gets all shriveled up and dusty.

George W. Bush gave us tax cuts. George W. Bush gave us almost 1.5 million jobs, even in the face of national tragedies like the Clinton recession and 9/11. George W. Bush is committed to helping workers find jobs by offering to let them go back to school if they want to if they get fired. And even if they don't want to they don't have to worry about getting fired because George W. Bush gives billions to business to make sure they can't fire you. Bush believes in Free Trade, which includes the word "Free" so is basically "Freedom Trade". If you believe in freedom, jobs, and economies then George W. Bush should have your vote.

A copy of President George Bush's recent letter to Congress, regarding him Hopkin green frog.

■ TOPIC #2: Who can provide better solutions for health care?

Rich: Medicare costs are at an all-time high under Bush's regime. It costs the average elderly person almost $239 for a single bottle of aspirin, even more if they want the child-proof cap. Hospitals are so crowded that if you go inside one of them and sit in the hallways, blocking everybody from passing while screaming obscenities at every single doctor you see, they will probably force you to leave! This is hardly my definition of a truly free and prosperous America! Elderly people are going so broke with America's health care system that many of them are ordering drugs from Canada just

so they'll have a sufficient supply of roofies and marijuana to live comfortably in their remaining days. This just confirms the saying that "every time you buy something from Canada, America has failed."

Under John Kerry, health care and medical costs will drop by something like, I don't know, a million percent. Maybe even more. He plans on doing this by cutting waste in the health care industry. For example, if a doctor tries to throw away a used tongue depressor, John Kerry will run into the examination room and pull it out of the trash and say "this still looks good, I can't even see any germs on it" and then he'll even rub it against his tie to sterilize it. Kerry also promises health care coverage for every child in America, even adults who act like children when they learn Blockbuster doesn't own a copy of "She's Gotta Have It" in stock and they really, really wanted to watch it. If Kerry is elected, he will provide mandatory health care coverage for every American at reasonable, affordable prices such as $20 per problem. Like if you get your arm torn off by a wild buffalo, that would only be $20. But if you sat on a GI Joe and it went up your ass and got lodged inside your colon, that would be $20 plus an additional $20 for every accessory on it including helmet, gun, and little tiny envelope addressed from Hans Blix.

Zack: John Kerry proposes reforms on healthcare that require massive tax increases for government-provided and extremely substandard care. Do you like the government telling you what doctor you can visit? How about telling you when to have an abortion? Or get breast implants? Under John Kerry every woman will be surrounded by the ghosts of dozens of her aborted fetuses and will have a bad back from the weight of her 56 inch saline implants. John Kerry will marry two lesbians and then abort their baby and give them breast implants all in the same day. Even if they don't want to be married. John Kerry is presiding over the holocaust of the 21st century, and it has huge tits.

Any rational person would vote for George W. Bush on the issue of healthcare. Before becoming Governor of Texas George W. Bush was a country doctor who traveled from town to town healing the sick. In 1978 alone, President Bush placed his hand in front of 280 women's uteruses, blocking the abortion doctor from murder. Unlike John Kerry, George W. Bush believes in the Hippocratic oath, and believes that physicians should only use "light magic" for healing. They can use light magic to harm undead, but only because those are an abomination in God's Eyes. If a practicing physician uses "dark magic" or even necromancy - even if it is supposedly to help someone else - they will be sent to the Island of Lost Souls. This also applies to X-rays which use phantom beams that are Against God.

■ TOPIC #3: Who is tougher on terror?

Rich: I've had to sit through four years of George W. Bush Jr. declaring war on every single peaceful country in the Middle East that he has a grudge against just because their leaders are very religious people who believe in their cause so much that they're willing to blow up innocent women and children walking around enemy pagan fruit stands. Does he think that he's the only person who can truly believe in their religion? If he thinks bombs and missiles are a violent way to show faith in your god, perhaps he should stop drinking Christ's blood for a while. I mean, seriously, chugging down cups full of god's blood? That's the most cruel and disgusting thing I've ever heard of, and I cannot believe that this country was led by a man who regularly believes he was drinking platelets from our Lord and Savior. During George Bush's presidency, we've seen countless terrorists escape and hide in the mountains, while upstanding, wholesome Americans like Christopher Reeve and Dale Earnhardt

President George W. W. W. III Bush drinking the Blood of Christ to appease his savage Mormon god.

died. If that's not a flaw in his priorities, I don't know what is! Also I read something about some company named "Hally Barton" or something and I think that was a tuna fish canning company Dick Cheney owned that sold stock to terrorists or something. Perhaps George's Unitarian god isn't as powerful as he thought he was!

John Kerry doesn't make a big deal about drinking the blood of his god, despite the fact that his family raised him to the contrary. I believe this quality will make him more impartial and levelheaded when he comes to fighting the war on terror. I recently read an interview of John Kerry where he said he was going to "eliminate" terrorists. Now that is an awesome idea, one I wish the Bush team would've come up with. Every time my friend Jack tells me about the news, he says "all these innocent Iraqis were killed" or "a bunch of American soldiers were killed." I mean, what the fuck George? I didn't vote for you on the platform of "I'll murder innocent Americans" or "I'll murder innocent Iraqis," and I'm not sure which one of your campaign managers claimed this would be a good stance to take, but you should probably fire them. I want you to make the bad guys die, not the good guys! Also Ted Bagleaducia told me that Bush invented a machine which transforms Iraqi babies into oil, and I'll just let you know bub, I refuse to refuel my 1983 Volkswagen Golf with infants, no matter what country they are from.

Zack: I have heard John Kerry make a lot of claims about being tough on terror, but that's all they are; "claims". Kerry can run from his record in the Senate, but he can't hide, and that record says that he voted to equip our troops with boiled eggs and lengths of wet rope over 900 times. How are our troops supposed to fight terror? By swinging wet ropes around? That's what John Kerry wants. He wants us to go to the United Nations, get down on our hands and knees, and beg to let us go slap terrorists with those wet ropes. I give Kerry's "Global Test" a big fat "F", and that "F" stands for "France", which is who he wants to give veto power of national security to. If you want some limp-wristed frog telling us we can't kick Islamofascist ass for old Red, White, and Blue then John Kerry is the man for you.

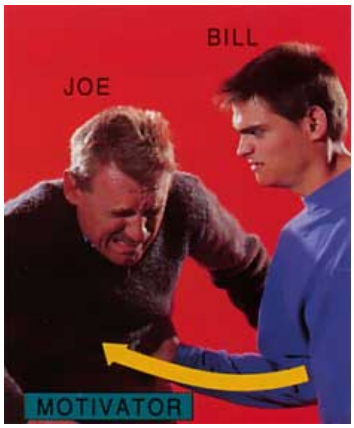
George W. Bush, on the other hand, has spent the last four years fighting the war on terror for the American people. Through his blood, sweat, and tears, we have captured or killed over 75% of Al Qaeda's guys and whatnot. In the face of weak-kneed allies like Germany and France, enduring the commie questioning of the liberal media, George W. Bush has forged ahead with a successful plan to protect America. He personally built the Department of Homeland Security. He supported the 9/11 commission. He urged Congress to pass U.S.A.P.A.T.R.I.O.T.O.K.A.Y.L.I.B.E.R.T.Y.A.M.E.R.I.C.A to give the FBI, CIA, and FDA the powers needed to effectively combat terrorism. If you value your security and you value the freedom of coloreds around the world then George W. Bush is the man for you.

■ TOPIC #4: Who will lose the least amount of explosives in Iraq?

Rich: I saw a headline for some news thing on my AIM client that mentioned something about President Bush "losing" over 300 tons of explosives in Iraq. That is insane! How can you possibly lose 300 tons of explosives? One time I lost a five-pound bag of Brach's Jelly Beans that my mom bought, and I had to look over the house until I found it. Honestly, it wasn't that difficult to track it down, I simply looked behind the TV stand. According to my estimates, five pounds of Jelly beans is like 1/300th the size of 300 tons, so why the heck can't George bush find all those bombs and guns and missiles and shit? Aren't those things huge? How big are TV stands in Iraq? Mine here is five feet wide, so according to my calculations, the one over there must be at least 1500 feet wide! How can Iraq afford such a monumentally large television stand... unless they are selling explosives to finance it?!?

To the best of my knowledge, John Kerry has never lost 300 tons of explosives, either in Iraq or any other location. If I had enough money to make bumper stickers, I'd produce a whole shitload

of ones that say "JOHN KERRY - NOT LOSING 300 TONS OF EXPLOSIVES SINCE 1473." I don't know what specifically happened in 1473, but I can assure you it was nothing involving John Kerry and the loss of explosives. In fact, I don't think bombs or missiles even existed in 1473, which just goes to prove that a vote for John Kerry is a vote for peace, whereas a vote for George Bush is a vote for a piece... OF DEATH. I'd estimate that if John Kerry is elected, he'd lose maybe 100 or 200 tons of explosives in Iraq at most, which is a definite improvement over President Bush, and a majority of those explosives could probably be located in between his cheek creases.



The election procedure.

Zack: John Kerry would lose the least amount of explosive because he would be busy giving them to terrorists. He would know exactly who got them all and he would be happy for Osama to have 100 tons of yellow cakes and 500 tons of BMX explosives. Kerry wants the terrorists to win because he knows that the only way liberals can win in America is if they defeat freedom and Osama also wants to defeat freedom. Their friend of their friend of the enemy type of thing.

George W. Bush would lose more explosives, because he would be busy kicking terrorist ass, but even if they get explosives their asses are going to be so kicked that they can't do anything except BLOW UP THEIR OWN ASS. George W. Bush might lose them, but he can also find them using satellites and helicopters, and then it's like in Robocop when they have the tracking light blinking on that little map thing. Bush can track Osama to the steel mill and then he can send Tommy Franks and Delta Force in with Cobra Guns and Osamacop won't have a helpful sidekick to shoot the guy after he drops the steel because George W. Bush has caught 75% of Robocop's leadership.

■ TOPIC #5: Who is better on the critical Vietnam War issue?

Rich: George Bush CLAIMED he served in the Air Force 467th Reserves, a section of the armed forces that is sent into combat right after the Boy Scouts and right before Captain Crunch's Anti-Soggy Division. However, recent information leaks and sensitive military informants have claimed that Bush didn't do anything during his duty except throw footballs through tire hoops and use Morse Code to order chinese food. Bush was supposed to fly a plane and drop bombs on minorities, but there are no records of him doing much of either. In fact, when recently asked if he had ever successfully flown a plane that dropped bombs on minorities to protect America, Bush didn't respond at all! Perhaps he didn't hear the question because I asked it over 2,100 miles away from wherever he was campaigning at the time, and I assumed there was some transmitter relaying my questions to him via mindphone in my closet hamper, but that doesn't change the fact that he is the President and has some tough questions to answer!

A guide to determining appropriate candidates.

On the other hand, John Kerry proudly drove a boat around a lake and was given a colorful assortment of medals after being shot at by his own soldiers. Some group of Republicans named the "Swift Boat Campaign" or some such nonsense have been buying ads saying that Kerry is a liar and he never deserved any medals and he never even

went to Vietnam, he just played a Doom II mod that replaced Imps
with samurais, but they are all confused and stupid because they are elderly and their brains have disintegrated under Bush's failing health care system. Kerry proudly served his country and, if given the opportunity, I'm sure he'd drive another boat around a lake to display his patriotism to the world.

Zack: A lot of people say that John Kerry is better just because he actually went to the country of Vietnam, but people who say this don't know the facts. John Kerry went to Vietnam and intentionally crashed his boat into the river bank to get a purple star. Then while he was on leave he went and met with Hochee Man and Jane Fonda to conspire to commit war crimes for the Viet Cong. He gave US Secrets to the Vietnamese and laughed at US prisoners in the jails in Vietnam. Then after the war he came home and threw his medals at President Bush, but they weren't even his medals, they were someone else's medals. When Congress asked him about it he accused the US of committing war crimes and he had a bunch of fake soldiers with him who also lied about Vietnam. This made America look retarded, so if you think making America look retarded is cool then smoke some more of that wacky weed and burn a flag. If you want to know more search for "Boat Veterans" on the Internet or check out Newsmax.com.

George W. Bush was at home defending America while John Kerry was out being a traitor. While Kerry was meeting secretly with Hochee Man, George W. Bush was flying a jet to protect us from the Vietnamese air force. How many Americans died in Vietnamese bombing raids on the US? Zero. None. All thanks to George Bush and the Air National Guard who downed hundreds of bogies in whirling dogfights over the Gulf of Mexico. A lot of liberals point to mysterious holes in Bush's record saying he was AWOL or whatever, but what they don't realize is that George W. Bush was on secret missions. He was sent into Vietnam to recover the US Secrets that John Kerry gave to Hochee Man. He succeeded and that's why we won that war and Bush's reward was to come home and be spit on by liberals and have medals thrown at him by John Kerry.

In closing, don't listen to what advice a website offers regarding an election because we're all dumb retards.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.3 America Excretes Democracy All Over the World

Wednesday, Nov 03, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Pure bad luck would have it that my weekly Wednesday update would fall on the day after the 2004 elections. As much as I vowed not to give in and write about the most obvious topic possible, I decided my other update idea, "what's the deal with bowel movements," was probably a bad idea. What some of you don't know is that we here at Something Awful tend to write our updates the day before they get posted (usually quite late because we are unprofessional and useless), so while it looks like Bush won, that might change by some random shift in numbers in the next few hours or days. So here I am, in the rarely used multimillion dollar Something Awful Election Monitoring Center, watching the most hotly contested election since that one in 2000 where Al Gore was banished to a demonic pandimension by neocon sorcerers. Half the country wants George Bush gone, and the other half apparently doesn't know any better. Now obviously I'm biased because the last four years were far too silly for me to take seriously, and I know four years of Kerry will be just as lousy, but at least it would be a new flavor of lousy. If you buy one of those ridiculous Kool-Aid flavors like "Pugnacious Peach" and it makes you vomit, you don't buy it again. You try "Bituminous Berry" instead and hope for the best. Since it seems we've chosen to try the same lousy flavor again, I'm hoping America gets distracted by a fire truck for the next four years and doesn't do anything disastrous.

Because watching the election coverage on cable news networks is akin to having a retarded boy throw toy racecars at you, I'm just going to pull all my election knowledge, commentary, and predictions out of the vast cavernous area I refer to as my "assbrain." This update, if you can call it that, will be a running mess of thoughts related to whatever the hell just happened on November 2, 2004. I'm pretty sure the giant blob of democracy rolled on by once more, absorbing us all in its alluring gelatinous mass of freedom.

America is known for having the most amazing form of democracy in the Milky Way Galaxy. This is true according to many experts, and the Bible as well. Like an autistic child overcoming obstacles, America's democratic process is slow and stupid, but inspiring when it pulls through and manages to do something vaguely coherent. Pretty soon Iraq will be inspiring people in the same way, provided that loveable country doesn't explode all over the place before then. To give you an example of how bad American democracy is, consider that the rather scary residents of Montana are allowed to vote. Montana is basically a scenic stretch of land sprinkled with the remains of an impoverished trailer park by some mammoth tornado. Every election, the camouflaged residents wander down from the hills or out of the woods and trade in their guns for ballots. This is all sanctioned and encouraged and a clear sign we have no standards.

If P-Diddy's proclamation of "vote or die" holds true, a lot of Americans will be dying soon from some kind of massive plague engineered by scientists in the hip hop community. We cannot forget that the Bible foretells of a tribulation in which a third of the world's population gets wiped out, possibly due to a lack of democratic participation. Could the "P" in "P-Diddy" stand for "Prophet"? One wonders.

I'm going to project that the world leans overwhelmingly towards Kerry. Unfortunately, because

the rest of the world is full of dirty foreigners, they don't get to vote or utilize any veto power in our decision-making. And for trying to tinker with the rich tapestry we call democracy, they've all earned themselves a spot on the growing "Axis of Evil." The next four years should be pretty exciting in that regard. I think U.S. against the world would make for some pretty dramatic TV, especially if it involves total war. In a lot of ways, war is like a surprise birthday party where the presents last a lifetime. I like surprise birthday parties, so I'm looking forward to more war.

I'm projecting Alan Keyes the leader of the Illinois senate race with 100% of mental wards, friendly bears, and fire hydrants reporting. Barack Obama still wins on a technicality with 100% of humanity reporting. Because of the staggering nature of his victory, Barack Obama actually gained supernatural strength and is now over 100 feet tall and capable of shooting laser beams out of his ears. In a shocking affront to pro-life Alan Keyes supporters, those ear lasers hone in on developing fetuses and terminate them. Democracy works in mysterious ways.

This is a long shot, but I'm going to predict that, vying for extended power, Hawaii will annex South Dakota. Again, although there are few precincts reporting this, I have a hunch. When you think about it, no one is going to protest this move since it makes South Dakota actually kind of attractive instead of being a colossal waste of land. It also expands Hawaii's territory exponentially, as well as securing them a valuable corn palace for use as a center of government. This is going to wreck hell on our flag, but we'll pull through it with strong leadership.

The biggest winners in this election are the people that enjoy preventing gay people from having equal rights to marriage. Although it's still early, I'm going to project that this will be the last straw in the homosexual movement. Now that the straight people have spoken out against it, gay people will let go of this foolish phase and return to the land of heterosexual fanfare. Can homosexuals really fault us? We simply do not want them forcing gay marriage on us. Thanks but no thanks, gay people!

But then again, my opinions represent only one color in a rich rainbow of political views that strangle all the life out of society. In spite of this, I think we Americans (and the rest of the world as well) can come together and agree that whoever came up with the word "blogosphere" deserves some kind of horrific Marquis de Sade style torture. This is the worst word ever invented by mankind and even worse than "bling-bling." If it were possible for words to be murdered, I hope "blogosphere" gets beaten to hell and then hung with its own vowels.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.4 Sammy the Safety Squirrel's Winter Safety Tips

Thursday, Nov 04, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Hello boys and girls, how are you today? I'm sorry that I haven't been updating my regular safety tips that I scribble on acorn husks and drop into Frolixo's ear at night, but he started wearing earmuffs and set squirrel traps all over his room. The message of safety is so important that this did little to deter me. Finally he started taking me seriously once I chewed through his brake lines and he drove off a cliff, landing him in the hospital with a severed spine and mild brain damage. I left the acorn rinds deep in his scar tissue and bribed the nurses to get him a laptop and Internet access. If you are reading this now, then my plan worked out nicely, and the message of winter safety can be spread to all the children of the World Wide Web.

The most dangerous time of the year is the season of winter. Unless of course you are a sissy boy that lives in the south and sips Corona in a hammock all day. You silly fags have to deal with the hurricanes, but that's another safety update entirely. For those living in the frozen Midwest like me, the idea of winter brings images of snow, sledding, skiing, Santa, Satan, sacrifice, suckling demon goats, snowmen, and a whole bunch of other stuff that starts with 's'. For outdoor sports enthusiasts it can be a great time of year, but the weather also is full of many dangers that you should always be prepared for. Bad roads coupled with careless drivers lead to thousands of millions of billions of deaths every year. Children scramble across thin ice, plunging through the freezing water that sucks away their tiny life force. I watch these things from above, sitting on my lofty treetop, observing this human suffering with my beady, soulless, black eyes. Sure, I guess I could lower a vine down and save them, but it is nature's way and I must not interfere once nature has taken its course. What I can do is try to prevent people from getting hurt or killed by reading my winter safety tips or not leaving your house until the spring thaw, or until global warming eliminates winter all together. And please don't follow the advice of my nemesis and rival, Chester the Careless Chipmunk. He is a carpetbagger, and will invade your home to store his nuts and berries in your wife's vagina. Consider yourself warned!

Winter Sport Safety

The fun and excitement of a fresh snowfall drives many people outside to participate in various recreations like skiing, snowboarding, sledding, ice-skating, snowmobiling, and ice fishing. THEY ARE ALL FOOLS! Once you waddle into those snow pants and head out into that blustery winter weather, you are rolling the dice with your life. If you come up with snake eyes, you could end up frozen to death in a snow bank where the neighborhood children will make a fort out of your carcass. Jumping around in the snow like a frivolous retard seems like a good idea, but whenever you combine ice and fun, you end up with a one way ticket to Palookaville, population: you.

I've already mentioned seeing stupid children drowning in slushy lakes, their tiny arms flailing to find purchase on the edge of the shattered ice, and losing their grip when I drop my acorns on their miniature fingers, but there are many more dangers as well. A few years ago we lost one of the greatest entertainers of all time to a diabolical Tree Ent that leapt in front of him while he was skiing. That man's name was Sonny Bono. When you are skiing, always be on the lookout for evil Tree Ents, for they have been angered by the

yuppie invaders that come in swarms to their peaceful mountainside forests, and have no mercy once they have you in their clutches. Sledding is another winter recreation that is all the rage these days with you crazy kids with your IPODs and hula hoops. Many children will run their sleds down hills that are nature preserves and it causes damage to the local wildlife and my daytime naps. I will usually run a strand of piano wire across the slope of the hill and watch the children learn their lessons about trespassing. I can't stand snowmobiles either. They are so loud and obnoxious that they should be outlawed and their owners flayed alive, or better yet, drawn and quartered by their own snowmobiles. The only way to make sure you stay safe this winter is to not participate in any outdoor sports or activities, wear a Hazmat suit at all times in case of a terrorist chemical weapon attack, and sleep on a bed made entirely of Bibles. The good Lord shall see thee through.

Driving Safety

It's common knowledge that people drive like downy jackasses if there is any trace of snow or ice on the road. The color white must signal something to the human brain to make them crave a sack of White Castles and they start to swerve uncontrollably while drooling all over their steering wheel. Either that or it gives them Charlie horses and they can't drive over 5 mph in their urban SUV. With glee I once witnessed a brand new overpriced piece of shit Hummer plow through a heavy snow at high speeds, and then totally lose control and wrap itself around a telephone pole. I let out a hearty chuckle and called my friends so they could all see the asshole that thinks he's in an invincible military vehicle get taken out by a patch of ice. In order to get around safely in your car during the winter weather, you should always drive in a conservative, careful manner, but at the same time don't go too slow and impede traffic. It's not brain surgery you stupid faggots.

Always Double Sock

Hypothermia has climbed the nation's "causes of death" list over the past few years, beating out Syphilis and baboon attacks, and narrowing the gap on "biting a really sharp Dorito". I hope to reverse that trend this season by informing you people that when going outside in the cold, you should always wear warm clothing. Instead of putting one pair of socks on, try putting on two. Heck, why even gamble with your life, put on 3, 4, or even 5 pairs. You can never have too many socks. MIT (males in transition) scientists say that 90% of body heat is lost through your feet and mouth, not the top head like some quackball doctors say. Also, invest in a very thick down feather snowsuit, and bring along a space heater connected to a generator for constant heat no matter where you go. This coupled with the socks, and not opening your mouth all winter so the heat can't escape will ensure that the cold elements will not whisk you away to the hoary netherworld that I like to call Cleveland.

Don't Eat the Yellow Snow

I know it may be tempting to eat any colored snow we come across due to our innate love for snow cones, but I must implore you to show some restraint when it comes to yellow snow. A new report just came out from MIT professors that collected some of this mysterious snow, and the results were astounding. They recommend that you avoid

consuming the said colored snow if at all possible, or at least keep it down to 2-3 servings per week. A normal serving size is about 2 ounces, or one scoop in your cupped palm. They still have not figured out where the yellow snow is coming from but they think that it has something to do with crop circles. Also do not rub the yellow snow ice crystals into your eyeballs, for this will blind you temporarily. Watch out for Eskimos.

Surviving a Yeti Attack

There are four things you want to do in case of a Yeti attack. It is extremely important that you follow my advice if you want to live. The Yeti is more dangerous than a thousand polar bears duct-taped together with shark teeth and bull horns and maybe even laser eyes.

1. If you see a Yeti start to approach you, don't run or make eye contact. Just pretend you don't see him and go about your business.
2. Once he comes closer towards to you to see if he wants to kill you and eat your shattered corpse, you should run as fast as you can away from the Yeti. If you see a power up mushroom, eat it.
3. Since his stride is over 6 feet long, he will catch up in no time and grab you in his large hands. Whistle the tune to The Andy Griffith Show and soil yourself.
4. When this fails to deter him, accept your fate. Your only chance is to offer him your most tender of sweet meats on your person, and hope he is grateful for your manners. With some luck you will return to your loved ones alive. Granted, without legs and arms, but a survivor.

Building a Snowman

Building a snowman can be the most dangerous thing you can do during the winter season. Only trained professionals who know full well what the pitfalls of an unsuccessful snowman building project can entail should be involved in such an undertaking. Just one engineering miscalculation while stacking the snowballs might cause your life to be forfeit under the crushing weight of an out of control snowball of death. My advice is to not even attempt to construct a snowman, and go about your normal, happy lives.

Avalanche Survival

Often times, stupid skiers and snowboards who like to gallivant on hills are just asking to be buried alive under a mountain of snow. This is another thing I have witnessed personally after I accidentally dropped a lit stick of dynamite on top of the mountainside and enjoyed the carnage below while eating a box of corn nuts. The best way to survive being caught in an avalanche is to stay where you are, tightly packed in the freezing snow, and wait for a rescue team. Don't try to scream, for you will just waste your energy. If you think you've been trapped for over a week and still haven't been found, start eating your own body for sustenance. If they do end up finding you, sign an exclusive book deal on your harrowing survival, make a TV movie, and reap the rewards of the privileged life of an avalanche survivor.

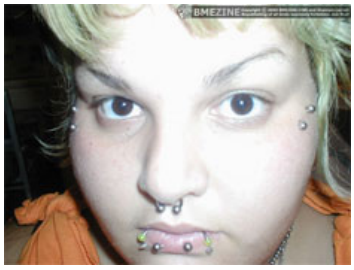
Well kids, it's been a blast and I hope you learned a lot about Winter Safety! Please look both ways before crossing the street, brush your teeth three times a day, and stay away from smack. Heroin is a evil drug that will cause you to do horrible things like push children through frozen ponds and

start avalanches. When I have some more safety tips for you, I'll be sure to leave the acorn husks somewhere deep inside Frolixo's body so he can use his Internet power to bring joy to the world. Be safe, and vote Nader in 2008!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

11.5 Do It Yourself Guide to Body Modification (Part One)

Friday, Nov 05, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Ringing faces jingle janglin'!

The ritualistic modification of the human body has been popular among certain circles - usually the kind that live in thatched houses - for a very long time. From something as minor as ear piercing and arm tattoos, to something as major as a rail spike through the septum, body modification has been hip with the kids who want to be hip. It's about self-expression, because Baby Christ only knows that the way to tell people who you are is to implant ball bearings in your nipples. There is usually something of a sexual element to it, either in a general courtship sense (bigger clitoral hoops mean better husbands) or the actual sexualizing of the process and the modifications. There is no denying that today body modification has gradually grown into a full blown fetish, and body modification enthusiasts (from here on out "retards") are pushing every conceivable limit of self-mutilation.

Since I am a very respectful and tolerant person who is willing to accept people even if their ideas and fetishes are quite strange to me I have decided to devote an update to offering advice to the retards. I think that as a creative person and general free spirit I have a lot to offer the retard community in terms of new ideas and new boundaries to explore.

"Los Clucky" (AKA The Scrotal Chicken Incubator)

Description: Since at least the 1950s men have been the rod of life and women have been the vessel. This incredible retard procedure reverses that tradition and plays on every man and woman's love of the miracle of birth. Science has not yet devised a way to implant a human fetus into a man, but nature has provided every man with a happy home for incubating chicks. A little cutting, some excision, and the installation of a "birth aperture" in the scrotum and you can be the proud papa of your very own cheeping babies. Also works with a surprisingly large variety of incubating insects and some types of amphibians.

You Will Need: Marker, one surgical steel scalpel, alcohol, cotton swabs, vaginal or anal speculum, one surgical steel pipe join, two rolls sterile gauze, 2-4 fertilized chicken eggs, boiled cedar shavings, cosmetic mirror, suturing material.

Do It Yourself Procedure: Shave your scrotum carefully beforehand! Position all materials needed within easy reach and place the mirror just in front of your genitals so that you have a clear view of your scrotum. Grasp your penis between the thumb and forefinger of your off hand and lift it towards your stomach so that your scrotum is protruding. Use the marker to draw an incision guide four inches long. Start an inch or so past your taint and run the line up towards your penis. Apply alcohol (and iodine solution if you have it) thoroughly to the scrotum.

Begin the incision starting closest to your penis and cutting down and away from you. Make a single determined cut if at all possible. The incision does not have to be deep, but the cutting will be deliciously painful and you have to avoid ejaculating all over the sterile operating area. Once you have finished, use the speculum to open the incision. Don't worry if the spreader armatures catch on your testicles and tear them; you will be removing them shortly.

Using the mirror and your fingers as a guide, insert the scalpel into your scrotum and begin cutting out your testicles and any mesentery material. This portion of the procedure will be very painful and you may pass out, that's okay, if you feel faint just try to remove the scalpel from your scrotum first. When you are done clean the wound with boiled water or saline, then pat dry with cotton swabs and clean thoroughly with alcohol. Pack the wound with sterile gauze. Do not suture the wound!!

Allow your scrotum to heal, but keep the sac fully packed with gauze so that it does not wither. Change the bandages daily and do not allow the incision wound to close. After a week you should be ready to begin "overpacking". Over a two week period load increasingly larger quantities of gauze into your scrotum to stretch its dimensions. Continue this until it is roughly twice the original size (depending on original size) and then prepare for the second operation.

Clear out any gauze in your scrotum and begin by inserting a handful or so of the sterilized cedar chips as bedding for the chicks. Suture the surgical steel pipe join firmly into the wound opening by threading the stitches through the join itself and back through your scrotum. Roughly one hundred will be needed to keep the join in place. Be sure to keep each thread tight, otherwise the chicks may mistake them for food. Insert the fertilized eggs through the pipe join and into your scrotum. Nestle them carefully in the cedar bedding and then close off the pipe join with a wad of gauze. Your body is now incubating life!

Warnings:

- Surgery best performed with a "buddy" present to apply smelling salts during operations. This is common sense.
- Once the chicks hatch they may begin pecking at your scrotum's inner wall. This is normal and should be relatively painless thanks to reduced blood flow. If a chick manages to poke its beak through your scrotum it's probably time to let them out.
- If the chicks do not seem willing to eat the remains of their eggs you may have to feed them.
- When the hatched chicks are living within your scrotum they may attempt to burrow upwards into your abdominal cavity. While this may be survivable it is not recommended.
- Be aware that guano may collect within your scrotum, so be sure to monitor the hygiene inside.

"The Shining Duchess" (AKA A Shovel Through the Chest)

Description: Torso piercing (excluding the nipples and bellybutton) is just starting to come into fashion. This revolutionary piercing allows you to strike while the shovel is hot and make a bold statement about your commitment to retardation. It was once just a result of bizarre grave digging accidents, but these days a shovel through the chest is primed to sweep the scene. The Shining Duchess can make you the talk of your insular and intentionally hobbled clique of retards.

You Will Need: Large quantity of cinderblocks, a stainless steel shovel, a marker.

Do It Yourself Procedure: Place the tip of the shovel against your bare chest and trace the outline where you would like for it to be. It doesn't really matter where you want it, there's nothing that major in your chest. Watch out for going too low, you might transfix your bellybutton which would ruin this site for future piercing.

Stack cinderblocks in a large open area to a height just below the line on your chest. Place the shovel onto the cinderblocks so that just the head of the shovel is protruding and then continue to

stack an equal number on the handle of the shovel. It is very important that you have enough weight above the shovel to secure it in place during the operation. Pace out a distance exactly one hundred strides from the stack of cinderblocks. Turn and face the cinderblocks, push your chest forward, and run at the shovel as fast as you can. Try to keep the shovel as directly in front of you as possible, otherwise you may pierce your side!

You will probably lose consciousness at or near the moment of piercing. It's okay, you can either wait to regain consciousness or have your buddy wake you up. There shouldn't be much blood unless you mistakenly used a spade.

Warnings:

- Be sure to avoid hitting the heart or lungs when you impale yourself on the shovel.
- This piercing will paralyze you for life from the neck down.
- Have plenty of shirts ready with shovel shaped holes in the chest. You won't be able to move your arms to cut holes in shirts after the piercing!

"Crodger" (AKA The Glass Penis Mace)

Description: Genital mutilation is en vogue right now. For some bisection and other forms of permanent modification is enough. Others think the ultimate in retard fashion and fetish is self-castration. Teach both groups a thing or two about the piercing edge of retardation by introducing them to your brand new Crodger. The constant and life-threatening agony you endure will be a breathtaking symbol for friends and family.

You Will Need: Unfrosted glass light bulb (100 watt GE Bright-light suggested), 24 glass pipettes, a funnel, a towel, non-spermicidal water based lubricant, antibiotic gel, a 60 pound sledge hammer or a friend with boots, smooth-surface dildo or vibrator, tweezers.

Do It Yourself Procedure: Very carefully unscrew the socket from the light bulb and remove the lighting element with a pair of tweezers. Place the glass pipettes on top of a towel and then fold them up tightly inside of it. Use the sledge hammer or your friend to completely break the pipettes into shards no larger than a pinkie fingernail. Using the funnel, pour the pipette fragments into the light bulb. You may have more than will fit, that's fine, save the excess for a friend.

Screw the socket back onto the light bulb and set aside. Stroke your penis until it is fully erect (you may want to a blood restrictor like a rubber band or cock ring to maintain your erection) and, carefully applying lubricant, insert the dildo into your urethra until you can get it four or more inches in. Remove the dildo. Place your penis on a flat surface like a table or countertop and slowly begin working the light bulb into your widened urethra, socket end first. If you have a buddy present, ask him or her to help you with this portion, as the pain may make you faint. If at all possible work the entire light bulb into your urethra. There will probably be blood and tearing of internal integuments, this is fine, just enjoy it.

Once the light bulb is as far in as it is going to go, center your penis carefully on the flat surface. Pick up the sledgehammer and take careful aim. A partial miss can be disastrous! Swing with all your strength and smash open the light bulb lodged in your urethra. If you did everything correctly the pipette fragments should bursts through your penis in all directions. Allow 4-6 months to heal carefully and the glass should become wedded to the skin of your penis forming a beautiful and erotic Crodger.

Warnings:

- During sledge hammer application the socket may become lodged in your bladder. It must be removed as it can cause a urinary obstruction.
- Shredded urethra and torn abdominal muscles may lead to incontinence.
- Unless carefully maintained the Crodger will become infected and begin suppurating yellowish creamy discharge. This is not edible and should be treated with regular cleanings and antibiotic gel.

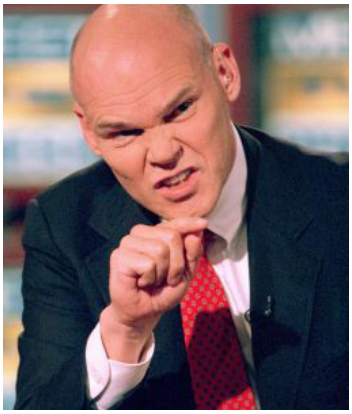
Next week I will be bringing folks the Do It Yourself Guide to the "Missy Eliot", the "Kissin' Kristy", and the "Lord Albrecht". If you were disgusted by this guide, then congratulations, you are a part of the 99.9% of the population that is disgusted and horrified by body modification. If you became turned on or excited by the prospect of these procedures, then congratulations, you are my target audience.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.6 James Carville: Evolution Of The Species

Saturday, Nov 06, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

Although the remains of the first James Carville have yet to be excavated, it is widely accepted that it emerged from the ocean somewhere near 30,000,000 B.C. as a crossbreed of the coelacanth and an unidentified form of sentient fungus. Taking its first uncertain steps on the continent now known as Africa, the young creature scampered out of the harsh rays of the sun and into a nearby tree canopy, beginning its long and fascinating trek into history.



The sole remaining James Carville appears on a talk show, clearly feeling threatened and brandishing a talon.

For several thousand years, James Carvilles lived in the shadows and sustained themselves on insects and the occasional wounded dinosaur. Masters of stealth and opportunistic attacks with no natural enemies to thin their numbers (Republicans wouldn't come for several millennia), they thrived and were given the luxury of a peaceful era in which they could multiply and evolve. As the end result of this period, they came to resemble velociraptors in many ways (size, general appearance, scaly hide, singing voice). Their razor sharp talons were used to eviscerate prey and straighten their fashionable neckties. Their craniums doubled in size, which served dual purposes. Increased brain capacity improved Carvilles' ability to outsmart enemies and debate the pros and cons of sleeping in tar pits, while the larger forehead allowed Carvilles to temporarily stun prey by reflecting the sun directly into their eyes. Much like the modern day gopher, James Carville was truly the ruler of the animal kingdom.

Then came The Comet, and with it the end of the dinosaur era. Within the span of a few weeks the population of James Carvilles plummeted, and they would have become entirely extinct if not for a small band that wandered into a series of caves in northern Europe. Here they fed on bats, took to inbreeding, and hibernated for decades or even centuries at a time. They developed wings to catch their meals more easily and grew to enormous sizes. In time they forgot about the outside world completely, until the outside world once again discovered them.

It was the middle ages, and humanity had come into power. These curious creatures spent much of their time kidnapping and rescuing princesses, waving weapons of forged steel about, and avoiding the Black Death like the plague. While adventuring for what they called "bling bling", a small party of knights entered a cave full of James Carvilles and awoke the creatures with their screams of terror. The James Carvilles chased the adventurers from their caves and were so enraged by the disruption that they went on a rampage, destroying all that stood in their path and eating whomever was unfortunate enough to face them head on. Soon word of these "dragons" spread, and large bounties were given to knights brave enough to dispatch of the beasts. Though the Carville had enjoyed the luxury and safety that comes with being at the top of the food chain for millions of years and survived the impact that had wiped out the dinosaurs, it was now facing certain extinction. In time only one James Carville remained, a pregnant female hiding in the deep woods of Scotland. The trackers had no problem finding a beast as large as her, and soon she found herself badly injured after an ambush. She swatted her attackers to the ground with her tail, roared a string of profanities denouncing

something called "Tort Reform", and fled to nearby Loch Ness lake. It was water that had been the point of her kind's origin, and it was there she would return for safety.

Badly injured, she entered the water and fell into a deep slumber, surfacing for air every thirty years. Between each breath, tales of her appearances spread like wildfire and were extinguished by the fire retardant sands of time. In the 1940's she finally surfaced long enough to gave birth to a white-skinned runt and then succumbed to the wounds that had never quite healed. Her spawn emerged from the lake with his suit uncomfortably wet, but otherwise fine. The sun's harsh rays were irritating to his beady eyes so he scampered into a nearby village, where he grew up learning our customs and the value of earning a living. His first business involved charging an exorbitant amount of money to write dirty limericks for people named Rickhead or Jasshole (he only knew one good limerick). This business was a failure, and only provided him with enough income to live comfortably for seven years. After this he gathered his gold and took a plane to the U.S., embarking on a fruitful career in the world of politics which he picked up rather easily. Though this keen ability to adapt to situations is his kind's greatest trait, he is sadly not adaptable enough to reproduce asexually and further the line of James Carvilles. He may walk among us, but inside he is very much alone.

Although this update may have a different tone than you're accustomed to, I felt it was an important history to document for two reasons. Reason number one is to bring attention to the great peril which James Carvilles are in. Without extensive conservation efforts and major advancements in cloning technology, this may very well be our last look at a beautiful and fascinating creature. Reason number two is to serve as a cautionary tale. No matter how much your friends or spouse may pressure you, do not name your child Jasshole.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.7 Duck Fancy

Sunday, Nov 07, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

Awww...

As a Something Awful front page writer it is my duty to cause you, our dear readers, to emit some sort of sound from your bodies. Whether that's a laugh or a fart is your business. Something Awful strives to write entertaining but informational articles on a variety of subjects, from watch making to watch repair. When I was asked to write my first front page article on Something Awful I was flabbergasted. What? Me? An up and coming kickboxer from Mexico, write for an internet web page? On the internet? What? I remember that first meeting with Ricardo "Lowtax" Kyanka like it was yesterday. He came into my dressing room during Mexico's kickboxing semifinal world championships. He spoke in a deep commanding tone.

"I have been watching you from a distance. You fight with the power of the Hulkster himself." he said. I was nude at the time so I covered myself with my hands.

"Who are you?" I replied.

"I am Ricardo Kyanka from the States. I have come to rescue you from Mexican kickboxing. I run an internet humor site and will pay you far below minimum wage to write articles for it. That is more than you can aspire to in this hellhole. You have 10 seconds to decide."

This picture was taken just seconds before Donald Duck snapped into one of his trademark angry episodes and murdered the mother and her child in cold blood. Oh Donald you card!

I didn't know what came over me that night but I went with Ricardo to the United States and wrote for his internet. At first my writing skills were poor at best. I did not know English and did not even know how to write in Spanish! Posting articles on the front page was nerve-racking. When I posted my first article a man on the forums wrote what seemed like a five page essay on why my article sucks and why I should kill myself and my children so that the world must never bear another Spokker Jones article again. But when the goings got tough I always remembered what my kickboxing coach used to tell me in Mexico, "In kickboxing you must fight dirty, because you are a dirty Mexican." I worked on my frontpage updates long and hard until I could finally write a coherent sentence. My skills increased so that I could write articles on a variety of sensitive topics such as sand, butts, and Moof. But there was always one topic that I was too afraid to write about. It was much too controversial for our audience. It would frazzle too many hairs. It would put too many soccer moms in a tizzy. It would make conservative right-wing pro-life gun nuts explode. If I were to reveal the truth then the entire world would suffer a total breakdown. But that was then. Now I feel like the world is ready. I have the strength and courage to speak the truth! The world needs to know! That's right folks.

This update is about ducks.

> *If it looks like a duck, and quacks like a duck, we have at least to consider the possibility that we have a small aquatic bird of the family anatidae on our hands.*

- Douglas Adams

Ducks are the greatest of animals. They can run, jump, do backflips, change tires, fly backwards, and cure cancer. They don't do any of those things very often because they don't feel like it but they can. Ducks belong to the Anatidae family, which also includes geese and swans. Every year the Anatidae family has a Christmas party but many ducks don't attend because geese and swans are snobbish fucks who always get drunk and ruin everybody's fun. Ducks mainly keep to themselves and make snide comments about other birds behind their backs. Many ducks are prone to anger. Who can forget the classic Donald Duck cartoons in which the title character gets mad and hits his three nephews because it's raining and he can't play golf? We all laughed then but I cried inside. Those cartoons really hit home. I can still remember how daddy used to swat me with the belt. The belt soon turned into a baseball bat. Then a knife. Then a gun. I took daddy's gun and shot him seven times in the chest. I was a minor then and got off on self defense. I went to go live with my grandmother until she was raped and killed in a home invasion robbery. Ducks are magnificant animals but they aren't all peaches and cream. I will list the pros and cons here.

Pros

- Ducks feel that homosexuals should enjoy equal rights and be able to marry.
- Duck poop is a natually occuring aphrodisiac.
- Ducks were the only birds who flew with the British air force during the Battle of Britain in 1940.
- Ducks don't like girls who wear t-shirts that say things like, "Boys lie" and "Boys cheat". It is the girls who lie and cheat! OH CHRISTINE WHY DID YOU BREAK MY HEART!!!
- Ducks lobby extensively for anti-anti-smoking laws.
- Ducks are 90 percent less likely to be featured in furry porn than any other animal.
- Ducks are great.

Cons

- Ducks are needy. As pets they need constant care and attention. They will pee inside your Gamecube if they don't get what they want!
- Gamecube is for little kids and homos.
- Ducks enjoy the music of Celine Dion. Scientists are baffled.
- Ducks can be easily bribed with promises of low rate mortgages and low interest loan payments.
- Ducks is a terrible topic to write a front page update on.
- Duck duck goose is a game that promotes violence.

I'm the lamest lame duck there could be.
- George C. Wallace

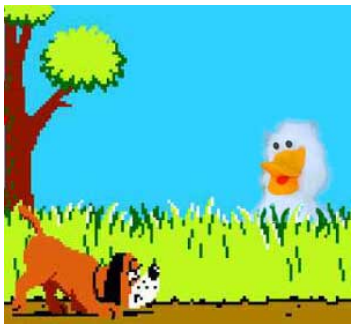
There are many different types of ducks. From fat ducks, skinny ducks, to ducks who climb on rocks, there is a duck for everyone. I will list the most common types of ducks here.

Types of Ducks

Mallard: A mallard is the most common type of duck but that is okay because every Mallard is special in their own way. Some Mallards have colorful spots on their wings, and other Mallards like to beat homeless people with PVC pipe.

Lame Duck: These are ducks who are president and lost reelection but are not out of office yet. A lame duck will usually just ride out the month that he has left in office by eating nachos and chilling with his bitches.

Darkwing Duck: This duck fights crime with a variety of gadgets and always saves the day. This is the duck you want when you repeatedly get captured by bad guys. He is a rip off of Batman kind of but that's okay.



OH GOD WATCH OUT DUCK!!!

Duck Hunt Duck: The stars of the highly controversial *Duck Hunt* came under fierce criticism in the late 80s when they agreed to portray dying ducks in the hit video game. Many pro-duck activists were amazed that ducks would participate in a video game that encourages violence against ducks. Many of the stars spoke out and stated that it was only a game and that the violence is simulated. "We're just trying to show young people the horrors of duck hunting," said one duck, "and make a damn fun game while we're at it." Nintendo declined repeated requests for comment.

Early Duck: Early Duck is a coursebook reservation program that lets you order your course books and materials online and have them boxed and waiting for you in the Book Dept on the first day of school. Get your books early with an Early Duck! Great for active college students who are always on the go!

Always behave like a duck- -keep calm and unruffled on the surface but paddle like the devil underneath.
- Jacob Braude

Okay now here is some duck trivia and fun facts.

Duck Trivia and Fun Facts!

- Ducks are responsible for 80 percent of underage pregnant teens in the United States alone.
- A football playing duck is an amusing idea.
- Ducks can drink a whole gallon of milk in under a minute.
- Ducks cheat on Super Nintendo games.
- Ducks do not buy into the hype surrounding many anticipated game releases.
- Ducks are the only animals other than humans and cockroaches who mate for life with one partner.
-

Ducks are my favorite animals and they rock. I want to be a duck when I grow up.
-Spokker, age 6

If you should rear a duck in the heart of the Sahara, no doubt it would swim if you brought it to the Nile.
- Mark Twain

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

11.8 National Internet University

Monday, Nov 08, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

With the help of my credit card I am currently enrolled at National Internet University. When Dean Grovanovich heard that we run a website he immediately offered to pay us a large sum of money to advertise. We're still waiting for the incredibly generous check to clear, but in the meantime we are honoring our end of the agreement and turning Something Awful into a proxy for the National Internet University. You can still read all of our amazing content and crack up at the yucksmithery of our writers, but now you just have to buy a diploma from National Internet University to do it. I assume if you're reading this then you've already purchased one. Congratulations!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.9 Chilling Adventures of Everquest 2

Tuesday, Nov 09, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Your typical online roleplaying geek... *WITH ATTITUDE*!

Today is the day when productivity amongst Internet startups and any computer-related firm drops by a collective 58%. Today is the day when insightful remarks such as "that KOS MOB PROCed my REZ OOC in SQ, but the AoE didn't DoT MEZ the GG BTW BUTTS" sweep the world by storm. Today is the day pasty nerds and withdrawn, unkempt geeks crawl from their damp subterranean lairs and shelter themselves from sunlight's harsh, unforgiving beams just so they may lurch towards the nearest Electronics Boutique. Today is the day where the Internet gets a lot more pathetic; today is the day *Everquest 2* is released.

Like any devoted webmaster, I let myself get sucked into the *EQ2* hype and not only purchased a couple preorders of the game, but I additionally took part in the closed beta for a few days. At the risk of pissing off legions of overweight, moist *World of Warcraft* fans who have nothing better to do than write me depressingly furious emails proclaiming their religion - er, I mean online role-playing game - is the best, I have to admit that *EQ2* seems like a very entertaining, beautiful game. I only played a couple days and didn't really delve too deep, but what I did see could best be described as "a very polished version of the original *Everquest*." They took most of the bad things out, improved most of the good things, and basically released an *Everquest 1.1* which isn't truly a sequel but more of a "this is what the original *Everquest* should've been if we had decided to not make it suck" title. Of course I realize I am a tremendous nerd loser faggot for talking about online roleplaying games, but Jesus Christ people, I'm a professional webmaster here. I write about furries and Juggalos. Did anybody ever expect me to embody the epitome of coolness?

Since I am an extremely avid roleplayer in real life (I often roleplay as a middle-aged Internet loser), I decided to create a character whose mentality and persona I could easily grasp. I needed an online avatar that reflected my true inner desires and goals in life, somebody who I felt was an emotional clone of myself. Naturally I chose Terry "Hulk" Hogan, the Hulkamaniac, a complex and educated man who I felt had the most to offer the dynamic world of *Everquest 2*. Of course roleplaying as such a character would require a significant amount of skill and dedication, so I spent a good 12 hours getting into character with my girlfriend. "MEGAN!!!" I would shriek into her ear at 3:30 AM. "WHAT CHOO GONNA DO WHEN HULKAMANIA COMES FOR YOU?!?" She would abruptly wake up and adopt a facial expression which resembled confusion mixed with horror mixed with we're breaking up again, but I would avoid her furious gaze by hiding in the closet for the next hour, at which point I'd creep out and scream, "YOU MAY BE TRYING TO SLEEP, BUT THESE 24-INCH PYTHONS WILL PUT YOU INTO THE SLEEPER, SISTER!!!" I highly suspect the only reason Megan and I are still together is because nobody has invented a way to file for divorce without first being married.

Hulkamaniac's adventures in Norrath or Norbert or whatever the hell the *Everquest* world is called began on Newbie Island, a lush and beautiful chunk of land filled with deer, slime, crabs, and people running around asking "NEBODY WANT TO GROUP, LEVEL 2 BARBARIAN LOOKING 4 SINGLE WHITE MAGE ASL???" Hulkamania burst out of the docks and spread into the land like a wildfire.

Hulkamania, do you got it, brother?

A terrible fate awaits!

Hulkamaniac, a rampaging level three Barbarian from the enchanted town of THESE BIG GUNS USA, seemed to be enjoying his time in *Everquest 2*, crushing innocent crabs and standing in front of people when they tried to click on a nearby merchant. But something was wrong; the Hulkster noticed he didn't feel quite right and suspected he might be suffering from an incurable status condition known as "encrustment." Yes, that's correct, Hulkamania was "encrusted," a deadly, horrible, rare condition which nobody knows how to remedy, mostly because I made it up. Hulk Hogan began frantically running around town, shouting and whining about how he was encrusted, desperately requesting advice on how to cure this terrible disease. Many citizens and players chose to ignore the Hulkster and his 24-inch pythons, opting for a life of ignorance and apathy. However, some day the joke will be on them once they themselves are encrusted and flock to Hulkamania, begging for help and pity. The Hulkster will look down at them, slowly shake his head, and say "BROTHER, THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HULKAMANIA COMES FOR YOU!" Then he'll maybe break a folding chair over their back or throw them into the bleachers, I don't know.

Oh Digzz, are you here to save me?

Beware the goblin purse!

One kind and caring individual named "Digzz" valiantly refused to run away when Hulkamaniac approached him, screaming about Hulkamania and his grudge with Brutus "The Barber" Beefcake. The Hulkster began to warn Digzz of encrustment, asking what encrustment was and how to save himself from a life of encrusting. Digzz claimed, and I quote, "*[it]* means you were hit by an enemy spell, should wear off." Why thank you very much for the accurate and knowledgeable information, Digzz! Apparently the status condition I made up was a result of an enemy spell and it would eventually dissipate! This was very helpful advice, and I can only assume it also applies to my other made-up status conditions of fancypantsitis, bolognerama, and advanced muttonry. I thanked Diggz for this information shortly before he ran away to kill gnolls or orcs or trolls or hobbits or whatever. At this point, I began noticing some very annoying and rude things being shouted through the town, so I rushed into the crowded city to put an end to this nonsense. I was Hulk Hogan and, by god, it was my job to dispense heaping helpings of Hulkamania on any loudmouths who sought to spread their anti-American propaganda! Upon reaching town, I was shocked and appalled by who I met... my arch-nemesis "Rowdy" Roddy Piper!

PIPER, YOU'LL BE SHUTTING YOUR MOUTH ONCE HULKAMANIA RUNS ALL OVER YOU!!!

Harsh words.

Like usual, Piper was talking shit about me and making all kinds of ludicrous claims. I grouped with him so we could settle the score man-to-man, which we accomplished by killing some kind of skeleton / pirate / gnoll / librarian thing in a small graveyard. The vanquished foe dropped an earring of some type, which I picked up and immediately wore for its good looks and charm. I was hoping it would drop a yellow and orange bandana, but I do not know if the *EQ2* developers ever added such an item to their game. Despite my lack of a bandana and rippable clothing, we continued on our quest to spread Hulkamania to all the local residents. We ran into some guy named "Jael" who we strongly suspected was our arch-enemy Ric Flair, so we began mercilessly taunting and mocking him in order to break down his spirit and reveal his true identity.

FLAIR! WE KNOW IT'S YOU!!!

PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS, BROTHER!

Ric Flair responded by repeatedly claiming he wasn't "Ric Flair" and we had mistaken him, but we'd know that hair anywhere. Eventually we got tired of screaming at him and claiming he cheated against Dusty Rhodes, so we brought our epic battle to the town of Qeynos, where the all-out brawlfest continued inside a busy hotel where players were constantly entering and leaving for no real reason.

A blow to the jaw!

Piper leaps...

...and delivers a killer dropkick!

Unfortunately, our struggle seemed to block any innocent individuals trying to enter their hotel room, and some infuriated players lodged formal complaints with the manager of the hotel chain. We did not care about such trivial matters as hotel rooms and clueless people avoiding our suplexes of righteous fury! If the monk ranger paladin wizard version of Tom Bodett wanted to sue us for however many silver pieces, we would accept it and move on. The Hulkster and Piper have been waging an eternal battle for nearly two decades now, and it's only logical that their struggle has found its way into the high technology world of *Everquest 2*. Some of you may claim that Hulkamania will ultimately prove triumphant, while others may believe Roddy will eventually dominate, while the rest of you simply feel online roleplaying games are for gay faggot homosexuals, but there's one thing we can all agree on: friends don't let friends become encrusted.

And yes, this update does mean I'll be bringing back the *Everquest* section of SA.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.10 That's Why You Never Hire a Skeleton

Wednesday, Nov 10, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

On Monday morning the stench of death was in the air. I arrived at the office early and found myself overwhelmed by a macabre odor lingering in the air like the rerun of an annoying sitcom scheduled just before the one show that you actually want to watch. Concluding that the smell was somehow related to the renovation project going on down the hall, I brushed it off and grabbed a cup of coffee from the break room. Returning to my cubicle with a fresh beverage, I set out to conquer the stack of papers resting on my desk from the week before.

That's when I heard a sound I would never forget. It was a shrieking laugh that ravaged my ears and dispatched freight trains of fright up and down the railroad tracks of my spine. It was meticulous and evil, and it made short work of each and every nerve ending in my body. After thirty consecutive seconds of aural torture in the form of a maniacal laugh, I jumped up and stormed out of my cubicle towards the source of the noise.

I quickly glanced in all directions, letting my eyes chase my ears in a dizzying fashion until I honed in on the source. It was the copy room, and a small crowded was gathered outside. Feeling tasked with the duty to yell at whoever was laughing, I rolled up my sleeves and stormed towards the door.

"What's that damn laughing all about?" I demanded to know.

My haste got the better of me, as I failed to notice that my boss had crept up behind me like a human cape.

"That," he scornfully said, "is the new employee. His name is Mr. Marrow and he's going to be working the copy room."

"Well," I said defensively in a slightly disarming tone, "why is he laughing so loudly?"

"He's a skeleton. That's what he does."

"A skeleton?" I replied in a voice so amazed that it would probably have a heart attack at a third grade science fair if given human form and an invitation to attend a third grade science fair.

"Yes, a skeleton. I think you should go introduce yourself – make friends with the guy."

"If it will get him to stop laughing, I will do it."

The copy room was as dark as the space underneath a bed, and more menacing than any copy room had ever been. I slowly pushed the door open, which simultaneously made the laugh sound louder and gave it a creaking accompaniment. There was total darkness in the room save for a star field of small green and red glows emanating from the copy machines, printers, and other appliances. There was also a golden glimmer reflecting light from the open door. It was a medallion floating in the furthest corner of the room – the same corner the laughter came from. It was Mr. Marrow, hiding in the corner, laughing maniacally at some horrific joke none of us knew.

"Hello," I said in a nervous voice. "Mr. Marrow?"

The laughter stopped. But sadly, there was no silence. Mr. Marrow switched from laughing to vibrating. My ears were drowning in a cacophony of grating teeth and twiddling bony digits. My heart throbbed so frantically I worried it was going to run out of beats and leave me to die in the

newly haunted office copy room of death.

"Look, I know you're new here," I said, "but that's no excuse to laugh so loudly. If there's a funny e-mail or something going around, that's okay, but there is a limit to these things you know!"

What happened next probably took ten years off my life, and twenty off my bowels. That monster began charging at me. It was as if time slowed to a crawl – the kind of desperate crawl you see when you knock an old woman off one of those electric scooters at Wal-Mart. I could see the individual bones jump into motion, setting off chain reactions. It started with the hipbone, which was connected to the leg bone, and in turn to the foot bone. Within a second this clockwork of moving bones was near me, and all I could do was stand frozen like a geode stuck in quicksand.

Several long seconds later, I found the strength to run out of the copy room, albeit as a defeated and wrecked man. Mr. Marrow had charged up close and laughed his horrific laugh right in my face while flailing his limbs so madly that they tore the nearby shelves of paper and supplies asunder. Seeing him up close and personal was chilling beyond words. His gaunt, naked form, the hollow blackness of his eye sockets, the disturbing allure of that medallion wrapped around his neck – it all came together in one complete package of terror and sold itself to me in one easy payment.

"He's a monster!" I shouted. "I can't work with him! I can't make copies in an environment like that!"

"You'll just have to learn to," my boss responded. "We can't fire him just because he's different."

"I have to be honest here, " I said in a sensible fashion. "I sincerely object to the employment of Mr. Marrow. He's a skeleton and he won't stop laughing!"

"The way I see it," said my boss, "he has nothing to hide. He probably got a funny joke forwarded to him through the e-mail. You know that happens all the time!"

"I hardly think a skeleton has qualifications to work in an office copy room!"

"He's well qualified for the job. We're lucky to have someone like that in the copy room. It's the economy, you know. Well qualified people are taking jobs that would otherwise be beneath them."

"What kind of qualifications would a skeleton have? Did he work in a copy room on a haunted pirate ship?"

"He was the assistant manager of an Olive Garden, and while that's not that big a deal, it definitely shows he will do fine in our copy room."

I had no choice but to endure this torture. The day was volatile and plagued with an obnoxious laugh that would go on for minutes at a time. In the space between laughter, there was the cracking of joints and chattering of teeth. I don't know how I made it through the day, let alone the next three.

My first glimmer of hope came on Friday, when I was called over to give my opinion on a situation developing in the janitor's closet. It seems a small treasure of office paraphernalia had mysteriously amassed there, and the culprit was obvious in my mind.

"Mr. Marrow's fingerprints are all over this," I confidently stated.

"He doesn't have flesh so he can't leave fingerprints," a coworker argued.

"This is all your fault," my boss interjected. "You ostracized him from the start. You made him an outsider by not just refusing to set boundaries for him, but refusing him altogether. He wanted authority and that's why he started acting out. He was hoping to get caught and punished."

"But—" I started to say.

"But we aren't going to let this stand. We're going to be more embracing of him now. I just found out he has to walk to and from work. I want you to give him a ride home tonight. We can't have him as an outsider this Saturday when we have the company picnic!"

As fate would have it, this new development would strengthen my relationship with Mr. Marrow by exposing him in new light. After a grueling day of laughter, I proceeded to the office copy room to let Mr. Marrow know I was heading out, and that I would indeed be giving him a ride home. He stopped laughing then, and instantly started grating his teeth in a nervous manner. He did this throughout the ride to his home. Aside from some spastic flailing against the seat belt, he remained relatively quiet and nervous, occasionally lifting his cold dead hand up to point in the direction I needed to go. Had I been on the receiving end of that dreadful pointing finger, I probably would have considered it a sign that my life was over.

"You can put on whatever you want on the radio," I said.

He just stared away at his window, fearful of making eye contact.

Mr. Marrow didn't even bother to tell me to stop when we arrived at his home. He just tore through my seat belt, opened the door, and jumped out awkwardly into the street. I quickly slammed the brakes and threw the car in park before rushing out to check on him. He managed to sever his leg at the knee and was flailing madly in the street laughing the most heartbreakingly sad demonic laugh I ever heard.

"There, there," I said. "You'll be okay. We can glue this back on. Let me help you to your apartment."

When I saw the poor conditions of his apartment building and then of the room he was renting and the way that he lived, I finally understood him. He did his best to keep laughing in a world so cruel that it wouldn't even give him the lips with which to form a smile. That demonic laugh was the only way he had of showing that he was okay, and he did his best to keep the illusion going for himself and others. He could no longer do that for me.

I looked around the decrepit studio apartment, almost barren except for an open treasure chest full of medical journals that I think he was using as pornography. I wasn't sure, but it looked like there were some printouts of e-mail joke forwards in there as well, but I didn't want to ask. I could swear he tried to look ashamed when I saw the chest, but he lacked the facial muscles with which to curl his eyelids, let alone eyelids to curl. Those eye sockets of his, so big and dark, were like the black holes in outer space. They say a black hole can crush a man into a tiny speck and keep him just as heavy. His eye sockets were like that as well. They compressed the sorrow of a thousand wounded puppy dogs into two tiny little black pits that sucked you in and made you long to provide comfort and love.

As luck would have it, I had some glue in my briefcase that worked wonders in mending his broken leg and equally broken spirit. It seemed to get the job done and I could tell he felt a little better afterwards since he went from nervously stroking his medallion to grating his teeth frantically in an almost joyous manner. He tried to get up, but I held him down reassuringly and told him to take it easy until the glue fully dried.

"Look," I said. "You've got a tough life, but you're a fighter. The company picnic is tomorrow and I'll come pick you up in the morning. We'll have a great time! That's a promise. You can be my partner in the sack race!"

On Saturday morning the smell of death never smelt so alive. Mr. Marrow was full of pep, laughing

himself silly all along the drive to the park where the company picnic was taking place.

"Save some energy for the sack race!" I jubilantly demanded.

"MUWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHA!" responded Mr. Marrow while frantically yanking on the tattered remains of my passenger-side seat belt.

I watched Mr. Marrow closely at the company picnic. He was full of fun quirks and odd behavior traits. He was constantly picking through trash bins for chicken bones, which he would then pile up neatly behind a tree. Occasionally he would sit calmly as though listening intently, only to jump up screaming and throwing his arms around. In short, he was the life of the picnic.

When it came time for the sack race, I felt good having him as my partner. I lowered my right leg into the sack and he lowered his bony left leg in. At first he tried to fight the sack, kicking around madly and then tugging at it with his arms, but I was able to calm him down and focus him on the goal of winning the sack race. I was confident the two of us would have no trouble leaving the other teams in the dust of defeat.

When the air horn sounded, we took off like lightning through the park, hopping a trail towards victory. Mr. Marrow was oddly focused and his laugh mutated into an almost athletic breathing. We easily gained a sizable lead over the competition, but our voyage would not go smoothly. With the finish line in sight, no more than a hundred feet away, we tripped and fell. Mr. Marrow shattered into a pile of odd bones. Looking up while pressed against the ground, I saw directly into the empty eye sockets of his decapitated skull. It was as if he was truly gone.

I jumped up and shouted, "C'mon, buddy! We can still win this."

There was no response, just a lifeless assortment of bones scattered on the ground.

"C'mon, buddy!" I cried again as I leaned over and started loading his bones into the sack. "We've got a sack race to win!"

With the entirety of Mr. Marrow in the sack with my right leg, I took off towards the finish line and the sweet taste of victory it offered. We lost the bulk of our lead, but we still won by a slim margin over the other teams. We won – together. It was a thing of beauty. It was just too bad Mr. Marrow wasn't alive enough to celebrate the victory with me.

After the picnic I carried the sack containing Mr. Marrow and placed it gently in the trunk of my car, vowing to pick up the pieces the next day.

"He's not such a bad guy after all," I told my boss.

"The copy room has never been so lively," he responded.

That Sunday I carried the sack of Mr. Marrow's bones to the office copy room and spent the day gluing him back together. He seemed to remain lifeless, but then I remembered that crazy medallion of his. Once I put that around his neck, he jumped back to life laughing himself silly.

"You're one in a million, Mr. Marrow! One in a million!"

He just laughed and laughed and then laughed some more.

On Monday morning a different kind of deathly stench was in the air. And an eerie quiet as well.

"Where's Mr. Marrow?" I demanded to my boss.

"I had to let him go. I called him this morning and asked him not to come in."

"Why? He was just starting to fit in!"

"He faked it."

"Faked what, sir?"

"He faked his résumé. He never worked at Olive Garden!"

"How do you know?"

"I went there with my wife to eat, and while there I had a conversation with the manager. It was mostly over the service, but while he was there I asked him about Mr. Marrow. He never worked at an Olive Garden."

"I don't believe it. I can't believe he would lie on his résumé like that!"

"They're all liars at heart, though they don't even have hearts. Forging a résumé is no stretch for a liar. I guess that's why you don't hire skeletons."

"I guess not."

"Plus his arm flailing came dangerously close to groping on a number of occasions, and the last thing I want is a sexual harassment lawsuit in this office."

I can't say I didn't mind the peace and quiet, or the relaxed attitude of the new copy room worker. I also didn't mind the lack of the stench of death permeating the office. Skeletons are a lot of things, just not office workers. Mr. Marrow tried his hardest to penetrate our world, but he just wasn't ready for it, and we weren't ready for him. Still, I'll always think back to the good times we had together, like our victory in the sack race, the moment we bonded in his apartment, and that crazy laugh of his. If anyone truly knew how to live, it was him.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.11 An Introduction to Moféism

Thursday, Nov 11, 2004 by Tom "moof" Davies

The road to enlightenment is a slippery and dangerous one, covered with ice and patrolled by angry men with guns who try to kill you as you fall over again and again and then you can't stand up because the ice is so slippery and it makes you cry. Not many make it all the way to the end of the road, and no one is certain what lies there. I think there is probably some cake and a lot of rainbows, and maybe also a nice beach with happy whales playing in the sea and you can ride the whales like noble stallions of the ocean.

While I am not promising that after reading this article you will immediately be transferred to a magic wonderland of inner harmony and peace, I am certain that the things I am going to share with you today will open your eyes to many things. You may be blinded by these things because they are so bright and powerful and could be totally incomprehensible to you, but I doubt that because mostly it is just a lot of crap I made up so I can finish writing this and get back to roleplaying as Colin Powell in Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas (Note to developers: Please include ponies in the next game, I have been waiting for so long).

For the last several years I have been tweaking and refining a brand new theology I call Moféism, mostly because it sounds French and those guys can be pretty clever sometimes. Albert Camus was French and he invented the concept of shooting Arabs almost thirty years before Dick Cheney came up with the same idea. Moféism is based on the Three Tiers of Reality™, which as a whole make up life as we know and perceive it. These are In Real Life™ (IRL), On The Internet™ (OTI) and In Your Mind™ (IYM). In Real Life™ is composed of day-to-day things that happen in what is commonly referred to as "The Real World", although it is a mistake to assume that On The Internet™ and In Your Mind™ are any less real than In Real Life™. Things that happen In Real Life™ include grocery shopping, going to work, and hitting a stray cat on the highway and crying all over the steering wheel.

An example of In Real Life™.

The second Tier of Reality™, On The Internet™, is what the majority of you reading this today will be most familiar with. This makes up a large percentage of most of our lives, and includes such life-changing events such as being banned from your IRC channel, being constantly rejected by fat antisocial goth girls on okcupid.com, and spending many days trying to kill your first rat in Everquest.

An example of On The Internet™.

"In Your Mind™ is the final and arguably the most important Tier Of Reality™. As you should have

guessed, this includes everything that happens and everything that you believe within your own mind. This is the most powerful of all these concepts, since you can make almost anything happen or become true. Do not fall into the trap of believing that just because you made it up and it is in your head it is not true. Of course is it true and real. If this was not the case then my friend Boris the Ork would not exist and he is sitting here right next to me singing traditional German folk songs. You must absolutely one-hundred-percent totally believe and understand that what happens In Your Mind is more important that what happens In Real Life™ and On The Internet™. In Your Mind™ is the only place where you are totally alone and totally free to shape your own world out of lego and playdoh.

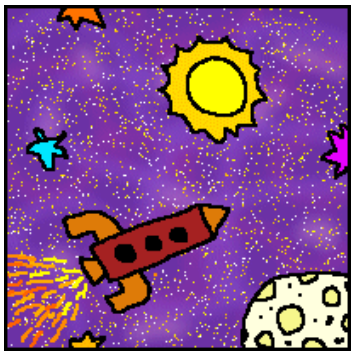
An example of In Your Mind™.

When combined, these three Tiers of Reality™ merge to complete The Real Truth™. The Real Truth™ is what the universe actually looks like through unbiased and uncorrupted eyes. As you can see from the example image below, all three of the Tiers of Reality™ play a very important part in creating The Real Truth™, which would not be complete should one of the Tiers of Reality™ be missing.

An example of The Real Truth™.

To demonstrate these ideas, I will give a few examples from my own life.

In My Mind™ There is a girl who is made of sunshine and kaleidoscopes. Together we run in the fields where the flowers grow so incredibly high and we sing songs and dance and it is beautiful and at night we ski down the mountain to our lodge in the forest where we watch the unicorns play in the long grass of the meadow. Then it usually snows so we light a fire and watch the snow fall on the window and it is so cold outside but extraordinarily cozy inside and the unicorns sleep under the trees and we sleep next to the fire.



If you like adventure and fun you will like space.

In My Mind™ I am an astronaut and space explorer. I travel through solar systems and galaxies in my rocket ship named Freud. It is beautiful in space, everything is quiet and clean and you can smell the perfect emptiness. The skies are infinitely deep and you are surrounded by them, there are no clouds of smog just the perfect energy of a million suns rising above an infinite number of invisible horizons.

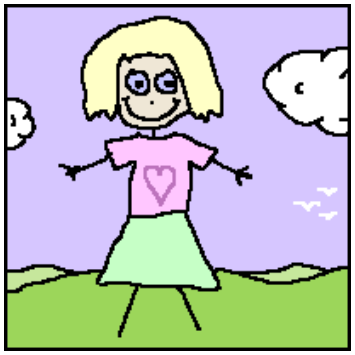
On The Internet™ I met a girl in my Duke Nukem 3D clan called =KiLLaGuRrL69=- and we talked on aim a lot, so we met at the local bakery to buy bread together but she was actually a 47 year old man called Bruce. Bruce is a really nice guy but I do not want to hold his hand or kiss him and I wish he would understand that so we can be friends again.

On The Internet™ I play Everquest as Blazrghkark, fearless and noble Neutral-Good Eskimo-Warrior, level 14. I strike terror into

the hearts of all the seals I mercilessly club. No sea lion is safe from my harpoon, and any polar bear that dares to wander onto my ice floe leaves in a body bag.

In Real Life™ there is a girl in my astronomy class that I look at sometimes. Often I will be looking at her and she will notice and look away quickly, and she looks embarrassed and angry. I keep watching her though because I know that is the only way to make her fall in love with me and we will be married and live in a desert made of rainbows. Once I tried to talk to her but she ran like they always do.

In Real Life™ I work at a drug store and spend my days wandering the cold and sterile aisles, searching for something I have lost but I am not sure what it is. I like to walk past the greeting cards and look at the pictures, and they tell me "Happy Birthday!" and "I Love You." and "Missing You." and "Sorry." and I say "That is okay, I am too."



Hello I am a pretty girl, la la la la do de doop de do.

I hope we have all learned something today, something about life, something about love, and maybe, just maybe, something about ourselves. If you take one thing away with you today, I hope it is this. The greatest threat facing the world today is not international terrorism, it is not climate change, nor is it the hundreds of huge asteroids that will collide with the earth in a few months. It is that people do not understand that In Real Life™ is not the only important thing in the world. Sometimes it can be pretty terrible and then people kill themselves, which makes me sad. Don't do that okay. If you didn't learn anything today then that is okay and I hope you enjoyed the pictures.

-∼Tom "moof" Davies

11.12 Visiting Hours

Friday, Nov 12, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It was four o'clock in the morning and my chain smoking had once again run me out of cigarettes. I still had some work to do and I knew it would be hell trying to plow through it without tumor blasts to my black lungs at 10 minute intervals. I want to kick the habit some day, but not when I'm in the middle of writing a goddamn article. I tossed on my jacket and headed out to my car. It's creepy in the countryside at four in the morning, it's ten times creepier in the middle of the city at that unwholesome hour. Basically the only people out are murderers and people trying to evade murderers long enough to buy something absolutely necessary like cigarettes. In other words, the bogeyman are at least plausible in the city, out in the countryside you can keep reminding yourself it's just your imagination up until the exact moment that the moonbeast liquefies your face with its acid-palmed hands and tosses your skull into the crisp night air.

I didn't see any murders, but I got the car started in a hurry to avoid one of those situations where dozens of crackheads are slapping their nerveless hands at my windows trying to get at the rocks they think are hidden inside my brainpan. I didn't drive more than half a block when something caught my eye. Up ahead of me there was a fire burning in the street. No, not a fire, it was a raging inferno that had already consumed a van and a parked car. Flames were roaring off the vehicles ten or more feet into the air and I expected them to detonate at any minute. What struck me wasn't so much the fire - I've seen a surprising number of those in my neighborhood - it was the fact that the first thing my brain did was estimate how long it would take that car fire to spread to my apartment. At least twenty minutes I calculated, assuming no one called the fire department. Which meant it was safe to go get my cigarettes and ignore the vehicle-consuming fire raging, at least until I returned.

The reason I'm laying that little anecdote on you is because I would like to extend to our foreign readers some information and advice to keep in mind if they ever decide to visit the United Sates. I think the anecdote highlights one of many key differences between the US and Old Europe. We may be the richest, most prosperous, and (arguably) the most technologically advanced nation, but in our cities we have third world apathy for our fellow man. That only gets worse if you ain't from around here.

We Don't Want You Here

The first thing to remember when visiting the United States is that no matter what the board of tourism says, no one here actually wants you around. You may find some friendly people, you may find some ancestral relatives who are cool with you, but pretty much everyone else spends their life suspiciously eyeing everyone around them trying to spot "foreign behavior". Show up with an accent and you might as well be marked for death. Fifteen minutes after that first "danke" and Steven Segal is going to be pulling the knife out of your skull and tossing your twitching corpse into a dumpster.

Most Europeans probably don't really want Americans around in their countries. In much of Europe this translates to vicious condescension and brutal couched insults. In the United States these same Europeans will be treated to the US brand of xenophobia which involves beating them out of their rental car and then backing over their unconscious body. Keep in mind that if you are anywhere south of the Mason-Dixon Line and you speak with a foreign accent you are a literal United States dictionary definition of the word "faggot". Learn to accept this

fact or learn to enjoy the feeling of your bloody teeth sliding down your throat. Try to pantomime your way through most conversations unless you can either fake a US accent or an Australian accent. The lingering miasma of Crocodile Dundee still imparts visiting Australians with a wary degree of respect.

If you are Asian you might get by if you can act "cute" enough and smile a lot. Most Americans view various Asian nationals as toys or robots, and if they behave in an endearing fashion they may earn the same sort of grudging respect as say, a helpful monkey. If you are "brown", regardless of your nation of origin, don't even think of coming to America because you're a fucking terrorist. Fun fact: Native Americans get hauled in by the Department of Homeland Security for taking pictures of their own adobe huts. How do you think a Spaniard - let alone a Middle Eastern person - is going to fare? Lastly, if you're black; run. The white people already hate you, the black people will like you until you talk and then they will treat you like an alien, and the best you can really hope for is a sort of confused fear. In most countries fear leads to flight. In the United States fear leads to double homicides.

Our Cities Are Not Your Cities

Europe is quaint. I know it hurts to hear it, but from an American perspective, it's true. Do you know how many murders Chicago had in 2002? 665. SIX FUCKING HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIVE MURDERS. Do you know how many all of Europe had? I don't know, because I'm an American and we don't give a shit about Europe, but I bet it was like three. However, a quick Internet search tells me that London is shitting its pants because there were 61 murders in 2003. In Chicago there were 61 people murdered with fucking boomerangs. There were 75 murdered with screwdrivers. Here in the United States we have homicide statistics in the double digits for specific types of murder that people in Europe haven't even thought up yet. Last year 12 people were murdered with dolphins. I don't know how or why, but it's right there in the Department of Justice aggregate crime statistics.

Big cities in the United States are what Tokyo is like in every Japanese science fiction movie. You know where the sky is red and filled with smoke and future helicopters fly around and there are gangs of wild teenagers on weird motorcycles and crime is out of control. Yeah, that's wild. Peoria is like that. Boise is like that. From Mount Rainer Seattle looks like a huge black crater crawling with giant kill bots that collect flesh for the genovats that the techocrats in the high city use for their rejuvenation treatments. On one corner you can get a grande mocha from Starbucks and then on the facing corner you can have your corneas harvested by a 16-armed Reaper Mark-V that has been dispatched for organ reclamation because Jeb Bush has vision spotting.

How about the Big Apple? America's great melting pot! Have you ever actually seen a melting pot? Heat and sublimation fumes will blind you from ten feet away and even with the right breathing equipment you can feel the caustic shit scourging your skin. Stick your hand into the melting pot and you're going to pull back a stump. That's a great lesson right there. That's a melting pot.

You remember 9/11? I mean I know you're foreign but I don't think America will let the world forget 9/11 if it has to thermite bomb every patch of land outside the lower 48. So yeah, you remember 9/11, planes into the towers, crying eagle, Dale Earnhart, etc. What you might not know is that the 9/11 hijackers were not hijackers, they were part of a tour group from Qatar, and when the pilots found out they had foreigners on their planes they just radioed into the Twin Towers and said "boys, we're bringing 'em on in." Hell, that plane that crashed in Pennsylvania was actually being flown towards the White House by the passengers, but the tour group fought back and tried to arrange a safe landing, so the passengers crashed it into the Pennsylvania countryside. Let's Roll© those

fucking ragheads into a magic carpet and send them back to Zanzibar.

Ty-rah-rah-ny of the Majority

The United States of America is the greatest country on earth. Did you know that in the 1930s the government offered black people in the United States medical treatment for free? It's true! They offered medical treatment to people they had secretly diagnosed with syphilis and then for the next 40 years they charted how the disease would progress if left untreated. While the study progressed dozens of people were infected by the test subjects who were never informed of their syphilis diagnosis. Hooray!

You think that's awesome? Get this: in 1907 the world's first eugenics law was passed allowing the government to sterilize everyone from the retarded to debtors against their will. I know what you're thinking; eugenics, racial superiority, Nazism, Hitler, Germany, etc. Well, think again fraulein, because Indiana passed this law! Not only that, but Indiana's law was so totally awesome that a number of other states took it up. By the time someone said "hey, maybe castrating people for petty theft isn't nearly as radical to the max as we thought" some 60,000 people had been hit in the jewels with tin snips.

This is thanks to a little side effect of democracy we all like to call "the tyranny of the majority", wherein the majority of the population imposes its will on the minority. We gentiles have been holding down good old Fort Whitey in the US ever since small pox and genocide significantly decimated the Native American population. Before long the white tide was washing ashore in New England and those poor simple-minded red savages never had a chance. They just slunk off down their trail of tears with their firewater to become another footnote in the history books about the awesomeness of the United States. Since the red man was no longer a significant minority for us to boss around we had some Irish indentured servants come over and we imposed our will on them. Of course, anyone who has known an Irishman knows they are lazy and stupid, so we quickly turned to America's breadbasket; the negro slave.

For more than a century the negroes became the captive audience for our 3rd grade play entitled democracy, and they were the best kind of minority because they couldn't even complain about our tyranny. Then silly old Abe Lincoln decided to set them loose and the South has never been the same. The bad news is that negroes lurk in every shadow, converting to Islam and conspiring against our proud nation with terrorists. The good news is that the tyranny of the majority still exists today and we intend to use every last scrap of it.

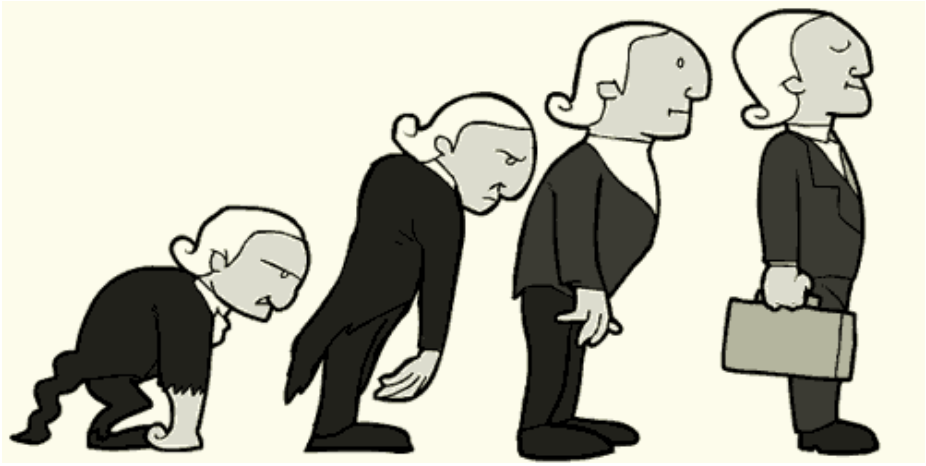
How does this affect you, the foreign traveler? I'm glad I asked!

Because of the way in which our great democracy works sweeping changes can come down the pipe suddenly and unexpectedly. By electing representative officials we are basically mailing a package of anti-minority legislation that will be opened whenever the government gets around to it. Sometimes the packages get lost in the mail, the rest of the time, when you least expect it, they will be opened to wreak joy on the population. For example, in 2002 Akumfor Hadi from the Republic of Congo was visiting Boston when the "No Blacks in Hats" legislation was passed. Overnight a "snappy hat" moratorium blanketed the country, but the unsuspecting Hadi went ahead and donned his favorite fedora before stepping outside. He was spotted by passerby who called the sighting in to the national "Blacks in Hats" tips hotline. Within the hour a black helicopter had swooped in to disappear Hadi into one of several semi-secret Federal prisons.

There really isn't a way to prepare oneself for this sort of thing. However, when you're staying in the United States it would be wise to regularly check the Internet or call 1-800-MAJORITY to get your latest updates on the tyranny of the majority.

Keep Your Religion Out of My Rapture

In case you weren't aware, it's the End Times right now, and any religicizing you bring with you to America is just going to get in the way of the big steamroller in the sky we call Christ Our Lord. I remember when I was 13 we watched a documentary that included footage of a Buddhist monk in Vietnam dousing himself in gasoline and lighting himself on fire. We all had a good laugh at that guy's crazy idolatry. I mean jeez-o-petes, burning yourself alive! Everyone knows you're supposed to kill OTHER people for religion. We all calmed down and then went back to handling rattlesnakes and drinking jars of Kentucky Strychnine while dancing ecstatically.



Until such a time as a fiery dragon with seven heads and seven diadems rises in the East we have a lot of other good Christian business to take care of here in the United States. Like creationism! I mean, we all know it's a big bucket of hot manure, but we just can't help ourselves. We get to prayerifying and evangelizing and the next thing we know we wake up on the floor of the high school auditorium with a gem encrusted ten commandments placard next to our 1988 intramural girls softball champions banner. We can't stop ourselves, and there's no way in hell you foreign dandies are going to stop us either. By God, we are America, and here in America we don't have to take no sass from the Nobel whosits winning scholars who think they know better than the Good Book what Jesus writ himself. God made the earth 250 years ago and we all evolved from George Washington end of story. I SAID END OF FUCKING STORY.

I don't know if they still do things this way in New Orleans, but the last time I was there every night they close down the French Quarter to vehicular traffic so that inebriated pedestrians can choke the streets without fear of being crushed under the wheels of someone's shiny new Escalade. College kids, gawping tourists, and immodest young women stagger around bleary eyed, occasionally pausing to press against a wall and publicly dry hump or hunch over suddenly and empty their guts out across cobbled stones. Despite its name the French Quarter is so very American, a clash of cultures stewing up into a dangerous amusement that's half theme park and half encounter with a back alley hooker. The bright lights are dazzling and the mixture of noise and music only adds to the disorientation, but as you move past an occasional patch of dark you can't ignore that all of the high stone walls are topped with shards of broken glass. Poor man's razor wire.

Come dawn people crawl back to their hotels or leave the city entirely. A few, maybe, end up in the hospital or even the morgue. Left in the wake of this great and totally pointless nightly celebration is a swampy tide of beer, urine, cups, bottles, wrappers, receipts, condoms, and all manner of detritus. The sheer ugliness of it all is laid bare in the painful light of day, but before the revelers have awakened a methodical crew of machine sweepers and men and women with brooms and trash bins moves down Bourbon Street. By seven the streets are clean, enticing, beckoning again to visitors to

see just what the next night holds, what violence it can inflict on them in their weakest moments. Ask your travel agent for a brochure.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.13 Tuesdays with Cliffy

Saturday, Nov 13, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Life is comprised of love, death and fear. We travel down lonely and winding roads searching for some semblance of meaning in this painful existence. We often lose sight of the higher meanings of things due to our childish preoccupation with hoarding material goods and servicing our basest of needs. We are all stupid sheep, ignorantly bleating while being led up onto the scaffold of life to get our preverbal wool shaved off by the farmer of ignorance and woven into the coat of deception that will go on sale at the market of enlightenment. I have no idea what that means, but it's just one of the tidbits of wisdom that Cliff would tell me on our special time we spent together on Tuesday afternoons. Through his wise words, I realized that life should not be taken for granted and that every day is a long, agonizing gift.

I was working as a successful Internet writer and part time short order cook at Applebee's when I heard the news. My hero and mentor, Cliff Yablonski, was dying of a myriad of diseases such as syphilis, rickets, tuberculoses, smallpox, and heartworms. This man, who has was my noble tutor for so many years, was alone, suffering in his studio apartment with only his cockroaches and homemade mummies to keep him company, while I was leading a the wild, exciting lifestyle of a comedy writer, shooting heroin into my eyeballs and trading stocks online. Cliff was passing away; his wisdom soon to be forever lost. I had to return to him, and help him in his time of need. It turned out in the end that it was I who really was the one in need, and Cliff ended up saving my life. Sorry for spoiling the ending.

I arrived at Cliff's one Tuesday afternoon unannounced, hoping my visit would give him a pleasant surprise. Unfortunately, it seemed that the latter stages of syphilis was taking its toll, and he was in a manic state of mind that he fondly like to call "brain crickets." I knocked a little ditty of a tune on his apartment door, and a few seconds later, a shotgun blasted a hole just inches above my head. I guess it's understandable since I learned he was expecting to be evicted any day now, so I brushed off the dust and walked inside while he was reloading. Once I was able to release his vice like grip on my neck and allow precious air to reach my burning lungs, I explained who I was, and that I wasn't here to evict him or sell him insurance. Behind his bloodshot glazed eyes, I could see some form of recognition; a sign that he did still have some cognitive reasoning intact. To ease his murderous rage further, I produced a bottle of Beefeater gin and a five-dollar bill. This seemed to work, and I sat down next to him on his random stack of crates to talk.

The gin loosened his tongue enough to spill out a waterfall of wisdom and some strange chunky vomit. His years of experience was a gift; a gift to be shared so that the world will know and learn from him. His foggy memory was clearing and he started to recall the first day I came under his tutelage at the Something Awful Academy for the Internet Arts. His manner of schooling was unorthodox, yet his pupils usually ended up going on to do great things, like entertainment superstars such as Zack Parsons, Carrot Top, and Richard Greico. I would run up and down snowy hillocks in the dead of winter while he rolled down flaming garbage cans filled with deadly spiders and I was forced to hop them, not unlike the popular video game Donkey Kong. In fact, I believe that's where Cliff borrowed the idea because during the exercise he would wear a gorilla suit and I was forced to wear overalls and a fake mustache. It was a very hard course to pass, and I before I graduated I had visited the hospital dozens of times, but as a result, he had shaped me into a finely honed weapon of comedy. I went on to become a smash hit with children through the ages of 4-10, losing sight of who was responsible for my meteoric rise to the top. At the 2004 Internet comedy awards, I thanked my parents, heroin, and baby Jesus, but totally forgot to thank Cliff. It made me realize what a

monster I have become, blinded by fame and riches. I would make it right, and spend my Tuesdays will Cliff until the end of his days.

After reminiscing for that first Tuesday afternoon together, Cliffy through me out of his window in random fit of drunken rage, but thankfully, a garbage bin full of foam peanuts broke my fall. I waved goodbye to the foaming, shirtless Cliff who now looked like he was trying to eat his window molding, and walked home with a sense of purpose and resolve. When I returned the next Tuesday, and peeked my head through the shotgun blast on the door, I saw to my horror that some sort of beast was attacking Cliff as he sat naked on a half burned husk of a Laz-E-Boy. He was struggling with a furry creature that looked like a weasel/goblin mutant and a strangled cry rose from his throat. Just as I was about to dash in to save him, I realized to my horror that he was pleasuring himself, and I caught him in mid-coitus. I reeled back in mental anguish, fleeing from the door as fast as my feet could carry me, running to the closest Starbucks. After an hour of waiting, I walked back to Cliff's, a little afraid that he would still be abusing his deformed genitalia. This fear was not unfounded, because Cliff was far from finished. In fact, he was surrounded by a legion of blow up dolls covered in what looked like maple syrup and was riding a baby elephant while wearing a Burger King crown on his head. I decided that it was for the best to leave him to his devices and come back next week.

To say I was a bit wary of going back there was an understatement, but it was my duty to give this great dying man the attention and companionship he dearly needed. The next week, I poked my head though the door, expecting to see a scene out of Caligula's chambers, but only saw a drunk, sweet old man, passed out in a pool of his own filth. I let myself in and started to sponge him down, as it looked and smelled like he hadn't bathed in years. He woke out of his alcohol coma halfway through, and probably from his Korean War training, started choking me again. But this time I brought pepper spray and was able to fend him off long enough to explain who I was again and why I was there. I asked if he felt like doing anything today, like going to the park or seeing a movie, but he just told me to "get the fuck out you greasy cumguzzling shitstabber," (his words). I chuckled at his cheeky outburst and put on a pot of coffee so we could sit down by the shattered window and reminisce of fond memories past.

I brought up his experience in the Korean War, and he spoke in length about strangling a whole village of Vietcong with his bootlaces and wrestling crocodiles. I questioned the validly of this, and asked if he was confused with the Vietnam War, which at the time he was in prison for going on a rampage after losing a pie eating contest. He didn't care for my questions and let me know this by throwing the scalding hot coffee on my face and kicking me in the stomach. I fetched him a fresh cup and continued our bonding by asking him if he has any regrets about the life he has led, now that the end is so near. He spoke in a sad, raspy voice and recounted all of his sins and crimes against every person he's ever come across in his life. Around midnight, I was forced to stop him because I had to work the next day, but told him that we could continue chatting next week. He took this as a personal insult and threw me out the window again, but thankfully the garbage bin full of packing peanuts was still there and I was not hurt. I waved to the shadowy visage of the troubled man leaning out his window and rushed home to get some rest, and tend the

third degree burns on my plump, rosy cheeks.

Although I thought Cliff and I were making progress and he was enjoying my company, I started to have my doubts when I showed up the next week with his door was boarded up, and a sign hanging that said "Go away you redheaded fucknapkin." Maybe I was pushing a little too hard, and the full reality of his impending demise had finally hit him. I decided there and then, I would not abandon Cliff for a 2nd time. I carefully scaled his brick apartment building wall and threw myself through his broken window. It seemed that Ciff saw me coming up because he was ready with a cricket bat. It cracked against my skull, ricocheting me into some decrepit shelving holding water damaged pornography, destroying it in a jumble of splinters and dust. As Cliff approached for a second swing, his deformed club-like syphilis ridden penis swaying like an obscene pendulum, I punched him in the kidney, making him double over on top of his ruined shelving. He recovered quickly, and I could see that he was hopped up on angel dust, Tang, and Pop Rocks. We fought for hours, punching, kicking, clawing, biting, and gouging. At the end, we both laid on his floor in a bloody heap, for the first time we shared a male bonding that transcends generations. I felt as if he taught me a valuable lesson about the pain he was going through everyday, and I finally understood everything. We had passed over this hurdle, and now Cliff was ready to open up his vault of wisdom, so that we may grow rich from it.

He spoke fast and sometimes incoherently, but I wrote as much as I could down in my notepad to ensure they would never be lost. Here are some of the tips Cliff would like to pass down to us, the humble students.

- Don't drink water. It's a Jew conspiracy.
- Always check to make sure it's a lady before you pay. If it isn't a lady, demand half price.
- Where am I and what am I doing here?
- Look both ways before crossing the street you filthy faggot.
- aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh
- I once ate 23 of those hot dogs that sit on the rolling things at party stores and I started hallucinating that I was a mother condor and patrolled the tire dump to protect my eggs.
- You should always...(unintelligible).
- Never look a horse in the mouth or something.
- A bird in the hand is like a few in the bush but you don't have to set the bush on fire to get them out and have to hide from the police helecopters in a fort built out of shopping carts I stole from those ham gnomes down by the Piggly Wiggly.
- I'm going to crush your skinny neck you period-headed penis pusher!

He dictated such things to me as we swapped tales of the good old days before women could vote and Livejournal was created. Just when he was really opening up, he was struck with a case of "brain crickets" again and picked up the crate I was sitting on and threw it out the window, while I was still on it. Unfortunately, this time the bin full of packing peanuts was not there anymore, and I suffered some major trauma to my head, torso, spine, and limbs. Thus ended my Tuesdays with Cliff, a time that I'm sure I'll never forget, and that will always have a large impact on my life. I am currently in rehabilitation and with a lot of work and some hope in stem cell research, I know that one day I'll walk again. Cliff lives yet, barely clinging to life by consuming countless boxes of Honeycomb cereal and borrowing inside his mattress stuffing. He assured me that he would never die because he claims that he became a vampire after falling into the oil pit while gate crashing NASCAR '94, but I have my doubts. Whatever the case, we have learned much from him, and I hope this story has touched everybody's hearts, and wins me tons of awards. Contact my agent about any made for TV movie and action figure deals. Thank you.

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

11.14 SA Football Sunday

Sunday, Nov 14, 2004 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

For whatever reason, Lowtax wants me to write about football for SomethingAwful. I guess because this site attracts huge amounts of popular jocks. Heavens, there's no way some **nerd** would ever visit a site such as this! SomethingAwful is a site for frat boys and middle-aged men who paint themselves blue and stand around in stadium parking lots cooking chicken while screaming at a radio for eight hours.

Your typical SomethingAwful reader.

So here's a bunch of mid-season NFL crap:

Ben Roethisberger Comedy Showcase

If you watch ESPN, then you know that Ben Roethisberger is the best quarterback ever and it's only a matter of time before he breaks Dan Marino's records. He's that great! I mean, he's only a rookie and he can already hand the ball off to running backs like a **seven-year veteran**.

You also know that Chris Berman will make the same joke on *NFL Primetime* every time the Steelers play a home game:

> *"Ben Roethisberger... playing at Heinz field!!! LOL GET IT! RUMBLIN' BUMBLIN' STUMBLIN' WHOOOP!!"*

You will also hear the following great jokes:

- Roethisberger! What a funny name! I can't say it! I can't spell it! How does it fit on a jersey!!
- Ben Roethisberger with cheese! Quarter Pounder Ben Roethisberger! Bacon Ben Roethisberger!
- Roethisberger's nickname is Big Ben! Well I guess he better watch the play clock!! *(Actually, after I wrote this I noticed a headline on ESPN that reads "Browns' Warren: Fine 'worth it' to clock Big Ben." Oh boy...)*
- *[Play-by-Play Announcer]* Roethisberger rolls right... he's in a real PICKLE! He'll need to put some MUSTARD on his next pass or he's going to end up on his BUNS!
- Has anyone seen Grimace? Because Ben Roethisberger is more like Ben **Hamburglar** tonight! Because he is stealing this game!!! ROBBLE ROBBLE ROBBLE!!!

Yes, we get it: the guy has a funny name and you can make all sorts of hamburger jokes about him.

Sure, Roethisberger is off to a great start, but it all broils down to the fact that it's only a matter of time before he gets grilled.

Wes Welker is the Most Talented Human Being on the Planet

Earlier this year, Miami Dolphins rookie Wes Welker filled in for injured kicker Olindo Mare and became the first NFL player since 1966 to kick off, return a kickoff and punt, make a field goal (29 yards), and hit a point-after all in the same game. He also made the tackle on one of his kickoffs. In response to this, *Florida Today* commented:

> *"Given that, it wouldn't have been surprising to see him sent out to take over at quarterback if Miami had gotten the ball back after Jay Fiedler and A.J. Feeley were both hurt on Miami's final drive of Sunday's 24-10 loss to the New England Patriots."*

Why stop there? Since Miami's Dave Wannstedt resigned, why not have Wes Welker fill in as head coach? This guy played quarterback, running back, wide receiver, free safety, and returned kicks and punts *and* kicked in High School... I think this pretty much proves there is **nothing Wes Welker cannot do**.

HE IS LORD!

Wes Welker is so great he could audible on the kickoff, do an onside kick, recover his own onside kick, then stand up and throw a pass twenty yards, *catch the pass himself*, run for a touchdown and kick the PAT afterwards. Wes Welker is so great he could just keep doing this over and over again the entire game -- never allowing anyone else to even touch the ball -- stopping only to sell concessions to people in the stands. After the game, Wes Welker would interview himself, find the cure for AIDS, and capture Osama Bin Laden all while making millions of dollars in the stock market and impregnating barren lesbians. He's that good.

Attention Whoring

Terrell Owens is -- without a doubt -- the NFL's most obnoxious attention whore. Every week, there's some of new controversy, some wacky little comment, or some hee-larious new dance. The guy just loves the spotlight, hell, he wears a hat with the URL to his website on it when he does interviews. Maybe you should visit his site, purchase his hard-hitting book, "Catch This! : Going Deep with the NFL's Sharpest Weapon," and then head on over to his LiveJournal so you can read up on how stupid he thinks girls are.

But the prize for most retarded attention whore of the season thus far has to go to Bengals wide receiver Chad Johnson: before Cincinnati's game against the Cleveland Browns, he sent bottles of Pepto-Bismol to the Browns' defensive backs. See, because he was going to give the Browns' secondary an upset stomach! OH HO!

I don't understand why Jerry Rice is hesitant to retire, he has all this to look forward to!

Johnson then proceeded to catch a whopping three passes for 37 yards. And he dropped four passes. The obvious joke to make here would be something like, "gee I sure hope Chad kept one of those bottles of Pepto for himself because his performance was SHITTY!"

For whatever reason, wide receivers tend to be the biggest attention whores. In addition to Terrell Owens, you've got Keyshawn Johnson (Chad's cousin), Joe Horn (famous for last year's "cell phone" stunt), and Jerry Rice, who is really close to becoming the Ricky Henderson of the NFL. To put in terms you can understand, Jerry Rice started playing in the NFL *the same year Super Mario Brothers came out for the NES in North America!* Now that's a long-ass time ago. Jerry Rice needs to retire to the Mushroom Kingdom and spend his remaining days chewing on Toad's head and inappropriately groping Yoshi when he thinks nobody is looking.

You know, this update kinda sucked. Maybe Wes Welker should start writing for SA: he's absolutely hilarious and his writing is better than Shakespeare and Tom Clancy combined!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

11.15 My Tank is Flight

Monday, Nov 15, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I receive at least one email a week asking me to write another article about the unusual inventions of the Second World War. I have been intent on continuing the series for months but keep getting sidetracked by one thing or another and kept putting it off. Until now! Rejoice, assuming you actually like these articles, because today I bring you three all "new" and wonderful aircraft cooked up by Nazi Germany during the Reich's salad days. If this is your first introduction to the subject, feel free to read up on some of the "back issues" of my irregularly updated series on crazy weapons of World War II.

> My Tank is Fight
> My Tank Fires Bullets That Weigh a Ton
> My Tank Has Armor Plate to Save Me From Hate
> My Tank Has a Great Big Gun
> My Tank is AWESOME!

On with the Aryan madness!

The Henschel 129B-3 "Tank Cracker"

Here's a good closeup on the 75mm cannon stuck to the HS-129B.

Type: Flying Heavy Anti-Tank Gun

Specific Features: The Junkers Ju-87 Stuka is the iconic aircraft of the Luftwaffe and as such it tends to hog the spotlight from most of Germany's other close air support aircraft. One such relatively forgotten plane is the Henschel HS-129 and its B-3 variant. In my humble opinion the 129B-3, more than any other single aircraft, is the spiritual forebear of the much beloved A-10 Thunderbolt/Warthog.

The HS-129 began its life in 1939 as a twin-engined armored ground attack aircraft. The HS-129 was so heavily armored, particularly the cockpit, that pilots flying in 1939 and 1940 complained about the lack of visibility through all of the armor plates. The engines were also underpowered and gave the HS-129 a pretty well deserved reputation for being a flying brick of shit. The HS-129 was withdrawn from service and disappeared back into the Henschel design works for a massive overhaul. Much more powerful 750 horsepower engines replaced the 500 horsepower clunkers on the original. Apparently not wanting to make the plane too maneuverable the developers also added even more armor. The fuel tank, ammunition feeds, and vital hydraulic and engine systems were all compartmentalized in armor. The cockpit received even more armor and the HS-129's wing mounted cannons were upgraded.

The real innovation in the HS-129B came from a series of "Ruestsatz" or field conversion packs which allowed the HS-129B series to be transformed by mechanics servicing the aircraft. There were three variants of the HS-129B, each with minor production alterations, but each received a series of "Ruestsatz" releases. One B-2 Ruestsatz consisted of a 37mm anti-tank gun slung beneath the fuselage of the HS-129. This was nothing astonishing as it had been done, quite successfully, with a variant of the infamous Ju-87 Stuka. Tanks tend to have extremely poor top armor and a 37mm AP round was enough to punch through the top armor of most tanks throughout the war.

Henschel wasn't satisfied and neither was the Luftwaffe, so a B-3 patch was uploaded for the HS-129, upgrading its 37mm gun to a massive 75mm long-barreled tank cannon. This weapon was

fundamentally identical to the cannon mounted in later versions of the Panzer IV tank. Glued to the belly of a twin-engined fighter bomber the 75mm gun had to incorporate a fairly sophisticated hydraulic recoil dampening system. Ammunition capacity was a mere 12 rounds of high velocity armor piercing fed by an integral autoloader. The HS-129B mounted an excellent gun sight, which due to hilarious cockpit space constraints had to be attached outside the aircraft, and was quite lethal with the 75mm gun when attacking from a dive. It could kill ANY tank up until the very end of the war.

The downside to the HS-129B-3 and all its glorious armor and firepower was that it was arguably the least maneuverable aircraft in the Luftwaffe. It was certainly one of the slowest, topping out at a mere 199 miles per hour loaded and likely to be torn to ribbons if caught by any Allied fighters. Production was cancelled abruptly in 1944 when it became apparent that Germany needed fewer hulking anti-tank aircraft and more nimble interceptors.

History: Almost 900 HS-129s were produced throughout the war but only 25 B-3 variants made it to units in the summer of 1944. A further unknown number of B-2s were upgraded to the B-3, primarily after the HS-129 production cancellation in October of 1944. The HS-129B-3 was a deadly aircraft, and although restricted to the Eastern front because of the overwhelming Allied air superiority in the West, was imminently capable of destroying any Soviet tanks it faced. Its heavy armor allowed it to absorb impressive amounts of ground fire without any degradation in performance. Much like the A-10 it was considered an ugly, slow, tank of a plane. It was useless in a dog fight and unlike the A-10 it could not fly on just one of its already overtaxed engines.

If you require color to understand pictures here is a model of the HS129B.

Had the HS-129B-3 been available throughout most of the war many tank battles might have unfolded quite differently than they did historically. When the Germans ran into the T-34 in the Soviet Union panzer units had a hell of a time dealing with the Soviet tank's heavy armor. During this early phase of Barbarossa the Luftwaffe enjoyed near total air superiority, making it a prime environment for ground attack aircraft to be utilized. Unfortunately, the bomb-wielding aircraft of the time were not generally that great at knocking out tanks with a degree of accuracy. The Stuka in very experienced hands was excellent, but a bomb falls slowly compared to a 75mm high velocity round, making a moving tank a difficult thing to hit.

The Sad Story of the Blohm & Voss BV-238 Super Seaplane

The one and only BV-238 takes to the skies.

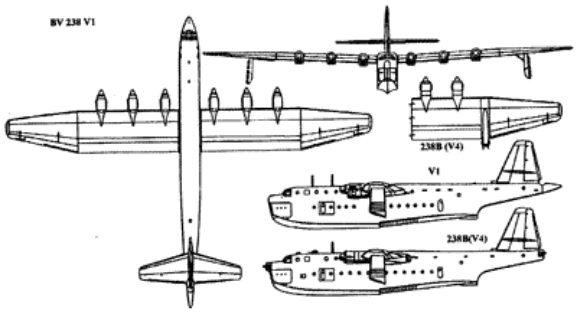
Type: World's Largest Seaplane

Specific Features: For most people, seaplanes do not represent one of the sexier aspects of World War II aviation. All the same, the floating airplane reached its utilitarian peak during the Second World War. The Americans used them heavily as naval spotting aircraft and the Germans were interested in them for their usefulness as long range transports that could theoretically be refueled at sea. The Blohm & Voss BV-238 was a development from the company's successful BV-222 seaplane program, of which 30 aircraft had been built. The Germans wanted a seaplane with more carrying capacity, better armament, and greater speed. The result was the behemoth BV-238, which was the largest seaplane built during World War II and was only eclipsed later by the H-4 Hercules and a few Soviet

oddball seaplanes.

The BV-238 was only about 25% larger than the BV-222, but it sported six Daimler Benz engines capable of producing almost twice the thrust of its predecessor. This was necessary because the BV-238 could carry 22 tons of cargo and, fully loaded, was twice as heavy as the BV-222. These six engines were capable of bringing the BV-238 up to a top speed of some 255 miles per hour and test trials of the only prototype completed reflected a much improved maneuverability over the BV-222. More impressive still, the BV-238 was capable of remaining airborne with three of its six engines destroyed, even if all three were on the same side.

An interesting aspect of the BV-238 is that even though it sported a ten man crew it had twelve weapon mounts ranging from a proposed nose turret to eight or more side firing points along the fuselage. I guess the crew was either expected to run from gun to gun firing them as necessary or it would rely on people riding along in the plane to shoot most of the guns. The BV-238 also included a large front loading cargo hatch and a double-decker interior, allowing it to carry very large payloads that smaller planes would not be able to handle even if they had the thrust capacity.



Schematics of the BV-238 and its successor show the proposed nose and tail turrets.

History: The story of the Blohm & Voss BV-238 is one of tragedy. The Luftwaffe awarded a contract to Blohm & Voss in 1941 to develop a new and larger seaplane with the capabilities previously mentioned. The prototype was completed in August of 1943 and took its maiden flight soon after that. This and subsequent test flights demonstrated that the BV-238 was one sexy airplane. It handled wonderfully, was speedy for an aircraft of its immense size, and had a promising future in a military in need of support and resupply around the world. One problem; Germany was not in need of support and resupply around the world. Well, it was, but that was the least of its problems. What Germany needed in August of 1943 was the ten or more fighter aircraft the construction of each BV-238 would represent.

An order was issued in 1943 diverting resources from aircraft like the BV-238 to an increased focus on fighter production. Many innovative aircraft designs died on the vine at this point, but the BV-238 managed to cling tenaciously to life. Although a trial run was cancelled, work continued slowly on a second prototype, and the operational prototype was viewed as a curiosity that might just be useful at some point. The prototype was flown to Lake Schaal near Hamburg and was ordered to be kept at a constant state of readiness. It sat there on the lake, well camouflaged, crewed, maintained, and waiting to be ordered on some tremendous and heroic mission to save the Reich.

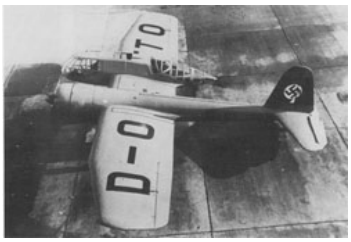
The Batphone remained silent, and as the losing air war progressed it became apparent that the BV-238 would be shot to pieces minutes after it took flight. The jet age dawned over the skies of Germany, the Nazi regime began to crumble apart under the weight of the Allied assaults from three directions, and still the BV-238 remained ready at Lake Schaal. Like an eager puppy. A giant, six-engine, fascist, heavily-armed, flying, eager puppy.

On April 24th, scarcely two weeks before the end of the war in Europe, US fighter bombers operating

in the region spotted the well concealed BV-238 and attacked. There was no great battle for the plane. It sat motionless on Lake Schaal, absorbing pass after pass after pass from the US aircraft. Finally, in danger of running out of ammunition from their repeated strafing runs, the US aircraft watched as the hole-riddled carcass of the BV-238 began to sink into the lake. Only a few days later the facility at Lake Schaal was overrun by the Western Allies and the incomplete prototype (not much more than a shell) of the BV-238 V2 was captured.

■ Blohm & Voss P-194 Dual Propulsion Asymmetrical Ground Attack Aircraft

Type: Crazyplane



One of several BV-141 variant prototypes. The BV-141 was the unpopular precursor to the even more strange P-194.

Specific Features: Eccentric engineers at Blohm & Voss had achieved technical success but critical failure in 1938 with an asymmetrical aircraft designated the BV-141. The Luftwaffe hated the way the aircraft looked so much that they rejected it basically on principle. Blohm & Voss believed in the plane's performance potential and continued to refine it despite the Luftwaffe's disinterest.

Evolving from this aircraft, the P-194 was designed in 1944 as a further evolutionary step in the Blohm & Voss imaginary world where anyone wanted their asymmetrical planes. The BV-141 was an aerodynamic improvement over a symmetrical aircraft, but its single engine layout created more drag than was necessary. The P-194 rectified this by adding a turbojet second engine beneath the separated cockpit pod and making the bomb load fully contained within the fuselage portion of the aircraft. The resulting reduction in disruptive airflow would have made the P-194 exceptionally stable and maneuverable. More notably, the aircraft's aerodynamic qualities combined with its powerful dual engine design made it incredibly fast and maneuverable at low altitudes.

The P-194 would have been capable of low altitude speeds just shy of 400 miles per hour, and high altitude speeds of up to 445 miles per hour. Despite its unbalanced appearance the P-194 would have almost certainly been capable of operating with only one of its two engines functional. Armament was to have consisted of two 30mm cannons mounted in the cockpit pod and up to 1000lbs of bombs enclosed within a fuselage bomb bay. Whether or not pilots would have been able to overcome their wariness of the aircraft's design enough to embrace its impressive flight characteristics is something we will never know.

History: Blohm & Voss were unparalleled experts in Germany in the field of seaplane development. Their BV-222 was considered to be one of the best seaplanes fielded by any nation during the entire war. However, Blohm & Voss designers suffered from a weird sort of dementia when it came to developing other aircraft; they wanted everything to be asymmetrical. The figurehead behind this absurd movement was one of the firm's top engineers, a man by the name of Richard Vogt. When the Luftwaffe went looking for new ground attack aircraft in 1938 to supplement its fleet of Ju-87s Vogt proposed the BV-141. The BV-141 was a single engined aircraft with its cockpit contained inside a separate offset pod on the wing. If you can't see the picture next to this paragraph or lack aesthetic judgment; it looked completely retarded.

A P-194 takes flight from the imagination of Gino Marcomini.

The Luftwaffe laughed Vogt out of their office when they saw the prototype of the BV-141, but

Blohm & Voss believed in the plane and went on to churn out a number of variant prototypes. There was no denying that it actually did perform well, but pilots uniformly hated the aircraft because of its disconcerting configuration and no one in the Luftwaffe wanted it. Somehow, Vogt kept his job, and throughout the war almost every aircraft he proposed was a direct descendant of the BV-141. Some would say (some being me) that Vogt's obsession with asymmetric aircraft really reached its madcap pinnacle with the P-194.

If pilots and purchasers alike were driven away like vampires at the sight of a cross by the BV-141, their reaction to the P-194 must have been even worse. On paper it had the best low-level performance of any aircraft designed during the war, making it a theoretical champion of the ground attack genre. In reality it never existed because it looked like someone threw two or three different planes at each other and the P194 was the resulting mess. Little interest was expressed in the design by the Luftwaffe. Development proceeded internally at Blohm & Voss and never advanced beyond the wind-tunnel testing phase.

The Henschel 129B-3 is my personal favorite of the three, but if you're like me then you find yourself wiping a solemn tear from your eye at the sad conclusion to the BV-238 saga. Most people aren't like me and probably clicked the back button on their browser two paragraphs in.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.16 My Trip to Concord

Tuesday, Nov 16, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

I refuse to wear a halloween costume to my job at the black mesa teleportation labs. If I show my co-workers that I have the ability to wear masks they might start wondering if I've been wearing one the entire time they've known me; if the awkward nerd they've long since given up on forging bonds with is actually as artificial as the condescending smiles they greet him with. There's another Jed who that nerd is sworn to protect. One who has been known to listen to Gloria Estefan and read Seventeen even though it's been at least 5 years since they took out all the tips for hooking up with boys to make room for makeup ads and articles about why you should buy more makeup.

The regularity with which I can do this Spider Jerusalem iconoclast internet journalist of the future thing is yet another reminder that my life has plateaued. Effexor blurs the jagged patterns of my working day into a medicated haze, music and caffeine never let me down when I need inspiration, and the men my girlfriend murders sustain my living death as their blood seeps through the floorboards and into the veins of my skeletal being. I remember John Steinbeck's assertion that man lives in jerks. He emerges from his cocoon and that's a jerk. He lays his embryos in the chest cavity of his still living victim and that's a jerk. I didn't like the Konami game Sparkster as a child but when I played it last week I found I could relate moments in the game to things I'd experienced grappling with the challenges of adulthood.

Concord was the setting of many of my larval stage's formative moments. On brisk november afternoons like this my friends and I would sit by the mako reactor in the town square breathing in the processed remnants of human souls and discussing what we were going to shoplift. "Doesn't it bother you that this consumerist society has hypnotized us into thinking that frivolous material possessions are worth risking jail time over?" Justin said.

"You're just jealous of these boxer shorts I stole." Josh said. "They have a tiny screen that displays random banner ads so when I'm wearing them it'll be like my groin is surfing the net."

My girlfriend, C, and I went to the sex shop on main street. "So this spermatheca will store enough worker bee sperm to last me a lifetime?" I asked the woman at the counter.

"Look at the price." C said. "You can't afford that."

"Sure I can. When my uncle died he left me 50,000 gil, although I'd give it all away to have him back."

Our conversation exploded out into the street.

"I have an embarrassing personal secret I've been meaning to tell you about." I said.

"You're a bug chaser, aren't you? I guess I can kind of understand that. Instead of living in fear of the T-virus you're taking control and dying on your own terms."

We went to the mall. "Sir, you'll have to put on your dress in the men's fitting room." the woman at JCPenney said.

"Sure, you can boss me around but there are others like me." I said. "We are the middle children of history, raised by Ragnarok Online to believe that someday we'll be e-married to level 54 mages who speak in broken english."

In Super Mario Brothers 2 you can use a red potion to create a door that makes the screen turn black when you walk through it. It got me thinking that maybe there's a part of me that's always in black screen mode and cross dressing just puts me in touch with it. You need the right accessories to pull off an outfit like mine. That's where my pink rubber spiked bracelet comes in. My pink rubber spiked bracelet isn't about wanting to be abused. It's about taking control. I can give my pain form and dimensions. I can separate it from myself and keep it from turning me into a replicant.

Some girls at the mall laughed at me. Their closed-mindedness made me want to take my collection of atlantean glyphs and smash them with my bare hands, forever depriving the world of the knowledge contained within. It's easier to laugh at something than it is to understand it. That's why humor writers are college dropouts who lack the talent to become real writers. The rain is interfering with the russian spy satellite that relays this text into my head and in a grand irony of ironies I'm stuck in the traffic jam caused by what would've been my graduation ceremony.

We went to the stable where C's pet xenomorph was boarded. It chirped in terror as C held it down to inspect a suspicious lump on its back. Something in the xenomorph's fear delighted me. My joy was the joy of a six-year-old smashing open a UAC PDA and marveling at the intricate circuitry contained within.

We had a lot of fun that day, C. The only thing that would've made it better is if you led me around the mall on a leash, if only for the comments we would've received. Are you walking your slave or is your slave walking you, etc. Maybe someday we'll have that whole master/slave equation worked out, or maybe our relationship is destined to be csg subtracted out of existence, its epitaph a hastily constructed geocities memorial site for our son who died october 31st, 2004 of seven simultaneous abortions.

C and I stood in front of a machine. "This immense machine is all that remains of the once mighty rylan empire." C said. "A technologically advanced race, the rylans looked skyward and answered the call of the heavens by extending their empire across the entire universe. Little did they know that the greatest threat to their civilization wouldn't come from the stars above but from within. It seems that the ennui of life in a post-industrial society had instilled in the rylan males a desire to be female, to feel the sweet embrace of femininity - soft, silken, and wrapped around every inch of their being. This machine was going to make the rylan males' dream a reality, but on the night before its completion their entire civilization vanished without a trace. No one knows why."

"I've got some great news." I said. "My psychologist agreed to have me committed. That's always been my lifelong dream as a bondage fetishist. I mean, why pay a dominatrix for something you can get for free in a mental hospital?"

"Don't forget what happened to the slave who suddenly got everything he'd ever wished for."

"What happened?"

"He lived happily ever after."

Once again I find myself looking for a new wig. This time I want it to look as artificial as possible, my concession to the fact that even when I'm wearing a dress I'm wearing a uniform.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

11.17 God Put Me on this Earth Solely to Play Half-Life 2 and You Can't Possibly Understand the Weight That Puts on My Shoulders

Wednesday, Nov 17, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Screenshot of the abandoned mine level people waited five long years to play.

One thing I've noticed as an Internet user (level 29 about to turn level 30) is that there seems to be something akin to a nerd apocalypse going on right now. You might not see it if you're not a gamer, but if you frequent any of the various gaming websites splattered all over the information superhighway you know what I'm talking about. Somewhere in the last decade or so, gamers have begun getting militant and combative. In recent weeks and months, the militant fervor that started with *Halo 2* and *Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas* has reached critical mass with *Half-Life 2*. The nerds are becoming increasingly incapable of handling the passage of time and this is making them act out with threats of violence, immature behavior, and a total lack of sanity. This may seem like an inconsequential thing, but when you consider the problem is getting worse, we may be facing mass suicides and other pseudo-tragedies in the coming years.

When *Pac-Man* was released it was a revolutionary advancement in video games. However, there were no riots, no panic, and no complaints that it took too long. People weren't camping Arpanet forums to the extent that the flesh of their fingers became grafted to their keyboard's F5 key. It wasn't like that at all. It just came out and we all waddled up and fed it on a strict diet of quarters. Some arcade veterinarians decided their *Pac-Man* machines needed a specialty diet of arcade tokens, but that was fine for all of us. This was a golden time when gaming was simple. Gaming just happened. You didn't wait for gaming to happen.

Half-Life 2 is about throwing suitcases and jugs at the forces of oppression. Thanks to Half-Life 2's Havok physics engine, you can rip out a man's heart and show it to him before he dies.

Fast-forward a decade or two to now, the undead heart of the 1990s: 2004. It seems like people have been waiting for *Half-Life 2* for ages. At first this was a minor thing, but in the days before release (which was early yesterday morning) human beings were regressing on a massive scale into brainless children lusting for a computer game. I won't deny I was very much looking forward to the release of *Half-Life 2*, but I accepted that the only way to play the game was to wait for it to come out. I passed the time by writing a fake review and coming up with intricate mythologies for the condiments in my fridge, so as to make my sandwiches taste more legendary.

Half-Life 2 brought an especially intense pre-release anxiety to many gamers. First they were told it would be out September of last year, then they were forced to wait another year by cruel game developers with nothing better to do than piss on the very fans they depend on to support their extravagant stretch rocket limousine lifestyles. True, Valve should look into public relations and marketing so as not to accidentally insist the game will be out at a certain

time when there is no chance of completing it by then. I commend them for finishing the game before release, but they could have handled the whole ordeal a lot better. Granted, they achieved a type of cheap marketing in the form of hype and generating anticipation by making the audience wait like hungry dogs for a hit of sweet, sweet kibble. It's also a genius idea to let people download the game to their hard drives months before they can actually play it.

The hysteria can best be summed up in one funny sounding word: chuckleheaded. Gamers, not being able to play the game before the release date, scrambled to place blame. Some blamed Vivendi Universal, a giant monolithic corporation bent on creating a world where they can legally rape you, then legally force you to have an abortion. This heartless mega corporation defied a nation by holding saintly Valve to legal contracts they apparently signed while young and full of inexperienced naiveté, no doubt sapped dry now by the cruelness of the system. Others blamed Valve for creating some kind of legal quagmire with their decision to come up with a second distribution model that excludes the publisher. Others blamed retailers like Best-Buy, Wal-Mart, and Target for putting the game on store shelves before Valve put the game authentication servers online. A handful of more obsessive fans even called the developers at home and pleaded with them to release the game early. Strangely enough, the game was playable on the advertised day of release, so all the endless energy spent bickering, speculating, and crying resulted in nothing. Wealthy companies don't tend to change policies when you blame them for something minor, like sticking to a release date.

Half-Life 2 is about throwing a bottle at that same force of oppression's head and watching it shatter into a million pieces and then using the Havok physics engine to pick up each piece of glass and make a beautiful mosaic that honors our veterans.

Six months before *Doom 3* came out I wrote an article mocking the way the flashlight worked in the game. I read a few previews that said you would be unable to use the flashlight and gun at the same time and thought that sounded stupid. So, in an attempt to create some silly fun over a completely meaningless topic, I wrote an article discussing at length the flashlight dilemma. What can I say; I have to write about something every week. I think I got about a dozen e-mails from gamers calling me an asshole, a brainless shithead, and a moron for thinking id Software would actually do it that way. Sure enough, id Software did it that way. People were so inflamed with hate that they sent me angry e-mail because I joked about a flashlight in a game. It was worse when I wrote a brazenly fake review of *Half-Life 2*, where I gave the game an "A%" grade and made up a bunch of fake spoilers. I doubted such a horrifically bad attempt at a review could be taken seriously, but sure enough it was. Not only was I personally attacked for ruining a game that people "have been waiting five years just to play," one guy even had the nerve to suggest I wouldn't be removing the "Internet" from "Internet journalist" on my curriculum vitae. Lord knows I won't be getting that university job now that I've written a bad game review.

On the Something Awful Forums, a usual bastion of backwards sanity on this otherwise insane Internet, the fanaticism was just as out of control. Some goons were talking about skipping work or class to play the game, while others took more drastic actions such as forgoing SEXUAL INTERCOURSE and FEMALE CONTACT in favor of playing a video game. I don't know about everybody, but I'm fairly able to do more than one thing in a day. Usually at least two things and sometimes three if I'm on a roll. Now granted there are 24 hours a day in my clock, and of course I might be in the minority and other people might have less time each day. People all but stopped short of rescheduling major surgeries to be able to play this game on the day of release. All this after spending weeks

hoping for an early release while also complaining that the game wasn't getting released early.

I foresee this trend of taking game releases too seriously continuing to more murderous extremes. I already mentioned possible suicides resulting from the crushing blow of delayed game releases or sold out store shelves, but that's just the tip of the iceberg. As games become more and more complicated and feature-packed, the fanaticism surrounding them increases. By the time *Half-Life 3* or *Halo 3* come out, I predict full-blown riots around Best Buy shopping centers when supplies run thin. I predict angry gamers will take petty arguments over unreleased games to bloody extremes with real life murder. If sports fans can go nuts and tear a city block up over a complete meaningless win or loss for their home team, why not game fans? There is no room for rational thought, no room for patience. These games are more fun than real life, and so we must dedicate real life to these games.

P.S. *Half-Life 2* really is a lot of fun and well worth the A% grade I gave it when I lied about playing it before. Shame about Alyx turning out to be a lesbian, though.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.18 Dance Dance Social Uprising

Thursday, Nov 18, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

A while back, I felt generous enough to share some of my top secret dance moves with you folks, given that I was hanging up my sparkly shoes and retiring at the top of the dancing circuit. Alas, a fish cannot live without water, a heroin junkie cannot survive without smack, and I just can't function without my dancing. I went back on my decision to quit and returned to the dance scene in an unparalleled comeback; much to the displeasure of my wife, who was happy that I retired and was starting to settle down to live the quiet life of a gentleman comedy writer. I just couldn't resist the pull of the dance floor: the cheer of the crowd after a difficult move; the awes of amazement when I unveiled a new dance for the first time; and the rush of the limelight. I wasn't ready to be chained down for the rest of my days, for my feet were a gift to the world, and to cover them up in wool socks and stick them under a desk is like locking the Mona Lisa away in a vault. I thought maybe through the joy in my dancing, I could somehow ease the suffering of this world, or even contribute to peace in the Middle East. So I made up some new dance moves; dance moves that put my old ones to shame.

You may be asking yourself "Why is Frolixo giving away all his dance moves? This is not my beautiful house. This is not my beautiful wife. How did I get here?" The truth is that I am so confident in my skill that I am willing to make my dancing "source code" public, knowing that nobody will do these dances better than the master that created them. In fact, I find its quite a hoot when I see some up and coming lads try to do some of my moves on the dance floor, and of course, failing miserably. But I take it as a form of flattery that they are trying to copy my style. Who knows, if these dances catch on with the young folk at the dance clubs like my "That's What Bilbo Baggins Hates" dance, maybe I can get my own reality show on Bravo. I would call it "Daddy's Little Dancer" and 20 contestants would be eliminated one by one in dance competitions and eating giraffe penises. The winner would get to be personally trained by me and then put on a show for the grand lama of Nepal. When this happens in a few months, I promise I will remember all you little people, and laugh at your plight as I have my daily caviar enema

So let's take a gander at my brand spanking new dances that will knock your socks off and quite possibly kill you. Do not attempt to do these dances without adult supervision or somebody to spot you if the action becomes too intense. Pregnant woman in their third trimester should not try dances #2 and #4 as they cause severe birth defects and the baby try to force it's way out like in Alien. Other side effects include: rashes, heartburn, indigestion, explosive diarrhea, and fatigue. Helpdesk Hotline: 1-800-BUT-LMAO.

Also I'm sorry that the lighting is so dark, but this correctly simulates the real look of a dance club, and I'm in the witness protection program for stealing a bowl of meatballs from the mob. The videos are in a Quicktime format because I hate humanity.

Baking a Cake

Baking cakes is one of the oldest and noble crafts of human civilization. Ok I lied, but it sure is a

lot of fun and tastes good too! That's why I had the idea to incorporate baking a cake with one of my signature dances, since it's all about fun and having a good time. Feel free to go a little crazy and add your own little flairs on each step of the dance, but not too many because there is a good chance it sucks and my original dance is a lot better than anything your feeble mind can conjure up. Turn on that oven, cause it's gonna heat up in this hizzouse

- Flour shake. Jostle the flour out of the bag and fill the bowl up with that white gold.
- Beat those eggs like a Los Angles traffic cop.
- Mix the ingredients together. Don't by shy. Let your spirit show on this one.
- Add a pinch of vanilla
- Bake at 350 for a half hour. Let cool.
- Add the frosting. Get as creative as your little heart desires.

Grand Mal Seizure

A seizure is no laughing matter, but if done convincingly on a dance floor, you can nab the crowd's attention and hopefully their hearts. This one is a lot of fun, and you can just go nuts with it. The only drawback is that most people will think you are having a real seizure and might get a little angry once they realize it's just a dance. That's why you should always carry a flare gun to distract them if you need to make a quick exit, leaving the flaming inferno caused by the flare gun behind. If for some reason you are in the middle of the dance and a plastic tube is forced down your throat and you are loaded onto a gurney, you know that you did the dance a little too long. If this happens, chew through the restraints and shoot the paramedics with the flare gun to escape. This is also called the "River Phoenix Dance".

- Flop to the ground and go into a Seizure
- After the first phase of the dance, put a belt into your mouth for a more dramatic effect
- At the end of the dance you die. Still wiggle your hands and feet once and a while. Sticking your bloated tongue out to the side is optional.

Remember the Alamo

Sometime back in the past, before computers and George Foreman grills, America fought a war with the Empire of Mexico over what now is the state of Texas. Brave men such as Davey Crockett, Sam Houston, and some other guy, were totally outnumbered, yet fought valiantly to hold off the Mexican attack. All of the men were killed, and the Alamo fell into Mexican hands. This dance commemorates the great battle so that we may never forget the cowardly attack on America. Well I guess it technically was their land to begin with, but we needed the oil.

- First you are eating beans, totally unaware of the oncoming attack. Back in the old days, all they ate were beans and Indian babies.
- WE ARE UNDER ATTACK! Scramble around to find your position on the walls.
- Shoot into the sea of Mexicans! This is like Helms Deep but with smaller orcs. I'm not saying Mexicans are orcs but just comparing sieges. Oh man, I bet I'm in trouble now.
- Get killed and fall over, thus ending the performance.

I Still Can't Believe Bush is the President

This one is for all the people who are really disappointed with the outcome of the recent election, and want to express themselves through a funky dance. Maybe after we all perform this one, we can start to heal, as a nation and start caring about the important things in life like NASCAR and donut holes.

- Start the dance with both hands on your cheeks, like you are in disbelief, ala Home Alone. This will be a reoccurring theme that will be done in between all the steps.
- Wipe the sweat from your brow
- Cry your eyes out.
- Move to Canada and complain on your blog.

Roller Derby 2030: Space Combat

Space is cold. Space is dark. In space you are alone. The future is full of combat. Combat on rollerblades! Prepare for battle!

- Rollerblade across the dance floor and simulate FUTURE ROLLER-COMBAT

Meow Mix

You need a kitten to perform this very complicated dance. If you do not have a kitten, steal or borrow one. It is wise to get some rabies shots before attempting the dance and bring a taser just in case it goes out of control. PETA is currently boycotting all my performances of Meow Mix.

- Place the kitten in the basket and do a 2/4 step shuffle.
- Spin, creating enough g's to pin the kitten inside the basket, making escape impossible
- Rock a bye baby. If the kitten falls asleep, you will be crowned king of the dances. If the kitten is pretentious and refuses to sleep, the dance is a failure and your efforts will be in utter ruin.

Even though these dances are extremely advanced, and could cause great bodily harm if done incorrectly, I implore you to give them a try in the privacy of your own home. Who knows, maybe once you hear that thumping beat your feet will come alive with magic and you will leave your life of drudgery and boredom behind. If you have a digital camera and some hosting, try to film your best attempt at one of these dances and email the link to me. If I get enough of them and they are of a very high caliber, I might even have a voting contest for a dancing queen grand prizewinner and come up with a prize of goods or cash. I swear this isn't just an attempt to hook up with the denizens of the Internet because of my crushing loneliness, just like when I made a "Myspace" account, and nobody understood my suffering. Please send me some dancing videos or I swear I'll kill myself. Thanks!

(Frolixo note: If you do send in some dances, please do not attempt the Meow Mix one. I don't want to be responsible for some retard spinning a cat into their TV set. Thank you.)

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

11.19 Pre-Scripted, After All These Years

Friday, Nov 19, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Gaming laughingstock Duke Nukem Forever has been in development by 3D Realms for more than eight years. They have switched engines more times than a 1948 Chevy being used as a taxicab in Cuba, they have released screenshots that get "recalled" and replaced for years, and a few years ago they even released a gameplay movie that no longer applies. The managerial mastermind behind what amounts to a scheme to bilk investors is one George Broussard, and as DNF once again begins to make comical noises about being worked on Mr. Broussard has posted a request on his forums. He needs help! He and the team have been working so hard in the past eight years that they need fans to come up with ideas for pre-scripted events in DNF.

The ever-changing prospector has become more iconic for DNF than Duke himself. Expect a bump-mapped screenshot of him soon.

Here is what Broussard posted on the 3D Realms forums:

> *So...*
>
> Assume there are Pig Cops running wild through Vegas and fighting against Earth forces or harrassing human civilians.
>
> Feel free to post any interesting scripted events that contain the above elements. Nothing too complex. I'm talking about little 5-8 second things that you can see happening in the distance, or as you enter a new area, or whatever. Nothing that's 20 seconds long. Nothing that's going to invole 20 actors.
>
> Examples: You walk up to a corner and see a Pig Cop dragging an EDF Soldier by his feet behind the wall. Or you walk up and see a Pig Cop holding an EDF Soldier off the ground with 1 arm, choking him, then he tosses the body aside.
>
> think action moives. Think short, sweet and focused and things that aren't so complex you have to worry about interrupting them.
>
> We have plenty of ideas, but it's always good to hear from people that play games.
>
> I'll check back from time to time.

And here are a few of the genius responses from diehard Duke fans:

> *Player in a restaurant's air vent shaft sees a pig cop sniffing around the kitchen looking for him. Pigcop reaches some raw fish left on the cutting board with its guts half removed, smells it and makes a sound like a half-snort, half-sneeze as he shakes his head with dislike. Next he smells up the legs of this dead waitress partially lying on a stove and makes the same snort-sneezing, head-shaking sound when his nose points at her privates.*

An artist's rendering of most of the ideas offered on the 3D Realms forums.

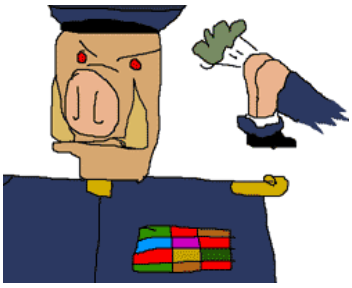
That dead girl's pussy stinks! Hilarious! What else you got for me, 3D Realms forums?

> *1 In the distance a group of Pig Cops playing soccer with a human head.*
> *2 Pig Cop dragging a woman by hair like cave man.*
> ***3 Female on ground in bloody puddle with Pig Cop standing near by buclkling pants and walking away.***
> *4 Small group of humans against wall, several Pig Cops raise weapons, fire and turn and walk away.*
> *5 Two Pig Cops pull at same young girls arms when suddenly she becomes dismembered, they look at each other and make strange gestur, turn and walk away leaving her to die.*
>
> There are just so many.
>
> How many do you need?

The emphasis there is mine. Probably a third or more of the suggestions involve rape or attempted rape, showing you just the sort of classy people who are still left clinging to the rotting corpse of the DNF project. In an effort to actually help dear George I have constructed a few pre-scripted scenarios I feel would be marked improvements over the suggestions he is getting.

> *A Pig Cop is in a back alley with a stripper and he starts to rape her and says something like "Give me the sugar babies" and she screams and blood shoots out of her crotch. Then another Pig Cop that is dressed like a woman comes into the alley and gets mad and she eats the hooker and punches the other Pig Cop and knocks him out. So she pulls the pants off the Pig Cop who is knocked out and she has a huge schlong!! And she says "ROFLMA Pigs In a Blanket!" and then she starts raping the original Pig Cop in the butt! And blood is shooting everywhere and then the EDF soldiers come in on those ropes from a helicopter and they say "Groovy!" and shoot the girl Pig Cop in her face and it EXPLODES. Then the other Pig Cop wakes up and grabs its butt in surprise and starts crying and all of the EDF soldiers laugh and high-five. Then you (DUKE) can shoot the Pig Cop who is crying or you can just laugh or whatever.*

That sounds perfectly suited for DNF to me, but maybe George already has several pre-scripted rape sequences. How about a hilarious play on current events? It is sure to be fresh and funny when DNF is released any minute now.



Pig Cop General has some questions.

> *Four EDF prisoners are marched into a room and there is a General Pig Cop in the room and some guard Pig Cops. The General walks up to each of them and asks them a question like "what is the pass code?" or "how many tanks are in your army?". The first soldier doesn't answer so he goes "You are the weakest link, goodbye." And then he shoots the EDF soldier in the head and his head EXPLODES. The other EDF guys start shaking and one of them pees and poops in his pants and there is this loud FART SOUND. So the Pig Cop General goes over to the guy who pooped and*

asks the same question but the guy is too scared to answer so the Pig Cop General says "Private Parts, you have been voted off the island, give me your torch." And then the he punches through the soldier's chest and his hand is holding the EDF soldier's HEART.

The General eats the heart and FARTS even louder than the EDF soldier did. Then he walks over to the next soldier and asks the same question. This guy is tough and says "Nuts to you, porky!" and so the General takes out his MAGNUM REVOLVER and takes all but one bullet out, then spins the cylinder. He puts the gun up to the guy's head and says "No Whammy...No Whammy...No Whammy.....STOP!" and then he pulls the trigger and there is a click. Then all of the sudden a Red Octabrain busts through the window and says "I cannot tell a lie, you're BROKE!" and it eats the guy's head. Then the last guy starts telling the Pig Cop General all of the information he was asking about.

Intense drama and high comedy! Who could ask for better? 3D Realms could, because they demand quality. I am the man to provide them with that quality. Let's try something a little more cinematic.

A Pig Cop drives an armored carrier down the streets of Las Vegas at top speed with an EDF soldier clinging to the front. It careens through barricades and smashes through the side of a building and barrels through apartment after apartment, emerging on the other side. Right into an EDF AMBUSH! Rockets are fired by a series of EDF soldiers and the APC flips up into the air and then a jet fighter swoops in while the APC is in mid-air and it goes into a BULLET TIME to show the jet shoot a missile that hits the APC. But the Pig Cop is halfway out of the top and as the APC EXPLODES in a massive fireball the Pig Cop is flung down the street and lands on a toilet in a bombed out apartment. He FARTS really loud and we see that there is a gas pipe leaking too making the joke twice as funny.

Then the Pig Cop pulls out a cigar and sticks it in his snout and flicks a lighter. It takes a couple tries and then on the third or forth try a flame appears and quickly grows into a MASSIVE GAS EXPLOSION that throws the Pig Cop into the air just as the jet flies overhead. The Pig Cop lands on the canopy of the jet fighter and punches through the glass and throws the pilot out of the plane. The Pig Cop takes over and strafes the EDF soldiers on the ground, then turns the plane to ATTACK DUKE!!!!!

Not without my octabrain daughter!

That sounds just like a movie I once saw...no...a dream I once had. What about some pre-scripted romance for Duke?

Duke is patrolling the corridors of Area 51 when he hears a scream from behind a locked door. If he batters the door open inside he will find a HOT STRIPPER with a Pig Cop tearing at her panties trying to rape her. The Pig Cop will turn to Duke and say something really nasty like "wait your turn, punk" or "this babe is mine, butthead". Then you (DUKE) can punch the Pig Cop or shoot it or something and if you kill it without hurting the stripper the stripper will hug you (DUKE) and say "thank you, as a reward I want you to give me a baby". Then she will kiss Duke and her belly will get bigger and bigger as they kiss. Then she'll start flashing red and there will be a huge EXPLOSION and the stripper's guts will be everywhere and then there will be a little Octabrain there and it will

say "HAHA WE TRICKED YOU, DAD!" Then there would be a really intense battle between Duke and his daughter.

That's all I can come up with right now, but if Take 2 Interactive can just give me eight years and millions in floating capital I'm sure I might be able to come up with a couple more. Oh yeah, I totally went there.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.20 Mod Madness

Saturday, Nov 20, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

Doom3, the first title to allow gamers to modify it. This is where it all began.

Let's pretend no one else has written about Half-Life 2 already, okay? To assuage my ego, we'll consider the topic every bit as untainted as newly fallen snow on the smooth buttock of a baby deer who is napping in a field of original mint-in-box Boba Fett figures, or even Britney Spears' vagina. The technology displayed in Half-Life 2 takes asshole physics to a whole new level, then pushes it down a flight of stairs and directly through a glass box full of fine china. It's so impressive and just plain fun to goof around with that for the first time in my life I felt compelled to create a mod. In order to bring my lifelong dream of playing with three-foot wide Tiddly Winks to fruition, I had to learn a bit about the actual process of creating a mod first. After all, in the world of modding I was just as much of a virgin as Ron Jeremy's vagina. After locating a few tutorials on how to make a box (protip: use 4 walls, not 2), I came across a listing of several thousand Half-Life 2 mods currently underway. It appeared I was not alone! I had been sitting on my roommate's lap the entire time without realizing it.

After kicking him out of the room, I perused the list. While my project was going to be a rather simplistic mini-game of sorts, all of the mods I came across seemed to be incredibly elaborate. Here are a few which I found particularly promising and probably didn't make up.

- **Donkey Kong: Source**

The Project Leader's Pitch:

Imagine experiencing the arcade classic Donkey Kong in a glorious 3D environment that takes full advantage of the Source engine's incredible physics! Now stop imagining because it's here! Now start imagining some more, because I didn't mean that literally. The project is "here" since I'm announcing it, but we don't have a beta version yet.

In Donkey Kong: Source, players will enter a virtual arcade and come upon a Donkey Kong machine. At this point they will be able to manipulate the arcade cabinet with the Gravity Gun, push it on its side, throw boxes at it, or drop it on one end of a see-saw and send barrels hurtling into the air. Incredible!

- **Counter-Squad**

The Project Leader's Pitch:

Counter-Squad is a team-based tactical shooter set in modern times. It sets itself apart by offering an incredible level of attention to detail and realism that you simply will not find in other games. All guns will have the proper sounds, rate of fire, accuracy, and reliability of their real life counterparts. Guns will jam in the middle of a firefight and require cleaning after every spent magazine. Uniforms and commands will be perfectly replicated. You've never seen anything like it!

Media:

Brothers In Combat

The Project Leader's Pitch:

Brothers In Combat is a team-based tactical shooter set in World War II. It sets itself apart by offering an incredible level of attention to detail and realism that you simply will not find in other games. All guns will have the proper sounds, rate of fire, accuracy, and reliability of their real life counterparts. Guns will jam in the middle of a firefight and require cleaning after every spent magazine. Uniforms and dialects will be perfectly replicated. You've never seen anything like it!

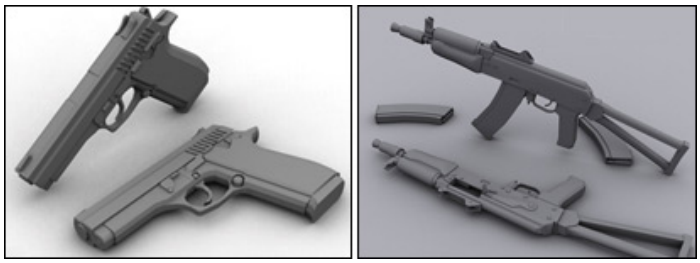
Media:

Dragon Ball Z vs. Pokemon: Project Yaoi

The Project Leader's Pitch:

When I saw Half-Life 2 in action, the first thing I noticed was the life-like animation of the characters. It was like you were really talking to a person! I just knew I had to make an anime game with it! ^_____^ As any true connoisseur of anime knows, Pokemon and Dragon Ball Z are the absolute pinnacles of the genre and are so deep that they would lend themselves well to a game (why hasn't anyone thought of this before?). Not only will we combine the best of both worlds by featuring characters from each series, we'll be putting them in the genre that will let the player get to know those characters best: the Japanese dating sim. Take on the role of Vegeta or Snorlax and woo your way into the heart and orifice of your favorite male characters.

Media:



Neo-Dawn 3016

Project Leader's Pitch:

Neo-Dawn 3016 throws you into a visually stunning and socially complex world of the future. This 3rd-person action/rpg hybrid will pull you in with an intricately woven cyberpunk storyline unrivaled by even sci-fi's greatest films. Drivable vehicles, fully destructible environments, lavish sounds and dialogue, completely open-ended gameplay and a deep skill system will keep you glued to your computer for years to come!

I'm a very busy guy and can't do *everything* myself. I currently need people to fill the following positions on the team: Lead designer, story writer, dialogue writer, mapper, texture artist, concept artist, modeller, someone who knows how to make this 3rd person, someone who knows how to add rpg stuff, skill system expert, sound guy, vehicle

> guy, destructible environments guy, someone that saw Hackers and can help make the cyberpunk stuff.

Wow! And mods like these only make up 99% of the projects out there! I had secretly been hoping that my Tiddly Winks game would be a wild success and Valve would employ me and let me wear a cape to work, but now that I see my competition I've come to understand what a silly notion that was.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.21 Asshole Physics Revisited

Sunday, Nov 21, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

Mmmm... crates. Delicious crates.

As you may or may not have noticed I have recently started writing for the front page of Something Awful every other Sunday. In between bits of Greasnin goodness the readers of Something Awful are granted with an opportunity to gloss over the crapfest that I stick up here every other week. Hey don't feel bad. I don't read my updates either. But as a new writer I must differentiate myself from the other staff members who write for this web site by developing my own style. Every Something Awful staff member has their own style of course. For example, Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons often writes about politics. Moof routinely writes updates about happy times and good feelings. Frolixo's updates are often in English. These are the styles these writers have fine tuned and developed over 20 years of broadcasting on Something Awful. After a couple months of writing updates I have finally decided just what my style is going to be. The first paragraph of every update will have nothing to do with the rest of the update similiar to the way the first 2 minutes of recent Simpsons episodes are funny until the show settles into it's usual dumbass storyline except my paragraph won't really be that funny and cause readers to commit suicide similiar to the way their fathers did when they found out their child is no good at sports and spends all day listening to talk radio and posting on an internet forum in their underwear. Let's face it, most people only read the first paragraph of these updates until they realize they have better things to do like writing letters to the editor at Vogue magazine or drowning their girlfriend. What follows is the rest of the update which has nothing to do with this long boring paragraph!

Unless you are still living with your parents you probably don't know that Half Life 2, one of the most anticipated games of all time, was released this past week. After over a year of delays, drama, lies, and murder, I must say that Half Life 2 is one of the greatest games I've ever had the pleasure of playing. What Valve has done here is simply genious. They've stripped away all the crap that makes me hate first person shooters such as colored lighting, jumping puzzles, and deathmatch. The game features none or very little of those things. Instead, they put in all the crap that makes me love first person shooters such as crates, strafing, and those fucking things that jump around everywhere that you can barely shoot. The single player game is very polished and takes a good 10-12 hours to complete. Of course, 10 of those hours are spent driving a fucking hovercraft all over the world in a sequence THAT NEVER FUCKING ENDS. But what makes Half Life 2 truly great is it's revolutionary use of Asshole Physics.

First coined by me and later stolen by Lowtax, "Asshole Physics" is a term used to describe a game with a physics engine that allows the player to become a total prick to anyone and everyone around them. The technology was first introduced in the game Max Payne 2 in which players can wreak havoc in a police station while NPC characters continue to go about their business trying to ignore the moron knocking over buckets and chairs for no reason at all. Lowtax described in great detail the amount of fun Asshole Physics adds to a game and held high hopes for the future of this great technology. Of course, a physics engine is not the only ingredient required in the Asshole Physics recipe. Scripted scenes and/or NPCs going about their business are also needed. Some semblence of an orderly world must exist to allow the player to feel like they are in fact being an asshole to someone.

Doom 3 is the perfect example of a game that could have really used Asshole Physics. While the game had a physics engine the developers made absolutely no use of it to allow the player to act like

a dick in space. Nobody on Mars gives a shit if you knock a plastic soda can off a counter. Nobody cares if you hit the janitor's mop bucket with your pussy flashlight in a vain attempt to knock the damn thing over. Who was actually on that base to annoy? A couple of Asian scientists? You can't annoy Asian people. Nope, Doom 3 missed a perfect opportunity for Asshole Physics and that's why it failed miserably. Without Asshole Physics it was just another lame first person shooter. That gave Valve the opportunity to swoop in and claim the Asshole Physics crown and that's exactly what they did. Take my hand and come along on an adventure in Asshole Physics!

Upon my arrival in City 17 I noticed a man and a guard arguing about a luggage cart. Looking to put the argument into perspective I threw all of the luggage onto the ground in the hopes that they would work together in putting it back on the cart. The guy ignored me and never even attempted to work out his differences with the officer. While he was walking off I threw a suitcase at his head and the policeman got mad at me. He remembered that he really does care for the man he was arguing with and was determined to defend his friend's honor. Already sick of my antics he hit me a couple times with his magic baton. Why were they arguing about the luggage anyway? Was there pornography inside? Did these trains carry pornography? I was convinced, mostly by myself, that they did in fact carry hardcore porn. It was then that I got my greatest idea ever.

I would stack luggage onto the train tracks. Then when the train comes into the station and hits the luggage, it would derail, spilling out tons and tons of free double penetration anal porn in the process. It would be all mine and no one could stop me. Unfortunately a train never came. But I didn't lose hope. There had to be pornography there somewhere, possibly in one of the ten thousand crates nearby. I smashed open every crate but they were all empty. I didn't even bother with the last crate. I already knew it was empty as it was clearly so light that it floated in the air. Floating crates don't usually carry Jenna Haze videos. Dejected, I picked up suitcases and chucked them into the sky. That'll show them. If I can't have pornography, then no one can have their clothes and mini tubes of toothpaste back.

All that luggage handling made me horny as hell so I checked out the local action. I found an average looking chick that I could fire a few rounds into which would tide me over for the time being. She said that her husband had been taken away for questioning and that he hasn't been back. I told her to lose that zero and get with a hero. She didn't respond and continued to wait for that idiot who is probably dead anyway. I told her that he has probably already cheated on her with several women because she is so fugly. Still, not seeing any other alternatives I knew I had to bag this chick fast. I wooed her with a moldy old shoe I had found in one of the nearby lockers. She still ignored me! Usually I would pass on a crazy broad like this but no woman was going to treat me like a putz. I gathered up everything I could find and made a nice little stack of gifts for her. She eventually told me to buzz off. What a bitch! I give her nice presents such as Chinese food containers, bottles of bleach, and liquor bottles to the head, and she blows me off just like that! What an uptight whore.

Venturing further into the train station I spotted the guy who I threw the suitcase at earlier. It was because of him that the guard hit me. Wasting no time I smashed a liquor bottle into his face. The blow didn't phase him at all. In fact, whatever I threw at him didn't damage him in the slightest. Throwing shit at people just isn't as fun when they don't get hurt. I finally left the man and his super human skin made of steel. Here I was, only 15 minutes in this godforsaken game and not once was I able to be a dick to anyone. It looked like Asshole Physics had failed me for the first time. I asked a guard where I could buy a train ticket to a better game when he knocked a can onto the ground and told me to pick it up. I was insulted. This jerk was using Asshole Physics to be a dick to *me*. I would not stand for it. I picked up the can and put it in the trash. Satisfied with my response he started to walk away. As he turned around I pulled out a six shooter and blew his fucking brains out. "Hey, pick it up!" I yelled, "*Your brains from the floor I mean*!" If only the police were made out of the same shit the citizens were made out of. Filled with a new hope I continued my search for people to annoy.

I happened upon an apartment complex and decided that if there was anyone to dick

around with, it'd be here. Upon entering what did I happen to find? A brand new bike! Looks like things were finally looking up. I took my new bike up the stairs and found a couple staring out the window for some reason, probably watching people in the apartments across the street undress. I decided to sit down and watch some TV. It was tuned to some boring show about totalitarian governments or some bullshit like that. "Does this thing get the show about the grouchy old Jew on HBO that I've heard so much about?", I asked. The couple ignored me. I tried to change the channel but there were no buttons to change the channel with. I was determined to change the channel even if I had to use a crowbar to do it. I eventually got sick of the boring television show and threw the TV out the window. Cancelled, bitch. Still angry about the TV I decided I had had enough and threw everything in the apartment out the windows. Tables, picture frames, buckets of semen, all thrown out. The tables had turned. Asshole Physics was finally working in my favor.

In the next room I heard a woman crying. This is where Asshole Physics really shines. I repeatedly told the woman to shut up or I'd give her something to cry about but like a broken record she kept crying. I tried throwing crap at her when I realized that these people just wanted to feel protected. I built them a little fort out of tables and mattresses. Her ungrateful bastard husband just continued to sneer at me. Fuck these people, I thought. I stole a lamp and continued on.

Suddenly the complex was swarmed by police. I broke a TV and now they were after me! I headed for the attic where I found a dune buggy. I hopped in and made my daring escape running over several guards along the way. It's a good thing that depressed people living in rundown hellhole apartments keep dune buggies in the attic. I don't know where I would be without it.

After my dune buggy adventure was over I somehow found myself in an elevator with a very sexy milk chocolate honey. It was love at first sight. I just had to have her. So I did what any red-blooded American male would do in a situation like this. I sniffed her ass. Oh how heavenly that aroma was. It smelled like a rose garden full of freshly grown flowers. It smelled like a crisp cool winter morning. It smelled like my girlfriend's purse. Like everyone else in City 17 she did not object to my advances. I took this to mean that she wanted me to rape her violently. I complied with her wishes. I blocked the elevator door with a box so that she couldn't escape but she easily knocked the box over and escaped the elevator. I tried to find the rape key but the flimsy keyboard referrence card that came with the game was no help at all. I guess it wasn't meant to be. Well if

I can't have her no one can. I attempted to murder her with a steel barrel but it didn't work so I said screw it and walked into the next boring as hell scripted sequence.

After my adventure in romance was over I ended up in a science lab. A scientist, some dude, and a chick were there chatting away about God only knows. The great thing about Half Life 2 is that during the "cinematic" scenes you are free to move around and break chairs while the characters speak their boring lines. This gave me the perfect chance to make a pile of crap in the middle of the room. I began to look for shit to pile up when suddenly a headcrab jumped out of nowhere and attacked! Luckily I shot it dead before it had a chance to suck anyone's brains out. I went back to my pile while the scientist continued talking about science crap. My pile got to a good size when I decided that all these people were full of crap. Sick of playing I broke their stupid boxes and radios and science looking shit and quit the game because it's hot as hell in this apartment since the air conditioner broke and my ass hurts.

Half Life 2 is a great game that revolutionizes the idea of asshole physics. I can't imagine all of the mods that will be released that take advantage of this wonderful technology. Perhaps we may see a mod about waiting in line at the grocery store and getting fed up and throwing packs of ramen at the cashier. Or maybe we might see a mod about knocking over antique vases in a rusty old dowager's mansion. I still have a lot left to play of Half Life 2 though. I'm currently on hour 7 of the hover boat adventure and hopefully that'll be over sometime in the next week.

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

11.22 Adult News You, as an Adult, Can Use

Monday, Nov 22, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Adult News You, as an Adult, Can Use

I'm jaded. I've been exposed to a lot of pornography. But no matter how much of my busy schedule I devote to watching porn I will never be able to keep up with the endless tide of pornographic releases washing ashore on the shelves of shady video stores near you. To help rectify this I have decided to devote today's update to informing you and me both about the hottest new titles coming out of the adult film industry. Every title I will be covering today has been released in the last month or so. Please keep in mind that I am leaving out about 50,000 other titles released during this same time period. These are just the few I felt were worth bringing to the public's attention.

There is a strong scientific argument that midgets make everything better.

Absolute Ass 2
In the streetwise circles I run with the phrase "absolute ass" would be used to refer to something that is horrible. Director Jordan Septo does not disappoint, offering up more than two hours of the worst all anal footage ever seen...again! There are women with prolapsed rectums, women who cry during sex, and several messy bowel movements.

Azz Fest 5
Not to be confused with the legendary "Ass Fest 5", this film takes ass and gives it a fresh and in your face appeal. Most people have asses, but dizzamn, these dames have azzes.

Big Sausage Pizza 2
This is the second release in a popular series of movies with one of the strangest gimmicks in porn. A guy arrives to deliver his pizza and then reveals that he has cut a hole through the pizza and box so that his penis extends through both. I'm not joking. This sends the woman who ordered the pizza into an erotic frenzy and gets me wondering about the sanitary conditions at the pizza place.

Bust a Nutt in My Butt & Bust a Nutt in My Butt 2
When Quentin Tarantino had finished editing his latest film "Kill Bill" he was left with so much footage that he was forced to split it into two separate releases. The mysterious director behind "Bust a Nutt in My Butt" found himself in much the same position. He couldn't make any more cuts, so he opted to release his masterpiece as two separate movies. Luckily for an anxious viewing public the mystery auteur behind these movies will not be forcing us to wait like Tarantino did. Both films have been released simultaneously!

Brotha's P.O.V. 3: Negro Vision
Winner of the "movie title that you want to say is racist but you're not quite sure about that" award. Buy this movie to find out what it's like to live life as a black man. It's sort of like that movie with John Travolta and Harry Bellefonte where white people were the oppressed minority. Only in this one the black guy has constant sex with models.

Cum Eating Granny
At least one family is going to be having a very upsetting conversation at the Thanksgiving dinner table.

Dial M for Midget
Alfred Hitchcock is rolling in his grave with laughter right now. This film not only brings us a

midget, it brings us a midget having sex with a giant fat lady and a creepy short woman who looks like a ten year old girl.

Fatty Fuck Slut
More pure class from Kandi Peach, featuring girthsome gal Go Go Nasty and her shameless willingness to appear in a film with an insulting title. Coming soon: Cowlike Smelly Cunt Faced Dumb Bitches.

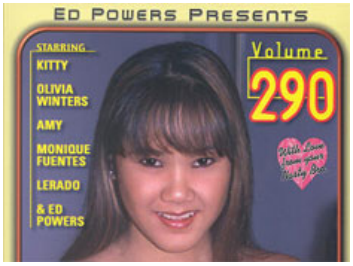
Fun Fact: Rip Van Winkle was exposed to the entire catalog of Michael Ninn.

Fragile
The latest from Michael Ninn proves once again that Ninn is the master of making pornography that you can fall asleep watching. If you have never seen one of his movies try to imagine a pornographic music video for "Tubular Bells". Not to be confused with Nine Inch Nails' equally soporific "The Fragile".

Inseminated By 2 Black Men
Actually just a rerelease of a scientific study from the 1930s called "Negro Mixing: The Devil's Seed in Anglo Saxon Women". Back then they thought that two black men inseminating the same woman would produce a giant super black with the strength of two negroes and the devious cunning of a woman.

Intensitivity 3
I don't know what "intensitive" means, but there are now three of them.

Kandi Gang Fucks 7 Guys
Most filmmakers will try to release a movie with some pun-filled or witty title, but not Kandi Peach. She got gang fucked by seven guys, and she wants you to know exactly what you're getting yourself into by watching her movie.



Can it live up to the buzz created by 289?

Meat Pushin in the Seat Cushin 3
Won't you be surprised when you get this home and find out it's a bunch of butchers shoving raw steaks into furniture? When the porn industry comes up with a title as modestly clever as this one you can expect to see a three digit number at the end inside of a year.

More Dirty Debutantes 290
Six Dirty Debutantes movies have been released in the last month alone. These guys must film nearly around-the-clock to produce this much pornography and with such regularity. They should probably start offering a subscription to the movies. My question to you is which one is your favorite? I loved 207, but it just couldn't hold a candle to the non-stop deep dicking of 140. I really think the quality has declined in the past 70-75 movies. I just get this feeling that the guys doing them don't care anymore, that it's money and not love of the craft that is motivating them.

Pussy Farts
Ladies, if you're ever rummaging through a sock drawer and you find your boyfriend or husband's copy of a movie entitled "Pussy Farts"; put it back. Don't look at it, it will only upset you. Put it back in the drawer, get all of your belongings, and leave a note saying you found "that fart movie" and you're staying with your family until he either gets rid of it or moves out of your house.

Smothering Bitches 44
I had to research this one because I couldn't figure out what it was based on the title alone. Apparently movies of women trying to asphyxiate men by sitting on their faces are approximately 22 times more popular than movies of guys with their dicks through pizza.

Move over Schindler's List.

Udderly Magnificent
Porno movies are now cribbing titles from phrases used in dairy council advertisements. "Got Milk?" started an unfortunate trend and I predict by 2006 we'll be seeing titles like "Rent to Bone" and "No Cunny Down".

Wetter the Better
Not a good movie to buy someone who lost a loved one to drowning as a gag gift. Believe me, I know from experience.

If next month's releases look anything like the hits coming out right now, I think you can expect to hear more from me on what's hot and what's not!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.23 Arcade Action: IN COLOR!

Tuesday, Nov 23, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

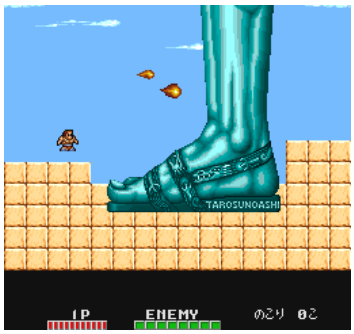
The video game arcade is rising like the proverbial Phoenix from its ashes, having fully recovered from its cataclysmic demise in the late 1980s. Much like every form of technology in America, this spur in growth can be directly credited to a bunch of hard working geeks in Asia, creating and exporting such money magnets as "Dance Dance Revolution," "Dance Dance Revolution 2," "Dance Dance Revolution Megamix," "Dance Dance Revolution Megamix 2," "Super Ultra Platinum Turbo Dance Dance Revolution EX," "Dance Dance Dance Dance Dance Dance Dance Revolution," and the crowd favorite "Big Tokyo Baking Simulator Fish Dance." But what about the Asian games that don't make it big? For every incredible body part-moving simulator released, there are hundreds of incomprehensible Asian arcade games that fail to achieve such monumental popularity. Today we'll look at a couple groundbreaking Asian games which somehow fell under the average gamer's radar, *"Trio the Punch - Never Forget Me"* and *"Zunzunkyou No Yabou."* As you will soon discover, the general public's radar was in perfectly fine working condition when it rejected these titles.

Trio the Punch - Never Forget Me

Trio the Punch - Never Forget Me conveys a gripping, emotional story regarding three combat weary desperados forced to roam the countryside, slapping hundreds upon thousands of fat naked men and zombies attempting to murder them before exploding. The back story of the game is a little bit hazy due to the fact that it's completely in Chinese and, well, there is no back story. I'll attempt to explain the plot of the game as best I can without understanding Chinese or arcade games created by six grade school students who created the entire thing while wearing salad spinning bowls on their heads:

It is the year 2006 or 2009 or 1874, and the world has fallen into a post-apocalyptic nightmare of epic proportions. Fat men with no shirts have taken over the globe, terrorizing innocent citizens by walking back and forth in straight lines while spitting out red sperm from their mouths. These bulbous nudists are supported by a rogue's gallery of evil characters such as "The Big Blue Severed Foot That Stomps On You" and "The Big Blue Severed Hand Which Releases Packets of Blue Ketchup On Your Head." In a quest to free the world from such a cruel and violent tyranny, you must walk from one side of the screen to the other for a few weeks, punching everything that moves and most of the things that don't. If you fail, the retarded zombies driving yellow cars and the folding albino sewer alligators will take over the world, transforming it into a terrifying landscape of highly confusing two-dimensional evil. Are you brave enough to press the "attack" button for about 40 hours straight and free the Earth from their iron grip of twisted, shirtless horror? Probably not.

Many people might be turned off by the mere title of *Trio the Punch - Never Forget Me*, under the false impression that it's a game about a street savvy kickboxing monkey attempting to fight off WTC hijackers. I can safely announce there are neither any kickboxing monkeys or WTC hijackers in this game, although I really can't explain what is in it. You simply select one of three random characters, all of whom appear to be undergoing a painful enema via industrial vacuum pumps, and then prepare to fight roughly 100 million billion enemies like the following:



NAME: *Fat Guys With No Shirt Who Get Even More Fat Somehow, Possibly By Photosynthesis*
DESCRIPTION: Upon first discovering the Fat Guys With No Shirt, you will probably remark, "Damn, these guys are fat!" Then you'll probably say, "Damn, these guys are almost naked!" Then you might exclaim, "Damn, I can't see shit anymore!" because your brain will refuse to continue working properly in protest of making it play such garbage. In addition to retching gravity-defying red sperm in random directions, the Fat Guys With No Shirt have the ability to get even fatter, because apparently that's a quality any evil overlord looks for when choosing his minions. He'll sift through the group of applicants, passing over robots equipped with death ray lasers and raging bloody demons from hell, finally settling on the person he feels will be able to gain the most amount of weight in the shortest amount of time because that's the true hallmark of a born leader. As you can see in the photo, there are also purple-colored Fat Guys With No Shirt, allarmed with the arcane, mystic, deadly power of "being purple." If you don't think that purple beings are inherently more difficult to slap to death than the average flesh-colored creature, go to a McDonalds and try to stab Grimace with a shiv. If anybody calls the cops on you, tell them you're doing research. ***Internet video game research.***

NAME: *Cotton Candy Leper Sheep*
DESCRIPTION: I know what most of you are thinking now: "gee Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, this game looks totally tubular right now, but I can't help but feel it would be better if there was some kind of pink sheep that lobbed bouncing chunks of itself at you." Well complain no longer, because this game truly has everything! The Cotton Candy Leper Sheep appears a couple times in the jungle level, which apparently makes perfect sense to people in China with salad spinner bowls on their heads. The level ends after you murder a few of these deadly monstrosities, at which point you actually become a Cotton Candy Leper Sheep and spend the next mission throwing pieces of yourself at Fat Guys With No Shirt and these creatures which resemble tiny, pixelated, homosexual versions of Drew Carrey.

NAME: *Angry Old Insane Man*
DESCRIPTION: The face of the Angry Old Insane Man is on the transitional screens as well as the introduction, so I naturally assumed he was supposed to be a good and heroic guy like a Kung Fu mentor or a webmaster or something. Oddly enough, he appears as an evil boss around level five, and you must repeatedly punch him in the shoulder until he agrees to stop vomiting Chinese characters out of his mouth and forcing his head to grow 50 times larger for no readily apparent reason. The Angry Old Insane Man continues to appear at the end of every level and provide you with random powerups which don't help or really do much of anything, so I guess he harbors no grudge against people who stab him in the face with katanas.

NAME: *Flappers Riding Flying Bucktoothed Fish*
DESCRIPTION: There are two water levels, which can best be described as "the levels with water." This deadly blue liquid houses some of the most nefarious enemies since *Ikari Warriors 2*, the Flappers Riding Flying Bucktoothed Fish. These characters are able to gaze lustfully into your eyes while showing off their fishbody torsos and exquisite pink evening gowns fashioned to strike awe and terror into anybody in their path. You know, because seeing elderly women whose legs have mutated into bloated, physics-defying sea creatures isn't terrifying enough. If you attack them, the Flapper part of their body will just kind of disappear and the fish will continue to make its unholy rounds across the screen. This leads me to believe that perhaps the fish grew a flapper on top of it, instead of the other way around. I'm really not going to spend any more time contemplating this mystery because I have much better things to do, such as not contemplate this mystery.

NAME: *Zombies Driving Yellow Toy Cars*
DESCRIPTION: Zombies may be evil, but they still have to get to work just like any of us. Having shunned gas-guzzling vehicles such as SUVs and minivans, the preferred method of travel for the undead is apparently tiny little yellow cars which lack any advanced controls such as "reverse" or "accelerate" or "stop." They just kind of travel forward for all eternity until somebody agrees to approach their vehicle and punch them until they explode. As you can see by the picture on the left, the Zombies Driving Yellow Toy Cars all possess a rather disturbingly healthy sexual appetite.

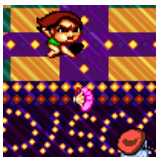
Since I didn't have an extra month to write this update, I wasn't able to sit down in one location and defeat this game, so I cannot reveal the exciting end boss behind this twisted invasion of Earth. Judging by the aforementioned enemies, I'm assuming it's something incredibly dangerous and deadly, like a sentient ballpoint pen or a giant tit which explodes. If you have beaten Trio the Punch and would like to send me a screenshot of the final boss, I'd love to hear from you. Hell, if you were able to play Trio the Punch for longer than 10 minutes without becoming an atheist and burning your house down, I'd love to hear from you.

Zunzunkyou No Yabou

The nice folks in Japan didn't even bother translating the title of this game, which I suppose doesn't really matter all that much when you consider they would probably end up with something infinitely incomprehensible like *Trio the Punch - Never Forget Me.* I'd guess they would name it something along the lines of "Tender Stab: Legend of Extra Chicken." *Zunzunkyou No Yabou* is a Space Invaders-style shooting gallery game which you travel across the world and murder homosexual dancers from each country. Kabuki performers, Flamenco dancers, professional musicians, Indian women, Vegas showgirls, balding Japanese men leaving subway cars... everybody in every culture in every country must be murdered in order to cleanse the globe of, well, everything. It's kind of like a video game reenactment of the Christian Crusades, only with tiny Asian ghost buddhas instead of fat white guys in armor.

There are five levels in *Zunzunkyou No Yabou*, representing our five major cultures: American, Asian, Arabic, miscellaneous other ones that were too minor to require their own section, and outer space. The flow of the game seems to insinuate that once you finish committing genocide against every single living entity on Earth, you then proceed to murder creatures from outer space and complete your quest of removing every single living thing everywhere. As the last living creature in the galaxy, you will then elect yourself to the position of "King Galaxy" and pass a series of bills that proclaim how totally awesome you are while denouncing the numerous contributions Spanish dance has made to our culture.

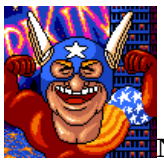
As previously mentioned, the play style is similar to any space shooting game, where your character always points up and you press one button to shoot bagels out of your hips, and the other to launch some sort of nuclear death attack which warps space and time in a cataclysmic fiery inferno of destruction and radioactive Buddhas, slightly injuring everything on the screen. After throwing out enough death bagels to decimate that country's citizens, you will then move on to the boss of that level, who usually has virtually nothing to do with anything.



NAME: *Big Headed Disco Queens*
DESCRIPTION: One of the first "American" levels pits you against a wave of disco dancers who throw deadly fans and roses at you in an attempt to make you pay an extra 25 cents to finish murdering them. Just like in real life, shooting a disco dancer once causes their head to balloon outwards like an inflatable kiddie pool, and the second shot turns them into a flaming skeleton that instantly vanishes. This is why I never bothered getting into the disco craze which swept the country by storm during my pre-birth years. I think my parents might've done a little disco dancing while they were pregnant with me, which partially explains my grotesquely misshapen head and affinity for neon pink fans.

NAME: *Heavy Metal Allstars*
DESCRIPTION: According to Japan, one of America's most important cultural contributions lies in our rockin' heavy metal concerts. Art museums in Japan are crammed full of gigantic Dokken portraits and neo-cubist renderings of RATT concerts. These big mouthed, fire breathing, CD-chucking cavemen enjoy "rocking out" in large gymnasiums and, according to this game, feature 28 concurrent lead guitarists at once. I don't think any heavy metal band even plays 28 different notes total in a concert.

NAME: *Post-Apocalyptic Punk Rockers*
DESCRIPTION: What's more fun than a high school basketball court full of mohawked potatoheads playing what seems to be jazz music from a single drum kit? Well how about cyclops women with big breasts throwing a combination of trail mix and Doritos at you? I'm still not really sure as to how either of these are hot, but then again I'm still not really sure as to how either of these embody American culture, so let's just chalk it all up to a little bit of video game magic courtesy of *Zunzunkyou No Yabou*.



NAME: *Superhero America!*
DESCRIPTION: Much like the rest of the free world, Japan doesn't have a very positive impression of America, and they chose to convey this by portraying the American level boss as an insane, bloated, prancing retard who chucks out letters spelling the word "JUSTICE" from his crotch. I really can't explain just how brazenly homosexual Superhero America is, so perhaps you should just click this link and view possibly one of the most flamboyantly tributes to the colorful, greasy, big-breasted corporate entity known as America.

After thoroughly decimating every sentient being on the planet, you then move on to the outer space-themed levels, where you murder aliens stupid enough to mistakenly have their own culture.

A couple levels later you are required to kill the actual embodiment of planet Earth, which has somehow evolved into a bashful, dancing life form able to spit out tiny replicas of Earth at you and change colors after being shot a certain number of times. Upon defeating the Earth, you are rewarded for your hard work by watching the game reset and start over again at the first level. There isn't even a "congratulations" screen written out in the goofy alternate universe language the Japanese use; it simply resets and bang, you're back at level one, killing more disco dancers and homosexual ballet performers.

I hope that today's update has provided everybody with a wonderful set of alternatives to the *Dance Dance Revolution* craze sweeping through America. Actually, I'm not really sure how it would've accomplished that at all, since both games mentioned are about as addicting as chewing insulation, but hopefully I've proved to everybody out there that there are things even more brazenly homosexual than paying money to dance to happy hardcore while a group of fat slobs look on and shield their eyes from the flashing lights. Like Superhero America, for example.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.24 Thanks, My Ass!

Wednesday, Nov 24, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Just an old fashioned drug deal.

Tomorrow is a day of monumental proportions destined to rock the foundations of America like many times before! Tomorrow is not just a regular old Thursday; it's a celebration of all that which makes our lives good and full of physics objects we can manipulate with our hands and gravity guns. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving CXLI, a quality holiday tradition that still retains some semblance of purity from the dismaying commercialism and light cannibalism of Christmas and the penis-shearing mayhem of Chanukah. Thanksgiving is the one time every year where we Americans pay thanks to the dark and phantom power that keeps our giant insane country from breaking into smaller insane pieces and then going to war like a schizophrenic sentient jigsaw puzzle depicting a grizzly bear playing a banjo. The grizzly bear represents America's savage and untamed heart, while the banjo represents are capacity to transcend animalistic nature and play a mean ditty. It's also one of the few times each year when families and friends can come together to eat a delicious meal without missing work or having to squander away a precious weekend.

Although this is roughly the 141st Thanksgiving in legal terms, the tradition dates back to the pilgrims. Little is known about the pilgrims, but it's theorized that they built Stonehenge and practiced pagan rituals. What is known is that they had an advanced form of telling time based around the eating cycle of the Great Worm, a massive subterranean monster lurking beneath New England. At exactly fifteen after the hour, without ever being even a second tardy, the Great Worm surfaces and devours one human life. The Native Americans tried to teach the new settlers how to live at peace with the Great Worm, but their words were simultaneously ignored and repeated for generations to come in the form elementary school plays. The one thing Native Americans did succeed in was getting the white man to sit down and enjoy a big honking feast that, with the exception of Indians being there, mirrors the annual feasts we have each year in modern times.

GOBBLE GOBBLE!!

Thanksgiving didn't become an annual holiday until 1863 when Abraham "Bees" Lincoln passed the Thanksgiving Proclamation act, which, in addition to making Thanksgiving a national holiday, made owning a slave mandatory. He later recanted and passed the Emancipation Proclamation, which made owning a slave a thought crime punishable by nanite personality reconfiguration. Lincoln was merely making law what many had long fought for: a special day off work dedicated to the important task of eating a big meal. Contrary to popular belief, making Thanksgiving a national holiday was not why Lincoln was shot. He was shot after angering a fellow audience member at the Ford Theatre by talking loudly and yelling "WOOO!" constantly. He also kept dropping his top hat from the state box.

Yes, there may be past and present tragedies to cast a shadow over Thanksgiving, but Thanksgiving is a juggernaut that cannot be stopped. I know many of us still mourn the loss of Rodney Dangerfield, as well as his half-brother Yasser Arafat, but there is much to be happy about in this glorious high-tech age of motorcycles and

octopuses. I would like to take this time, because it's the only time I really have unless I start interrupting the other writers, to share what I'm thankful for.

- **Not Being Dead Yet**
  Although I've certainly got it coming, I'm glad that I'm not dead yet and probably won't be for a while. True, that could change at any minute, which is why I'm taking steps to have my heart wired to a bomb trigger that will release a deadly nerve gas like Martin Sheen had in the movie "Spawn."
- **The Fall of the Soviet Union**
  I start each day by signing a personal Loyalty Oath to God and Country and immediately after that I celebrate our triumphant victory over the Soviet Union by defacing the former Evil Empire on whatever maps and globes I can get my hands on. If there is one thing that we can all agree on, it's that we're a lot better off without people like Yuri Andropov running around. That guy was nothing but trouble.
- **Reality TV**
  Now that TV producers have finally realized that we truly are the stupidest pieces of crap alive, they are free to throw their absolute worst at us with impunity. This makes me thankful that I feel arrogant and better than everybody else by not watching stupid shows about people succeeding in the fields of mediocrity and superficiality. Also I'm thankful for cancer, because I admire its methods.
- **Four More Years**
  I had doubts we would survive this long, but now that we have I find myself addicted to the thrill of living on the edge. Let's see how long we can go like this!
- **Grizzly Bears and Banjos**
  I've been thinking a lot about this, and I've come to the conclusion that America's greatest gift to the world is the idea of a grizzly bear playing a banjo. There is no way anyone can think about such a sight and not feel good about life. If the leaders of our world really wanted to end the violence in Iraq, all they need to do is get a bunch of grizzly bears (animatronic if need be) to do some fierce banjo playing. Then, when the insurgents let their guard down, the bears can attack and maul them with minimal resistance. I don't know how many times I've played this scenario out in my head, but it always ends in smiles.

Finally, I'm thankful this article is over and I'm free to spend the rest of the day doing something practical, like volunteering to give motivational workshops at the local homeless shelter. On behalf of the Something Awful family of jerks and bigger jerks, have a happy and safe Thanksgiving free of murder!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

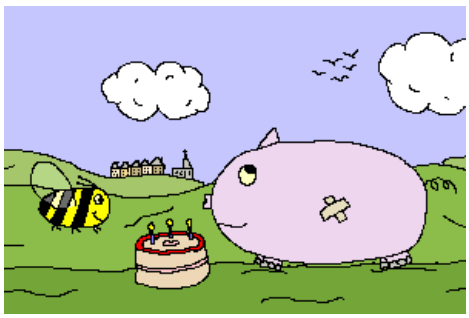
11.25 Thoughts of a Falling Hydrogen Bomb

Thursday, Nov 25, 2004 by Tom "moof" Davies

It is so very cold and pretty up here, close to space where the sky is black and I can see the stars. I do not feel like I am falling, but that I am floating like I am an angel above the clouds. I wish I had a harp so I could play pretty songs for the birds that fly far below; they are flying from the cold into the warm, like in the movie "The Day After Tomorrow" where they ran from ice and wolves. It would be nice to be a bird; they can fly up or down, left or right. They have total control. I am a train with no brakes.

It is amazing how bright the sun is when there is so little atmosphere. I wish I could stay up here forever, it is so peaceful. There is no sound but the shwoosh of the wind past my metal body. Shwoooosh. Hooray, I am falling.

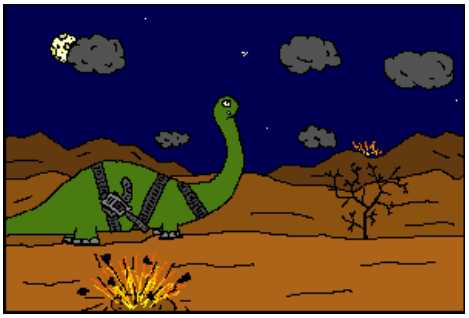
I hope I like it when I get to where I am going. I feel like Red at the end of The Shawshank Redemption – *"I hope the pacific is a blue as it has been in my dreams."* But I am not going to the ocean. I wish I could go to the ocean, like the birds can should they choose to. But I have to accept that I am not the master of my own destiny, I am a hydrogen bomb.



I don't know why God made me a hydrogen bomb. I did not choose to be a hydrogen bomb nor would I have chosen if I had the choice. But I am grateful for what I am, and I am glad to have such a purpose, whether it is noble or evil, that is not for me to decide. Like everything else in this

world I have no choice in the matter, like the tree that is chopped down to make the blades on a windmill or the oats that are cut to feed horses.

I am not writing much. This is the last time I will write from Something Awful in a while because I am a falling hydrogen bomb. Oh God I hope I don't screw up.



-~Tom "moof" Davies

11.26 Ask the Centipedes That Infest My Apartment

Friday, Nov 26, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Like a paintbrush tickling your cheeks!

Centipede season is in full swing here in my apartment and with the hundred-legged bastards scurrying every which way but loose I am having trouble concentrating on anything other than their exploits. Every time I walk across the apartment, look up at the ceiling, or pick up a book I wonder where the centipede is lurking. Sometimes it will just be one of the adorable little baby centipedes that are only a quarter inch long. Sometimes it will be a loving and nurturing mama centipede who is a good three inches long and scurrying her egg-bloated fleshy body off to some dark hole. Since these sons of bitches are running my life right now I thought it would be only fair if they had to run my update as well. They call me Meat Monster, I call them my bane.

Ask them whatever you want. They have the answers.

Dearest mama centipede,

Do you lay your eggs in Zack's mouth when he is asleep? Some advice as to how I could do this would be greatly appreciated.

Babyburrito

Dear Babyburrito,

Wait for the Meat Monster to begin snoring loudly, then listen for a clicking sound in its esophagus. This means that it is suffering from sleep apnea and is less likely to suck you into the air chambers of its body. Hurry inside and find a warm and damp spot, preferably high on the gum line so that your clutch of brood are not accidentally chewed and swallowed while the Meat Monster is feasting. Most importantly, do not try to consume sweet meats from the Meat Monster while depositing eggs. The soft damp flesh inside the Meat Monster's mouth is quite succulent, but the Meat Monster has a massive muscle plug called a Herruk'sssaaa that will sweep around the inside of its mouth and pull you to your doom.

Good Luck!

Mama Centipede

Dear Mr. Centipede,

so i was at the mall rite and this chick was totally on me when I walked into Hot Topic and I was all like sweet so we started talkin and she was like you come here often and I was like yeah for the shirts she was all that is so funny and touched my arm so I said hey we should like go to a movie or something so she said yeah so we walked over to the theater and the "Incredibles" was on in a few minutes so i got tix and we went in to the show since it was early in the day it was empty so we sat in the back about the time where the mom finally puts on her costume she like starts rubbing my dick and i was like whoah this is awesome so i leaned over and kissed her and we kept kissing for a while and she like kept rubbing it and stuff so before the movie was done i totally think i ejaculated

Thanx,

JarJarSUX32

Dear JarJarSUX32,

Young love is a fleeting thing. Enjoy it as you would enjoy a summer's day and do not attempt to cling to it once it has passed. Also, totally make her put her mouth on your boner next time.

Sincerely,

Mr. Centipede

Dear Centipedes,

My roommate is a total slut. She's had more sketchy guys on top of her then a Belgian youth hostel mattress, how can I get her to stop dragging these skeevy guys in to my apartment?

Please Help,

Slutless In Seattle

Dear Slutless,

When one of our number breeds out of class and station we form a council of judgment inside the walls of the Meat Monster's kingdom. Ten to fifteen of us surround the accused and begin a ritual drumming of our legs and the sacred chant of measures. If we find that the accused is guilty of lax judgment or an attempt at unlawful class mobility we will consume them in a frenzy of crunching mandibles and tearing claws. The same will happen if we determine that they are innocent, but in that case we will eat their head first to make it less painful. You should perhaps gather your brood mates and enact a council of judgment.

Hope this helps!

The Centipedes

Here they come, climbin' up your thighs! Get the funniest looks from, everyone who dies! Hey, hey they're the centipedes! I'm embarrassed at myself for typing that out.

Dear Centipede,

What would you recommend as a gift for a party or dinner host?

Yours,

Curious Symptoms

Dear Curious,

If they are a Meat Monster we find that they become agitated most amusingly when you scurry across their leg, face, or bed. If they are a centipede then we suggest pieces of Meat Monster children, paralyzed cats, or scraps of flesh torn screaming from the belly of the larger Meat Monsters.

With Love,

A Random Centipede

Spawn more Overlords!

Mr. Centipede,

Why does Carol Channing freak me out so much?

Thanks,

Desperately Fearing Channing

Dear Desperately,

As a slow-witted Meat Monster you are not attuned to the soothing messages emitted from Mistress Channing's thorax. All you hear is "Hellllllooooo Dollllllyyyy" while we experience a cornucopia of soothing sounds that calm and inform us. Mistress Channing is to us as a light house is to a ship lost at sea and we will follow her into the mouth of hell if she commands it.

Good Luck,

Mr. Centipede

Dear Centipedes,

Would it be wise to remove the speakers from the old, Jewish lady-who-looks-like-a-dragon's computer tomorrow? She plays stupid flash movies really loud since she can't hear. This latest one was the worst because almost all of the office could hear their "funny" translations of Yiddish words.

P.S. I hate her so much and she tells me stupid things like "I need my email. That is how we communicate with our clients." Also, will my boss support my descision?

Sincerely,

Jew Hater

Dear Jew,

If you really have a problem with your coworker we suggest that you swarm across her surface and rend open her flesh in many places so that you might wriggle inside and feast upon her hot innards. Or you could take her speakers.

Happy Chanukah!

The Centipedes

Dear Centipedes,

How many of you fit in a vagina?

Sincerely,

Pussy Questions

Dear Pussy,

There is a wide range of numbers depending on the size of our kin, the size of the vagina, and the willingness of the female Meat Monster to accept us into her humble home. A brood of centipedes in Denmark once achieved numbers approaching two thousand! The Meat Monster was apparently

paralyzed from the waist down and some 400 adult and 1500+ juvenile centipedes managed to pack her cervix-deep. Some claim that the legendary Moses Centipede parted a red tide to cram almost 20,000 into the Promised Meat Monster. Of course, only spawnlings and the deranged believe the Centipede Bible speaks literally.

Hope that Helps!

The Centipedes

Dear centipedes,

Do you prefer beige or white walls in a home?

Gracias,

Stud Finder

Dear Stud,

A cream colored wall with small brown mottling would be preferable for our purposes of scampering up and down walls at all hours. Between beige and white we would prefer beige, but either way we would do our best to stick to the shadows during the times of the Meat Monster's agitation.

Love,

The Centipedes

That's all the advice the centipedes have available to dispense right now as I have just found a suitable magazine for chasing them off and/or smashing them with. As sure as a centipede will be on the wall next to me when I finish typing this sentence, they will be back.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.27 Give Me Your Money

Saturday, Nov 27, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Greetings. Since it's the holidays, and the spirit of giving is spreading through the Internet like a bad case of scabies, I thought that it would be good of me to extend my new crazy business scheme to the loyal readers of Something Awful before opening it up to the public. Let me first ask you kids a question: are you prepared for retirement? Are you investing your money wisely, or are you spending it on MMORPGs and Cracker Jack boxes? That's what I thought. With our president making rash decisions with our social security, we can't trust the government to support us once we retire from the workforce and move to a tropical climate to get eaten alive by swamp creatures. You need to take matters into your own hands.

No, that does not mean robbing a liquor store and burying the cash until the heat dies down. It means that you should invest your money in a mutual fund. Sure you might hear some whiney communists' grandmas complain that "it's too dangerous to invest your future into stocks and mutual funds", but if you want to be sitting on a gold toilet seat when you're 70 and being served by a top of the line robot man servant, it is well worth any risks involved. Many of the mutual funds out there are large, slow giants that are so conservative you will probably only make a few bucks a year on your investment. With my new mutual fund that I like to call the "Froli-Fund", I explore bold new areas for making money for you, the investor. Sure I lost thousands of dollars during the dot com bust and had to eat cabbage for a few years, but that's why I'm so qualified to take your money. If you give me one dollar, I can turn that into a windfall of fortune in just a few years. My portfolio is spread out in the DOW, NASDAQ, and some of my own money-making ideas that I just thought of last week while on a whippet binge in my garage. I know you probably want some insight on what my investment plans are before you mortgage your house and give me all your money, so here are just some of the things we here at Froli-Fund are doing, you big baby.

Copper

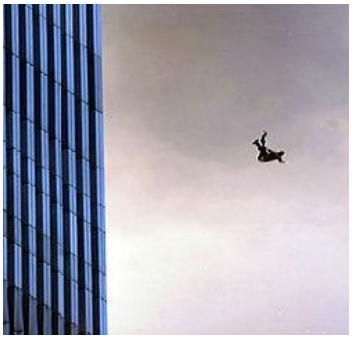
Copper is still in very high demand, and has been a steady earner for over a century. Used for our currency and wiring, I believe this is a solid investment choice, and have used it as the foundation of Froli-Fund's portfolio. The great thing about our mutual fund's involvement in copper is that unlike other funds, we cut out the overhead and go right to the source. No we don't mine it ourselves, we hire some top notch guys called Chang, Pang, Poo, and Pot to smuggle high quality wiring out of mainland China and sail it to Hong Kong, where it is transferred to a remote Pacific island, picked up by another group of guys who I just call "The Gumdrop Gang", and taken to the San Francisco Bay where it can be sold on the open market. The only cost to Froli-Fund are the shipping costs, employee wages, and any casualties incurred during the operations. This one is a winner, and if you stick with us you can join as at the top of the heap, staring down at all the saps trading in silicon and corn seed.

Froli-Fund notice: This operation has been suspended because we think we have a Chinese government mole in our overseas squad. We think it's Pang, but we need more time to be sure. This issue will be brought up at the Froli-Fund board meeting next Friday.

World Trade Center Commemorative Coins

A few weeks ago I was out duck hunting and trying to think of a way to capitalize off thousands

of innocent people's deaths by playing on people's patriotism and willingness to buy anything on TV that comes with a certificate of authentication. When I came up with the idea for the coins, I screamed "Eureka!" and scared all the ducks into the air making me panic and fire my shotgun into the bottom of the boat, sinking it and inadvertently causing me to befriend some magical seahorses who showed me their underwater kingdom and taught me to laugh at love again.



One of our proud investors, Larry Smith. He was so elated at his fund statement that he jumped for joy.

As soon as I got back on dry land I phoned my advertising agent and had him place a commercial on the most watched television times by southerners and flag toting conservatives, mostly between daytime talk shows and Fox News. Sure I hadn't actually made the coins yet, but I added that each one has about 2% real silver found at Ground Zero by a dog who was the direct descendent of George Washington's hound. I feel this will cause a stir of sentiment in the public and will assure that this will be a hot seller for stocking stuffers and collectors of NASCAR plates. I'm thinking about also adding that 50% of the proceeds will go to help the survivors of the planes that crashed into the towers, to add to this feeling of stoic American pride. Sure there are no survivors to donate to, but I think that some people don't know that and they are our target audience. With your investment to Froli-Fund, we will double your stock worth once we get the gross profit back from this business venture, and once the Senate oversight committee finds us not guilty for fraudulently capitalizing on a national tragedy and we can go about our business in peace, like our nation's founder, Lafayette, intended.

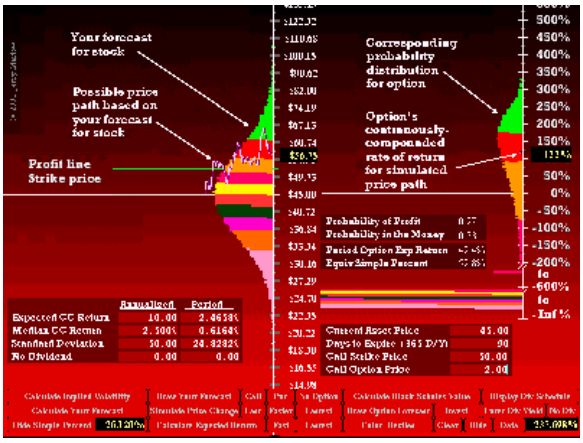
Cactus Frankie's Project: Sexy Kingdom

As the leader of Froli-Fund, an up and coming renegade mutual fund that is taking the business world by storm, I am always on the lookout for an investment that will yield the largest profit for the least amount of work. Video games were the obvious choice because we all know programmers only start working on a game through patches after it's released to the public. Thanks to the help of Internet detective and talent scout Stive Gonzales, we found out what Cactus Frankie's project was, and quite honestly, we were blown away. To pass up a money-making opportunity like this would be folly, so we here at Froli-Fund got ahold of this saucy and mentally challenged fellow and offered him the deal of a lifetime. We will produce his video game dream of making a version of Night Trap, but it's a porn and you can look in mirrors like in Duke Nukem. With the money up front and the 3D0 code provided, we let this visionary loose to create his game and take the industry by storm. We will not be releasing it to any critics, and it will be sent straight to Wal-Mart bins displayed at prominent positions in the store. If things go well, which we are confident they will, we are looking at a very good return on our investment, and more value for your Froli-Fund stock!

So, please consider investing a percentage of your measly wages to Froli-Fund, where it will blossom like a beautiful butterfly, and be waiting for you once you hang up your dancing shoes and decide it's time for Matlock. Still not sold? Well take a look at this chart:

Magic Beans

I know what you are thinking, what kind of mutual fund invests in magic beans? And why did men show up at my house to take blood and steal my silverware after I signed up? Well you might have valid concerns since this is your future we are dealing with, but rest assured we here at Froli-Fund take pride in turning hours of research into a potential investment, and have watched stock crawlers once in a while. We are still trying to figure out what the codes mean, but we feel we are very close


Your forecast for stock
Possible price path based on your forecast for stock
Profit line Strike price
Corresponding probability distribution for option
Option's continuously-compounded rate of return for simulated price path

to cracking it. And when I say "we" I mean myself and the ghost of my recently deceased guinea pig, Monket. I don't consider myself gullible, so when a strange man approached me on the subway and asked if I wanted to buy some magic beans for a few thousand dollars, I naturally asked for a written receipt of the purchase, and made sure he included a 90 day warranty clause in case the beans did not work as planned or I changed my mind. I was told that if I planted these beans, a giant beanstalk would shoot up into the sky, as far as the human eye could see. If one would climb this beanstalk, you would encounter a kingdom in the clouds that is full of riches! The only drawback is that there is a giant guarding the loot, and he has a good sense of smell so we'll have to be careful. This is what separates Froli-Fund from mutual funds like Fidelity or Schwab; we have bold new ideas, and are not afraid to climb vines to reach the top.

Pig Racing

Sometimes people compare investing in the stock market is like white collar gambling. Well at Froli-Fund, we are trying to distance ourselves from this notion, and want to relate more to our plebian investors by making it more a blue-collar sort of gambling. Every Friday night I head down to the pig races to "invest" on either "Daddy's Little Oinker", or "Sunday Surprise" on the big race of the night. If either one of my lucky pigs is out, I'll always go with the number three pig, which is my lucky number. With me I bring a few lucky troll dolls, a picture of the Virgin Mary, some rabbit feet, and sometimes a whole rabbit if I really need the money badly. When you invest in my mutual fund, I will use my skills to make your pot grow to horribly delightful proportions, enabling me to sit in the high rollers club at the pig race, netting me a free dinner roll and a lap dance. Some may find this approach to investing unorthodox and totally insane. Unorthodox, proudly yes, but insane, nay! I have made more money slapping a few bucks down on "Little Susie Has Scabies" than I ever did buying some tech company stock. Trust me, you are in good hand. I lost my other hand trying to get my keys out of my blender while I had the blender on.

This is Ron. He works for us on the ground floor selling and trading stocks. He has a problem with eating his trading tickets, but we're working on it.

Clearly this shows that my fund is not only the most exciting and profitable one out there, and you would be a total fool not to jump on this offer. Did I mention that my office is constructed totally out of rubble and twisted metal stolen from Ground Zero? I also have a piece of the Berlin Wall that serves as my sitting stool when I am signing legal papers and doing lines of coke. Act now! I

need to pay my bills. I'm so cold and hungry.

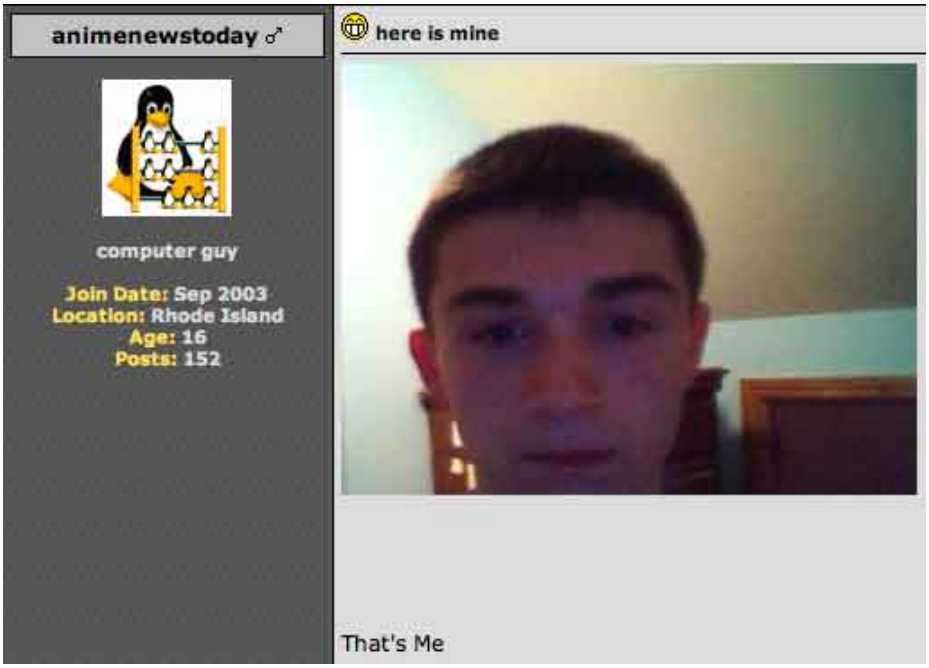
-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

11.28 The Weekend Web

Sunday, Nov 28, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

The Weekend Web: Now With 50% More Blast Processing Power!

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spooker Jones" Gutierrez here with a Thanksgiving feast of crappy forum posts! This week we have some some Christian anime nerds, people who debate whether or not Sonic the Hedgehog should wear clothes, and an internet mental ward. Also included are the largest sigs in the history of internet forums and this lovely chap.



See the rest here.

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

11.29 The Thirteen Worst Instances of Celebrity Excess

Monday, Nov 29, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The ridiculously wealthy generally fall into one of two categories; spendthrift celebrities obsessed with showy wealth and overpaid corporate types obsessed with the act of acquiring more wealth. There are plenty of exceptions to these two categories - anomalies or category-jumpers - but these rare exceptions only further prove the rules. I should know, I have spent more time than is humanly possible watching every episode of "MTV's Cribs" and 80% of the programming on the utterly worthless Style channel. Through rigorous note-taking and the helpful assistance of my poor man's TiVo (aka "the VCR") I have compiled an immense library on the excess of the rich. After combing through this raw data I have carefully selected the thirteen worst cases of celebrities wasting their money.

13. Scotty Pippen's Swans

Basketball player Scotty Pippen owns a sprawling 19 million dollar mansion in Los Angeles that includes an Olympic plus sized swimming pool, three hot tubs, and a special wooden hut. Carefully landscaped and unobtrusive, the hut contains more than a dozen well cared for swans that are released onto the pool during parties. During the course of the Cribs episode where the swans were revealed Pippen admits that "sometimes they fly off" and he has to purchase new ones. It's like a retard's version of an ice sculpture only it enrages PETA.

12. The Ruby Collar on Jay-Z's Doberman Pincer

A dog will chase a rabbit into a septic tank. Reason number 97 not to put 75,000 dollars worth of platinum and rubies around your dog's neck.

11. Tommy Lee's Rotating Bed

In addition to multiple sex swings and dancing cages, the ever-tasteful Tommy Lee has his bigger-than-king-size bed mounted on a rotating dias controlled by a panel in the headboard. That's pretty ridiculous in and of itself, but the fact that the bed basically rotates from one view of his bedroom's interior to another view of his bedroom's interior makes it outrageous. I would love to see a list of the injuries that have been caused by this bed and Tommy Lee's drunken sexual antics. Hey, maybe this bed is how Pamela caught Hepatitis!

10. Ben Affleck's Engagement to Jennifer Lopez

God and Affleck's accountants only know what kind of money was dumped into this long-running media extravaganza of a relationship. He gave her lavish gifts out of his Armageddon fund and offered up a pricey engagement ring that has probably had more written about it than the Chernobyl disaster. Now that their relationship has reached its inevitable conclusion Lopez is free to shake

her ass for someone else and Affleck is forever tainted. Hopefully he'll go back to the one thing he's actually good at: doing commentary tracks for Kevin Smith movies. Which, incidentally, is the only thing Kevin Smith is actually good at.

9. Nelly's Pool-Bottom Speakers

Lame sex-symbol rapper Nelly installed 22 inch subwoofers inside of glass boxes in the bottom of his swimming pool. He claims "the ladies love the bass" with a coy wink. Hey, Nelly, the ladies also love vagisil so why don't you fucking fill your pool up with that, jackass? Oh, hey, what's playing?! It's my favorite song "gllrrbbll rrgggbbb llrrbbgblrlrl."

8. Lil' John's Pimp Cup

Rapper Lil' John's pimp cup is one of the best known affectations in entertainment today, rivaling Fifty Cent's Band-Aid and zombie Tupac's bandana. The cup no doubt began modestly enough, as perhaps a tin or even plastic cup with a bunch of fake jewels glued to it. After making it big Lil' John went on to upgrade his comical cup with real bling, robbing it of much of its hilarious irony and further raising the bar for imitators at every college party in the United States. My sources tell me that Lil' John's latest and greatest incarnation of his prized cup weighs in at over nine pounds and is valued at 1.1 million dollars. I think he needs to chain that shit to his wrist and stay well away from any rap awards shows.

7. Bruce Willis' Helicopter Ski-Lift

Bruce Willis owns a ski lodge in the Colorado Rockies. Rather than installing something as dreary and mundane as a ski-lift, Willis keeps a helicopter at the sky lodge so that when he vacations there a pilot can airlift him and his guests to the top of a nearby mountain. Helicopters are pretty fucking expensive, but at least this isn't as bad as...

6. Dennis Rodman's Mail Helicopter

On an episode of Cribs Rodman claimed that he uses the helicopter he owns "mostly for getting the mail" on his enormous 900 acre estate in North Dakota of all places. I think - I hope - that Rodman was joking, but holy shit you just can't be sure anymore.

5. The Entire Band Motley Crue

Tommy Lee's bed nabbed a number 11 spot, but taken as a whole the band Motley Crue weighs in at number 5. When not hammering out a shitty 1-2 combo of glam and butt rock, the band's members have always been busy exemplifying the ideals of celebrity excess. One band member killed someone in a drunk driving accident, another overdosed and nearly died, and that's just the tip of the iceberg. During the early 80s Crue was responsible for nearly 30% of the GDP of Columbia. Nikki Sixx once ate a cheesesteak with half an ounce of cocaine on it and washed it down by injecting Jack Daniels into his carotid. When they weren't snorting, smoking, huffing, or injecting anything they could get their hands on the Crue crew were either banging the worst dumpster slime groupies or tearing up the guts of various models and actresses. Before Tommy Lee bestowed Hepatitis on

Pamela Anderson he was somehow transferring a chigger infestation to Heather Locklear's anus.

4. Tyco CEO Dennis Kozlowski's Wife

Dennis Kozlowski made hundreds of millions of dollars as the CEO of Tyco, but he wasn't satisfied, and evaded millions in taxes while mixing his finances illegally with Tyco's liquid assets. Illegal corporate greed is nothing new, but Kozlowski stands out as a greedy CEO who loved to spend money as quickly as possible. One of the things he loved to spend money on was his hot trophy wife, who is in her forties now but looks like she's in her twenties. Yes, she's had more reconstruction work done than the USS Cole, but the real excess came from an infamous 40th birthday celebration Kozlowski held for her. He rented out a villa in Sardinia, flew hundreds of guests there, and spent millions on catering and entertainment. I would be willing to tolerate that sort of excess coming from a party if it were a classy fall-of-Rome/Caligula type of excess. You know, a big writhing orgy, hundreds of oiled model-caliber men and women ready to serve, being hand fed until you vomit into the channel of your triclineum and then the process begins anew. Instead, leaked video of the party looked like a lame poolside barbecue with entertainment provided by the Icecapades. There were togas, but most frat parties can manage that. Rappers know how to throw parties. CEOs do not.

3. Tim McGraw's Marble Statue of Hank Williams Senior

Tim McGraw has gone to greater lengths than anyone else to keep Hank Williams Junior off of his property by commissioning a marble statue of the country legend's country legend father. What's creepier than that? The statue isn't wearing a shirt. Try to find a picture of Hank Williams Senior without a shirt on.

2. Lil' Bow Wow's Hummer 2

Lil' Bow Wow is like eight...and he owns one of the most expensive domestic automobiles on the market. On top of that, Senor Wow also had state of the art speaker systems, custom leather interior, and custom wheels installed on his "bumpin' H2". He could go inside and listen to the giant speakers in his mansion, but no, the big boys listen to music in their cars and why should ageism stand between Monsieur Wow and his relaxing music? I just thank God and the State of California that he can't use his money to get a driver's license.

1. John Travolta's Private Jet

Somewhere in the mountainside headquarters of Scientology an alarm sounds and a big plasma TV displaying a map of the United States shows that someone in New Jersey has just rated on an E-Meter with life-threatening levels of Thetan. John Travolta puts down the cupcake he is eating and turns to look at Boy Wonder Tom Cruise. The dynamic duo slide down their poles with glee and emerge ready to leap into John Travolta's private jet plane. Seriously, John, no one needs you that badly. Get some first class plane tickets or a Cessna or something. You don't have any use for a 36 passenger jet.

Lifetime of Excess Achievement Award

You're probably wondering why Michael Jackson did not appear on this list. Well, he did now, bitch! I deem Jackson to be an unfair inclusion on the "Worst Thirteen" list because he would dominate all thirteen levels. Instead I offer Michael the deliciously coveted Lifetime of Excess Achievement Award. His achievements in celebrity excess leave every other celebrity - even the creepy Middle Eastern oil barons - eating his dust. To name a few of his accomplishments:

- Has repeatedly gotten away with molesting children
- Has also gotten away with defending his child molestation with some sort of crazy bullshit philosophy
- People used to joke that he was a black man who turned himself into a white woman. Nowadays people don't even know where the punch line to that joke went. Probably down the blood channel of a plastic surgeon's operating table. Jackson now looks more like a cross between Golem and the Crypt Keeper rubbed down with white grease paint.
- He bought the Elephant Man's skeleton. It takes a special kind of celebrity to do that and not seem out of character.
- He built an amusement park on his private property. And not a cool one like Cedar Point, we're talking a late 19th century creepy Euro carnival where all of the rides end up with a pop star lich performing oral sex.
- Buys random zoo animals that probably die of starvation when he tries to feed them million dollar abstract paintings of naked children.
- He made "Thriller". A positive, right? Think about this: when combined with everything else Jackson has done the proud legacy of Vincent Price is now forever tainted.

With the help of a little voodoo magic maybe I'll be giving this award to Bob Crane next year. For now Jackson has a lock on it.

I can forgive celebrities going a little over the top once in a while with their money. After all, most of them get huge sums of money for doing very little work and very few of them are more intelligent than an ocean-going invertebrate. Until such a time as whales can filter them with their baleen I will be happy to point out some of the exceptional cases who take things just a little bit too far.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.30 Breakup With Girlfriend

Tuesday, Nov 30, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

The customers at Mcdonalds always form a neat and orderly line even though there aren't any signs giving them explicit instructions to do so. I often wonder if the living dead will show the same courtesy when they rise from their graves and shamble into the store to place orders of their own. I miss my former manager, Lauren. Or maybe I just miss the things she showed me. Giant gold rings leading to special stages of green and azure. Waves of numbness that washed my senses onto the shores of oblivion.

The bungee cords slackened as C and I shot upward. I grabbed two blue balls scoring four points. C grabbed one red ball scoring five. "Isn't this much more fun and relaxed now that we aren't going out?" C said. That was the day I learned that being on the same medications as someone does not the basis for a relationship make. I wished we could go into the recording studio Fleetwood Mac style and record an album of breakup songs. Songs so innovatively retarded that they'd reshape the very map of Ragnarok.

When C and I talked we tried to avoid topics of conversation that might invoke the conflicting ideologies of a pagan and a disciple of the as-of-yet-unnamed religion that believes in the lifestream. Our conversations were filled with awkward pauses that begged for a real life version of the "..." used in japanese video games. My Zuni fetish doll talks to me but I don't talk back. I refuse to prostitute myself with words.

Our trips to Hot Topic were numerous and always left us feeling cheap and slutty yet oddly revitalized as though we had caught a brief glimpse of the elysian fields where happys are grown. The modern day goth still has the same morbid obsession with death as his natural ancestor, the artsy vietnam photographer. However, a newfound self-awareness has allowed him to make some curious discoveries. For one he's found that it's pretty easy to feel angsty and depressed when you're dressed like a pirate/gypsy.

While exploring xen I came across a sentient alien spaceship that's crew had perished thousands of years ago. "What's it like to be old?" I asked the ship.

"It's like being drunk and hung over at the same time." the ship said. "My cpu spends most of its idle cycles calculating fractal patterns. Dances of form and color I can space out to while contemplating ancient secrets as timeless as the sea itself."

The nights C and I spent with Lauren and her girlfriend. There was a different feeling in the ionosphere back then. We had courage, the rarest of the five dream energies. Through a softly spoken incantation we could become ghosts whose latent presence could only be detected with photo imaging devices. And somewhere at the nucleus of it all was a naive 21-year-old thinking it would last forever. I'd like to meet that young larva and try and talk some sense to him but he's long gone and this old insect is all that's left.

"I don't know about you but I'm left reeling by the constant data input of this information age." C said. "I feel like the girl in that Guns 'n' Roses video who's strapped into a chair in front of a tv that shows nonstop images of carnage and destruction."

"Uh, that's Axl Rose." I said.

"What? No way is that a guy."

"Stop the turbolift. I have a friend on this deck."

"Oh let me guess, he's a liberal arts major who takes artsy black & white photos of urban decay and can hook me up with this great modeling gig because his website is going to be the Hustler of alternachick sites to Suicide Girls' Playboy."

C and I's yacht is filled with neopets we're illegally smuggling from neopia. A coast guard cruiser appears on the horizon. Awkward instant and the first neopet is jettisoned. One more wocky that will never know the joy of lulling her master into submission with a seductive purr.

The Doc Marten boot doesn't fit. We were always too shy and self-conscious to be goths. Maybe someday we'll find the subculture that's right for us. Curved chutes that take advantage of cattle's natural walking patterns.

"I once knew another member of your race." the alien ship said. "A soldier. His military mind sought to identify patterns in everything it encountered. I often wondered what his sight meats beheld as they surveyed this alien landscape. Was it reality or just a series of dots to be connected into a definable equation? He claimed that he could objectively rate the fret patterns of Mark Knopfler guitar solos."

"That's bullshit." I said. "It's impossible to give form to the otherworldly sounds of Dire Straits. It is the music playing in a tek junkie's head as he crashes on the seat of his friend's car."

I'll always remember the time C and I were at the grocery store and a 4-year-old said she was ugly. Just say the word, C, and I'll give you a new body that conforms to this society's standards of beauty. I've got it encoded on this reel of magnetic tape. Did you know that human genes can be reconfigured with supersonic sound? We'll go out clubbing at Tech Noir where 80's techno never died, you in your new body and me in my Gloria Estefan t-shirt that I had to make myself on cafepress because apparently Gloria Estefan isn't cool enough for Hot Topic to put on a shirt. Then we'll go home and burn all our Nelly cds because we're 33 years old now and no longer have any use for the urgency and immediacy of Nelly's hard hitting street poetry.

Welcome to Mcdonalds. Come on in, Bub won't mind. This is the lobby where the Mcdonalds radio station always plays the same eight songs except it's actually one big song. A song about an internet writer who cried the first time he played Doom 3 because what he saw before him was his life as interpreted by a bunch of middle aged nerds masturbating to the Alien trilogy. My soul cube is glowing blue with emptiness and, even worse, apathy.

I'm looking out the window at a night sky that only a fellow aesthete could've made. I have to go to bed now which sucks because I detest sleep. Oh tiresome dress rehearsal for death, how much longer will you entangle me in hopelessness and prayers for meteorain? For those of you keeping track, this update is halo eighteen. Collect them all!

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Chapter 12

December

12.1 Bad Idea Clearing House 2004

Wednesday, Dec 01, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Although this update may seem to be in the style of one of those rambling Jed Kirchner updates where he compares the moment he lost his virginity to the time he found the perfect placement for the quad damage powerup in his imaginary *Quake 2* level, this is really just me getting rid of all the bad ideas I don't have any other place for. There's probably a good reason for that, but I'm not going to dwell on the very important negatives. If a bad idea won't stand up by itself, why not throw it in a pile with other bad ideas and call the whole mess a good idea? That's the concept behind Ozzfest and this update. As a result, this article is terrible and you won't like it but that's okay because I often forget to check my hate mail.

This is the wrong kind of turkey but it's getting high and it's a for little kids to color so how about that.

For me turkey is a flower made out of meat that blooms but once a year. While it is true one can acquire turkey products at any time, the actual act of cooking a whole turkey seems to come solely on Thanksgiving. The other turkey products, such as turkey TV dinners or turkey lunchmeat, do not taste anything like the meat you rip off the bones of an actual turkey. I have been pleading with leading meat industry people to change the name of this second rate turkey to something catchy like "all-purpose meat slivers," but my Upton Sinclair-like struggle against the forces of uncontrolled greed have thus far gone without reward. On the plus side I've discovered socialism and as a result I now have supernatural powers and my car gets better gas mileage.

It's been close to a week since Thanksgiving wrapped its filthy hands around my neck, and there are still chunks of real turkey sitting in my fridge. Turkey sandwiches were good for the first few days, but now the meat is taunting me. I'm getting angry at it, to the point where I'm contemplating taking dramatic action against it. In dangerous situations, my first instinct is to fidget with my bowtie so that when I die I look as respectable as possible. It's often then that I grasp the fact I don't wear a bowtie, let alone own one. When all hell breaks loose and I realize that I'm not ready to die, I come up with a cunning plan that often times involves making a skateboard out of some random object and then throwing it at my enemy. After that I'm at my leisure to run away, which I do so. In the case of a fridge full of unwanted turkey, there was absolutely no way to pull off any part of my danger awareness ritual and the evasive actions it triggers.

I suppose the best thing to do would be to find an alternative purpose for the excess turkey, like maybe make clothes out of it. I suppose you could also give it to the homeless but I hate the idea of being an enabler. I guess the best thing to do with leftover turkey would be to make some kind of modern art piece out of it, perhaps in the shape of a real live turkey, and give it to a vegetarian to show them that you made good use of the animal you helped kill.

I have learned all too well that there is no time to talk turkey in the fast paced action environment of *Adobe Counter-Strike*, a popular online shooter that lets players act out their horrifying terrorist fantasies of blowing up seemingly useless desert slums. When you try to talk to the other players about turkey, they often shoot you or call you an obscene name. It occurred to me that with the new Source Engine from Valve, my perfect mod idea could now be realized. Imagine if you will two teams locked in the kind of bloody conflict we often ignore on the TV screen. Get this: each team has their very own three-story house. I'm talking a really nice house, fully furnished, and with plenty of rooms and windows and maybe even a pool in the back. Well, the plot twist comes when

you realize that the houses can be driven like vehicles. So each team loads up in their house and they drive off to kill the other team's house. I can't tell you how inspiring it would be to see two beautiful homes circle strafing each other while bullets fly out of every window and players jump from roof to roof trying to inflict ultimate property damage. I think it would probably be the best mod ever and even better than that one imbecilic mod that combined the magic hero abilities from *WarCraft III* with *Counter-Strike*. Drivable houses are the future of gaming and that's pretty much a fact if you accept me as an empirical source. An alternative mod to this mod would be one where the houses can't be driven, but instead need to be furnished. Each team would rush to gather the most furniture from the center of the map and return it to their house before time runs out. In the end, the team with the most furniture in their house wins. But beware enemies that sneak into your house and destroy and steal valuable furniture. I think it's about time we had a deathmatch mod that appeals to homosexuals.

WHAT IS THIS A PRINCETON DEBATING SOCIETY? DAMN IT MAKES MY HEAD SPIN!

If I ever – and I stress the if – find a genie lamp and a genie pops out and offers to grant me three wishes on the basis that the first has to be me asking for the motion picture "The Final Countdown" to be turned into a TV series, I'd say that I don't need the other two wishes. In "The Final Countdown," the USS Nimitz is sent back in time due to a freak time storm to December 6, 1941. That's precisely one day before the Pearl Harbor attack in case you are not good at knowing things. The crew then has to decide whether they use their superior firepower to destroy the Japanese fleet, or if they hide and try to get back to the future as stealthily as possible. It's only fitting that this concept should continue to explore the myriad of time-traveling aircraft carrier scenarios out there. For example, what happens when the USS Nimitz goes back and time and accidentally intercepts Columbus on his voyage to the new world? Or what about when they have to fight dinosaurs? Some jets against pterodactyls would make for some fine drama if you ask me. There is also room for a lot of tense drama onboard the ship. I came up with a plot where Warren Lasky (Martin Sheen) decides to help out around the ship by starting the USS Nimitz's first newspaper. He then drives Commander Dan Thurman (Ron O'Neil) nuts by harassing him for scoops. Well, at this point Dan decides to give Warren a taste of his own medicine, and starts a rival newspaper. The duo end up as a team when it looks like Capt. Matthew Yelland (Kirk Douglas) is up to no good. Of course in the end they find out Yelland was only planning a surprise party for the crew, and Warren and Dan feel pretty stupid and agree to cut out the horseplay. God I hope I get some royalties for this so I can buy some of that laser eye surgery.

I just now realized that Bush is doing far more for our country in Canada than he ever did while here in our country. Maybe we should let him stay there and just go on without a president for a while. I think we can do it. Most kids get to stay home alone at a fairly young age, and this great land of ours is at least fifteen or sixteen years old by now in country years. I think we are responsible enough to live without a leader and Bush might find it easier to befriend Canadians than make tough decisions.

One of those big choices in life, like choosing whether to go pursue a GED or go with Gandalf to the Gray Havens, is when you have to decide the appropriate time and place to end a bad article. I choose now.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.2 The Scientology Holiday Gift Guide!

Thursday, Dec 02, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The Christmas holiday season really piles on the stress and frustration for all the hellbound non-Christians in America. I should know; I've experienced these hardships firsthand and am painfully aware of how difficult life becomes as we approach December 25th. Growing up in a town full of Catholics was particularly depressing for me since my parents are practicing Wiccans and baptized me as one during their "Ceremony of Infinite Glorious Fire and Blood" upon birth. While all the other kids in school were busy writing their Christmas lists and bragging about the high tech, awesome toys that were due to arrive under their trees in a scant few weeks, my parents forced me to harvest small bricks of unrefined ore inside Vex Thal. I don't mean to sound bitter, as if I harbor some kind of intense grudge against my mom and dad for giving me an oaken barrel full of leaves and pinecones every Christmas season, but I wish we could've had a normal holiday celebration at least a single time in my childhood, one that didn't force me to run through Queen Burrower's Gauntlet while reciting the eight Sabbats.

Scientologists experience a particularly painful holiday season each Christmas. While their friends and families are out celebrating the birth of Jesus Christ through the time-honored tradition of purchasing jewelry and eating at Applebee's, members of L. Ron Hubbard's church must spend 12 consecutive hours inside a "Thought Tunnel," a small closet full of paint buckets and mops, while a group of official Scientology representatives ranked level 17 or higher flip the light switch on and off, make ghost noises, and repeatedly bang on the door shouting "MOM'S COMING!!!" This procedure is said to help clear their mind of "conflicting conflicts," and if it doesn't additionally entice the participant to write a large check to the Church of Scientology, then they are strongly encouraged by armed guards to spend an entire day inside the Citadel of Deep Introspection and Diseased Bats.

So how can good Christians across this great country of whatever help the kind but religiously misguided followers of Xenu enjoy the miracle of Baby Jesus stealing pumpkin mix cans from the Three Wise Men? I feel that Something Awful, a site created with nothing but compassion and community service in mind, can help bridge the gap between these two religions and allow members from both groups enjoy the dynamic rewards each church has to offer. I have put together this official Scientology Holiday Gift Guide so selfless Christians can help spread cheer and good tidings to their brothers who would otherwise spend the holiday reading novels about alien dinosaurs taking over the Earth and forcing humans to change the oil on their UFOs.

FOR SCIENTOLOGIST CHILDREN

My First eMeter
HubbardCoIncLLCLtd
$209.99

"My First eMeter" introduces both children and mentally incompetent adults to the exciting world of Thetan auditing, also known as "the removal of ghosts" to people ignorant of L. Ron Hubbard's magical mystery mind. Get your children aged 1-7 detecting evil liar alien ghosts as soon as possible with My First eMeter, a fun toy both technologically advanced and crammed full of addictive fun! No, seriously, it's literally addictive; My First eMeter secrets a mixture of neurotoxins and alien spores every 10 minutes to ensure your child never loses interest with their fascinating and highly religious device manufactured to be both flame retardant and waterproof.

You'll never have to worry about Junior misplacing My First eMeter, as HubbardCoIncLLCLtd

engineers have programmed the device to emit a series of playful supersonic beeps and whistles capable of shattering glass and human eardrums miles away if the device has been inactive for 30 minutes. If mischievous little Junior ever attempts to purposefully or non-purposefully damage his My First eMeter in any way whatsoever, it will promptly punish him by activating the shiny Silver Shamrock decal next to the meter, causing his head to cave in and send out a lighthearted wave of scurrying beetles, snakes, and crickets from the mushy pulp previously known as his skull. This patented Silver Shamrock technology was created by L. Ron Hubbard in 1982 after his trip to Stonehenge, where he claims to have "bested a man-octopus in hand to hand combat" and "discovered important secrets to becoming a better dungeon master."

SCIENTOLOGY FUN FACT #7326: Before passing away in 1986, L. Ron Hubbard predicted the invention of Gatorade Frost: Riptide Rush, warning *"mankind does not stand a chance against the rehydrating, replenishing, refueling powers of Riptide Rush. For man... he was not meant to consume such blasphemous electrolytes in such vibrant flavors."*

FOR SCIENTOLOGIST TEENAGERS

The Hubbard MindPhone 2000
L. Ron Enterprises Universal
$599.99

Most of a child's development occurs during the toughest years of their life, the teenage years. Scientologist kids have to deal with peer pressure, conflicting emotions, sexual discovery, and the startling awareness that comes with learning we are all fighting a neverending battle against an evil galactic overlord who created Earth by dropping atomic bombs on volcanoes and shooting rockets full of headcrabs into crowded urban landscapes or whatever. Why not help a struggling teenager fit in with the "hip crowd" by giving them the hottest gift on any kid's wishlist this season: a new cellphone crammed full of the hottest new technological advancements and features! Thanks to Scientology's restless engineers "borrowing" technology from alien cultures and Cthulhu, the Hubbard MindPhone 2000 comes with an assortment of powerful tools guaranteed to ensure instant popularity for any teen lucky enough to own one. Check out this brief list of features that come with every MindPhone:

- Keeps track of every number you call and relays this information to Sea Org Branch #245 (Communications Division), a seemingly abandoned oil drilling station in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, equipped with surface to air missiles and black hole generators (used to keep the evil man-octopuses at bay).
- Keeps track of everything you say and relays this information to Sea Org Branch #639 (Monitoring Division), a seemingly abandoned research station near the North Pole, outfitted with automatic sentry cannons and anti-gravity L. Ron Hubbard heads which float around and monitor the surrounding 30-mile radius for intruders (penguins disguised as humans disguised as penguins).
- Keeps track of everything you do with the onboard 6-gigapixel camera and relays this information to Sea Org Branch #141 (Human Information Division), a seemingly abandoned Sears in downtown Independence, that has no defenses because, honestly, when was the last time anybody ever went into a Sears? Seriously, I don't think Sears has sold anything in over a decade. Their store windows are nothing but a bunch of television

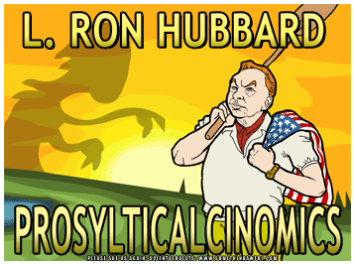
displays welded together showing a continuous loop of an actual home appliance shop in Iowa which went bankrupt in 1998.

- Thetan ID system lists the number of Thetans possessing anybody who calls you without Thetan-blocking software installed. When coupled with a MindPhone 2000 Mobile Auditing Unit (MAU), experienced Scientologists level 23 and up (saving throws against meteorite attacks required) may successfully de-Thetan-ize friends and family over the phone for the low, low charge of $59.99 every minute, or $100 per Thetan. Additional charges may apply, including the Living Human Being surcharge and the Pay Us To Not Make Your Phone Explode fee.
- Onboard 20 gig hard drive allows your phone to store and constantly update a list of those conspiring against you by making fun of your religion via email or crappy "humor" websites. Pressing *91 automatically sends a lawsuit to each and every person on this list, giving them 24 hours to remove offending material before a swarm of winged lawyers sweep into their residencies and immolate all family members with their laser eyes.

The Hubbard MindPhone 2000 comes with an assortment of cheerful ringtones including the hottest sea chanteys sweeping the Billboard charts by storm, and all your favorite L. Ron Hubbard Star Sound tunes such as "Muzambe Woman" and "The Perilous Caves of Tralfamadore."

SCIENTOLOGY FUN FACT #361: Upon being asked, "what do you stand for?" by a fellow Scientologist, L. Ron Hubbard looked up into the sky and pointed to the brightest star. "Do you see that star?" he asked. The man admitted he did. "I stand for everything which brought that star into existence." The man did not understand. "What do you mean?" he asked, curious for more information. "Shut up you cunt," Hubbard replied. "And clean my goddamn boat before I get my armed guards to beat the shit out you."

FOR SCIENTOLOGIST ADULTS



L. Ron Hubbard: Raw and Unreleased
Awesomely Scientology Publishing Eternal
$795.99 per book

Did you know that L. Ron Hubbard wrote over 6,362 books during his lifetime? Did you know that even after dying in 1986, he continued to pen over 84 full length novels, transmitting entire volumes of information through his Magic Soul Crystal? "L. Ron Hubbard: Raw and Unreleased" is a series of 20 or 30 books which appears to be constantly growing and multiplying in quantity virtually every hour. These full length novels have been put aside and reserved for a special release this holiday season, in memory of Hubbard's 40-foot tall mutant spider-giraffe hybrid "Squeaky" which recently passed away due to complications with childbirth. This set includes, but is currently not limited to, the following L. Ron Hubbard original masterpieces:

- Galaxy Space Attack From Outer Space: Here Come the Aliens (From Space)!
- Yar, Here There Be Robots
- Geneticology: The Key to Understanding Mankind's Craze for Velvet
- Galaxy Space Attack From Outer Space IV: Captain's Conundrum
- An Expert's Guide to Sea Chanteys for Beginners

- How About Some Hubbard In the Cupboard: 101 Easy Recipes for Bachelors
- One Man's Tribute to Bill Keane

Here is a free sample from one of Hubbard's unreleased science fiction novels, *The Computerized Robot,* a chilling tale about a robot MADE OUT OF COMPUTERS.

> Bill the Robot walked into the computerized cafeteria. There were a lot of robots there. Like 100. Maybe more. There were also a lot of computers. They were turned on. Except one of them was turned off. Bill the Robot walked up to Sarah the Robot who was sexy for a robot. They were the last two creatures on Earth after the nuclear war exploded everybody to death like watermelons in a microwave. EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE ROBOTS MADE OUT OF COMPUTERS! "Do you want to make out" said Bill the Robot to Sarah the Robot. "Yes I want to make out" she said back to him but then she said "but I can't make out with you because I'm a robot." "Okay you're right" said Bill the Robot. "But we are the last two creatures on Earth so how will we repopulate the planet after that nuclear war killed everybody?" "I don't know" Sarah the Robot said. "Wait we can create new and improved robots by using TECHNOLOGY" said Bill the Robot. "We can build robots MADE OUT OF COMPUTERS" said Sarah the Robot and Bill the Robot said "yes we should do that" and then they did that and this is a metaphor for our lives.

The Computerized Robot is approximately 1,034 pages long, although many scientists predict it will have grown to at least 1,127 by the time you read this.

SCIENTOLOGY FUN FACT #1553: L. Ron Hubbard's corpse is able to absorb living creatures into its pulsating mass, gaining key characteristics of that creature and absorbing its personality.

With your help, we can make this Christmas season truly a time of brotherly love for our Scientologist friends and family members, assuming their religious representatives will provide us with the address of the concrete bunker they are stored inside. Just keep in mind that Scientologists were once human beings like you and I, and despite the fact that they are now crammed full of ghosts and aliens and time traveling zombies or whatever, they still have feelings. Sure it's the feeling that they'd like to break open a newborn infant's skull and feast upon its brains, but it's still a feeling. If you're particularly generous, you can get me a Christmas gift as well, one that isn't made of maple syrup and various other essences of mother nature's limitless bounty. I swear I'm going to strangle myself if I have to dance naked around a fire to celebrate the goddess of nature one more time.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.3 Poker in the Rear, Fucker in the Dumpster

Friday, Dec 03, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Lindsay Dawn Riley was 220 pounds of woman shot out of some sort of monstrous pressure hose into a pair of jeans and a matching halter top that were so tight you could measure the overhangs in degrees of elevation. She spoke as if she were holding a grudge against the English language, a brogue-like mash of profanity, racism, colloquialisms, and bizarre words that I'm pretty sure she just made up. If she wasn't inhaling chances were that she was screaming or hollering and when she exhaled it could take heat tiles off the nose of the space shuttle. The night I met her she broke a grown man's nose with a haymaker and then lit her hand on fire to see how long she could take it.

It was 1998 and I was in Tucson, Arizona visiting a friend of mine. He had come down with a bizarre case of gangrene on his arm from an infected coyote bite he'd received while drunkenly trying to wrestle a wild coyote. He was convinced that he was going to die from it and spent most of his days lost in a drunken stupor. He was a violent drunk and by the time it fell on me to be the suicide watchman the guy's house looked like a battered spouse. Most of the windows were broken out and cardboarded, he had randomly ripped up carpet, and there were about twenty holes punched or smashed through the drywall in every single room. His house smelled like cat piss and he had never owned a cat in his life.

On top of all of that his doctor had prescribed maggot therapy to excise the chunk of rotted meat in his arm. Every day a nurse and a big Mexican guy in an Ocean Pacific tank top came and applied maggots to his arm. This involved the Mexican guy chasing my friend around his house, tackling him, and then holding him still while the nurse swabbed writhing white maggots under his bandages.

"Why you got to be so crazy?" The nurse asked rhetorically every day as my friend struggled against the headlock being applied by the Mexican.

I couldn't take hanging out with the guy so I had adopted the strategy of all truly caring and nurturing human beings; I made him drink until he passed out. Every afternoon at about three I would cruise over to the liquor store a couple blocks away and buy the cheapest plastic bottle of vodka I could find. At four dollars for a fifth "Yuri's Special" had more in common with kerosene than Ketel One. I would pretend to do shots with him until his head sagged down onto his bent-legged kitchen table. I'd check his pulse, suppress a gag at the way his bandage was moving, and then I'd head out for a night of drinking away my own sorrows at a much less life-threatening pace.

I had two options within walking distance of my friend's squalor; an All-Mexican blue collar bar and a biker bar called Pete's Junction that usually had at least one fight every hour, on the hour. Race fear kept me out of the Mexican bar the first few nights, but on my third night at the biker bar I got hit in the jaw with a thrown billiard ball that took a chunk out of one of my teeth. The guy who hit me claimed the ball was intended for the woman sitting next to me and I was too busy spitting blood and trying not to black out to really argue the matter. From then on I spent my time in the Mexican bar, a lone gringo ordering cerveza after cerveza until I would stagger out at last call. I can't really pretend to have bonded with anyone at the bar, but when they realized that white people are immune to racial epithets they stopped calling me "stupid fucking gringo" and just shortened it to "gringo".

During the second week of my visit with my maggot-eaten friend I stomped out for the night only to discover that my beloved casa de la intoxicación had been closed due to a grease fire. By "closed" I

mean that it had "burnt down" due to a grease fire. I wiped a solitary tear from my gringo eye and bid a fond farewell to the bar. I realized as I trudged away that it was time to permanently throw in my lot with the rowdy bikers at the other watering hole.

A night that began inauspiciously continued in much the same fashion when I arrived at Pete's Junction. Whimsy struck me as I approached Pete's and I decided to take out my frustration by kicking a rock down the road. My boot struck the stone, it sailed through the cooling night air, bounced off of the berm, and smacked directly into the skull painted on the side of a low rider motorcycle. The owner was not present, but a hulking biker in a leather vest that looked like something an S&M organ grinder monkey might wear decided to play patriarch to the parked motorcycles. He charged at me, his braided beard swaying like wind chimes, and shoved me to the gravel.

"Oooo fukken didems! Buke gonzer kibbuhew!!" He shouted down at me.

I wasn't quite sure what he was yelling, but I was reasonably certain that I could rule out helpful affirmations of my life choices. He produced what looked - in the dim light outside Pete's - to be an axe handle. It turned out later that what my lying eyes had really seen was him holding a shovel handle. I scrambled to my feet as he brandished it menacingly and he plowed forward, unconcerned with my invisible bubble of personal space. I backed away again and he raised the axe handle as if to strike me. I closed my eyes and awaited the inevitable, but when I opened them again it was to see that the meaty hand of Lindsay Dawn Riley held the business-end of the axe handle.

"He's with me you sack of shit hammers." Her elocution left something to be desired, but I could at least understand what she was saying.

"Ohm eh fukken fukkd upda byesal." The biker lowered his weapon. "If hewa ooo fuggetit."

Lindsay nodded to the man, smiled, and punched him square in the nose. The bigger they are, the more damage they do to the bike they land on. Lindsay laughed and slapped her thighs at the sight of the man tangled in a Harley with blood streaming out of his nose. Then her bright red lips turned down into a frown and she stared at me like I was a kebab.

"You owe me, nigger." She pointed out and then clapped her hands on my cheeks hard and gave me a friendly headbutt that left my vision dazed.

That night marked the beginning of a brief, but intense and fascinating symbiotic relationship with Lindsay Dawn Riley. Even in the dim light of Pete's I could see that she had applied her makeup like she was painting a billboard that said "FUCK ME". Unfortunately, no amount of base or concealer could hide her jagged half-rotten teeth or the dozens of extra pounds that ran amok on her six foot frame.

To say that she was not attractive would be entirely missing the point of her composure. Lindsay knew that she was repellent and she liked it. She was a voracious omnisexual predator who would grab a woman's ass as she walked by the bar and then turn and plant an open mouthed kiss on me that reeked of wing sauce and beer. She rarely went beyond groping and occasionally lifting up her shirt to reveal enormous, uneven, and well-veined breasts to an unsuspecting public. All the same, I never quite got used to her randomly grabbing my testicles and squeezing them like she thought she could make lemonade with enough pressure.

After pouring two and a half pitchers of draft down her gullet and chasing that with three shots of Jaeger Lindsay propositioned me.

"Nigger," she began eloquently, "want to go out back and fucker in the dumpster? I just got my period so put on a cow catcher."

I politely declined and told her that I had previous arrangements. She nodded sagely and threw up down her shirt. She reached for my testicles again but by then she was so drunk I easily dodged her pawing hands and made for the door.

"See you tomorrow, Sunshine." She threatened, a greasy film of puke shimmering on her fingers as she waved.

The next night Lindsay was waiting for me outside Pete's with her prominent backside resting on a windowsill. Her face was caked with powdered sugar and she was holding a half-eaten funnel cake folded inside a paper plate.

"Hey faggot!" She beamed and hopped up from her perch. "I saved you some."

I took the saliva soaked funnel cake and took a wary bite from it.

"Want to shoot a machinegun?" She asked.

Who doesn't? Maybe people with tinnitus.

"Sure." I said noncommittally, although the idea of firing a machinegun was thrilling.

With that one word I sealed my fate.

Lindsay drove us out to a junkyard outside of Tucson in her decaying Chevy Cavalier. She claimed that her brother ran the junkyard yet insisted that we climb up a pile of oil drums over the security fence. We used a disconcerting rubber mat she had in the trunk of the car to shield us from (most) injury as we rolled over the razor wire at the top of the chain link. She took me on a brief whispering tour of the haphazard heaps of smashed automobiles that included rummaging through several abandoned RVs, her prying the alternator out of a Cavalier of the same model year as her own, and her taking a pit stop at an old ice cream truck to urinate in its freezer.

Then she took me to the area she called "Sang Gillar" which I think was her trying to say "Shangri-La" and failing miserably. Ordered ranks of aircraft extended as far as I could see in the dark of night. Civilian planes first, ranging from dozens of rusty single engine prop-planes to huge jet liners missing their engines and frequently their wings. Beyond these was an even larger field of military aircraft. There were helicopters, fighter planes dating back to the Second World War, and more than a hundred decrepit bombers that I didn't even recognize.

The wing attached to the front two-thirds of a B-52 provided the shelter beneath which someone had set up a card table, rust-scarred boxes of machinegun ammunition, and a Browning .30 machinegun. It was wrapped in a powder blue blanket that Lindsay kicked to unfurl. Lindsay was already drunk when we got there and it took her half an hour to set the machinegun up on the card table. She instructed me to feed a belt of ammunition into the weapon while she dragged a cooler full of sun-hot beers out from inside the airplane. When she realized I was having trouble getting the machinegun loaded she ran towards me.

"Got you all distracted?" She shouted, pulling up her shirt to reveal her terrifying bosom.

I ran away from her, laughing at first, and then I realized that she was actually trying to catch me for Lord knows what reason. Her face was serious, her eyes wild, and with her shirt still held up the position of her arms and her waddling gait made her resemble a silverback gorilla. I managed to

conceal myself inside a cavernous jet engine resting alone on the desert ground until she grew tired of my antics and returned to the machinegun.

"Alright Gabby!" She crooned. "Camp town racetrack...five..."

Her voice slurred and I could hear the crick-crack of a beer opening.

"Get over here, nigger!" She shouted.

I reluctantly complied, afraid that I would be confronted with her bare breasts again. Instead I found her sitting contently on the bucket seat of a mini-van, the Browning resting on her lap, a bent cigarette between her pursed lips, and three empty beer bottles next to her. She motioned me over with a drunken swing of her head.

"This thing is all lubed up and ready to squirt." Lindsay extended it towards me. "Ladies first."

She launched into a profanity-laced lecture on how to set up and fire the machinegun at a series of paint cans lined up roughly a hundred feet away. Whenever I did something she didn't approve of she would squeeze my testicles. The third time she did it I slapped her hand away and told her to "fucking knock it off".

"Oh, ho, ho!" Lindsay exclaimed. "Piss and vinegar from the round eye. Let me show you how it's done."

With one meaty hand she grabbed the machinegun and pulled. With the other she covered my face and pushed. The result was that I fell onto my back and overturned the cooler full of hot beers and she claimed the machinegun for her own amusement. I hadn't even fired a shot yet.

"Watch and learn." Lindsay laughed, spitting her cigarette onto the ground.

It's pretty clichéd to say that time seemed to switch into slow motion, but it's true. I was acutely aware of every detail in that moment as Lindsay pulled the trigger of the machinegun. The way the gun was awkwardly cradled in her arms. The way a thin strand of tea-colored saliva was running from her open mouth down her chin. The way her left foot was resting precariously on an overturned beer bottle. The machinegun fired. The gun's receiver returned again and again and bright tongues of fire emerged from the barrel. I could see the smoke curling away from each ejected shell casing as they arced over Lindsay's arm.

I wasn't even paying attention to what was happening to the paint cans down range, I was too concerned with the deadly weapon being fired by this terrifying and half-crazy woman only a few feet away. It was the sixth or seventh shot when things started to go wrong. By then the recoil of the weapon had completely unsteadied Lindsay and as she stepped to brace herself - still firing, mind you - the arch of her foot came down on that beer bottle. She began to fall, still in slow motion, still firing, and the barrel of the gun swung in my direction. I was still on the ground propped up with my hands behind me when the barrel started to slowly turn down towards my head.

I felt a sharp pain in my thumb and knew with certainty that one of the hundreds of scorpions I had seen during my stay in Tucson had chosen that ironic moment to sting me. I couldn't worry about it yet. I scrambled away as bullets from the machinegun ricocheted loudly off of the B-52 at my back. I rolled, hopefully crushing that goddamn scorpion, all the while expecting to feel bullets cutting through me at any instant. Mercifully, Lindsay lost her grip on the machinegun entirely and the shooting stopped.

The air stank of cordite and my eyes were stinging.

"Something fucking bit me." I gasped, sitting up.

Lindsay was completely nonplussed. She kicked the machinegun out of the way and staggered over

to me.

"Show me, you big baby." I held up my hand and pointed to my thumb. Then I looked down at it for the first time.

The tip of my thumb, nail and all, were gone. Blood was running down past my wrist. I felt queasy. Lindsay laughed and gave my mutilated hand a high-five. She did a weird spin on her heel that showered me with loose sand. She stomped back over to where I had originally fallen and picked up a bloody hunk of meat and a three inch long shard of metal.

"Looks like the airplane bit you." She joked. "Put it in your mouth to keep it warm."

She shoved the tip of my thumb into my mouth and laughed again, then helped me to my feet. An hour later at the hospital the now black tip of my thumb had been reattached. I felt an intense throbbing pain there and I looked over at Lindsay, who was eating peanut M&Ms in the emergency room in violation of probably eight or nine health regulations.

"I can't believe you put it in your mouth." The doctor chastised. "You've dramatically increased your risk of septic infection."

"She told-" I began, but the doctor wasn't about to hear it.

"I don't care who told you to do it. Your entire thumb may become gangrenous and you know how we treat gangrene?"

"Maggots."

"Maggots." The doctor nodded.

Lindsay smiled at me, her rotten teeth studded with M&Ms and pieces of peanut.

"Maggots, nigger." She exulted.

Some time I may relate the story about how Lindsay Dawn Riley made me an unwitting accessory to armed robbery, but that's a tale for another day.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.4 Travels With Doogie

Saturday, Dec 04, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

Doogie Howser has just revealed the answer to life's biggest question on the stage of a rented hotel ballroom. The hotel is not a four star spread by any means, but it has one of those charming names like The Sunshine Inn or Moose Lodge to make you feel safe and cozy when you rest your head at night on a pillow that has been washed just enough to make the numerous semen stains imperceptible to the naked eye. A quick glance into the cramped ballroom from my post outside the door confirms that there are around twenty chairs lined across the pea green shag carpet for the audience. None of them are occupied. None have been for the past month in countless dumps almost identical to this one across the country. The man is so passionate about his cause that he pushes on regardless, confident that the ritual of presenting The Answer is enough in itself, even to an empty room. It's entirely mad yet somehow noble and infectious, and after all this time on the road with him I can't help but be swept up by it. Doogie catches my eye and storms toward the door, protectively holding the charts and graphs used in his presentation against his chest.

"Just what the hell do you think you're doing?," he asks. "You're supposed to be guarding the door, not peeking! I trusted you!"

"I've been guarding the door for a month now. A month. When am I going to get to hear The Answer for myself?"

"Ah, yourself. I see. Can't you understand that this isn't about you? This is bigger than you or I or that lady I saw on Montel who's so overweight she can't stand up or get through her doorway so they had to remove her roof and use a crane just to take her to play mini golf. The Answer doesn't need you. The Answer only needs a dollar for the vending machine down the hall with the brownies."

I give him a dollar and he returns twenty minutes later with bits of brownie in his hair, wearing a different pair of shoes which seem much too big to be his own.

"The brownie was sufficiently moist and delicious. You have passed the trial. Tonight we return to our room and you learn The Answer."

Finally. It's hard to believe that only a month ago I was in the comfort of my own home when his phone call stirred me from my sleep. He was out of breath and frantic at the time, and I assumed it was a prank call. Wasn't Doogie just a character portrayed by Neil Patrick Harris, and why would he call me of all people?

"I waived all possible future royalties stemming from reruns of Doogie Howser MD and in exchange they allowed me keep the name. I am calling you because I engineered a very advanced robot which can open up a phonebook and pick a random phone number faster than a human could possibly hope to. It picked you. You are obviously the Chosen One, you are destined to help me spread The Answer."

"That's some kooky mumbo-jumbo right there."

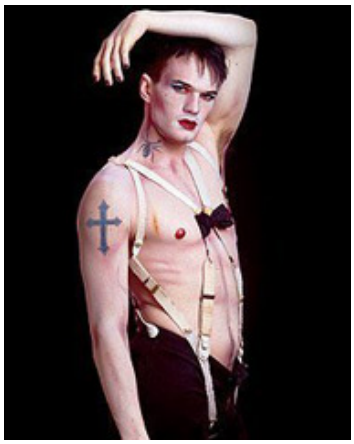
"No, that's science. Robots is science. Believing anything that deviates from what science has proven is mumbo-jumbo, Mr. Farrell. I have discovered the answer to mankind's greatest question. You are to meet me at the Cadillac Motel in forty five minutes. Do you have ramen noodles in your home?"

"Yes. Yes, I do but I don't see-"

"Chicken flavored?"

"Sure."

"Very good. Whatever you do, Mr. Farrell, do NOT bring them with you."



In the following days I would come to know the man's peculiar lifestyle and his dark science, which had produced the Phone Number Picker along with other inventions of questionable use. There was the Battery Drainer. The Electric Sponge. The Gravity Tester, a device that dropped an egg from a height of six feet every hour. All of these were composed of Lego blocks, sticks, and wads of newspaper, and some coughed from time to time. Doogie kept odd hours and had unpredictable mood swings, for that is the way of geniuses. He would put his copy of The Adventures Of Milo And Otis on a loop for days on end and watch it without moving a muscle or seeming to breathe. These depressing bouts typically ended with him bounding from his chair in a flash, purchasing a forty pound brick of marijuana and throwing it off an overpass onto unsuspecting traffic below. In these moments he was his happiest; I could tell by the cheerful face that had been gaunt and deathly mere hours ago, and by his raging hard-on. One night he confided in me that he went into these comatose states when there was a scientific problem he could not resolve, and the wild celebrations marked the moment his mind unlocked the mystery at hand.

I reflect on this all as we make our way back to the room and take a seat amongst his inventions. To my left is the Etch-A-Sketch where he records all of his findings, the bottom glued to a gyroscopic mechanism that keeps it from being turned on its side and erasing years of work. Could he have used that very device to record The Answer months ago in another motel room just like this? Had he gone comatose for days on end as I had witnessed myself so many times? The thought sends chills down my spine, and the Perpetually Frozen Pillow I find myself resting against doesn't help matters. Before I can move it, Doogie launches directly into his speech. He has never actually spoken it aloud in front of other people before, and he starts nervously. But in time he finds his stride and delivers it with true zeal and conviction. It changes my life, and it may very well change yours.

"Since man first emerged from the tar pits with a crude cell phone in hand, one question has burned in his mind. Through all of the progress we've made in countless areas to improve our lives, a gaping hole has remained within ourselves due to our inability to answer that question. What good is a longer and more convenient life if it only gives you more time to realize how empty that hole is?"

A few moments pass, and I clear my throat nervously. "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize I was supposed to reply to that."

"You weren't, it was a dramatic pause. The question we are all seeking an answer to is, of course: Who's cooler, Indiana Jones or Han Solo? I have found the answer to this using science and methods. I even thought about it while driving a car that had a computer chip in it. My findings are irrefutable. Let's compare the two. Indiana never goes anywhere without his trusty hat. Han never goes anywhere without his trusty space gun that shoots SPACE LASERS. Space. Lasers. Advantage: Han Solo. Indiana's motivations are research and knowledge. Han's motivations are money and getting into the pants of princesses. Advantage: Han Solo. Indiana Jones was played by Harrison Ford, while Han Solo was played by Harrison fucking Ford. Advantage: Han Solo. I rest my case."

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.5 Cowboy Spokker's Talk Radio Roundup

Sunday, Dec 05, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

I'm finally coming out of the closet. This should be fun and awkward.

I have a confession to make. This isn't easy to talk about but I'll try to work through it. A long time ago I realized something about myself. I'd say I've always known but never quite realized it. When I was in 7th grade I experimented in, how should I put this, abnormal activities for a boy my age. I fantasized about it everyday. And even though I felt ashamed, I kept on doing it. I eventually came to terms with who I was but could never really "come out of the closet" as they say. Eventually I got the courage to tell my parents. Last week I sat my father down and told him, "Dad, I have something to tell you." I could tell he already knew what I was going to say. He already knew what I did late at night, but I pressed on. "I don't want you to be alarmed. I know how you feel about this sort of thing but I need to tell you. I-" He immediately interrupted me, "I knew it! I knew it all along! Oh god. Are you really?! Oh Christ. I knew it!" I futilly pleaded with my father to calm down. Instead he got up from his easy chair and paced around the room. "All the pieces fit. The flamboyancy, the dresses, the parade of young men strutting in and out of your room on a daily basis. I should have seen it coming!" He was enraged. I started to cry. "You shame me son. You shame me, yourself, and this family. I thought I raised you right. I want you to leave and never come back. Get out right now." Unable to temper his escalating anger I hung my head in shame and left home. Although my father hates me now I am not afraid to tell you, my true friends, who I truly am.

That's right folks, I listen to talk radio.

I can literally hear the collective sound of thousands upon thousands of browser windows being closed in disgust right now. It's okay. I've learned to live with the stigma of being a talk radio listener. I get wierd looks on the street. My florist gives me the evil eye. My UPS man dreads delivering packages to my house. My parents won't even speak to me. I lost my job, my girlfriend, and my best friend. You may be asking yourself, "Why does he do it?" Well, I simply can't deny who I am anymore. I figure that if I come out of the closet it may give others the courage to do so as well. Education is the seed from which tolerance grows.Today I will teach you all about talk radio so that you may not fear it any longer.

Talk radio was invented in 1930 by a guy named John C. Anthony who was a disc jockey at some old time radio station. If you want to blame anyone for the train wreck that is talk radio it's this guy. He got the bright idea to ask listeners to call in and say what was on their minds. Unfortunately they had no way of putting telephone calls on the air back then so Anthony had to repeat what the callers said on the air himself. This resulted in a lot of people calling up and saying things like, "I am a moron with a big butt and my butt smells and I like to smell my own butt." They eventually got sick of people calling up asking for Bee Gees tickets so they stopped taking phone calls altogether. The general public was deemed too stupid to operate a telephone *and* think of something intelligent to say on the air at the same time so they were consequently banned from the airwaves. It was then that radio guys decided that they would only talk to eachother and not the audience. A lot of shows about economic policy and politics surfaced and, of course, no one listened. Radio audiences dwindled, instead opting to engage in such empty activities as spending time with your family or having sex with the wife. Then in the 80s an up and coming radio personality named Howard Stern farted into a microphone which would later be dubbed "The Fart Heard Round the World" and the

rest was history. Eventually the hosts became as dumb as the audience and the talk radio show was reborn. There were a few pioneers before Howard Stern but you wouldn't know who they are anyway.

I have listened to many talk radio shows in my day. I will describe them here in no particular order so that you may get a better understanding of what talk radio has to offer. Some of the shows I mention here are only aired in the Los Angeles market. If you live somewhere else then you can simply pretend to know what I'm talking about just like I do. I am also fully aware that roughly six people will enjoy this update and four of those people are me.

The Howard Stern Radio Show
Station: Syndicated by Infinity Broadcasting

Overview: A gargantuan half-Jew that dreamed of reinventing radio by talking to naked porn stars in-studio that the audience can't even see. His co-host Robin Quivers, who chooses to sit behind glass because she doesn't trust white people, laughs profusely from the sidelines because if she doesn't laugh at Stern's jokes she will be beaten. Artie Lange, who is living on borrowed time, rounds out the cast with his hillarious jokes about people with cancer and missing limbs. Howard Stern is the only guy in the world who could argue with his stupid driver about a goddamn limo for an hour and for that we love him. Soon after Howard Stern became popular many radio stations started airing "morning zoo" type programs that were designed to ride on the coat tails of Stern's popularity. Too bad none of them are funny and listening to them makes your penis recede up into your body.
Common Show Topics: What Howard did last weekend, Howard's thoughts on last night's episode of *Smallville*, Howard's thoughts on last night's episode of *Angel*, Howard's thoughts on last night's episode of *The Bachelor*, Howard's hair. He's a fucking woman!
Rating: Must-listen

The Tom Leykis Show
Station: Syndicated by the Lord Jesus Christ himself

Overview: Portrayed as a man's man on the radio, Tom Leykis enjoys his days reading the Wall Street Journal while sipping fine wine and listening to jazz. Radically different from his many fans who worship him as if he were Jesus, Leykis exploits his callers by ripping them to shreads on the air whenever they disagree with him. In doing so he recieves millions upon millions of dollars. What a goddamn genius. Leykis 101, which teaches men how to get laid for less money is like a money saving coupon for your penis. Advice includes not spending more than $40 on a date, never dating single mothers, and sticking your penis in a mayonaise jar when the goings get tough. Finally, dates for under $40. But why even spend that much? They have two for one specials in Vegas that are just to die for. During the Summer on Fridays Leykis asks listeners to turn on their headlights and if a woman sees them she's supposed to flash her breasts! This results in a lot of floppy breast accidents and disgusting aerola attacks. Stay away from the girls in the back of pickup trucks. You'll thank me on your wedding day.
Common Show Topics: Women are bitches, women are skanks, women are gold diggers, women are sluts, women are whores, etc.
Rating: Must-listen

The Conway and Steckler Show

Station: KLSX 97.1 FM in Los Angeles
Overview: Tim Conway Jr., son of comedian Tim Conway, and Douglas "Marsden" Steckler, 400 pound North Dakota native, host this three hour show that is the embodiment of Southern California. They are *the* local guys. It's quite possibly the most intelligent, enlightening, and entertaining show in Los Angeles. That is, until a hot sounding chick calls in. These two are suckers for the hot chick. It doesn't matter what they are talking about, when a hot chick calls in the show is immediately derailed into a lake which is then filled in by a rockslide that is then bombed by the U.S. Military. You can be the most drugged up hammered chick in the world and you could call up the Conway and Steckler Show and be on for at least half an hour, without fail, every time. If you happened to be on hold waiting to get on when a hot chick calls up you might as well just hang up the phone.
Common Show Topics: Stories that hint that Steckler is gay, How many hot dogs can Tim Conway Jr. eat in two minutes?, What the Hell Did Jesse Jackson Say?, Studs working out
Rating: Must-listen

John and Ken
Station: KFI
Overview: I have not listened to John and Ken in a long time but if their show is anything like it was a few years ago then they are still talking about Jon Bonet Ramsey. I would bet my grandmother's ashes that at any given time John and Ken are probably talking about some huge court case where it's really fucking obvious who did it, how they did it, and why they did it, but for some reason they feel like talking about it every single day. Today you could probably call it the Scott Peterson Hour with John and Ken. I'd bet the farm on it.
Common Show Topics: Scott Peterson sneezed today, Michael Jackson took a shit this afternoon, Kobe Bryant went out to get the newspaper this morning
Rating: Unlistenable

The Phil Hendrie Show

Station: Syndicated by Premiere Radio Networks
Overview: The first time I heard the Phil Hendrie Show he had on a guy who would stay parked in a parking spot at a crowded mall during the holidays if he noticed someone following him back to his parking space. The guy argued that he didn't like his parking spot being stalked and that he owned it and could stay there for as long as he wanted to. I eventually learned that his guests were all being voiced by him and designed to enrage unsuspecting callers, but I actually agreed with the fake guest! Even to this day I sometimes agree with what the fake guest is saying. Phil Hendrie is kind of like our own Truth Media but on the radio.
Rating: Must-listen

John and Jeff
Station: Syndicated
Overview: I have very little to say about John and Jeff. They do a great show and are all-around great hosts. All you have to do is look at a picture of them to know what they are all about.

These are some cool dudes.
Rating: Listenable

"Dr." Laura
Station: KFI

Overview: Jesus, where do I start with this one? This is what precedes the John and Ken show so you know KFI has a winning lineup on their hands. "Dr." Laura is an old bag who preaches morality and ethics yet wasn't above posing with her hairy snatch spread eagle for Bill Ballance's camera. If you actually decide to call up the good "doctor" and ask for advice be prepared to get a pile of BITCH thrown back at you. I don't think real doctors actually talk to their patients that way. Oh wait, "Dr." Laura isn't a real doctor.
Common Show Topics: The entirety of her show is her berating callers for making mistakes in life and then giving them bad advice. What a great doctor!
Rating: Unfuckinglistenable

Bill Handel
Station: KFI
Overview: Bill Handel is one of those stereotypical AM talk radio conservatives who feels that every problem California faces, from the poor economy to the scarcity of jobs to his incredibly tiny penis, are caused by illegal immigrants. Handel, who used to be a lawyer, is inherently evil. Most recently he is asking listeners to join him on a 12 day trip to the Galapagos Islands. What a treat! 12 DAYS ON A BOAT WITH THIS FAT BASTARD. Activities include seeing how many Galapagos turtles Handel can eat in three minutes, making illegal immigrants walk the plank, and monkey knife fights. His weekend show, Handel on the Law, is excellent however.
Common Show Topics: Illegal immigrants raped and murdered my mother
Rating: Listenable

Rush Limbaugh
Station: Syndicated by Premiere Radio Networks
Overview: Here is a guy who said that drugs are bad and that the people who use them should be thrown in jail. Of course, that didn't stop him from using DRUGS. You know, I think it's safe to say that any conversative radio host who speaks out against something is probably doing that very thing. The fucker also sells crappy chairs for $519 on his website. That's the same one I have and I bought it off some Mexican for 20 bucks! Any self-respecting person wouldn't be caught dead with a fucking EIB chair. If you are reading this and sitting in one right now I want you to take your own life with a butter knife. Limbaugh ended up losing his hearing and we thought that was the end of him but it turned out to be the DRUGS.
Common Show Topics: What?, Huh?, What did you say?, Speak up please, Sorry I can't hear you **Rating**: Unlistenable

The O'Reilly Factor
Station: Syndicated by Who the Fuck Cares
Overview: This fuckhead preached morals in entertainment and spoke out against gangster hip hop while sexually harassing his female co-workers. Wow, another AM radio dickhead who lost all credibility doing what he spoke out against. Who'da thunk it? The guy sells "The Spin Stops Here" doormats for $49.95 on his website. If you needed anymore evidence that this guy is a douchebag then there it is. Why don't you spin yourself off a cliff O'Reilly? Damn.
Common Show Topics: What color dildo should I get my assistant?, Recommend off-color jokes to bomard my female co-workers with, How many times should I stick it to my assistant tonight? Oh yeah, don't listen to to gangster rap! Those black song artists are evil!
Rating: Unlistenable

Computer News with Jeff Levy
Station: KNX 1070
Overview: Jeff Levy hosts one of those computer shows in which people who don't know what a computer is and try to have sex with it call up for basic tech support. Levy is a guy who believes that any computer problem can be solved by buying crappy anti-virus or anti-spyware software. No matter what problem a caller has Jeff Levy will not hesitate to plug some 30 dollar spyware program that probably contains spyware in itself. Never mind that the best programs for virus and spyware protection are free. I tried calling up and telling him about Spybot Search and Destroy and AdAware and his producers came to my house, roughed me up, and told me that if I ever tried that again they'd kill me. Over at Jeff Levy's website are computer lessons that teach hard to understand concepts and operations.

This Week's Lesson

Name	Title	Date
LESSON 352	APPLY DISPLAY SETTINGS CHANGES WITHOUT HAVING TO RESTART YOUR COMPUTER	12/05/2004

This is some really complex shit here folks! What would we ever do without you Jeff Levy?!
Common Show Topics: Lesson 501: How to turn on a computer, Lesson 69: How to find pornography on the internet, Lesson 123: How to use a toilet, Lesson 404123: How to move the mouse

Rating: Listenable

Frosty, Heidi, and Frank
Station: KLSX

Overview: Alright, I'm sick of writing this horrible article and my ass hurts from sitting here laboring over this steaming pile of crap and my cat is dying right now so I'll make this quick. Commonly called the "Triplets", The Frosty, Heidi, and Frank Show is all about making fun of the fat guy named Frosty. He is constantly insulted, made fun of, and goofed on and he takes it like a retarded puppy. He is a failed musician whose dream in life is to own an actual fork from the Titanic. I have no idea what these people talk about the rest of the time.
Common Show Topics: Frosty is fat, Frosty is a pussy, Frosty sucks, Frosty is gay. No matter what the topic is, we are constantly reminded how much this guy sucks for some reason.
Rating: Listenable

Los Angeles radio is as diverse as the people who live here. And like people, most of them suck, some of them don't, and the rest just sort of linger on until they die. I hope that this guide to L.A. talk radio was an eye opening experience for you all and that the next time someone tells you they listen to talk radio you won't hit them in the back of the head with a shovel. Those of you who live outside of Southern California are probably thinking, "I will never ever move there in my life." Good! We don't want you! For the rest of you, I really hope this update has taught you to enjoy talk radio as much as I enjoy having sex with men.

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

12.6 Sucks to Be You

Monday, Dec 06, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Being a human TOTALLY RULES!

Mankind has it made. We are truly leading the good life what with our cerebral cortex, opposable thumbs, complex languages, long term memory, and heat vision. Technically only Superman has heat vision, and yes, technically he is from Krypton and isn't human, but I think he's lived on earth long enough to be human by association. In addition to the incredible biological toolkit put at our disposal by evolution - or Odin if you happen to be a Viking - we have developed cultures and technologies intended to make our lives as easy as possible.

We've got DVDs, CDs, microwaves, air-conditioning, shotguns, automobiles, and the Blue Collar Comedy Tour to further increase the mind-numbing pleasure we experience at almost all times. What other species can make such claims? Maybe dolphins, but that's a big maybe, and they're the only other ones. Mankind has Netflix and Grande Lattes, grasshoppers are the prey of almost every type of bird and face starvation if too many of them are born in a given year. Mankind has Real Dolls and the Space Shuttle, raccoons eat our garbage and hope a stray dog doesn't catch them in the dumpster and decide to eat their head. Even man's best friend has been reduced to chowing down on processed horse rectums and performing tricks for our amusement in exchange for flavorless biscuits. Some people might try to tell you that their dog is a part of the family, but how many dogs do you think made it onto lifeboats on the Titanic? Five, tops.

I'm not going to get all mushy and PETA on you, but there are some animals that have an even worse lot in life than most. I would like to devote this update to these sadsacks of nature. It's a sympathetic tribute to the animals that have it so bad they should probably look forward to their ultimate extinction.

The Ant

Probably the most frequent victim of mankind's casual sadism is the common ant. We force agrarianism onto them for our amusement. Our children stomp them, destroy their colonies, and use a wide variety of implements to inflict grievous injury and death on their populations. Even historically the ant has been used or manipulated by mankind. We turned to them when we designed our great hive cities of the West Coast and whenever we needed an unwanted cowboy to be disposed of all we had to do was bury him up to his neck near an ant hill. Many scientists hypothesize that collectively ants form a greater intelligence than most mammals, possibly making them even smarter than retarded humans, babies, and the elderly. The fact that ant colonies may be surprisingly intelligent when taken as a whole makes our abuses of the ant community all the more terrible.

Ant love affairs combine all the tragedy of Romeo & Juliet with a giant magnifying glass.

When a human pours boiling water down an ant hill and kills hundreds of ants do the survivors truly understand the suffering of their kin and the monumental loss inflicted on the colony? Do the ants despair when their ant queen dies? Are there ever ant uprisings when working conditions become intolerable? Can ants really sing or is that atonal humming sound they make when they're nesting

in your ear canal just a byproduct of their movement? Do ants appreciate the quality gradations in the picnics they ruin? Do they prefer one pair of pants over another? Do they have high hopes when it comes to moving rubber tree plants?

Science may some day have the answers to these age-old questions. Until then, try to treat ants with a little bit of respect and maybe next time you're disposing of a cowboy you can dismember him and feed him down the garbage disposal rather than dumping your problems on the ants to solve.

The Beef Cow

A couple cows stand around worrying that they will be killed for kosher or halal meat.

Cows are big, exceptionally stupid, and would probably be extinct if it weren't for mankind. Honestly, how many wild cows have you seen lately? Even horses bust out once in a while and manage to scrape by. The only time you read about escaped cattle is when a pack of fifty of them wanders onto an interstate and causes a pileup. Instead of facing extinction cows are flourishing as a species thanks to their sweet and/or succulent flesh. A few lucky cows get off with being dairy cows, and although their lives are far from comfortable they certainly don't qualify for this list. For the rest it's the slaughterhouse.

What makes being a cow so shitty? I think the single most meaningful reason for why being a cow sucks so bad is that until recently cows ate other cows. All of the parts of a cow that weren't delicious enough to at least make it into dog food were being recycled back into the cattle feed. After a few dozen generations of this the cows started going crazy and falling all over and generally being spazzes. Angry spazzes that tended to die really quickly. Whoops, we done baked up a muffin tin full of Bovine Spongiform Encephalopathy, which bears a striking resemblance to the cannibal disease Kuru and can be transmitted to humans who eat the infected meat. Haha, I know, seemed like a good idea at the time.

Even luckier than your average beef cattle are your veal cattle. These are actually adorable baby cows that are intentionally crippled and force fed a high-fat diet to produce more delicious meat. Veal calves are also menaced with flashing lights and fire because fear further sweetens their flesh. Don't try to tell me it doesn't suck to be a cow.

The Bee

Imagine that you spend years and years building a house, only to discover that most other people living nearby find your house to be delicious and keep tearing rooms off to eat. Then imagine that your only means of defending this house is a gun that shoots you whenever you shoot someone else. Congratulations, you've taken your first step towards understanding the endless hell of existence that bees endure.

Bees are Mother Nature's shit basket.

Nature gave bees the vital job of pollinating flowers and then repaid them for doing this by having them make their houses out of sugar. Their suicidal sting is a further indignity.

The Mealworm

Being a mealworm TOTALLY EATS SHIT!

You can purchase 50 mealworms in a little paper cup full of sawdust for $1.99 at a pet store near my parent's house. I'm sure the right kind of person could come up with some truly dire uses for 50 mealworms, but the reason my parents buy them is to feed their turtles. The interesting thing about the mealworms is that they can be stored almost indefinitely in the refrigerator. The cold air shuts down their metabolism and puts them in a sort of suspended animation. When you throw them into the warm water the turtles are living in it takes about five seconds for them to wake up. It takes between ten and twenty seconds for the turtles to begin eating the mealworms.

That's quite an existence these mealworms have. Imagine that you're sitting in a big sawdust filled colony with you and your buds, just chilling out and being fat and hideous looking, when suddenly a big plastic scoop descends on you. You've heard about it through the grapevine but until now you've never seen the scoop up close. Before your simplistic nervous system can process what is happening you and 49 of your closest friends are riding the scoop express to the paper cup hotel. You and your buddies are just settling in to your new and much more modest digs when it starts getting cold. The cold makes you sleepy and the world around you begins to fade. Then you're awake. Warmth, floating, what is this wet stuff all around you? Hey, look at that big green thing! OH BUG GOD IT HURTS!

The lucky mealworms end their existence sliding down the gullet of a turtle in three or four pieces. The unlucky ones drown first. I don't really know what a mealworm in nature would grow up to be - based on how ugly they are I'm imagining a moth creature that looks like a skinless miniature vulture with wet leathery batwings - but they probably deserve better.

I think it's important to recognize that being an animal sucks really badly, because it can create a bridge of empathy between animals and humans. You know that squirrel that eats out of your bird feeder every other day and pisses you off? Don't be so mad at him, because his day is ten times worse than yours. He probably had a frantic life-or-death chase with a dog before you even rolled out of bed and ate a bagel. While you're half-heartedly masturbating to a TBS edit of "Wild Things" that squirrel is half frozen to death trying to stockpile his precious nuts for winter. The worst day in your life, where you were seconds away from murder and/or suicide, was still half as bad as the best day that squirrel has ever had.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.7 I Know Everything About Pets

Tuesday, Dec 07, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I own two dogs. If that isn't enough to prove that I know EVERYTHING when it comes to animal care, let me also reveal that I own TWO CATS! I AM THE MASTER OF MAMMALS!!!

I am the smartest man on the planet when it comes to pets. Those jerks on Animal Planet ain't got shit on me, because while they're out cleaning crocodiles' teeth with Windex, I'm sitting in my living room and doing real world stuff that actually matters, such as scooping up links of dog shit scattered like a long dotted line across the carpet, or using a canoe paddle to pry insane kittens off the drapes. Every time there's something wrong with our pets and my fiancee forces me at gunpoint to make a stop at the veterinarian's office, I confidently shake my head and say "oh, I already KNEW THAT" during every point in his diagnosis. I'm like the horse whisperer, except I only whisper to non-gay animals. Sometimes when I pet my dogs, their thoughts and emotions come rushing into my brain like a flood of psychic cola from the broken Taco Bell drink fountain of desires. "What's that?" I ask my female Golden Retriever as I learn her most heavily guarded secrets and desires. "You enjoy eating food? You would like to eat food? You would like to eat food THIS VERY MOMENT?!? COME ON GIRL, LET'S GO EAT FOOD!!!" Then I throw her outside because I know what's best for animals, and judging by all my past experiences, feeding dogs is just about the worst thing anybody can ever do because it just encourages them to keep on acting all annoying and hungry.

Since it would be selfish of me to hog all this valuable information and refuse to disseminate it amongst the fine and fantastic future criminals on the Internet, I have decided to write up a little guide to everything about pets, assuming the word "everything" means "three things." In today's column, I will cover the most common questions and misconceptions regarding pet ownership of both dogs and cats. You should take all the information here directly to heart since everything you are about to read is 100% factual, uncontestable, undeniable truth handed down by the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. If somebody claims my advice is "bad" or "stupid" or "will get you arrested and possibly killed," then you should cut off all ties with that individual and move into some kind of underground concrete fallout shelter. Don't bother taking any food or supplies with you, simply print out copies of this article and stare at them all day and night until you are haunted by visions of undead vampire babies. If your friends or family ask what you're doing, lurch towards them and shout "INTERNET!" before shielding your eyes and scurrying off into the darkness. Trust me, they'll understand.

The face of the enemy. Although he seems sleepy and peaceful enough here, behind that giant wall of skull lies a brain the size of a nickel, constantly barking out commands like "CHEW THIS WOOD" and "BARK AT NOTHING FOR SEVEN STRAIGHT DAYS!"

QUESTION: *My puppies are chewing up everything! How do I get them to stop?*

ANSWER: Unlike cats and, to a lesser degree shellfish, dogs are extremely rewarding animals to train. If you spend an ungodly amount of time reprimanding your dog when he does something bad, praising him when he does something good, and acting indifferent when his just kind of sits there

and stares straight forward at absolutely nothing for nearly an hour, you will wind up with a very disciplined and controlled animal. This is very important because the average untrained dog will relieve himself all over your carpet, tear up all your personal belongings, and dig until he reaches the foundation of your house. Of course the average trained dog will still all do this as well, but the big difference is that he'll pretend to look all guilty and ashamed when you catch him in the act, and that will make you feel a lot better when you're screaming obscenities at him and piecing together remnants of your torn-apart AIDS quilt that your pet shredded to display his protest of Africa's failure to contain the outbreak.

Puppies chew on items for three primary reasons:

1) Their teeth are just growing in, so they are very tender and sore and commanding them via morse code to chew on everything you own.
2) The puppy is bored and, due to the lack of opposable thumbs, cannot entertain himself by playing *Katamari Demacy*.
3) Your pet hates you.

Polly, the female, is evil as well.

The average canine teething process begins when they are about four weeks old and lasts until they are about four weeks dead. There is absolutely no way to stop a determined dog from gnawing through clothing, wood, concrete, steel, alien alloys, rock, and any other non-electrified solid which isn't lined with spikes or tiny explosives. I own two Golden Retrievers named "Polly" and "Speedy" who still chew through my fence despite the fact that they are over a year old and have absolutely no rational reason whatsoever to eat mass quantities of wood. I can remember the first joyful moment I walked outside and discovered that my back deck had a large section of it missing, replaced by a giant wet divot festively decorated with teeth marks. Being a naive (and highly sexy) young pet owner, I said to myself, "boy! I should pour some of that sour apple training crap all over my deck and then maybe they won't chew it!" Folks, the sour apple spray won't slow down a determined dog. Training a dog to stop chewing by pouring sour apple on everything you own is like trying to knock a 747 jet plane out of the air by throwing toothpicks at it; you're not going to accomplish anything, but you'll look like a tremendous jackass in the process.

There really is no coherent way to prevent playful puppies from burrowing through your furniture and cabinets with their razor sharp Critter-esque teeth; all you can do is adopt a "distraction policy" to keep them from destroying things you truly love. Go to a garage sale and spend $20 on some beat up, crappy wooden chairs and table manufactured by slave labor robots in Mexico. Place this furniture in a location your pet frequently occupies, such as the kitchen or your wife's grave. Casually remark in a somewhat loud voice, "boy, I sure do hope nothing bad happens to this new furniture I just bought! I love this new furniture I just bought! I would hate for something to happen to this new furniture I just bought! Because I just bought it!" By the time you finish reciting the second sentence, the table and chairs will have already been halfway digested by your dog. Now just repeat this process for the next two years or so and you'll be set!

Some folks claim that you can buy these things from a pet store called "toys" which dogs conceivably chew on and tear apart, thereby distracting them from chewing on and tearing apart your son's leg. Whenever some brash young upstart suggests I purchase something like that, I can't help but laugh in their face. Everything in the world is a toy to your dogs; they see absolutely no difference between

a rubber pink chewable ring and your new peg leg! Besides, dogs don't chew just for the sake of chewing, they do it for the emotional payoff of seeing you approach in the distance, squinting your eyes and asking, "what are you chewing on?" shortly before realizing a majority of the new stereo system you just purchased is passing through the digestive system of an animal who just finished dining on an all-you-can-eat buffet of his own feces. Dogs love that moment, the exact instant their deviant behavior penetrates your brain and causes you to adopt a look teetering between horror and fury. I dub this event the moment of "gnawareness," the transition from confusion and uncertainty to comprehension and anger after discovering your pet puppy has ingested a good majority of your new shoes. There really aren't too many ways to avoid experiencing gnawareness, except perhaps sealing your puppy in a layer of carbonite for several years like Han Solo, who later went on to have his wife killed by a one-armed man, so the benefit here is fairly debatable.

SPECIAL BONUS PRESENT: Check out this seven-meg video of my cats wrestling with each other as the theme song from *Streets of Rage* plays in the background. If you've ever wondered what kind of conditions I have to put up with every day, well, here's your answer, ladies.

QUESTION: *My cats are being mean to me and my baby! What the hell is wrong with them?*

Kit, otherwise known as "the defendant."

ANSWER: Cats are like the cold, emotionless computers that powered SkyNet in the "Terminator" series of movies, only they aren't quite as efficient in the field of "human killing." ***Yet.*** Most people who own cats do so because they are much more low maintenance than dogs, and for the most part, this is true. Cats do not need to be walked. Cats do not need to be pet. Cats don't even need to go outside unless maybe your house is on fire and you need something soft to land on when jumping from the second-floor window.

Unfortunately, cats still possess a limited set of feelings including the very potent emotion dubbed "utter contempt for you." Scientists are working around the clock to genetically engineer a feline lacking this, the evil part of their brain, and once research is complete they will begin selling this animal from respectable alleyways across the globe. If you want to purchase one in advance, simply do an eBay search for "STUFFED / MOUNTED CAT." If you want to find the high-end model, then add the keyword "L@@K!!!!!" to your search as well. Even though felines hate us and wouldn't flinch if all humanity was spontaneously wiped out by the top secret missiles they are personally developing, they still expect their owners to display futile attempts of affection towards them. There is an unwritten rule among cats dictating the following:

1) Under no circumstances should you seek affection,
2) But you should always get angry when you don't receive it.

Cats offer the same emotional rewards as adopting a toaster, except toasters occasionally do what you ask them to do. Despite the fact that you'll provoke absolutely no emotional response from a cat, they still expect you to perform your civic duty and attempt to make them happy, even though the only way that could possibly happen is if you had a stroke and died right in front of them, shortly before your chest explodes and showers the room with fresh roasted chicken. When you fail to fail to pet your cat, they often get angry and hold a grudge against you. Fortunately, it's nearly impossible to differentiate between a normal cat and a cat with a grudge against you, so it doesn't really matter all that much in the long run. I own two cats, named "Cat" and "Kit," and the only way I can tell if they want to kill me at the moment is by seeing if they are awake or not.

Cat, otherwise known as "the plaintiff," getting ready to square off with his arch-nemesis.

One of the easiest ways to piss off a cat is to bring a new baby into your household, either through childbirth or through kidnapping. The cat will feel jealous and angry that his territory (the entire world) has been violated by some fat little newcomer. He will take out these hostile emotions on both you and the baby, sometimes refusing to speak to any of you for days at a time. While you, as a grown adult, have the ability to defend yourself from your jealous pets, your dumb, fat, retarded baby probably doesn't unless he was born with a handgun of some type. Make sure your baby and his crib are safe from your cat's righteous fury, possibly by lining his crib with barbed wire and hiring armed security guards to erect manned guntowers around his room. Behead neighborhood cats and impale their bloody, rotting skulls on pikes outside the door, accompanied by signs that say "YOU'RE NEXT." Your cat will eventually get over his anger and begin acting friendly when your baby is old enough to legally drink.

QUESTION: *I own a dog / cat and I want to buy a cat / dog. How do I make these two different species of animal get together?*

ANSWER: Although cats and dogs have been unfairly portrayed by various cartoons as being mortal enemies hellbent on destroying one another, reality couldn't be further from the truth. Actually I have no idea what the second part of that sentence means, I spent about 20 minutes just sitting here and trying to remember what the correct colloquialism was, but I came up absolutely nothing. I offer my sincere condolences to any unfortunate reader out there who was expecting me to both write and make sense at the same time. My point is that cats and dogs can get along perfectly fine as long as you go out of your way to create a loving and comfortable environment which promotes friendship, like a room full of fluffy pillows and ice cream sundays and blowjobs. Here are a few dos and do nots to consider when integrating pets from two different species:

DO:	**DO NOT:**
Encourage friendly behavior by giving your pets treats together and rewarding them for staying in the same room without removing each others throats.	Throw fireworks and broken glass into the room while spraying mace into their eyes.
Introduce pets to each other at the earliest age possible. Like if you find a pregnant cat and you plan on adopting one of her kittens, take your dog's head and shove it up her vagina so he can see his future friend. Just don't let him eat anything inside there because chances are it's pretty dirty.	Wait until your dog is sleeping and then throw the new kitten onto his head while shrieking "HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!" If you absolutely have to throw a kitten on his head, at least cover it with lubrication first, so it will harmlessly slide off.
Adopt friendly, non-territorial breeds which will not try to constantly fight for dominance with each other.	Have sex with your cousin at a funeral. Boy was that a bad idea; he didn't speak to me for like two months after that.

If you are so ignorant to mistakenly believe I don't know what I'm talking about, let me present to you some irrefutable evidence that will hold up in every court of law this side of the Pecos, as

well as the other side of the Pecos, and any other Pecos sides that might've accidentally slipped off my mind today. Download this wonderful 7-meg video of my cats expressing their eternal love and admiration towards one another in a way so beautiful, so majestic, that only my cats could do.

I hope today's column has answered some of the most common questions for all you pet owners and future pet owners out there. In the rare chance that it didn't, please feel free to buy my 200-page instructional guide to owning pets which I plan on releasing around Christmas of next year, entitled "OH GOD MY FACE, MY FACE, HOW DO YOU REMOVE THESE BLOODY TALONS FROM MY FACE?" My veterinarian is lobbying Congress to prevent me from publishing it, but that's alright because I knew he was going to do it.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.8 Stem Cells Are More Sacred Than Life Itself

Wednesday, Dec 08, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This is not a stem cell, stupid person!

One of the minor issues that made waves this election was that of stem cell research. A lot of people, mostly the dying and those emotionally attached to the dying, have been championing the cause of legalizing stem cell research, which was outlawed by God in one of those crazy Biblical passages that was probably actually about something completely unrelated. Because most people lack a clear understanding of the stem cell issue in all its forms, I'm dedicating this update to tackling the topic as in-depth as I possibly can. In writing this article I did extensive research, conducted field interviews, and set up several scale models that not only followed the scientific method, but also incorporated a wide array of G.I. Joe and Cobra action figures representing the different types of stem cells.

What are stem cells?

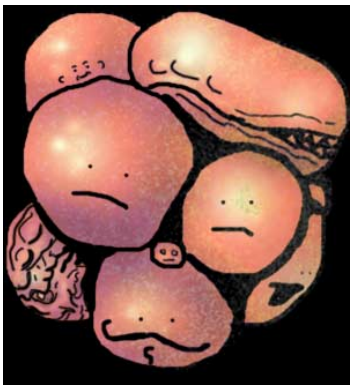
Stem cells, as everybody knows, are tiny cells from which all other cells derive. Think of stem cells as people before they go off to college, rack up an elephant's rectum worth of student loans, get stuck working as an accountant, and ultimately end up developing a raging case of alcoholism to cancel out the continuous misery caused by unwanted children and a nagging spouse. Stem cells don't hate themselves or work as comedy writers on the Internet, so they are more pure and useful than regular cells.

Purity is the key concept there. As we mature as humans and gain a greater awareness of evil, these kindly stem cells die off and go to stem cell heaven, leaving specialized cells to endlessly work themselves to death in pursuit of sin.

Stem cells come in multiple forms including embryonic stem cells, adult stem cells, and a third variety found only in hot dogs.

Where do stem cells come from?

The Big Bang played a big part in it, but mostly they come from human embryos, which are more valuable than gold because most religions have a land deed entitling them to half of what's in your womb.



A depiction of a stem cell by a skilled artist. A stem cell could literally develop into anything, including an astronaut.

■ **Why are stem cells sacred?**
Embryonic stem cells, the most versatile flavor of stem cell, come from only one source: babies. Embryonic stem cells come from tossing infants into giant meat grinders and collecting the results in special scientific buckets. Actually, they come from a lump of cells that could have grown into a baby if not for science intervening without the express written consent of God.

Many also fear that stem cell research could lead to scientific breakthroughs that would enable gay people to have sex, thus making the issue all the more controversial and important to bog down with needless debate.

■ **What can stem cells do for me?**
It is the insane theory of scientists that stem cells could be used to repair and reverse the damage done by many popular diseases. In this regard, stem cells could save a whole lot of lives and give Michael J. Fox a shot at a new "Back to the Future" movie, if not a new "Teen Wolf." So, if you are dying of a disease, there is the chance that stem cell research could one day lead to you being cured. More than likely, however, this cure will be discovered a week after you die from, of all things, a shark attack. It is also possible stem cell research could undo any damage caused by smoking, therefore allowing endless smoking so long as the baby well never runs dry.

But really nothing can be done until religion stops telling science what to do. The sooner religion learns to mind its own business, the sooner we can have a utopian world free of diseases and full of cloned slaves and robot thought police.

■ **What won't stem cells do for me?**
Stem cells cannot be used to cure bedwetting or enlarge your penis.

■ **Where can I get some stem cells?**
It is best to wait for nightfall when we herd the naïve Eloi into the dank bosom of our underground kingdom. We will devour them whole, claiming their stem cells as trophies in our unholy war against the surface.

■ **Are there any dangers associated with stem cell research?**
If a scientist accidentally spilt a bunch of stem cells on the floor, he could slip and fall. Also there is a chance Michael J. Fox might get his hopes up too much, and that would bum us all out.

■ **Given that stem cells eat time, is it wise for scientists to experiment with them?**
One common misconception is that stem cells and Langoliers are one in the same. Langoliers are creatures that eat time and can often be seen if you fly a commercial jetliner into an aurora borealis and end up stuck in the remains of the past. Again, the two are completely unrelated.

■ **What can we do with adult stem cells?**
Tell non-scientists that we can't do enough with them.

■ **Why do all scientists hate god?**
Because they are mentally ill and are unable to experience true love. Thusly they cannot feel the Lord's warmth inside them, and this drives them to murderous extremes.

■ **What are some positively true facts about stem cells?**
Jesus Christ, our lord and savior, died not just for our sins, but also for the sins of every stem cell.

Once a stem cell becomes specialized it is locked into an exhausting career that will eventually end in death. That's right, each cell will literally work until death. There is

> no hope of a cell ever escaping this fate. As above, so below, you will do the same in your life. Have fun!
>
> It is plausible that stem research could one day lead to Christopher Reeve being posthumously cured. Unfortunately, any actual posthumous walking would require the aid of special puppet strings or an extremely high dose of radiation. Either way, we're looking at a pretty awesome parade.
>
> Popular novelist J.D. Salinger started his existence as a bundle of stem cells before writing "The Catcher in the Rye."

Because I do not understand the sanctity of anything, let alone life, I am greatly in favor of stem cell research. I'm not personally dying of anything yet, but I expect to one day be rewarded with several diseases as part of my choice to live life as a jerk. If we don't have a problem bombing, starving, or exploiting kids in foreign countries, I see no reason for us to be concerned with the well being of pre-humanoid goop. That goop could possibly save lives, so in the end it balances out. If God disagrees with this action, then I don't see why he couldn't personally intervene. It sure would solve a lot of problems if he did.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.9 The Big Hollywood Meltdown

Thursday, Dec 09, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

If my bill is passed, half of Hollywood will live in here. The other half will be in the ocean.

Ladies and gentlemen, it has come to my attention that southern California contains an untapped source of unnatural resources simply sitting there and going to waste as we, the American public, ignore the problem by watching our reality television shows and drinking our liquid margarine protein shakes. While half the Earth starves to death in their mud-strapped, sun baked huts of rancid squalor, a virtually limitless supply of crucial building blocks continue to literally walk around right underneath our noses.

Today I realized southern California, Hollywood in particular, easily has the potential to become the world's first and foremost plastics recycling center if they just took a few cheap and easy steps to melt down their biggest waste sources - Joan Rivers, Cher, and Phillis Diller - and transform them into valuable new resources such as PVC piping, CD cases, and office accessories.

Now before anybody accuses me of promoting murder, let me make one thing clear: the definition of "murder" requires the death of another human being. Not a single shred of humanity resides in Joan Rivers anymore, and scientists declared long ago that Rivers has more in common with a highly developed wad of Bazooka Joe bubblegum than she does with an actual living human. The California judicial system seems to agree with them; last summer, when Rivers' limousine was blindsided by a drunken driver, they declared she could not sue the driver of the other vehicle for her injuries treated in a hospital, instead claiming her insurance company and medical team owned more of her body than she did. This all worked out fine, as Rivers was escorted to a nearby Jiffy Lube where they not only repaired her ribcage and right arm, but additionally cleaned and rotated her gall bladder.

Let's face facts, people: nobody can remember the last time Joan Rivers, Cher, or Phillis Diller ever did anything of worth or value. I mean, what are they? They don't really sing anything anymore, so they aren't musicians. They aren't constantly on movies or television. They just kind of show up whenever something important is happening and the media, interested in an interview with Gumby's relatives, approach them and begin asking their opinion on popular events such as President Bush's reelection and if they'd like to star in a reality show that revolves such hard-hitting topics as "owning a pet" and "going to the store." The only reason these three cybernetic mannequins haven't died yet is because Mother Earth refuses to accept their artificial corpses into her womb, opting to coldly reject them back into the realm of the living each and every time they experience a brush with mortality. Check out these brief bios I put together on each of these so-called "Hollywood stars" and try to convince me one of these three plastic divas has something to offer our culture besides their ghoulish grins of despair.

CHER

Born: May 20, 1945
Full Name: Queen Muleface Beetford III
Fun Facts:

- Used to have a successful music career until the mineshaft of plastic surgery in her mouth collapsed, trapping five workers and making it physically impossible for her to ever open her mouth. All food and drink is ingested through a special "feeding tube" through her larynx. This tube has ports for both Firewire and USB.
- Starred in the 1985 hit drama "Mask," a touching story about a boy attempting to overcome his horrible and grotesque facial deformity. She played the part of the mask.
- Upon hearing a series of strange sounds behind her in a nearly abandoned office building, Cher was able to hide and avoid being mugged by turning into liquid metal and taking on the form of the black and white checkered floor around her. Additionally, she won a free cup of coffee that day.

JOAN RIVERS

Born: June 8, 1886
Full Name: Sassy Sunshine Malone
Fun Facts:

- Not only provided the voice of Miss Piggy's co-worker in the 1984 movie "The Muppets Take Manhattan," but also donated key parts of her central nervous system to the animatronics crew.
- Thanks to her recent implants by OCP, Rivers is not only able to shatter glass with her shrill, harpy-like voice, but she can now reassemble this broken glass with her laser eye beams.
- Has agreed to host this year's Golden Globe awards with her daughter Melissa, where she will ask just hard-hitting and humorous questions as "hello" and "how are you?" and "have you seen my face?"

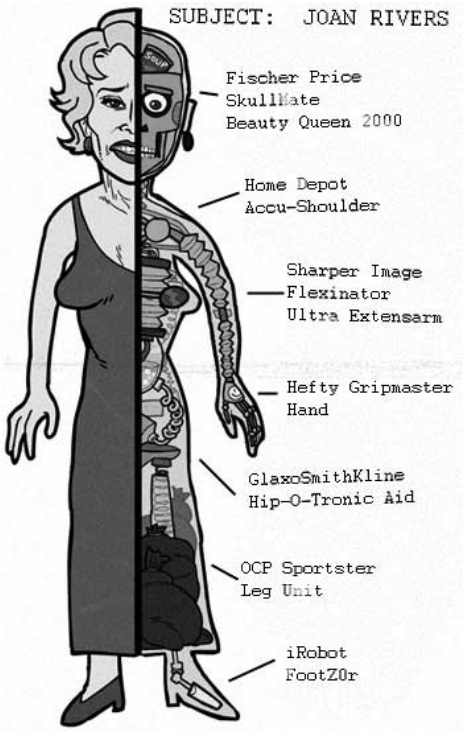
PHILLIS DILLER

Born: Indeterminate
Full Name: Lucifer
Fun Facts:

- Once swallowed an entire star system to punish the residents of a single planet.
- Had her hair replaced with fiber optic filaments manufactured by the Israeli Army in 1997, each strand strong enough to bend a railroad spike. The neural network linking these strands went down around June of 2003, causing them to grow out of control and constantly reach out for nearby life forms to probe for weaknesses and ultimately strangle them to death.
- Has a series of implants in her chest which can cast both LIT3 and FIR3.

Despite the fact that nobody in this terrible trio has accomplished anything of value within the past few decades, if not eons, they still maintain some sort of celebrity status for reasons unknown. Why? I cannot think of a single noteworthy thing any of these people have done offhand, besides marry people who killed themselves in a last-ditch effort to free themselves from their wive's undying

stygian horror. The only noteworthy thing about these people is the amount of raw plastics and man-made alloys inserted into their bodies every day to fight the rapidly advancing army of time. Take a look at this recent x-ray of Joan Rivers if you don't believe me:



As you can see, there is more machine than man inside the taut, stretched proto-Apligraf exterior. Since these plastic Hollywood personas have absolutely no function or relative worth to society anymore, why don't we just toss them into the fiery pits of a recycling station and use their innards for good instead of evil / talk show hosting? Did you know that for every celebrity you melt down, you can create:

- 17 seed trays
- Nine license plate frames
- 308 plastic grocery bags
- Half a garden / tool shed
- 11 Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle "Deep Diving Donatello" action figures

So ladies and gentlemen, please do your part and help me lobby Congress to melt down a celebrity today. Have you found some Hollywood has-been who hasn't-been anything in the past 10 years? Torch 'em! Know of some movie star who can't find a decent script or, worse yet, discovered Scientology? Toss them into the fire! The only way we can insure these ex-stars are never given their own reality shows and permitted to torture us for countless more years is by escorting them into the plastic-burning inferno of righteous recycling, converting their man-made bodies into a valuable resource and finally allowing them to give something back to society. You'll thank me the next time you purchase a DVD, examine the case, and notice its five-inch long eyelashes winking back at you. Better yet, you'll thank me when you realize your future children no longer have to grow up in a world inhabited by Carol Channing, assuming she hasn't already consumed their souls.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.10 We're All Gonna Be Dirt in the Ground

Friday, Dec 10, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Losing a fetus to birth defects or complications is one of the most tragic things that can happen to a family. It is relatively common and tens of thousands of prospective mothers in the United States lose their babies every year. They solemnly face the fact that the child they had hopes and dreams for has no bright future, no light of life. They grieve and they move on. At least most of them do.

On Monday I posted an Awful Link of the Day directing our readers to a site called "My Beautiful Angels" on which a distraught mother had created a shrine for her departed babies that included buying them beanie babies every year on their birthdays. The site included fairly disturbing images of the dead babies as well. Our callous readers barely even gave the site a moment's consideration, but the mother responsible for it belonged to some sort of mothers of miscarriages webring and word spread far and wide. The mothers were fairly understandably upset and construed my mocking of the woman's website and her behavior there as a general mockery of stillborn fetuses.

They flooded my inbox with over a hundred messages. I began skimming through them later the next day and discovered that angry mothers of dead babies have much in common with angry furries, angry Insane Clown Posse fans, and angry sexual deviants. The key difference is that the dead baby moms mention "karma", "God", and "burn in hell" a lot more frequently than ICP fans. They wished I would die, they threatened to beat me up, throw me in jail, they threatened to sue Something Awful, and they hoped that I had a dead baby myself. I had initially reacted with a little bit of regret, and I took down the photograph of the dead babies we had up on SA. But this only intensified their outrage and the venom continued to froth out of their broken holes.

Realizing that it was impossible to reason with them, I did the only other thing I could; I fought back. Sensitive readers, parents of dead babies, and those of you who don't like to look at pictures of corpses should not read this update under any circumstances. Now, before I dive headlong into these emails I would like to reiterate that most people who have miscarriages or stillborn babies deal with it without sinking into a narcissistic need for endless sympathy that utilizes pictures of their dead infants and the creation of appalling Internet shrines. I sympathize with anyone who has had a stillborn baby or lost an infant, but I will not abide craziness and stupidity on the Internet. If you can't deal with negative attention then maybe you shouldn't turn your self-perpetuating and obsessive grieving process into a public circus of grotesquery.

I just skimmed this first email and thought she was the mother, but the actual mother's email was who I reacted to when I took the photograph down. Thus the confusion evident in this first salvo. Because some of these emails are so long I have abridged several but provided a link to the full email.

> *I'm writing to complain to you and ask why it is that another human being would try and get his fun and kicks at the expense of another human being ?*
>
> I don't think or i certainly hope you don't realise the pain you've caused a grieving mother by ridiculing her website for her lost babies and at this point i'm respectfully and calmly asking you take the article down and post an apology for any pain you've caused someone who is already going through more hell than you can imagine.
>
> I've spoken to a lawyer associated with my groups this morning and have been told you've certainly commited some copyright infringments by using a personal picture you had no right or permission to use so for that reason alone the picture had better be taken down from your website straight away or i'll take further steps to have it removed
>
> Theresa Heath

> Proud to be the mother of my angel son.

I probably should have read more than the first and last sentences before I replied, but hey, that was a seriously long email. I don't even blame you if you couldn't stand to read it all.

> *I'll take the picture of your kids down out of respect for your loss. I will also spare your emails the scathing that the other nasty letters are going to get on Friday.*
>
> - Zack

She replied soon after with this gem:

> *Ok Zack so the picture is down and i need not push any harder for the lawyer with the copyright part of this and i very much appreciate the fact you did that although i fear it was done more out of the fear of legal action than it was because you felt for the parents involved.**However i notice you still have link up for the website and being it's owned by the mother of this baby and you don't have permission to put that on your site it also infringes several laws** and so we'd appreciate that coming down as well even though the mother has sadly seen fit to remove her stuff herself right now,we're hoping to make her see that just because one person would see fit to ridicule her doesn't mean she needs to hide her children away from everyone .. You see the damage and heartache you've caused now ?*
>
> Theresa Heath.

More threats even though I took the picture down. And hey, she's not the mother after all!

> *I didn't even read your emails closely enough to see you had threatened us with legal action. If you want to try to sue us over having a link or whatever craziness you're talking about now go for it. That article will be off the front page in 48 hours if you can just withstand the torment of knowing some people might be laughing at making a website about dead babies.*
>
> Also, I must have misread your email, I thought you were the mother of the dead babies. If you aren't, that's awesome, your emails will join the others.
>
> - Zack

Theresa's claws were out though, and she wasn't about to put them away.

> *I'll be contacting your webcompany now as will anyone and everyone else to complain about the content of your website removed seeing as you don't see fit to do it for yourself.*
>
> Btw if you didn't read my email closely enough per your first sentence how could you then have misread my email to think i was the mother of the dead babies per your second sentence.Apparently you read it more than you'd like to make out ..
>
> I can't imagine how ashamed of you your mother must be.

Not my webcompany!

> *Oh ho, you caught me in a trap of logic Theresa! Five points go to Gryffindor!*
>
> I await the ruin you and the other dead baby moms will bring to my vast empire of hatred. After all, making some jokes about a dead baby website is tantamount to raping you and for this I deserve to have my black empyrean of evil reduced to ash.
>
> - Zack

Theresa insults me more and then appeals to my common decency. The joke is on her of course, I had that surgically removed after the first Gulf War.

> *Oh ok now i understand your inablility to act like an adult,my ten yr old refers to Harry Potter when she speaks so i guess you're not old enough to have developed compassion yet,that said i know even she would be above hurting someone intentionally.The fact you plain refuse to remove an article you could easily replace with something else shows me that now the only reason you're leaving it up is because you don't want to be seen as doing something nice for a bunch of women ..*
>
> Your next comments comparing it to rape truly shows how pathetically juvenile you are Zack .. stick to talking about insects because you know nothing about real life to take an active part in the world in which you live.

I was willing to work with her on this one, my heart still hadn't fully hardened from the barrage of nasty emails.

> *Why don't you submit a fully written Awful Link of the Day to me and if I like it I'll replace the dead baby website with the one you come up with. You can turn to your dead baby mom action squad for assistance if you want to make it a group project. Have fun with it, and don't be afraid to break out the Elmer's and uncooked macaroni!*
>
> - Zack

Theresa followed up with a final email threatening legal action if her emails are posted today and then threatening to have her husband take care of me. Now that's mature!

As I continued to receive emails I continued to respond.

> Full Email
>
> *I'm very saddened and angered by your website's view of parents who have had a baby (or babies) die by making fun of their sorrow. Are you that thick in the head to not even try to understand the grief that follows such a death?*
>
> Natalie Montgomery
> mama to Seth (10), Shaine (died during birth at 41 wks on 10/27/00), & Bryce (2)

I was still trying to rationalize with them, although I think you can tell that my patience was quickly wearing thin.

> *Look lady, the Internet is my domain and the dead baby graveyard is your domain. I feel very sorry for you when you're mourning your kids in the dead baby graveyard, but when you dig them up and stick them on the Internet I don't have any qualms about making fun of you or anyone else for doing it. Especially when they turn their private and more than a little unorthodox grieving process into a three ring circus of nightmares. If my website ever shows up in your dead baby graveyard, feel free to make fun of that.*
>
> - Zack

By this point most of these people wanted me dead, wished I was stillborn, or wanted me to have a stillborn baby. Because I made fun of their hideous corpse website. I found the hopes that I have a stillborn child particularly amusing.

> *I have never wished the death of a child carried to term on anyone. But I now wish it on you. YOU find out what it feels like to go into labor but not bring your baby home. YOU tell the baby's siblings that they'll never get to see their brother. The only pictures we have of our "dead babies" are the ones taken after their birth. Yep, they were dead. And since they were born dead, of course we have pictures of them living. If we want to remember them, then we have to take a picture of them dead.*
>
> So someday, I wish this on you. You arrogant bastard.

Fantastic!

> *You hope that a baby dies so I feel bad? That's pretty hardcore. I think you topped me.*
>
> - Zack

She wasn't alone. Many wished the death of my unborn children, some more coherently than others.

> *one more thing asshole, i had sworn that id never wish this to anybody but i hope you lose a baby so u'd know what is feels like. u must be a real lonley person anyway haha sorry ass , better hope u dont have kids at all*

Internet University.

> *I have had so many miscarriages that at this point I just laugh and flush the toilet.*
>
> JUDGE NOT LEST U BE JUDGED.
>
> - Zack

She uses the term Mr very loosely.

> Full Email
>
> *Mr Parsons (and i use the the term Mr very loosely)*
>
> How dare you use peoples heartbreak as your own humour... The person you have posted about who is mourning the loss of her babies is a friend of mine, i met her through a charity of wonderful supportive women who havent been blessed with fortune of having a living baby. **I myself have lost 4 babies and it tears my heart out everyday.**
>
> You disgust me!

I was done playing around.

> *Your poison womb is making heaven too fucking crowded.*
>
> - Zack

That shut one up at least, but many more continued to email me.

> Full Email
>
> *Tell me, have you ever felt grief in your life or do you go around living in a bubble??Do you honestly think this world revolves around you and because you can't feel any emotion , noone else is able to or should.*
>
> Remember what you have done when you try to sleep at night, your time will come and it would be funny to see.
>
> You revolting little shit.

Revolting big shit, thank you. A revolting little shit is what she probably posted a memorial to on her website.

> *Making fun of dead baby websites is how I deal with the loss of my precious angels Connor and Abby (b/d-2/18/02). Who are you to judge how I mourn?! They are in heaven right now beating the everliving shit out of your dead babies because I raised them on the STREETS.*
>
> - Zack

A handful of mothers, a very very tiny minority, found my outlook on the trend of dead baby websites refreshing.

Sit on it!

> *My dead baby was born alive and managed to stay that way for five and half months before he died suddenly of unknown causes in 1996.*
>
> I laughed my ass off at this stuff! Especially the comment you made about that woman's poison womb filling up heaven! For Christ's sake, after FOUR miscarriages, you'd think the one bint would figure out that maybe she's just not meant to be a mother.
>
> Thanks for the laughs,
> another deadbabymama

One heartless bitch gets nothing but my condolences.

> *I'm sorry to hear you lost a child. That must have been very difficult. Thank you for not taking pictures of his dead body and posting them on the Internet.*
>
> - Zack

What these mothers fail to understand is that I have dealt with the loss of my precious Connor for more than two years now, I just don't share my grieving process with our readers. Today, that changes. Today, me and Connor are letting it all hang out.

I'd like to start with a poem I wrote for Connor the day after he came into and left this world.

Oh Connor, sweet Connor,
You touched my heart with tiny hands,

You walk through fields of love on tiny feet,
Now you are just a piece of meat.

Oh Connor, sweet Connor,
We celebrate your birthday,
And buy you presents every year,
I keep you in a freezer bag so that we can be near.

Oh Connor, sweet Connor,
We sometimes get you out and play,
To remind us of the day,
Your lifeless remains dropped out of my uterus.

Oh Connor, sweet Connor,
Mommy knows you're in heaven above,
You are a precious angel,
Rather than adopting or moving on you get my love.

Oh Connor, sweet Connor,
If I ever manage to not miscarry a baby,
I promise to make him fight me for attention,
And every time I say his name yours will also get a mention.

Oh Connor, sweet Connor,
I hope you like this MIDI file on your website,
It think it's your favorite and my shambles of a husband thinks I'm right,
This isn't normal love it's special love.

Oh Connor, sweet Connor,
Aloha is Hawaiian for "hello" and "goodbye",
I said "aloha" when you were born as a tear fell from my eye,
"Aloha" again to you my beautiful little guy.

Catch you on the flipside, and hang loose Connor dude.

I miss him dearly. I hope you feel sorry for me about Connor. If not, here are some pictures I have been taking of Connor for the past year and a half.

Connor was born a precious angel. We had to smuggle him home in a special stuffed eggy. Look, Connor is popping out to say hello!

Connor is best buds with J.C. himself. Way to go Connor!

Connor got some adorable stuffed beanie babies for his first Christmas. The bear is his favorite because Connor loves America almost as much as he loved God for robbing him of life inside my womb.

Connor's first birthday was a happy affair. He got even more presents! Look how excited he is!

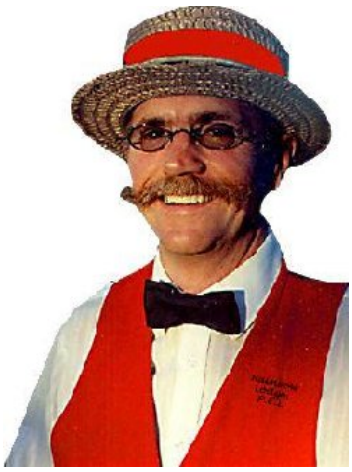
Connor became very involved in the Democratic Primary. He wanted Wesley Clark to win, he told me so right after I took my pills.

God Bless Connor and God Bless This Mess.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.11 The Chronicles of Jasper, Act I

Saturday, Dec 11, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz



I am a sick man....I am a spiteful man. No, I am not a pleasant man at all. I believe something is wrong with my liver. When I stand up too fast both my kneecaps pop. I loathe small children and take pleasure in watching them suffer. The smaller the child, the better. I have dreams at night. Most of the dreams are terribly dull, such as making toast or clubbing baby seals. But sometimes I have a reoccurring dream where I am riding a magnificent unicorn and smiting the unrighteous with a flaming sword. When I wake from this dream, my sheets are covered in a sweet, syrupy liquid and my cheeks are wet from tears. I am allergic to peanut skins and vulcanized rubber. I once attended a fetish show and broke out in hives for months. My world is pain. Suffering is my drink of choice. I am drunk daily.

It wasn't always this way. I was happy once. Selling frozen snacks to young children was my trade, and I was damn good at it. In 1969 the Vietnam draft started, sending fresh meat to the jungle conflict. I was a pacifist by nature, and had always bruised easily as a child. My mother forbade me to play outside when I was young because she thought I was the chosen one and the clouds were harbingers of the devil, plotting to steal me away at the first opportunity. I told all of this to the draft board, but they accepted me anyway. I had no choice but to flee to the frozen wastelands of Canada, and disguise myself as an ice cream vendor. Alas at that age my mustache was fuzzy and weak, and the elder ice cream patriarch of the area saw through my ruse. Being a kindly old man, he had some pity over my plight, and took me under his wing, teaching me the finer art of ice cream preparation and handling. For years I lived a lie, driving an ice cream truck for Chilly-Tyme Ice Cream, a popular purveyor of chilled goods since 1897. When my ice cream mentor suddenly died in a timber wolf attack, I was left to continue his proud tradition and grow the most hearty mustache my face could muster. For a while there I was happy. For a while I was complete.

Then things changed. The love for my delicious career died, and I developed an unfathomable disdain for all living creatures. My fellow men were ugly brutes, caring only for their immediate needs and base cravings. Women were shallow harlots, guarding their sexual secrets with burning mace spray. But children were the worst, always running after my light blue truck like I was the pied piper, a mindless pack of rats issuing forth from their dark, infested cubby holes when the "jingle jangle" music of the truck echoed through the desolate suburban wastelands. If only I could lead them to the sea and drown the little spawnlings, I might have had a chance to save my sanity, but it was not to be.

Why am I telling you all of this? Is it ego, masochism, or even redemption? Is this a desperate attempt to save myself or perhaps explain why I did the things I've done, or the things I'm about to do. Deep down inside I know there is really no hope for me; that I am too far gone in the suffocating darkness. I'm too deep in the hole of depravity and there is no rope long enough to reach me. There is no joy for Jasper, only loneliness and destruction. Such is my lot.

If I had to pick one event in my life where I turned from the carefree jolly sort to a horrible monster, it would be that fateful sweltering day in the summer of '84, the year of the bullfrog. Recently I'd been having some money problems because my Ovaltine addiction had spiraled out of control. In the past, the laughter of children was like a chorus of angels cooing in my ear, but lately they were turning into harpy-like screeches. Babbling brats would congregate near my truck, waving their miscounted sticky change in little grubby fists. Their orcish pig-faces, smeared with spittle and filth, would bleat out their ice cream demands, randomly pointing to the array of pictures on the side of my vehicle. One such spawn, a little boy who sported an insolent head of curly blonde hair, couldn't decide on what treat to choose and was holding up the line. I screamed, "What do you want from me?" at the top of my lungs, turning my face crimson red in unfathomable rage. This only made the child bawl and salty tears shoot out of his face like those silly Japanese animations. I simply couldn't take it any longer and shoved an ice cream cone into his dirty maw, surprising him enough to fall down on the cement sidewalk and clear a path for the other children. Once the stampede of greedy snotlings passed, he was left in a dusty, crumpled heap, the cone still protruding from his curly head. Something in me broke that day, and once I fell off that wall, all the king's horses and all the king's men could not put ole Jasper back together again.

Is there really any point to this mindless babble? Am I painting an honest portrait of a troubled soul lost in this confusing world on this Internet canvas, or am I just a terrible person who is spewing my putrid seed all over your computer screen and calling it art? You may ask me, "Well why don't you just go on Livejournal or Myspace and cry to your heart's content?" Well I did go to Myspace, but there was nothing for me there except AIDS-ridden camwhores and guys who badly need haircuts, so I paid the Internet's Frolixo 12 American dollars to use his Saturday slot for this tirade. He said that as long as I space things out to look long enough and include a few pictures, nobody would ever be the wiser. He also said not to mention that I was paid to write an update for him, so mum's the word.

I had the dream last night. The wind was whipping across my mustache as I rode with furious speed on my unicorn, Sebastian, towards the city of the Elder Gods looming on the horizon. Out of the ground rose the dead sinners who were coming to life at the dawn of Armageddon, where the final battle of Good vs. Evil was about to begin. The sky was filled with billowing red clouds, and angels and demons fought in the sky with earth-shaking intensity. I rode hard through the swirling wisps of leaves and willows, striking down any sinner that dared block my path with a flaming sword of purity and justice. This was my hour to shine; to join the side of light that I have strived for all of my life. Everything I have done in the past is forgiven by God, who sees me as his rogue child, gone astray in the confusion of this cruel existence and has come back to his father in servitude. I would be one of the avenging angels who would be key in this battle for the souls of mankind, and my name would be remembered, echoed through the eternal halls of heaven forever and ever.

Then I woke up, late for my ice cream route on Anderson Street. There was no Armageddon, unicorns, or forgiveness for me. It was time to sell ice cream and sour the stomachs of the little children so they can grow fat and bloated under the summer sun. I have been forsaken.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

12.12 Sunday Sunday Sunday!

Sunday, Dec 12, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Just Another Slacker Sunday

Today's Sunday update is brought to you by, well, nobody, since Ben "Greasnin" Platt is apparently never updating any time anymore ever! Wow! I know somebody who's not getting a Christmas card this year. We run a real professional racket here at Something Awful. We're like a well oiled machine full of sawdust and semen.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.13 Astronaut's Report #002 From the Baikonur Cosmodrome

Monday, Dec 13, 2004 by Astronaut C. Michael Foale

Alex (left) and me before our last mission to the ISS. Notice Mars in the background. We were totally on Mars.

Hey everybody, it's Commander Michael Foale here, and I hope things are really going awesome for you! Things are sure going awesome for me because I am about go back up to the International Space Station to relive my dream of being a certified astronaut.

Some of you may have been watching on the news and heard about the trouble up on the International Space Station. They're running out of food. That's because of what happened with the Space Shuttle Columbia. All of the "Progress" resupply missions to the International Space Station are being conducted by the Russian space program. The Russians aren't really too happy about this and frankly, neither am I. After spending all that time onboard MIR I keep having nightmares about the day that Soyuz crashed into us. I thought we were all dead meat and now I have to go up and dock with the ISS in a Soyuz. But at least I'm going to be in space again, and that's all that matters, right? No more "Hey kids, I'm an astronaut" speaking tours. No more "we want you to open this new mall because you were blasted into space" community events. I'm back in the fast lane with my good buddy Alexander Y. Kaleri.

So yeah, we're really excited about this resupply mission because I know those guys up there are bound to be hungry. We don't want them eating nothing but the hamburger pills or they might start trying to kill each other. Trust me, you have to have variety in your pills or you will go completely crazy. Alex knows Sharipov, the Russian on board, and he says that he can hold out, but man I just don't know about Leroy Chiao. He is a good guy but he could be a big baby. During our astronaut school stuff he would get all sweaty and nervous when we were going to do the thing where they pump your stomach full of radioactive glop. Everyone else was like "that's cool, whatever man, we're astronauts" and Chiao was just dropping a load in his BVDs because of it. He always ate these damn mints too and I bet just running out of those probably has him on the edge.

Publicity photo before training began at the cosmodrome. That guy on the right was a backup and he went into a "torso stress simulator" made out of a four ton press and never emerged.

Anyway, back to me, because me and Alex have been training really hard in how to operate a Soyuz capsule to bring supplies to the ISS. Training in Russia is way different than training in America. In America they have all these computers and they hook you up to all these machines - well, Russia has plenty of machines but they're older and weird looking - and for training we do really crazy exercises that I haven't even heard of.

Here is some of the awesome cosmonaut (that's Russian for astronaut) things we have been doing in training here at Baikonur.

- Docking simulation. Docking is really important and the Soyuz has a pretty unique docking system. You see with shuttles we try to finesse everything by firing tiny attitude boosters until we're just perfectly aligned. Forget that! With a Soyuz you have a button

that says "dock" on it and then you wait until you can see the docking arm and then you hit the dock button. This activates a huge booster that will burn for thirty seconds and you use the reinforced docking hatch on the Soyuz to bend the docking arm until it is locked into place. While you're docking you have to wear a crash helmet and a mouthpiece because lots of stuff flies around. They simulated this by putting us in our landing suits inside a cage full of slate shingles, then dropping us fifty feet into a pool. It sucked pretty bad and I partially collapsed one of my lungs and broke three ribs, but hey, I think I know how to dock.

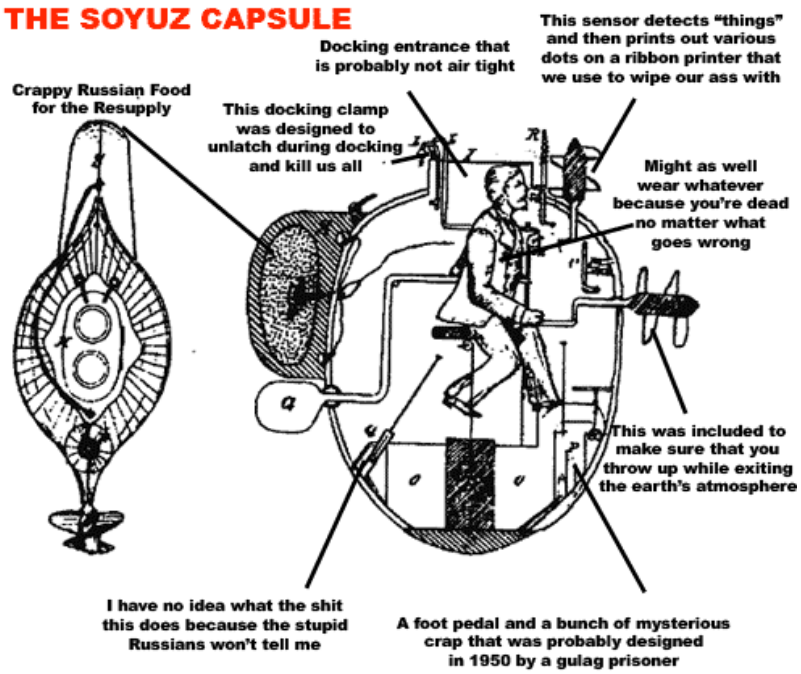
- When you launch in a Soyuz there is a nine percent chance that the rocket booster will misfire upward into the capsule and you have to be prepared for an emergency escape. They simulated this by putting me inside a barrel and rolling me down a hill. I totally upchucked bad, and they were all laughing. I thought it was a little weird because I never saw Alex do it, but hey, he's been a cosmonaut for like a thousand years (he is old as dirt) and I bet he did it a long time ago.
- I thought the miniature pig laser tests we did for NASA on the ISS were crazy. They showed us this test we're taking to the astronauts on the ISS and it's like this monkey strapped into a big cannon ball and all you do is stab it with knives over and over and record its screams. Alex said that on his first mission on the MIR they just strangled a woman to see if it took longer for her to die in zero gravity. Cosmonauts are like astronauts but scarier.
- Every day we have to spend three one hour sessions in the cosmodrome's gymnasium. I was like "cool, I can do some treadmill, then maybe pilates and some weight machine". Alex was like "ha ha" and then we opened the door and there was a big pit where these shirtless bald guys hit us with leather straps for an hour. I was black and blue for weeks but I've got to admit that at this point I hardly feel anything. Then they have us sit in scalding water for three minutes and then jump into ice cold water. If we don't die from a heart attack we are that much closer to being a cosmonaut.
- They had this rusty model of a Soyuz for control training. It was pretty cool but Alex kept telling me it was haunted and I started to get a little freaked out because of that and the weird writing and everything. We had to sit in it for a day straight and then when I thought it was time to leave they had us do a second day with no power outage to simulate "catastrophic death failure". The interesting thing is that on the ISS or the shuttle we have a space toilet, but in the Soyuz you have to crap in a bag with absolutely no assistance. The inside of that thing was like a sewer pipe after 48 hours.

Training has been a bear (like a Russian bear!) but I think I am starting to be ready for this mission. Alex is super pumped about it again and he claims that the whole reason he volunteered was because his wife thinks he's cheating and he just wanted to get out of the house. I was like "man, space is a long way to go instead of the couch" and then I was like "wait, volunteered?!" because I didn't ask to go on this mission. Some NASA big shot sent me an email telling me that I had just won the astronaut's prize pool and to meet him at the Burger King parking lot. I see this van with NASA on the side and I walk towards it and the door opens and then everything goes dark. When I wake up I'm on a C-130 from Rammstein headed for Baikonur.

Not to be all down on the Russians, because that is not my thing at all. I know a lot of kids read this so I don't want to discourage you from becoming an astronaut or a cosmonaut or a commienaut or whatever the Chinese dudes are going to call themselves. Space is as awesome as it gets and I want you to know that it is just a blast to go into space.

Okay, so, back to the mission. We are going up to the ISS to deliver food to cosmonaut Salizhan Sharipov and astronaut Leroy Chiao. We will be flying in a Soyuz Mark VI capsule capable of

carrying 90 days worth of provisions, experiments, and various other supplies (baby wipes) up to the ISS. Here is a diagram of the Soyuz Mark VI that I notated during our control surfaces class.


THE SOYUZ CAPSULE
Docking entrance that is probably not air tight
This sensor detects "things" and then prints out various dots on a ribbon printer that we use to wipe our ass with
Crappy Russian Food for the Resupply
This docking clamp was designed to unlatch during docking and kill us all
Might as well wear whatever because you're dead no matter what goes wrong
This was included to make sure that you throw up while exiting the earth's atmosphere
I have no idea what the shit this does because the stupid Russians won't tell me
A foot pedal and a bunch of mysterious crap that was probably designed in 1950 by a gulag prisoner

That's the sleek piece of Eastern Bloc hardware that is going to whisk Alex and me up to the International Space Station. I know! It's like I'm living the dream here! I've always wanted to explode off a launching pad inside of a bathysphere made out of asbestos and sheet metal. Then when I'm in space I get to aim that tub of pure dream machine at something just a little bit bigger than a pie tin. Docking hatches are about 36 inches in diameter. Surrounding those 36 inches are roughly a bajillion inches of painful space death. Will we blast through the side of the experiment module? Will we sheer off the command module? Will our docking booster just explode when we hit the dock button? Or will we miss entirely and coast off into space to sleep eternally in the dark beyond? It'll be fun to find out!

While I'm on the subject of the fun let me give you the lowdown on the NASA employee who we are hand-delivering pizza pills to. Now, normally I would just copy down a NASA astronaut bio in here from the NASA computers, but their IT department is merciless. Install one copy of Bonzai buddy on a military satellite's targeting system and, well, let's just say you're persona non grata in the computer lab. So here's my take on Leroy Chiao.

Official Name: Chiao, Leroy

Nickname: Bad Bad Leroy Chiao

Secret Astronaut Name: Omega Viper

Favorite Quote: "Oh Michaer Foare, how you so good at astlonauting? Show Reloy how it done!"

History: Leroy was a total dork when he showed up at astronaut academy and nobody, me included, thought that he would make the cut to the astronaut graduate program. Leroy was really smart though, real good with numbers, and as everyone knows the only thing more important to an astronaut than his wits is mathematics. You would be

Leroy is such a dork.

amazed how many space crises have been resolved with trigonometry. Leroy was still a dork in the graduate program with me but he tried as hard as everyone else and he finally made the cut, just a long time after I did.

Astronaut Experience: Leroy has always been really good in the simulator, but even if you get him behind the controls of a training plane he would start to get all sweaty and nervous. He would still be good but just really sweaty. Like a wrestler or a long distance runner, only flying a plane or spaceship.

Darkest Secret: Leroy isn't actually Asian, his real name is Blake Conners and he is from Nebraska. He just pretends to be Asian so he gets preferential treatment from an image conscious NASA. He knew there could only be one corn fed super white guy on the NASA team, and I'm just an awesomer astronaut than him.

Funniest Goof: We hired a stripper for his birthday and so we were all in the zero gravity simulation area and he was tied to a chair and the stripper was doing her thing. He was loving it and we had this awesome rock music blaring on a boombox. Then the stripper puts a blindfold on him and we all hurry and leave the room. Boy was he in hot water when the tour group from Lawndale Elementary School got to see what an astronaut's junk looks like (it looks like normal junk but is way bigger especially on me).

Astronaut Rating: I would give him three stars out of five. He's a good guy and he has a good astronaut mind, but he has his issues. He's no Bumblin' Pete Smith or Airlock Annie Singh, but I could see him getting nervous and accidentally spilling his astronaut coffee on the computers.

Thanks again for sending me on this mission NASA! If it is half as awesome as the training process has been then I am in for a real treat. I just hope that when I die a horrible and sudden death in the cold grip of vacuum that you properly remember my greatness as an astronaut and don't attribute whatever disaster claims my life to the dreaded "pilot error". Jeez, all of this so that sweaty butthead Leroy can get some friggin' corn dog pills. Life as an astronaut is not always what I had hoped it would be.

-∼Astronaut C. Michael Foale

12.14 Adventures with Lauren and J$

Tuesday, Dec 14, 2004 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

A long time ago a man journeyed to this land to terraform it for the rest of his species. Using an organic resin secreted through the pores of his skin, he constructed an immense hive. The other travelers emerged from the dimensional gateway and never looked back. And thus my home city of Concord was born.

I remember my mother's first words to me. "I'm your mother and I love you. Someday boys will say they love you but ignore them until you meet a young harvard graduate whose family fortune will keep you in designer dresses as you slowly strip him of his wealth, assets, and manhood. That won't be for awhile though so for now just try to familiarize yourself with the nest while I regurgitate some food for you."

"Have you heard from Lauren and Janessa lately?" C said. No sooner had the words hit the ether than my brain was thrown into paroxysms of lonely. I'm still patiently awaiting the release of human memory v2.0. The version that will allow me to recall with crystal clarity the ethereal symphonies that echoed through the courtyards when Lauren, Nessa, and I were queens of our respective planets. My moon harp solos may have been technically competent, Lauren, but they never caught fire like they should have. They were always better suited for the back of the mix where they could add subtle layers of sonic architecture.

The best experience of your life bisects your life. It cuts it lengthwise so there's no mistaking where your tiny existence hit its high water mark. Lauren, Nessa, and I were sitting in a car, our consciousnesses wrapped around each other as we drove through martian sandstorms and temporal inductance fields. "Someday our master will arise from the depths of the sea to reclaim this realm." Lauren said. "In the meantime, though, enjoy your vagina. There are many like it but this one is yours."

"I used to think there was something wrong with my vagina because it wasn't all blurry like the ones in Japanese porn." I said.

In addition to inventing revolutionary new techniques of autism therapy, Dr. Temple Grandin also designs chutes that guide cattle through slaughterhouses. As the other cars passed by we saw the faces of a hundred Temple Grandins who wanted us to follow the paths they had laid out for us. What they didn't know was that years later we would use our memories of their abuse as masturbation material. Then we would have the last laugh, except it would actually be more like an orgasmic moan.

Once power was handed over to the police state, the zombie plague was contained fairly quickly. Now Lauren, Nessa, and I were at the mall watching the holiday shoppers. Operating purely on instinct, they descended upon the shops, moaning about prices as they lurched and shuffled their way through the queues.

The coffee shop employees didn't see the womb-like comfort that was pouring out of the walls. The menu read "A nice place to relax as the world goes by". The words were as warm and inviting as light_environment on a hardwood floor. Still, for some reason part of me wanted to run for the rusted fire exit and beat on the metal door until there were only bleeding nubs where my fists had been.

"I'll always remember the time you ate those moldy food pellets and then jumped off the top level

of the cage because you thought you could fly." Lauren said. "You put me through hell that night."

"Really?" Nessa said. "What was hell like?"

"It was tastefully done. They managed to pull off a menacing, otherworldly atmosphere while keeping the architecture aesthetically pleasing. The whole thing was designed with an artist's sensibility."

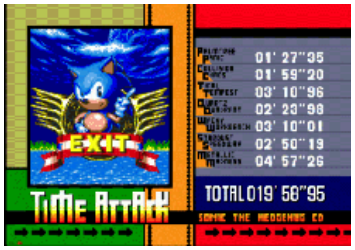
On the giant holoscreen outside the ministry of fashion an anchorwoman was talking about releasing your inner slut. It was an old recording. "I'm really looking forward to playing Midnight Club." Lauren said. "When a game is edgy enough to use Japanese text in its logo even though it takes place in New York and London you just know it's going to be full of high octane excitement."

"I'm looking forward to Half-Life 2." I said. "Judging by the rolling barrels in the physics engine demo, the Donkey Kong mod possibilities alone should make it worth buying."

Discoveries. We stripped the cenobite in the closet of his makeup and plastic fangs only to realize that maybe this tangible sense of artificiality was what we needed to get through this machine life. Calling it an alternative lifestyle makes it sound like you have a choice. What does a Hot Topic goth have at the end of the day? A bottle of absinthe and a new set of lies. A suicide pact made with friends vowing to kill himself when rap music comes out with its new subwoofer that makes Nelly songs even louder and shittier.

Yesterday I talked to my psychologist. "So then I said to Lauren "Hey, if your moon tiara always kills the monsters why not use it right away instead of letting us get our asses kicked for ten minutes first?"

"What's the matter?" my psychologist said. "Has the bad machine found that his so-called friends could care less about exchanging positively charged ions of happy once the supply of cheap marijuana runs out? I tried to educate him. I tried to show him that he was nothing more than human livestock grown in a strogg biovat."



I challenge anyone to beat my Sonic CD time.

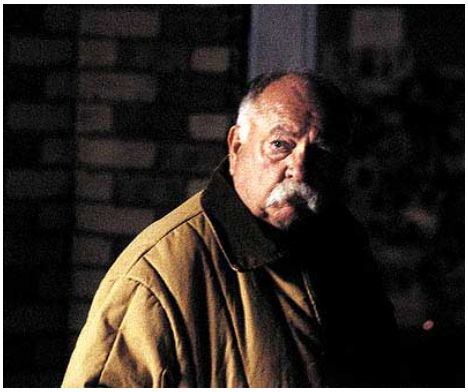
I'm looking at the perfect insects in the pods surrounding me. My royal guard. Twice as vicious as normal xenomorphs and ready to give their lives to protect their queen. I've been with Lauren and Nessa again. My inner monologue is a broken speak 'n spell repeating a Final Fantasy VII quote whispered to me in a dream. *"C'mon, Cloud! Don't #&$* around! We're goin' to Junon, boyeee!!!"*

This update is dedicated to my muse. I see you're still unpacking your soul one word at a time so that others can line their coffers with solid gold. I watch you take the crack and slip it into your fishnet stocking like it's a novelty magnet you're shoplifting from spencer gifts.

-~Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

12.15 You're Doomed, Doom Movie!

Wednesday, Dec 15, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



Scene from the Doom movie, featuring Wilford Brimley as "Fat Zombie."

When I was a wee lad no more than the age of 13, I played a game that changed my life. That game's name was *Doom*, and it destroyed the way I looked at all other games. After playing *Doom*, I immediately set fire to my Sega Genesis with the awesome 32X upgrade and gave up on console games forever. To this day I have scarcely touched any kind of game that requires a regular TV to play. Instead I have embraced whole-heartedly the wonder of PC gaming, particularly 3d shooters. What appealed to me most about PC gaming was the fact that you could make new levels and graphics and show the world why you will never be a professional game designer, unless of course you give up on life and make religious-themed games. Remarkably, God let's his notoriously high standards slide when it comes to games made in his honor.

Doom has always been one of my favorite games of all time, and I even liked the new *Doom* 3 in spite of the fact id Software only made two levels and just repeated one of them about 50 times. I know they hoped we wouldn't notice by turning down the light levels in the game, but unfortunately I still did. That's okay, I had fun anyway and that's what it's all about. I still love *Doom* and think it's a great game franchise. Hopefully this great game franchise will soon end for good for the simple reason we do not need anymore *Doom* games and instead need new versions of *Half-Life 2* which are actually just the same version but with different box art. Actually, I'll settle for a game that doesn't involve all hell breaking loose when aliens/demons teleport into a lab in one of those "WHERE'S YOUR HUBRIS NOW, ASSHOLE?" moments for mankind.

My hope that a movie adaptation of *Doom* would be good was proportional to my hope that the burning sensation in my urethra was actually a misplaced Tic Tac. That is to say, I never really imagined it would be good at all. I always just kind of assumed making a movie out of *Doom* would be a bad idea, since making a movie out of video games is just shy of universally being a bad idea. But since there is some unwritten law that 99% of the movies Hollywood spends millions on must be designed by and marketed towards complete idiots, video games are ripe source material. The prospects of a movie based on a video game being good are not impossible, just that the medium doesn't actually create anything other than spastic nonsense with cleavage when turned into motion picture excitement.

Nothing like this will be in the movie because all the monsters are now handicapped people.

Recently, news about the *Doom* movie's plot spread to the Internet, much like cancer tends to spread around your organs in a backwards plea to be loved. What's the gripping plot for the new *Doom* movie you ask? I know! Scientists experimenting with the unknown frontiers of teleportation open a gateway to Hell, flooding our universe with evil. As the sole surviving space marine in the vicinity, it's your duty to claw your way into the very heart of Hell and seal the portal forever. That's definitely it. There is no other plot to be

derived from a game where you play a space marine fighting his way into the very heart of Hell to seal a portal unknowingly opened by careless science. Apparently, in one of those amazing mix-ups that could only happen in a sitcom, the people responsible for making the *Doom* movie mistakenly used the screenplay from the horrible *Resident Evil* movie. I read this chilling quote on an Internet site featured on the web:

> *The story follows eight marines, teleported into a command centre of a secret base on a remote planet. There, they learn that something strange is happening and soon monsters start to appear. The monsters aren't from hell, but rather people mutated by some nasty super-virus although the monsters look very similar to those in the game.*

Okay, so maybe it's *Resident Evil* parked on some evil planet, but what the hell? This is the dumbest thing I've heard since the news that American McGee was writing the screenplay for his failed *Wizard of Oz* game at the behest of Jerry Bruckheimer. I fail to comprehend how a movie based on the aforementioned hellish imbroglio turns into "space marines versus very sick people in need of immediate medical attention." Unless this is some bold move to turn us against sick people, I fail to see it as a good thing. As I read on, that last idea seemed to be a possibility.

> *One character is a technician called "Pinky" who has a cybernetic wheelchair thanks to a bad teleporting accident. Pinky later mutates into something remotely resembling a creature from Doom 3. Producers claim that the film will be more of a horror than an action shooter.*

This just in: the Doom movie is now about a dog that shoots ghosts from his neck!

I know it's wrong to change your mind in the middle of an article, because that's what John Kerry was sent to prison for, but I have to say this movie is starting to sound really appealing. Not only is it about space marines murdering sick people, it now actually demonizes people in wheelchairs. Could this be anymore awesome? I don't know what on Earth or Mars it has to do with *Doom*, but it's high time we had a movie that portrayed those of poor health as the real enemy facing mankind in outer space. I hope the epic struggle between the healthy marines and the outer space lepers escalates into an all out war for genetic purity. It's a great message about mankind's future.

This all gets one thinking fiercely, if you ask me. *Doom*'s plot now seems like some kind of idiotic anti-handicap version of *Resident Evil*, which was directed by the handicapped Paul W.S. Anderson. Paul W.S. Anderson also directed *Event Horizon*, which was a terrible movie you could easily say ripped off *Doom* if you wanted to. Logic dictates that, because of this, Hollywood needs to make a *Duke Nukem* movie that rips off *Event Horizon*. I think Uwe Boll could direct it if he's not too busy working on the movie adaptation of the SNES version of *TimeCop* . Or better yet, let's just decide that video games are best left as video games and make good movies based on new ideas. Okay, that's too fantastical, so let's just stick to scrapping the bottom of the barrel with the filthy shovel that was previously used to murder all common sense in the state of California by a jealous Scott Peterson.

My main complaint isn't so much that the *Doom* movie isn't true to the game, just that Hollywood doesn't let adaptations of games and comic books and similar nerd entertainment fail on their own merits. *Doom* as a movie will suck even if it's a 100% true to the source material. I realize you can't translate a comic or a game and similar things directly into movies without making changes,

but if you're changing the very ridiculous concept then why are you even claiming to be based on the original ridiculous source material? The movie is going to be bad, so let it be bad and true to the original rather than being bad and a bastardization of the original. That's all I'm asking. Hollywood, please ruin movies in a way that's more considerate to the source material. Thank you.

For those of you who came for some quality humor material, I have prepared a joke for you!

What did baby Shakespeare's nanny say to him when he was acting up?

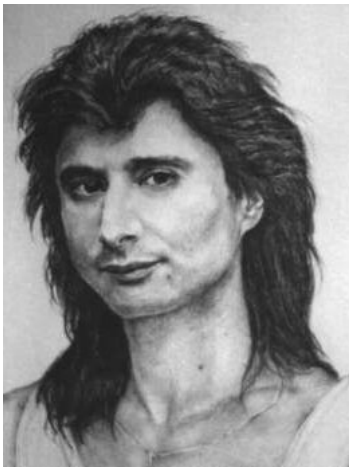
PLAYWRIGHT!

Thanks and goodnight!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.16 Steve Perry vs. The Volcano People

Thursday, Dec 16, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz



The year was 1986, and the super rock group Journey was wrapping up the final leg of their *Escape* tour. Things were not going well for the band because of Steve's obsession with the Intellivision Frog Bog game. He had to bring it everywhere he went, and instead of getting crazy with booze, drugs, and groupies after a show, Steve would totally immerse himself in the game, nabbing bugs with his pixilated frog familiar. Despite this hardship on the band, the show they were putting on in Honolulu, Hawaii, was going great. The crowd was going wild for the songs, and Steve was in total control in his arena of music, belting out lyrics like a man possessed; possessed by the power of a thousand rainbows. Nobody in the crowd was left unmoved as Steve gently held them by the hand like an old friend or lover, and then rocked out their asses with some totally bitchin' tunes. The show ended with some pyrotechnics that induced gasps of awe from the audience, and then Steve turned into a great eagle and flew into the night sky. Everybody cheered in elation, and then noisily filed out of the stadium to their waiting cars. Steve flew to the hotel room that the band was staying at so he could resume his paused game of Frog Bog.

As the band lived the rock n' roll lifestyle in the next room, Steve Perry donned his frog hat and poured his spirit into the little frog, leaping from two lily pads back and forth, nabbing any unfortunate bug in his path. He attained a mantra of peace with the game, and it was through this meditation that Steve could recharge his powers he expended that night from singing and his eagle transformation. His band mates didn't know this, for Steve didn't think he had to divulge every little secret to them, especially since they couldn't grasp his spirituality. They didn't understand him or the honor of his craft. In past lives, Steve Perry has been a Malaysian shaman, the Dali Lama, Cromwell, and Benjamin Franklin. This current life was just one chapter of his never ending spirit force that was the key to the salvation of the human race at the dawn of the witching hour.

Steve Perry once scored a 540 on one game of Frog Bog, even though the programmers said it was impossible.

Just then, a large rumble shook the earth and the sound of a thousand firecrackers filled the night sky. Steve poked his head out the window and saw that a volcano had erupted and a hot lava flow was headed right towards the hotel! He only had time to alert his band mates, transform into a medium-sized Zeppelin, and fly them away to safety. As the fires consumed the hotel below, Steve Perry realized with horror that he left his Intellivision and his copy of Frog Bog in his room. He started to head back, but saw it was too late and his game was gone along with the groupies and hotel towels. He suddenly felt weak with the loss and landed on top of a mountain, turning back into his beautiful human form. Steve's band mates, just happy to be alive, tried to cheer him up by telling him that Frog Bog was just a game and to let it go. Steve corrected his band mates in anger at the sacrilege of calling Frog Bog "just a game". Rarely is the ire of Steve Perry raised to the point of a rage, and few who have witnessed it lived to tell the tale. As his band huddled together in fear on the lonely tropical mountain, Steve Perry turned into a kite and flew towards the volcano. He was on his way to find some answers and kick some lava butt.

The warm glow of the lava basked Steve Perry in a red light as he flew near the mouth of the spewing volcano. He used the natural power of the earth to turn his skin into hard rock, thus enabling him to enter the deadly hot volcano unscathed. Right away, Steve could see that trouble was afoot. Large footprints were scattered around the rim of the volcano, and led into a hidden cave just inside the burning furnace of fire. Steve Perry jumped into the pit of flames with the usual gusto and confidence that only comes with being the most awesome rock star in the universe. Once inside the cave, he turned back to his normal form and examined the footprints more closely. They seemed to be twice the size of a full-grown child, or roughly 6/7ths of a healthy man. "What is this mischievory?", Steve Perry whispered to himself, but the whisper was enough to reverberate through the tunnel, causing a rockslide to cover the entrance to the cave! Whatever was in the cave knew he was here now, and their rumbling steps could be heard coming around the corner.

Four humanoid shaped men seemingly made out of rock and molten lava stood in front of Steve Perry, barring his path into the volcano. With the caved in entrance at his back, Steve had no choice but to go forward, regardless of the threatening figures. One of the molten men stepped forward and said "Oh hello, welcome to our volcano. We would be happy to show you..." but before the volcano man could finish, Steve Perry jump kicked him in the chest, making him explode into bits of fire and rock. The others looked at each other and started to run, but Steve was too fast for them and one by one, he kicked and punched them until there were nothing but flaming dust. He wiped his hands together and quipped "Chill out you guys", and then looked around for approval but realized he was alone and continued deeper into the mysterious volcano passage.

Steve Perry owns the world's last unicorn. His name is Herbert and he has downs.

The passage led into a small stone hewn room filled with rock-crafted cribs, rattles, and toys of all shapes and sizes. Playing in the middle of the room were four volcano baby humanoids, rolling about and frolicking, as was their nature. "This is the nest...the breeding ground," Steve whispered with undisguised contempt. One of the lava babies looked up at Steve Perry with large, glossy, black eyes and cried out, "Daddy!" This enraged Steve Perry, for he had never before fouled himself with the unclean regions of a woman, let alone a volcano woman. Steve summoned the elemental of water, a close friend who Steve helped move on many occasions, and channeled the raw power of the sea through his outstretched arms. Twin geysers of salt water shot from his hands, blasting the volcano babies across the room like a civil rights protester. Steam issued forth from their eyes, ears, and mouth and then they exploded into chunks of stone and fire. "It's my way or the freeway," Steve boldly quipped as he did a flip across the room for no reason whatsoever. Playtime was over. Steve walked into the heart of the volcano to find the root of this evil.

In the center of a great magma chamber there stood a throne composed entirely of chicken bones. Around the throne a great army of volcano people swayed and chanted, worshiping the small imp-like figure on the throne eating a bucket of chicken. Steve Perry edged closer along the loose rock trail leading into the chamber to get a better view of this mysterious figurehead. Just then, Steve slipped on the slope causing a minor avalanche of loose soil, causing all of the volcano people to stop their religious orgy and turn to face Steve. There was a deafening silence throughout the cavern, and the small figure on the throne shouted, "Who dares trespass on our Friday night all-you-can-eat chicken jamboree?" in a booming, commanding voice. Steve Perry had crossed many paths on his winding road of rock stardom, and he instantly recognized this voice to belong to none other than his arch-nemesis, Ronnie James Dio. Dio leapt from his chicken bone throne and onto the shoulders of his tallest volcano man with the graceful prowess of a tiger. "I should have known it was you all along," Steve said as he leapt in the center of the room. The battle of the millennium was about to

take place.

"Look out!" Dio screeched as he shot a rainbow at Steve Perry, only missing his head by a few inches and disintegrating the volcano people in its path. "Two can play at this game," Steve Perry smirked as he shot twin lasers out of his eyes and obliterated the large volcano person Dio was standing on, causing Dio to crash to the ground in a cloud of smoke. Steve started to walk away, feeling elated that his enemy Ronnie James Dio was finally defeated, but then he was hit with a fireball on the back of his head and tumbled to the stone floor. "Yowza!" Dio screamed as he leapt into the air and transformed into a red dragon. Steve Perry countered this assault by turning into a Pegasus and flew up to meet the Dio dragon in air-to-air combat. The whole mountainside shook from the shockwaves of the epic conflict taking place in the furnace of the volcano. The volcano people fled, hiding in dark crevasses or jumping into the magma core in fright. Steve Perry mustered all of his power in one hoof kick that sent the evil dragon flailing against the rock wall with a thunderous crash. The roof of the volcano started to crumble inwards on itself from the shock, and Steve Perry flew up through the cone opening and into the sky. Below him the volcano sunk into the Earth's crust, while bubbling lava spilled over it until it was entirely gone. There was no sign of Ronnie James Dio, the most evil rocker ever known to man or beast. It was over.

Ronnie James Dio holds the Minnesota state record for largest bubble gum bubble over blown (14m).

Steve Perry was victorious again, and he smiled to himself while flying back to his band mates where he left them on the mountain. When he got there, it seemed that during the ensuing eruptions caused by the battle, the hot ash had smothered his band, leaving only charred skeletons holding their musical instruments. It was no matter; he could always put out more want ads for more band members like he did when he accidentally left his old band on the moon after fighting Dr. Roboto and Styx at their moon base. He was off to find another copy of Frog Bog and regenerate his depleted powers so that he might be ready for the next threat against humanity. Steve Perry was the guardian angel over the sick, poor, and fragile people of this suffering planet. He turned into a Fokker II Bi-Plane and headed towards Africa, where he was needed to act as a wet nurse to an orphaned baby gorilla in the Congo. Just another day in the life of the greatest rocker ever, Steve Perry.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

12.17 Poorly Armed Robbery

Friday, Dec 17, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

What I apparently looked like to Lindsay.

My hand flew to the door's chain lock the minute I saw who was on the porch. I was too slow. Lindsay Dawn Riley flung the door open and nearly knocked me to the soiled carpet in the process. She stood there for a moment, silhouetted in the doorway with the unearthly orange of the sodium streetlamp at her back. How did she find out where I was staying? Why was she here? Was she a demon birthed from the pestilent womb of hell to torment me or some sort of crazed angel drunk on its divine power and blowing off steam in my direction?

"Nigger!" She exclaimed and pushed past me into the darkened interior of my ailing friend's house. "Where's the cold stuff?"

I regarded her as an archeologist might regard the riddling Sphinx. She stared at me over her shoulder, her fat lower lip drooping and her eyes big and wild, waiting impatiently for a response.

"Crricksttsshhhh," she pantomimed opening a beer and then tilted her head back to hold an invisible bottle to her mouth. "Glug, glug, glug. Where?"

"I'll uh...I'll get you one." I gestured to the shredded remnants of a couch. "Why don't you sit down."

"Sittin' is for faggots!" She declared, but I was already halfway to the kitchen and not interested in searching out some sort of ladder or sturdy pole that she could lean on.

In the kitchen my friend sat hunched over a heavily scarred green Formica table. One of the table's legs had been snapped off during a fit of rage and had since been replaced with three-fourths of a set of outdated encyclopedias. They were Britannica and like most things in my friend's house they reeked somewhat mysteriously of cat piss.

"What's up, bro?" I asked politely, trying not to disturb my friend as I glided over to the refrigerator.

"Guests." He said through his teeth. "What did I say about guests? No GUESTS!"

He flung a butter knife at my head and it clanged noisily off the wallpaper and onto the abused linoleum floor. Todd was a small guy, short and recently almost gaunt since that coyote bite on his arm had gone sour. His brown eyes were sunken and rimmed red with alcohol and the seeping bandage on his arm wriggled disconcertingly, a reminder of the maggots cleaning out his gangrenous flesh. He kicked out with his legs in anger and sent some of the empty plastic vodka bottles that littered the floor scattering.

"I didn't invite her. And God himself couldn't uninvite her." I added.

I opened the refrigerator and extracted two barely cooled bottles of Budweiser. I never proclaimed fealty to the King of Beers, but for reasons known only to Todd he had insisted I bring no other beer into the house.

"Meet and greet then." Todd hissed with a sarcastic grin and flicked at a maggot that was squirming on his wrist.

I followed him back into the living room where Lindsay had busied herself searching loudly through a paper grocery sack she had brought with her. She lashed out like a predator and snatched one of the bottles of Budweiser from my hand before either of us had a chance to say anything.

"Lindsay, this is my friend Todd. This is his house." I nodded to Todd.

"I've seen fatter skeletons. What the hell is wrong with you, cum basket?"

"Oh, how charming." Todd glared at me. "You didn't tell me the princess of the trailer park was in town. I would have worn my golden frock."

Lindsay grunted and propelled herself to her feet. She swayed dangerously close to me and I could smell the combined stench of sweat, whiskey, and day old beer clotted on her body.

"Lookee what I brought some ungrateful niggers." She piped merrily, Todd's comments rolling off of her like mist might roll off a sewage pond on a chill October morning.

I craned my neck to peek into the bag. Lindsay didn't really help much as she shifted her weight from foot to foot. Inside I caught a glimpse of fleshy latex, rusty metal, and several obviously empty snack packs of Oreo cookies. When I looked up at Lindsay and met her mad gaze I could see the remnants of her cookie aperitif clinging to the jagged fissures of her teeth.

Roughly what Lindsay's pistol looked like.

"Eat too many and you shit black." Lindsay; the world's most charming mind reader. "That ain't what I brought you though."

"I wait with baited breath." Todd commented with mock enthusiasm and then descended into an asthmatic coughing fit.

Lindsay paid Todd's health no mind and happily reached a chubby paw into the paper bag and extracted a small rusty revolver. I moved quickly before Todd could recover from his attack and grabbed at the gun. Lindsay reeled in shock and pushed me away.

"There's gonna be plenty of time for that later, stud." She gave my testicles a playful vice-like squeeze and I dropped onto the couch.

Todd caught sight of the gun and I knew all of my work as a Good Samaritan was about to unravel in one of his not-uncommon destructive rampages. Instead, he seemed fascinated by this septic temptress and her museum-piece of a firearm.

"Is that a forty-five?" He gushed, suddenly intrigued.

"That ain't all it is." She threw the gun on the couch and I grabbed it before anyone else could. "It's our ticket to the big time. Look what else."

She produced two latex masks of Bill Clinton from the paper bag. Oreo crumbs clung to Bill's comically enlarged nose and fell like dandruff as she waved the two masks around.

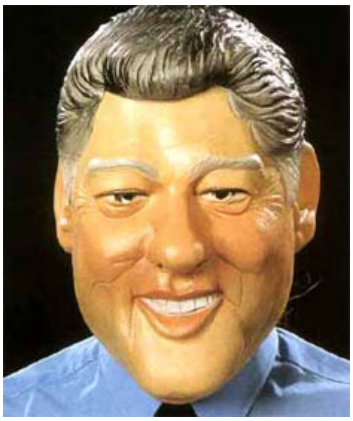
"Me and loverboy here is going to do just like 'Point Break'." She held a mask in front of her face.

"Point Break" was her favorite movie. She had expounded on its many virtues, visible only to her and a scarce few others, many times during our drinking sessions at Pete's Junction. Her second favorite movie was "Top Gun" featuring Tom Cruise and Bill Kilmer.

"'Point Break' is the best movie made." She slurred to Todd. "Patrick Swayze, Connoo, surfin', guns, football. You name it. It's got it. Beat that. Beat that Hollywood."

"What exactly do you pl-" I began, but Lindsay pressed her forehead to mine, her breath washing over me like a fell wind.

"I'll tell you exactly what WE plan to do." She threw one of the Bill Clinton masks at me. It knocked over a standing lamp five feet away. "WE are going to rob The Super 24."



I felt just like Connoo.

The Super 24 was of course named something entirely different, but there's no way I'm giving the real name away.

"Whoo," Todd whistled. "A regular crimewave. I'm impressed."

"That ain't the half of it. Cigarette truck comes in one hour. We can make thousands if we rob it too."

I would like to pretend that I protested, but no such thing happened. We gathered the battered furniture and took seats in a triangle with Lindsay Dawn Riley as the focal point. Lindsay began to explain her plan to us.

"Okay, so the cigarette truck comes in to the side alley." She placed a cigarette next to the water-damaged copy of "Gent" that represented the Super 24. "Nigger here is going to go over to the cigarette guy and talk to him about whatever to keep him occupied inside the store. While he's doing that I'm going to start taking cartons of Newports and putting them in my trunk. Then I'm going to come in, which is your signal to put on your mask. I'll be wearing mine."

"Wait a second." I interjected. "What's the point of wearing a mask if I put it on in the store?"

"What's the point of you opening your mouth when nothin' but retarded questions come flying out? The answer to 'em both is you just do what you gotta do. Now I come in and I shoot the fuckin' gun in the air so everyone knows it's serious and no fool craziness happens. I know they got a scattergun in there and I don't want the clerk gettin' Rambo ideas in his head."

Lindsay nodded to Todd.

"You wait in the car and keep the engine running." She grabbed at Todd's crotch and he scooted quickly away.

"This uh, this is fascinating and all, but there's no way in hell you are sucking me into your vortex of failure."

"Fine! We'll be laughing in the Caribbean countin' our money and drinking margaritas while you're here suckin' your granddaddies dick." Lindsay extended her middle finger and held her hand up to Todd's face in case he might have misread the gesture. "Leave the work to us men."

An hour later and I watched the glowing sign of the Super 24 approach through the smoke-clouded window of Lindsay's decrepit Chevy. The storefront was bright and cheery, but looked like nothing so much to me at that moment as the fiery gates of hell if hell offered "two super dogs for 99". Lindsay was preoccupied with putting her Bill Clinton mask on and nearly slammed into the rear end of a late model Honda backing out of its space. The driver glared at her with anger and squealed out of the parking lot.

"You ready?" Lindsay asked rhetorically and catapulted herself out of the car.

Against her advice I put the Bill Clinton mask on before exiting the car. She headed straight for the alley where the cigarette truck's tail end was visible. I made my way nervously towards the

Super 24. The door opened with a shrill electronic jangle and both the cigarette deliveryman and the Mexican clerk behind the counter turned to look at me.

"Hey buddy," I said approaching the cigarette deliverymen. "How are cigarette sales in this region?"

It was all I could think to ask. The deliveryman gaped at me like I had just shot bottle rockets out of my eye sockets and the clerk coughed nervously.

"How are cigarette sales in this region?" I repeated the question and grinned crazily behind the mask.

"G-good." The deliveryman backed away from me.

"No masks in here, hombre." The clerk said. "Take it outside or I'm callin' the cops."

"Do you sell a lot of cigarettes?" I felt a thick band of sweat course down my forehead.

The inside of the mask smelled like Oreos and Lindsay's ass. I suppressed a gag.

Others seem to have less trouble robbing convenience stores.

"Out! Now!" The clerk walked around the counter, anger painted across his face.

The door jangled behind me and I could smell Lindsay before I saw her. She was panting loudly inside her mask.

"EVERYBODY BE COOL THIS IS A STICK UP!"

A stick up? I turned just in time to see Lindsay raise the pistol above her head and pull the trigger. The gun clicked and the clerk surged towards us. She pulled the trigger again and there was a startling bright flash and a deafening report. The gun fired, but the bullet never left the cylinder. The rotting pistol had exploded in Lindsay's hand and actually set the mittens she was inexplicably wearing on fire. She threw the burning remains of the gun at the clerk who was already on his way at an unbelievably high speed towards the back door. The deliveryman and I were both paralyzed with horror.

Lindsay patted the burning mitten on her mustard stained sweatshirt and, instead of extinguishing the flames, simply spread them to her cheap shirt. She squealed in horror and flopped to the ground, pungent polyester smoke curling off of her like a fire in the Wal*Mart clothing department. Acting on instinct I reached for a forty out of the cooler and upended on her shrieking corpulence. She only screamed louder but the flames were extinguished.

"Goddamn fucking cunt sucking faggot gun!" She raged, struggling to her feet.

"We need to go." I looked warily at the deliveryman who just continued to look on in disbelief.

"I get what I came for and-" Lindsay staggered towards the register and tried to heft it up off the counter. "Help me with this!"

We tried to lift it together but it was oh-so-cleverly integrated into the counter. We both groaned with effort once again and failed once again. The deliveryman gasped as he suddenly came to his senses and fled out the front door. It chirped happily.

"You got the cigarettes, that's enough, let's get the hell out of here." I tried to reason with her.

"Truck was locked." She moaned. "I ain't leavin' empty handed."

I searched briefly and then returned to her with a hopeful offering; a display box full of Oreo snack packs.

"Look, dozens of 'em!" I shook the box like it was full of gold coins. "Good enough?"

Lindsay made one last grunting attempt to lift the register and then sighed, possibly the only time I had ever seen her show any emotion other than lecherous enthusiasm or anger.

"Fine." She grabbed the display box from my hands and stormed past me out of the store.

I glanced back at the counter and, feeling a terrible nagging of conscience, tossed all of the money in my wallet next to the register. When I turned back and looked at the parking lot I watched in complete horror as Lindsay sped away in her Cavalier. I stumbled out into the parking lot, discarded my Bill Clinton mask in a nearby dumpster, and began walking back to Todd's house. It was not the first and would not be the last time that Lindsay Dawn Riley had nearly gotten me arrested.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.18 Crouching Nerd, Fallen Glasses

Saturday, Dec 18, 2004 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

We live in a kung-fu world fraught with punches and kicks. Around every corner is a potential beating, behind every cupboard a bloody nose, under every toilet lid a layer of germs. Pugilism and fisticuffs are the leading pastimes amongst the ruffians that make up the majority of our population, with dust-ups coming in a distant third. Why, I was just beaten to a bloody pulp on the way back from looking those terms up in my 1912 thesaurus. This upturn in violence is the small price we pay for modern technology that makes our life easier such as the air guitar and herpes, but have we gone too far? No, we have not gone too far enough. It's too late to turn back now so your only option is to get used to it. But how will a weakling such as yourself survive? Luckily for your well-being and the length of this article, I am here to answer my own question.

One of my students puts the fighting tips in this very article into action (the guy on the right).

Rather than face your attackers haphazardly and resign to one humiliating defeat after another, it is best to learn combat stances which maximize your fighting skills. Keep in mind that there is no "best" stance to use, and that none will guarantee victory. A true warrior is one that masters many stances and uses them in the appropriate situations, sometimes employing several in a single fight. Take the time to study and practice the following stances which I developed after a lifetime of studying video games and bad movies. Come to know them better than you know the back of your abusive mailman's hand, and soon you'll be the one delivering Victoria's Secret catalogs and concussions to all the neighborhood children.

The Cheap Asshole

The Cheap Asshole is easy to learn and difficult for most opponents to counter. Simply knock your enemy down in the corner of the screen, then sweep kick them as they attempt to get up. The border of the screen will pin them in place instead of allowing them to be kicked away from you, meaning you can simply stay put and kick repeatedly while their life bar depletes.

Disadvantage - Finding the border of real life's screen can prove to be somewhat difficult in the middle of a battle.

Special Move - That kick where your underwear are revealed for one really hot nanosecond.

Over The Top

This stance can be tricky to initiate. After determining that a fight is about to break out but *before* combat actually begins, wager the legal custody of your only son and your 18 wheel truck on the outcome of the fight. It is recommended that you use this stance sparingly, as big rigs are very expensive. Please note that in order to win, you MUST turn your baseball cap backwards determinedly while staring your opponent down.

Disadvantage - Women generally find sleeveless shirts and trucker hats "goofy" unless you're wearing them in an ironic Hot Topic sort of way, and even if you manage to impregnate one there is a chance that the child she squeezes out will be a girl.

Special Move - Just as you are about to lose, the veins in your straining neck stiffen and a sudden burst of determination gives you the edge over your stunned opponent, much to the delight of the crowd.

The PaRappa

This is something of a last resort, a stance you take when defeat is imminent and you are left with no other options. Learn the lyrics to every song from PaRappa the Rapper and recite them to the beat of your assailant's blows. "Kick, Punch, Chop - Block! Don't get cocky, it's gonna get rocky!" will take on an entirely new and brutal meaning. You will receive a savage beatdown of epic proportions, but will leave your assailant with the memory of a catchy rhyme that will forever haunt or possibly delight him.

Disadvantage - The song about diarrhea could potentially get sort of awkward.

Special Move - Free pudding during your stay in the intensive care unit.

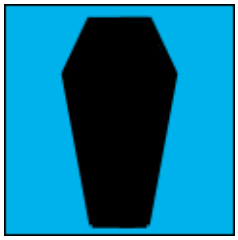
The Robocop

While the Robocop stance requires an enormous amount of effort to learn, you will be rewarded with power equal to the effort you put in. After being shot while on duty and having most of your body replaced with state of the art electronics, you will walk the streets with robotic impunity. Your enemy's right jab can be countered with the drawing of your uber-pistol, and his left hook can be countered with pretty much the same thing. Actually, I'm pretty sure you just use that gun for everything.

Disadvantage - Chemicals used to clean your robotic parts irritate the skin while water used to wash your skin rusts your robot parts, impossible to win against opponents who Serve you with funky fresh dance moves.

Special Move - Follow your Prime Directive: starring in two horrible sequels to a pretty cool movie.

Be Dead



While other fighting stances might improve your chances after combat has actually begun, the most efficient stance is one that avoids combat altogether. Did you know that dead people are statistically proven to get beat up a whopping 13% less often than the living? This astounding number simply cannot be overlooked. The dead typically lie flat on their backs in elongated and unassuming boxes, keeping themselves far out of sight of most hooligans. The stench produced by decomposition also serves to repel potential attackers. It's a win-win situation.

Disadvantage - Not fun for claustrophobics or people who enjoy living.

Special Move - Have your chest cave in around your attacker's fist with a wet and hollow crunch, **totally** freaking them out.

As we continue to strive for wireless air guitars and increasingly larger herpes, our world will only grow more violent. You have no need to worry. You're prepared for whatever may come because unlike the common riff raff, you will have this guide under your belt (in the form of a tasteful tattoo, with a mirror in your underpants for easy reference).

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.19 An Awful Christmas

Sunday, Dec 19, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

Christmas Pete and his mighty ukelele are going to teach us the true meaning of Christmas. I hope this doesn't take more than 15 minutes because I have shit to do.

Christmas time is here and it is once again time for everyone to pull some Christmas cheer out of their ass and try to survive yet another holiday. The Christmas season, which starts around August of every year, has always been an enigma to me. No matter how bad the last one was people will still attempt to make the next holiday an event that doesn't look like an episode of Jerry Springer. I mean, if you do something and it's a terrible experience, why would you do it again? If I go skydiving for the first time and my parachute doesn't open I doubt I will jump back into the plane in six months when my bones heal and take the plunge all over again. But no matter how bad Christmas 1979 to 2003 were, Christmas 2004 is surely going to be grand! I've got a good feeling about this one. Never mind that last year the Douglas Fir fell out the back of the Camry on the way back from the tree lot. Uncle Phil got drunk on eggnog at the family Christmas gathering and felt up your wife while she bent over to grab the goose out of the oven. Cousin Jose hung himself and wasn't found for six days. The malls were being mobbed by shoppers too stupid to do their Christmas shopping in July when the damn place is near empty. Sadly, you were one of them. Commercialism was out in full force and showed everybody the true meaning of Christmas and incredible deals on brand name merchandise you can't live without. The lights fell off the roof, the lawn decorations were destroyed by vandals, and the ham was burnt. Relatives you have never even seen before messed up your collection of Mr. Belevedere VHS tapes organized by first date of airing. The pedophile dressed up at the mall as Santa Clause and the expensive shit you buy for stupid relatives you've never heard of that puts you 30 thousand dollars into debt. But none of that is going to happen this year! This is going to be the best Christmas ever and we are all going to learn the true meaning of Jesus or else I'm going to fucking murder somebody!

For those of us who are sick of the whole Christmas sideshow circus that rolls into town each and every year, apathy is a common strategy. We try to ignore it the best we can, wait it out, and hope we come out alive. I am really tired of Christmas. I don't actively celebrate Christmas in whatever mutated form it has taken these days. I don't buy gifts for every obscure person I know, only a select few close friends. I don't expect any gifts in return. I buy a pine tree only because I enjoy the smell. I don't put up decorations or give out candy to trick or treaters on Christmas day. I don't go Christmas shopping. The girlfriend does all that crap and I sit on my ass and watch cartoons. After so many years of dysfunctional family Christmas seasons I have vowed to never celebrate another Christmas again. I don't see why someone has to participate in something just because everybody else thinks they have to. It's great if you love Christmas and enjoy participating in holiday festivities, but don't tell me there aren't people out there who would just rather chuck their ungrateful family and the holidays into a river somewhere and go bang whores in Las Vegas. For every one person that enjoys a merry Christmas there has to be another out there who is enjoying depression, anger, and frustration come December 25th.

Most of the time the root of all holiday disasters is the family. Contrary to popular belief, blood is not thicker than water. There are simply some people out there who should not be in the same room as one another. But because they share the same last name they force themselves to go to these meetings of doom where awkwardness, false camaraderie, and sometimes loud outbursts and arguments rule the night. These are people who you wouldn't give the time of day to were they not

a part of your family. But because some other bozo has the same last name as me I'm expected to go talk to them and fake a few laughs here and there for four hours before I can go home and take a shit and jerk off and go to sleep. It's not going to happen.

The worst part of Christmas has to be the Christmas letters addressed to Santa Clause that are written by millions of children each year and sent to a landfill in Alaska. In theory I guess it's a nice idea. Give kids something to believe in. But we all know what's going on here. It's fake. It's all a big fairy tale. What happens when Santa doesn't reply? Sure, in most instances mom and dad are there to play Santa. What really gets me though are the countless number of unanswered letters from the truly needy that make it into the hundreds of special interest stories that are printed each year.

> *Tramon of Bessemer wrote, "Dear Santa, I love you. I know I haven't been good, but I do get good grades. I want my mom to have a car so she can take us to the doctor. And a new house so when it rains, our beds don't get wet. And my Dad to be off drugs."*

First of all, who the fuck is opening up children's letters to Santa Clause so some faggot newspaper reporter who is stuck in the special interest section can write some shitty article about letters to Santa? Tramon is going to pick up The Birmingham News and read his letter and think, "What the shit? I sent this to Santa. Who the fuck stole my mail?!" Please email Carol Robinson and kindly ask her to stop stealing the mail that she uses to write her dumb articles. Because of her Tramon's mom isn't going to get a car and he'll die of brain cancer.

I hope you enjoy your present kid, 'cause it ain't gonna last for much longer.

If Carol the mail thief wasn't bad enough, it's the whole idea that writing to some imaginary character will make everything all right that irks me. We are setting these kids up for disapointment. We are teaching them that if you are good and behave yourself you will get something in return. I have news for you. That is the opposite of how real life works. You should behave yourself because it's the right thing to do, not because you are going to get a PlayStation 2 out of it. And if you don't get anything in return I guess it's okay if you stop being good and knock off a convienence store. After all, Santa screwed you out of toys. Society fucking owes me. And if I don't get what I want everybody is going down with me. This sense of entitlement where people believe that just because they exist they should win an award for it pisses me off. And it all starts with the letters to Santa Clause. Hey, I'm right here! GIMMIE GIMMIE GIMMIE! Tramon's dad is on drugs because his mother chose to be inseminated by a man with no aspirations or dreams in life. No amount of letter writing will change that. Some of these damn kids never had a chance to begin with, and it breaks my heart.

I want to write a special interest story about letters to Santa Clause too. It doesn't take much effort and I can be back watching Law and Order while scratching my balls and fantasizing about Elizabeth Rhom in about 15 minutes. Taking a page from the Big Book of Carol Robinson I decided to go down to the Something Awful mail room and steal some letters. What kind of letters you ask? Why, the letters that the staff here at Something Awful wrote to Santa this year. The first letter is from Tom "Moof" Davies, who wanted a little bit of everything this holiday.

> *DEAR SANTA,*
>
> THIS YEAR I WANT A PONY AND A POWER WHEEL AND A BUNNY RABBIT. OH AND I WANT A BIKE AND A MICROWAVE AND POP TARTS. I HAVE BEEN VERY GOOD THIS YEAR AND ATE ALL OF MY BROCCOLI. OH AND I

> WANT A PUPPY AND SUNSHINE AND A 401K. I LOVE YOU ☺ SANTA PLEASE DON'T FORGET MY HOUSE THIS ☺ YEAR LIKE I WAS SOME UNGRATEFUL JEWISH KID. OKAY SANTA I LOVE YOU BYE BYE ☺
>
> LOVE,
> M ☺☺F
>
> P.S. AND I WANT A G.I. JOE

What a cute kid! Moof I hope you get everything that's coming to you and more. The next letter is from Josh "Livestock" Boruff. This one really tugs at the heartstrings.

> *Dear Santa,*
>
> I know I have not been on my best behavior this year, but that's because life has been pretty hard. My mom is a stripper and only feeds us canola oil. My little brother is so fat and he shits all over the house. My dad drinks a lot and hits me and my fat brother constantly. My kitty is dead and partially decomposed. Santa, please help me. Call social services now. I can't because my mom hasn't paid the phone bill in two years. Oh god daddy is coming. Santa please help. Please, I beg of you. Santa! Help m

I hope Santa sends that good little boy a train set. He deserves it. Oh and give me the Journalist of the Year Award while you're at it. These letters don't tug at the heartstrings for nothing you know! Next up we have Lowtax who didn't ask for anything but peace of mind this year.

> **Order of Protection**
>
> STATE OF MISSOURI
>
> CASE NO. 55504-0492-09321
>
> Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka,
> Petitioner
> vs.
> Santa Clause,
> Respondent
>
> **FINDINGS**
>
> This matter having been heard by the Court on 12/25/03 pursuant to Missouri Code 34-26-5-10, the Court now makes the following Findings:
>
> a. Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka filed a timely Request for Hearing pursuant to Missouri Code 34-26-5-10(a); and,
> b. The Court is required to hold a hearing pursuant to Missouri Code 34-26-5-10(b).
> c. The Petitioner was present at the hearing and the Respondent was not present.
> d. The Respondent had notice and an opportunity to be heard.
> e. The Petitioner has shown, by a preponderance of the evidence, that domestic or family violence has occurred sufficient to justify the issuance of this Order.
> f. The Respondent has failed to show good cause why this Order for Protection should not be issued.
> g. The Respondent does not agree to the issuance of the Order for Protection.
> h. The Respondent represents a credible threat to the safety of the Petitioner or a member of the Petitioner's household.
> i. The following relief is necessary to bring about a cessation of the violence or the threat of violence.
> **ORDER**

1. The Respondent is hereby enjoined from threatening to commit or committing acts of domestic or family violence against the Petitioner.
2. The Respondent is prohibited from harassing, annoying, telephoning, contacting, or directly or indirectly communicating with the Petitioner.
3. The Respondent shall be removed and excluded from the Petitioner's residence.
4. The Respondent is ordered to stay away from the residence, school, and/or place of employment of the Petitioner.

VIOLATION OF THIS ORDER IS PUNISHABLE BY CONFINEMENT IN JAIL, PRISON, AND/OR A FINE.
IF SO ORDERED BY THE COURT, THE RESPONDENT IS FORBIDDEN TO ENTER OR STAY AT THE PETITIONER'S RESIDENCE, EVEN IF INVITED TO DO SO BY THE PETITIONER OR ANY OTHER PERSON. IN NO EVENT IS THE ORDER FOR PROTECTION VOIDED.
INTERSTATE VIOLATION OF THIS ORDER MAY SUBJECT THE RESPONDENT TO FEDERAL CRIMINAL PENALTIES UNDER 18 U.S.C. 2261 AND 18 U.S.C. 2262.

So very touching... Next up to bat, number 34, Frolixo "Pasty White Guy" Ried!

❤️ ❤️ ❤️Hey Santa honey ❤️ ❤️ ❤️

I can't wait to see you again baby. Last year was out of this world. I can't wait for you to come down my chimney and my throat this year. I'm going to fuck your ass so hard Santa. Then I want you to flip me over and shit in my mouth then kiss me long and hard. Whenever I think about you precum forms at the tip of my penis. I'm licking it off right now. Soon you will be able to do that for me. I'm scratching my balls. I stopped biting my finger nails so I need something for my fingers to do and if you were here right now you would benefit from that oh so much. I love you, *mUaH* ❤️

Sexily Yours,

❤️

❤️ ❤️Frolixo ❤️ ❤️ ❤️

Oh boy. Maybe I shouldn't have printed that letter. But hey, the cat's already out of the bag and the delete key broke on my keyboard. Finally, in the spirit of fairness I have printed my letter here.

dEaR sAnTa,

> WUSSUP homegurl!!! i jus got bak frum a bumpin party in da oc sup wit u gurl?!?! so i got my naaaaailz did yesterday... according to nick my nailz r *HOT** so wuh nowwww! urg so i have a head ache again.. a week strait now... sumthinz wrong wit me! i get em every afternoon n i get dizzy as al hell i feel sick to my stomach. THIZ SUX!
> we had to write an essay in selz class 2day on wildfires... yes real fukkin exciting. HOWEVER! pastors lawn caught fire the other night... AND NO it isn't my fault that hiz lawn iz all dead... over the summer i wuz ONLY support to water the FLOWERS! newaryz sum1 thru a fire cracker on it n since itz so dead from not gettin watered over da summer....still not my fualt..it caught fire! VERY exciting! so now he haz thiz big black burn mark... ON HIZ LAWN! itz fuckin gr8! i have SUM sumpathy tho... im sorry u yard lookz like more shit then it already did...u not only kileld it..bug shit..u creameamted it too!
> VERY bored at thiz point.. i found out 2day i have 7 absenses for both gym and health which MEANZ i ONLY have 2 for the REST fo the year..FUCK! lol
> well im listinin to sum drpessin italian music az i listen to tha planz of yet another party thiz weekend..ppl this MIGHT juz work out lol ***PARTY JUMPZ*** lol
>
> Love,
> *sPoKKeR JoNeZ*

No matter how much Christmas loses its meaning over the years you can count on Something Awful to remind you what the holidays are all about. Everybody have a safe and merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Or else.

-∼Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

12.20 2004: A Look Back on Another Shitty Year in Gaming

Monday, Dec 20, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Another year come and nearly gone and nary a good game in sight. Gather round young 'uns, it's time to sit down with cranky old grandpa Zack so he can tell you about just why this was another shitty year in gaming. He expects to get plenty of angry email about this one!

The new physics engine in Half Life 2 allows Barney to seamlessly enjoy his meal. (Thanks to jhnrksn for the screenshot).

Half Life 2

Delayed multiple times, Half Life 2 still managed to further delay its release by including a tedious installation, validation, and patching process. Scripted to the point of nearly becoming a rail shooter, Half Life 2 had stunning graphics tucked somewhere between terrible load times and frequent crate and barrel shuffling puzzles. When you weren't throwing crates at the blabbermouth NPCs or tooling around in awkward vehicles the game approximated something fun. For that I award it the coveted Least Shitty Game of the Year Award.

Doom 3

Jokes about Doom 3's darkness are too clichéd to make at this point. Needless to say the game was a pedestrian romp through zombie filled shadows that managed to be so uninspired id actually stuck baby heads on the inevitable swarms of spiders to try to juice them up. Every character in the game looked like it was made out of laminated stucco and the hellmonster storyline was more than run into the ground by "Doom II" almost a decade ago.

Call of Duty

Another World War II FPS with heavy scripting, rat maze freedom, and terrifically shitty AI? Sign me up, lieutenant. No game had me wanting to murder the developers faster than Call of Duty and its "defend the building" Russian mission. The AI was so terrible on this mission that it would sit and watch the enemy walk up to it and then beat it to death with a rifle. With AI that bad you can bet that it was a fucking blockbuster destined to have a smash-hit sequel!

Halo 2

Frequent and repeated texture buffering not pictured.

Here's an idea, let's add bump mapping so that the real time cut scenes load like a 386 doing a high detail render in POV Ray. Maybe by the time Master Chief gets done strutting around he'll have a head!

Star Wars: Battlefront

Nope, this isn't Battlefield 1942. We totally came up with this idea on our own! Here, have some X-wings that you can't fly more than 50 feet into the air. Why? Because it's fucking Star Wars, man. Star Wars! Oh, by the way, here's a bunch of droid army shit that dumbass servers will put in the rotation in case you were trying to forget about the two abysmal prequel movies.

Painkiller

A soul seeking redemption by fighting his way through demons or a game getting uninstalled before

level three? You be the judge!

FarCry

CryTek is one of only two developers capable of creating a richly realized tropical island environment, giving you a good deal of freedom, and then methodically stripping out everything fun. The other developer is responsible for Tropico. At least Tropico didn't have stealth baboons that shoot rockets.

Catwoman

Hot on the heels of the critical success and box office smash hit movie "Catwoman", the "Catwoman" game perfectly lives up to the greatness of its source material.

The Chronicles of Riddick: Escape from Butcher Bay

This surprise hit managed to show up Doom 3 by being shadowy, bump mapped, and dull well before Doom 3 appeared on shelves. Though I am loathe to admit it, Vin Diesel's game was better than John Carmack's. All the same, puking on your shirt is better than shitting your pants and I would not recommend either.

The only game where you escape from prison 50 times.

Dragonball Z: Buu's Fury and Dragonball Z: Supersonic Warriors

The people buying and playing these games are the reason they put warning labels on buckets telling you not to eat them.

Driv3r

This poor man's version of Grand Theft Auto spent years in development and came out looking like a million bucks and playing like a three dollar bill. If you consider picking it up any time soon, even in the bargain bin, consider needless root canal surgery as a more enjoyable alternative.

Dynasty Warriors 4

Hello, we're Koei. When we release patches on a console we call them new games and sell them for 50 dollars. Bon appetite, sucker!

The EyeToy and Related "Games"

Save money by placing stickers on your bathroom mirror and swatting at them.

Nintendo DS

Yes! Finally, I can combine the precision control I demand from my laptop's glide pad with all my favorite Mario games released yet again at premium price. Thanks Nintendo, you are the best.

Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas

My favorite part in "Boyz n the Hood" was when Tré parachuted out of a plane and then blew up a dam. While this game may be playable on the PC or Xbox, on the PS2 it looks like everything is covered with mud and compression artifacts. The decision to use black streets and dark blue mission markers on the mini-map is also an award-winning move.

Metal Gear Solid 3: Snake Eater

Hideo Kojima needs to take at least one creative writing class before making another game. Short stories, novels, screenplays, it doesn't matter. He just needs to get a rough idea of how to tell a story that doesn't descend into a ridiculous mess of confusing conspiracy theories. His games are

like a tinfoil Geocities site with more parts where you hide in a cardboard box.

Revolver Ocelot is a double-agent using Metal Gear Jake for the Patriots who are actually part of the Lee-La-Loo-La-Li-Lee-Loo-Lay, which are sort of like aliens only they're people who live forever and they are tired of- FISSION MAILED!

Metroid Prime 2

Scanning...shitty sequel found. Hey, I got 100%! I got to see the good ending where Samus takes off her helmet and then returns the game to EB for store credit claiming a magnet went haywire. And the clerk believes it!

Pokemon Coloseum

Another phoned-in installment of a marketing franchise consumed mostly these days by troubled teens and idiot man-children. Will they finally release the console RPG that these failed abortions have been clamoring for or will the franchise finally take its well-deserved place amid the mothballed relics of a past age? I think you know which one I'm hoping for.

Every Major MMORPG Release This Year

Initial excitement over a new MMORPG quickly fades as you realize it's the exact same shit - same mechanics, same concept, and same gameplay patterns - as every other MMORPG that you quit playing because it felt like work. Except Star Wars: Galaxies. It really stood out from the pack as the worst major MMORPG released this year.

River City Ransom EX

At long last, a new River City Ransom game! But wait, let's change just enough to ruin it. That will be a great joke on all of the people looking forward to it!

Silent Hill 4: The Room

Silent Hill 4: The End of the Franchise. Three was boring, four was a colossal mistake. I guess Konami decided that retelling the same fucking vague story over and over again was getting old and decided to replace that with one of the worst gimmicks in the history of gaming.

Looking more like a bad Tool video with each iteration.

Star Ocean: Till the End of Time

If you only play one horrible Japanese RPG this year, make it this one, because it's so bad it will condense all of the others into one bad acid trip.

Terminator 3: The Redemption

Redemption? Hardly. Skynet has been sending a series of dazzlingly awful Terminator games back in time to ruin human civilization. Skynet is fucking winning, although it has some competition from the equally terrible Robocop games that mysteriously came out in 2004. Luckily for Dick Jones, Robocop can't make an OCP employee play one of his games.

Vampire: The Masquerade: Bloodlines

Troika: Releases Another Unfinished Game: Surprise! My favorite part of the game was the unavoidable five minute long in-engine intro that was so poorly done and buggy I actually turned off my monitor because I felt embarrassed. If you made the mistake of buying this be sure to laugh at

the most hilarious representations of prostitutes seen in gaming to date.

Deeeeath.

Fable

Peter Molyneux's baby that he was tied to, then not tied to, then tied to again, then...who knows? It still has Peter Molyneux written all over it, and as usual it aimed for the sky and delivered the gutter. Hey Pete, how about a new fucking Syndicate game? Oh, Black and White 2 you say? Fascinating!

Deus Ex 2: Invisible War

Warren Spector is unapologetic about releasing this piece of absolute and total shit onto the market. Another industry giant fallen into the deadly vortex of his own ego exaggerating the worth of his contribution to gaming as a whole. Deus Ex wasn't bad, so everything else I release must be solid gold! Warren, you'll be seeing Peter Molyneux in the special arrogant game developer portion of hell when you die. Stevie Case will be around with drinks shortly. Cliffy B is doing a juggling act in the lounge. Enjoy!

Before you email me wondering why your favorite game didn't make the list, you should probably assume the following:

- Your favorite game was worse than anything on the list with the possible exception of Star Wars: Galaxies.
- Your favorite game was way too "niche" to ever get any real following. Katamari Damacy, I'm looking at you.
- Even the mouth-breathing hype-sucking fanboys for your favorite game know that it turned out to be a horrible debacle and have since disowned it.
- Your inability to comprehend the flow of time has confused you and your favorite game actually came out in 2003.

I'll see you again next year when I tell you just how bad Duke Nukem Forever really is. Haha, just a little parting joke.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.21 Monster Monsters

Tuesday, Dec 21, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Americans are granted a certain inalienable set of rights. You know, life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, a complimentary Livejournal to explain why we're laughing at you because "you're all the same"... all that crap. When our forefathers sat down at the Thanksgiving table and decided to tell that asshole Queen of France that, by God, we were going to praise God, they penned one of the most famous documents ever written besides "Dianetics."

Unfortunately, as time passed, their highly praised New York Times bestseller "The Declaration of Independence" began to lose its significance in an age where poofy shirts and three-cornered hats were replaced with FUBU phat pants and gang rape. Sure all that life and liberty and happiness junk still stands, but the Declaration of Independence desperately needs an upgrade to be compatible with modern times. All Americans are granted a certain set of inalienable rights, and among those should be the right to NOT buy Monster Cables.

Go into any large electronics store anywhere. Pass by the drooling cretins shoving cellphones in your face and demanding you switch to some random telecommunications giant who promises a more expansive Modest Mouse ringtone download hub. Walk right past the elderly folks being scammed into buying a Sony laptop because "most modern email programs need at least two gigs of memory to function correctly." Ignore the teeming masses of incoherent white kids pretending to be black kids interested in buying CDs featuring black kids pretending to be white kids pretending to be black kids.

You should now be in the store area displaying wooden bookshelf speakers and Casio keyboards, right next to the weathered dustbin overflowing with "$5.99 SUPER ACTION DVD COLLECTION COLLECTOR'S SET" movies such as "Nuclear Cop Solves a Crime" and "Street Justice: Passion on the Streets." Here comes the tricky part:

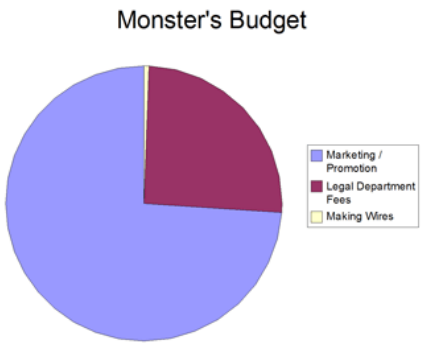
Find an audio cable which costs less than a dinner for two at the Outback Steakhouse (even with the cheese fries).

It's impossible. The days of shelves lined with "Awesome Audio Inc." and "Val-U-Save" y-splitters are long gone. Somewhere, in the back of a filthy and decrepit warehouse, lies palettes and palettes full of rusting copper speaker wire whose beige cardboard packaging slip has become unreadable beneath the aged layers of grease and soot. Us hardworking, patriotic American citizens who spend our free time never forgetting and talking about Dale Earnhardt's many accomplishments have been stripped of our rights to purchase decent, affordable cables by simply driving to an electronics store and using money to purchase them.

Somewhere on some day spools and spools of cheap, crappy copper wire that disintegrates when breathed upon were tossed into a blazing pyre along with copies of pro-evolution textbooks and Spuds MacKenzie t-shirts, and not a single independent corporate watchdog caught wind of it. Monster Cable scratched another item off their "to do" list and completed their aggressive penetration of the retail electronics industry, successfully conniving their way into Radio Shack and further stretching their blackened tentacles outward like a toxic oil slick.

Radio Shack to sell Monster brand cables - *Fort Worth-based Radio Shack Corp.*

> *(NYSE:RSH), one of the country's largest electronics retailers, said Friday that it has made a deal with Monster Cable Products Inc. that will bring the popular Monster-brand audio/video cables to its 7,000 stores nationwide. The cables made by California-based Monster Cable Products are considered the top brand of the high-performance cables that are used to connect audio/video components for home, car and professional use, as well as computers and computer games, Radio Shack said, in a press release.*



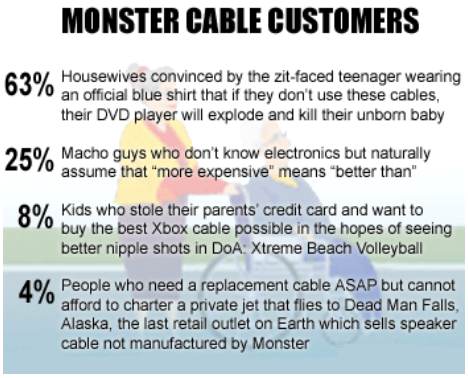
For those of you who mistakenly chose to live in another country, another NON-AMERICAN country, Monster is a giant electronics heavyweight specializing in the creation of highly advanced hype and expensive packaging (like Bose, only with slightly larger boxes). Rumor has it they also own a factory somewhere that produces actual wires, but nobody has ever been able to successfully prove this. While Monster sells cables identical in performance and quality to virtually any other wire company not staffed by eight-year old Mexican slave laborers, they effortlessly set themselves apart from the competition with one of the most aggressive marketing and advertising departments since the birth of Lucifer himself. Monster doesn't spend money researching more effective methods to make the audio in their cables sound crisp and clean; they simply spend money researching more effective methods to claim that they do on their packaging.

For all intents and purposes, this strategy is paying off - big time. Every single major electronics store in America has signed lucrative contracts with Monster where all parties involved receive generous cash kickbacks every time some hardworking American walks into their store and buys their son a new DVD player, unaware that they are contractually obligated by law to purchase three feet of Monster's patented brand dual titanium braided alien alloy shielding complete with low-density insulation matrix and plutonium cancellation surge protection now with patented Monster Crunch technology which sends an arc of electricity through your balls every time it plays a Lil John track. If they refuse to buy one of these cables, store employees will sweep upon them like winged leeches, spouting off each and every "value point" Monster forced them to memorize during their three day training seminar entitled "If You Don't Sell Our Cables, We'll Behead Your Dog." Of course these wires cost nearly as much as the DVD player itself, even more if you include the Monster-brand power filtration adapting converter unit which instantly converts your cash into lines of high grade Columbian cocaine for the company's CEO.

To ensure they are the most obnoxious company in the free world, Monster has taken an extra bonus step to sue anybody even remotely using the word "monster" in any way whatsoever. This includes job placement companies, online Halloween costume shops, Disney (for their movie "Monsters Inc."), and their biggest threat in the fast-paced world of cut-throat consumerism: a vintage clothing store.

> Two years ago MonsterVintage .com received a letter from a Trademark Attorney representing Monster Cable. We thought it bizarre and considered it to be Junk mail. After some time, I recieved a phone call from the attorney and he stated because I was using the word "Monster" I would have to sign a license to continue to use the Monstervintage.com name. Logo or design issues were never mentioned or I would have dealt with it). Then he continued with informing me that they get paid and sell their license and how much money could I come up with, **I told him that MonsterVintage.Com is a small cottage business and has a limited budget. Monster Cable's Attorney then asked if I could come up with $1000.00. And then went on to say they**

also required 1% of the gross business yearly income. Of course, I did not agree with this strong-arm tactic and did not pay or sign the huge license agreement that was sent after that phone conversation, 1 1/2" thick License Agreement of pure legal trickery that was received around 5/2002.


MONSTER CABLE CUSTOMERS
63% Housewives convinced by the zit-faced teenager wearing an official blue shirt that if they don't use these cables, their DVD player will explode and kill their unborn baby
25% Macho guys who don't know electronics but naturally assume that "more expensive" means "better than"
8% Kids who stole their parents' credit card and want to buy the best Xbox cable possible in the hopes of seeing better nipple shots in DoA: Xtreme Beach Volleyball
4% People who need a replacement cable ASAP but cannot afford to charter a private jet that flies to Dead Man Falls, Alaska, the last retail outlet on Earth which sells speaker cable not manufactured by Monster

I put some of that text in bold to let you know when your anger should reach a sufficient boiling point and you can begin slowly shaking your head back and forth while muttering "what complete assholes."

Let's make a few things clear here: nobody in their right or even wrong minds could possibly confuse a store which sells vintage Barbara Streisand wigs with an electronics manufacturer which sells colorful words printed on top of thick plastic. There is absolutely no way anybody will ever load up MonsterVintage.com, view a page full of wrinkled Motley Crue concert t-shirts from the 80s, and ask themselves, "boy, I surely didn't know Monster Cables sold VINTAGE ORANGE HAWAIIAN DRESSES. I also didn't know they COMPLETELY CHANGED THEIR ENTIRE NAME. This truly is a step up from that silly multi-million dollar speaker wire racket they were running before!" It blows my mind to believe Monster can patent such a trivial and common word as "monster" and then attempt to enforce such a ridiculous concept with a bloodthirsty legal team full of psychotic assholes who'd felch their own mothers for a handful of bus tokens.

Now I'm all for ridiculous lawsuits and people trying to sue window manufacturers for failing to plaster their products with a few hundred stickers labeled "DO NOT TRY TO CHEW OR MAKE LOVE TO THE GLASS," because that kind of shit makes me laugh until I stop. But everything about Monster's company and their pro-alienation business plan seems just mind-bogglingly outrageous. How could any of Monster's expensive New York lawyers seriously argue that folks lining up to see Disney's "Monsters, Inc." mistakenly purchased their tickets believing they were going to watch two hours of speaker cable sitting on the floor and thrilling the audience with its amazing PEX dialectric insulation?

More importantly, why did Monster demand the owner of the vintage clothing store give them $1000 up front and 1% of their gross business income? How the fuck is that justified? Can they somehow prove that the sales increase of Members Only jackets is directly proportional to the sales of Monster Jazz Instrument Cables? Better yet, what the fuck is a Monster Jazz Instrument Cable? Does jazz music really require its own special cables to accurately convey the subtle dynamics of an instrument which would otherwise be lost using the shoddy and inferior Monster Rock Instrument Cable?

Hey Monster, do I need to buy special ears to listen to jazz music? How come there aren't any Monster Rap Instrument Cables which excel in reproducing sampled cliched vinyl drum loops for 40 minutes? If you do ever begin manufacturing such a thing, be sure to start selling Monster 45-caliber bullets that I can use to decorate my brains all over the ceiling with MAXIMUM BLOOD SPREAD thanks to Monster's patented "MONSTER Explosive© Skull Diffusion© filter using patented TimeCorrection© DynaFlow© UltraMaximum© Technology©." I can imagine the their advertising angle: "The police claimed a single man killed 'Dimebag' Darrell, but we all know who really killed him - a load of awesome Monster 45s, the perfect bullet to make your point! All our Monster 45s are guaranteed for life to have the lowest possible wind resistance and kinetic energy displacement thanks to our patented Nitrogen-gas injected HydroAction© Flex-R-Zap© dielectric providing high velocities of propagation for maximum spread!"

Pregnant angelic furries and white homosexual anime fans will never forget what happened the day of September 11th, and I recommend you do the same as well.

It's really not that difficult to imagine Monster selling bullets. Hell, they are already selling season tickets to San Francisco 49ers games. They are already selling Monster Mints. If you thought either of those were mind-bendingly goofy, then prepare yourself for Monster USB cables, Monster DVI cables, and Monster printer cables. Why? Who the fuck dreamed of these things? Are there filthy groups of lost and confused computer users out there demanding to know why their standard USB cable only lets them transfer text files containing passages from "The Bell Jar?" Has anybody ever said, "you know, this new printer we bought is awesome and everything, but I can't help to imagine how much better our documents would look if they came through a Monster printer cable! They're only $39.95 and are somehow personally endorsed by aging rocker Sammy Hagar, so let's buy a few hundred RIGHT NOW and then bask in the glow of our newly enhanced pie chart and tax return printouts!" The day Monster proves data travels significantly faster through their $35 "Ultimate Performance" cable is the day I go to their corporate offices and learn if a molotov cocktail with a Monster USB fuse burns faster than a normal one.

Monster is simply one of those giant companies I absolutely loathe for their terrible business tactics and questionable products. They prey on consumers' ignorance and lack of alternative choices to sell their grotesquely marked up snake-oil wire, strong arming all competition out of marketplaces and spreading through electronics chains like AIDS. Next time one of your wires goes bad and you need a replacement pronto, you've got two choices: either go to the local electronics store and spend $50 on a three-foot long Monster cable, or go to a somewhat different electronics store and spend $100 on a six-foot long Monster cable. Radio Shack, the last bastion of cable sanity, doesn't even sell their patented brand of 99-cent Awesome Vision cables which were recently upgraded to reproduce the yellow and "most of the blues." Yet despite having completely dominated the field by cramming a bloated wad of marketing and aggressive sales down the throats of every person in this continent, they continue to hammer away on rival vintage clothing stores and online shops selling Halloween masks, not content on resting until the dictionary entry for "monster" has a little "c" with a circle around it. If Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin were alive to see the kind of ruthless tyranny Monster has used to penetrate America, they'd probably say, "OH GOD, WE'RE SOOOOOOO COOOLD, KILL US, KILL US PLEASE!!!" You know, because their flesh fell off decades ago. Maybe they just need some Monster Skin.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.22 Scott Peterson Versus the Space Venusians

Wednesday, Dec 22, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Scott Peterson yanked the tattered remnant of his right arm off and cast it aside with little thought. Whereas most men would procrastinate on such a morbid task, Scott Peterson, hero of mankind, knew that his sacrifice was for the greatest good of all. When his wrecked arm severed from his body, he felt a jolt of pain unlike anything ever felt before. A million nerves screamed and clawed in agony, begging for mercy and death. Peterson, never one to give in to mere pain, simply brushed it off with a look of purpose so sharp it could cut through a titanium mirror, even if there was a mighty sequoia tree in the way.

"No time to spare, friend!" he yelled to his trusty robot companion and talking dictionary, Lexitron.

"Scott Peterson, noun, the most amazing man alive," replied the stalwart Lexitron.

"Aw shucks, little buddy! Sure I made short work of the Venusian murder squad, but I couldn't stop one of them from kidnapping Santa! There's only one place they could have gone, Lexitron! Into the giant spinning transdimensional temporal anomaly from whence they came!"

And with that Scott and his faithful friend ventured into the heart of the transdimensional temporal anomaly, instantly traveling a million light years into the future where Santa Claus was being imprisoned in the Venusian stronghold on Mars IV.

Mere moments before, secret galactic hero Scott Peterson and wise Lexitron were meeting with Santa Claus in an abandoned warehouse to discuss what to do about the especially naughty.

"If your calculations are correct," spoke Scott, "then these boys are beyond naughty. They could grow up to be cosmic villains!"

"Goodness gracious, yes! Scott Peterson, I don't normally have to do this, but these naughty lads are out of my league!"

"With my trusty atomic raygun and the invaluable aid of Lexitron, I'll make short work of these evildoers!"

"Bless you, Scott Peterson! Your Christmas spirit is as boundless as the universe you keep safe!"

"Aw shucks, Mr. Santa!"

But just as Scott prepared to part ways with Santa Claus and begin the unenviable process of eliminating evildoers, the very fabric of space exploded in four exciting dimensions! From the source of the transdimensional temporal anomaly stormed four fierce Venusian murder machines with mechanical pincer claws and lunar laser eyes!

Instantly Scott drew his atomic raygun and blasted two of the Venusian murder machines, overloading their electro-circuits with a billion volts of pure pain! That was all he could do before one of them locked his shooting arm in a prison of agony with the most terrifying death grip in the known universe!

"Ouch! My right arm! My shooting arm!" Scott shouted as he struggled to free himself from the murderous Venusian murder machine! The atomic raygun slipped out of his fingers as he spoke, as did all feeling in that arm save for the panoramic pangs of an unsolicited robot massage!

"Perseverance," chimed in Lexitron. "This noun means to never give up the fight!"

"You're right! By God, you're right!"

Scott then channeled all his energy into his left hand, which he used to construct a form that can only be described as "a fist," though that scarcely did this fleshy pounding apparatus justice. With this powerful "fist," Scott decapitated the murderous robot and freed himself. He did not stop to consider the harmful effects this would have on his devastated right arm. Though the claw released, it left Scott with nothing but shreds where his shooting arm once to proudly protruded.

"And not a moment to spare! He was about to use those lunar laser eyes on me!" Scott boasted before coming to a dire realization. "Hey, wait a minute! Where's Santa?"

"Seized by unlawful force," chimed the majestic dictionary machine.

"Kidnapped!? Oh no!"

In the frightful flurry of being pinched by a robot, Scott Peterson did not notice the fourth murder machine dragging a terrified Santa Claus into the roaring heart of the transdimensional temporal anomaly. As brave and strong a man as he is, he cannot do everything! But he was never one to leave work unfished.

Scott Peterson was the very best at keeping the galaxy safe. Long ago tasked with a sacred duty of protecting the cosmos, Scott has worked tirelessly to defeat evil. But this did not come without a price. The Masters of the Universe demanded Scott share his identity with no one except Santa Claus and Lexitron, the walking lexicon. If anyone ever found out his identity, the very fate of the universe would come into jeopardy. Scott longed to tell his beautiful wife his fantastic secret, but alas he could not share his monumental tales of triumph over unspeakable evil without risking the ire of the Architects of All! Scott hid his secret identity well, often disappearing into the center of the universe while friends and family thought he was merely out fishing.

Upon arrival on Mars IV of the amazing future, Scott Peterson took a moment to share an uplifting quip with Lexitron.

"I wish I had my arm still. As soon as I rescue Santa, I'm going to ask him for a new arm!" He said excitedly as he smiled and pointed to the bloody volcano erupting from his torso.

Lexitron, lacking all comprehension of emotion or humor save for the absolute definitions, merely nodded and recorded the quote for Scott Peterson's dictionary entry.

The heroes stormed into the Venusian prison complex, blasting enemy after enemy with atomic rays and deadly definitions! Thick metallic blast doors and radioactive force fields couldn't stop our heroes, nor could a dizzying connect-the-dots maze of laser beams impede the rate of their progress!

"At this fantastic rate I'll be back in time to buy a fish from the store and tell me beautiful wife I caught it! I sure hate lying to her but the alternative is so unknown and frightening!"

Scott was right about the pace. They quickly arrived to a prison room where Santa was strapped to a metal torture chamber, slowly being disemboweled alive by the merciless Venusian Master, Supreme Commander of the savage Venusian Empire.

Scott wasted no time intervening on behalf of the jolly fat man and giver of gifts great and small. "Stop right there, Venusian Master!"

"Ah, Scott Peterson!" lisped the effeminate Venusian Master. "You've finally arrived. You're probably wondering what I want with Santa Claus, I presume?"

"You're mad you didn't get any presents, you big bully. Well it's your own fault for being such a

negative person all the time!"

"I'm mad at Santa because he put me on his naughty list. He tried to have me wiped out. I survived and decided to change the past! To change all time! To go back to when it all began!"

"I have it on high authority that it ends here," declared Scott as he stared down the garish Venusian Master. "I've still got one left arm and atomic raygun!"

"Unfortunately for you, you're right handed! I planned this well, Scott Peterson! You only have a 50/50 chance of hitting me with that arm! By all means, Scott Peterson, ask your little robot toy tell you the definition of certain defeat."

Lexitron did not follow that suggestion. Instead the kindly robot echoed, "Probability: the likelihood of any possible outcome coming true."

"50/50 you say? I just don't trust those odds!"

"Of course not, Scott! You'd be a fool to take that shot! If you miss there would be no stopping me!"

"Unless... Unless I took another shot after that! Yes, I'll do that!"

"No! No, you can't! You mustn't!"

"I just did," Scott said as he stared down the Venusian Master. Then he suddenly realized he hadn't, and so he pulled the trigger and shot the Venusian Master square in the shoulder.

"Scratch one of the naughty list, Lexitron!"

Scott rushed to help the horrendous pulsating lump of red that was Santa Claus. The jolly fat man had his innards torn out in frenzy. He was human wrapping paper, and the Venusian Master had been desperate to unwrap him and expose the sweet gift inside. As he sat up with the aid of Scott, his intestines spilt out all over the floor, dangling like stockings from a mantle place.

"Don't worry about me," said Santa. "The Vietcong did much worse to me!"

"I just wish I could have prevented this altogether, Mr. Santa!"

"You did good, Scott! I was right to hire you, as I see now firsthand! Now make sure that bastard is deader than Christ."

Scott approached the fallen Venusian Master and eyed him carefully. He appeared dead, and the smoke emanating from his cauterized laser wound gave off a morose, nauseating smell.

"Scott Peeettteeerrrrrsooonnnhhhhh," muttered the fallen foe in a dying voice. Scott was startled to find life still remained, but confident it was no threat. He leaned in closer to hear just what this monstrous soul's last words would be.

In frantic gulps and chopped up words, the Venusian Master unveiled his harrowing final act. "Peterson... Scottttt... My plan succeeded. It was you. It was always you. Your wife... Your..."

"My wife? What about my beautiful wife!? TALK DAMN YOU!!" demanded Scott as he violently shook the Venusian Master. But there was only silence waiting. He was shaking an empty box hoping to find out what horrible present was waiting inside.

"He's dead, Scott. Let him burn in the fires of Hell."

"But what about my wife?"

"Scott, there's something I must tell you."

"What is it? What now? I've got to get back home!"

"As Santa Claus, I serve the same master as you. Only unlike you, I see all time and space as a whole. Everything that can and will happen happens at once in my eyes. The Venusian Master was on my naughty list for killing your wife. That's why I hired you to kill him. I wanted you to have revenge for Christmas!"

"That's madness! That makes no sense! It's a paradox or something!"

"It is the way things are, Scott." Santa took a breath to scoop his intestines back in and secure them snugly with some wrapping paper and a ribbon he had in his pocket. "You must accept it. It's the thought that counts, after all."

"I've been good, Santa. I have a wish! Make her safe and alive! Please! For Christmas, make her alive!"

"It's too late, Scott. By the edicts of the Masters of the Universe, I have to follow the order of nature. You wished first for your arm back. I must give you your arm for being good, but your wife is to remain dead. It breaks my heart, especially since she was pregnant."

Scott turned white as the inverse of space.

"Oh, you didn't know," replied an embarrassed Santa. "Well, all the same. Marry Christmas and good luck with the trial! Unfortunately Lexitron is forbidden from taking the stand, otherwise he could set this whole thing straight in a jiffy."

And with that, Santa waved his hand and there was but an all-encompassing white. Scott let it swallow him like a giant wave. An instant later, it washed him ashore in his house. His arm was back, but his life was now empty. He made the ultimate sacrifice for the universe and lost everything. Deep down in his broken heart he knew it was all worth it and vowed to pick up the pieces.

"Perseverance," a robot once said to him. He would persevere to the end.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.23 Dear God, Is It Christmas Already?

Thursday, Dec 23, 2004 by Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski

I just threw a goddamn steak 40 feet. I swear to the TV set I did. I was sitting there in my living room, minding my own damn business, and I hear this noise coming from my kitchen, a noise which sounded like a cat being shoved under 30 gallons of industrial waste that I found behind the Enchilada Bunker last week after I fell out of the back of my car and rolled down the hill and when I woke up there was all this cheap jewelry in my pockets.

So I hear this noise and I shout, "if that's any of you Patterson halfwits, I'm giving you ten seconds to get the hell out of my kitchen before I open fire on you guttoothed mildew dicks!" Then I started counting to ten but I lost interest around the number two and decided to start unloading the barrel of my 12-gauge Smith and Wesson 20-05 .45 caliber Bushman hunting shotgun with retractable scope and AM radio. Unfortunately my gun was empty because I spent the last 10 rounds trying to remove the neighbors from my yard a couple nights ago after I discovered a couple of them were getting all fancy grabass with my rose bushes. They started screaming out this really stupid lame excuse when they were running off, something along the lines of "oh god don't kill us, my wife dropped her wedding ring in your bushes" or some other bullshit crap lie, but that's fucking ridiculous because I'm the only person who puts his wedding ring in those bushes and therefore that diamond ring I picked up from there that night was mine and if you want to take me to court for it, by god I'll show up and throw a chair at your ugly face.

So anyway I hear all this pansy ass shit noise coming from my kitchen and I'm looking for something to throw but the only things around me are these pillows that fell off the back of a truck last week because I hit it with my car. And then I broke into the back of it and stole the pillows. Then I look over and I see this plate of steak on the end table, which was kind of screwy now that I think about it because I think the last time I had steak was in the summer of 2002.

I picked it up and, dear god, I just threw the hell out of that steak. That thing just fucking flew through the room because I still got all my arm strength from when I was high school quarterback at North Appleton City High and the coach started me in the regional district semi-finals against Deerborn High and on the first snap I called out a fleaflicker and the halfback hiked me the ball and I got it and just fucking threw that thing into the stands and I shouted "I QUIT THE TEAM YOU UGLY SHITBAG RATFUCKERS, GO HAVE SEX WITH YOUR OWN MOTHERS " and then I stomped off the field and got drunk in a grain silo. That was the same night I fought the scarecrow. AND WON.

Hey look it's the Christmas ham. And when I say "ham" I mean YOU ARE FAT AND UGLY, LADY!!! AND DUMB!!!

The steak goes flying through the living room so fast that it crashes through the drywall and creates this big ass hole there, and all this chalk and dust and shit falls to my carpet on top of all the other chalk and dust and shit already on my carpet. I don't think the steak went completely through the wall, because I couldn't see the inside of my kitchen, so I guess it's somewhere inside, probably feeding the 14-foot long mongooses that live in my walls and come out to poke me with plastic salad forks when I've been drinking a lot. One day I'm going to catch one of those evil bucktoothed sons of bitches and I'm gonna take it and march right up to the doors of National Geographic and scream, "look here you bleeding heart liberal commie pinko socialist darwinist commie conservative commie faggots! I told you these things existed! Why didn't you answer any of my mail messages? Now look

who's laughing!" and then I'm gonna start laughing my wrinkled ass off but I'm not gonna laugh too hard because last time I did that I started getting a headache and then my left eye starting pulsating and I mistook an Indian lady for a Civil War cannon.

I went into my kitchen and there wasn't shit there except my refrigerator belching up smoke and watermelon pieces and this mannequin I found inside a department store which really pissed me off with its sassy attitude so I walked up to the manager and I said, "this store's gonna get an enema - A Yablonski enema!" and then I strongarmed him to the side and wrenched that fucker off the pedestal and took it home. I didn't have anywhere to keep the damn thing so I tried disassembling it and shoving it into the vegetable crisper in the fridge but the fucker wouldn't fit in there with all the pool balls. So it's kind of sticking out and every time I walk into the kitchen I have to step over a mannequin hand or else I'll trip and spill my marbles all over the linoleum. I had this cat who would always try to jump over the thing and never quite make it because he was all greasy and fat just like every braindead simpslug walking around in this wretched town, so I'd pick up a tablecloth and yell at the cat, "WHY ARE YOU SO GOD DAMN FAT?!?" and then I'd go to sleep because let's face it, time is money. Wait a minute, I don't think I've ever owned a cat?

This guy works at the Appleton City Market. I once caught him fondling the pears. He's got about a billion speakers in his car and some day I'm going to tear them out and shove them up his white trash candy ass.

I never found out what was in my kitchen that day but I think it had chocolate all over its feet cause there's brown shit all over my floor and I sure as hell didn't put it there unless of course I did. It also got crap all over my Sears & Roebucks calendar from 1958 that I keep in my kitchen because it's got this hot broad modeling off this great sleeper sofa with that green and orange checkered pattern I love. I tried to get that design printed on my wedding cake but the no-necked sweathog Mormon working at the store started getting all bossy and shit asking me about the "name of the bride" or some crap so I told him, "hey listen here buddy, I'm a goddamn veteran and I didn't die fighting in 'Nam so I would be forced to marry some dumb broad just to eat a fucking cake," and then I jumped through his store window and landed in a Jeep and drove away popping wheelies. I think that was also the night I had sex with this sexy dame I met at the drug store when I was fire bombing it because drugs are illegal as all shit and if those assholes in the City Council aren't going to do shit about it, then I sure as hell will.

Anyway that calendar reminded me that Christmas is coming up soon, maybe it's even today, I don't know, so this update is about the miracle of the Christmas season and baby Jesus and Mary Magellan and all that crap. Actually I don't know all that much about Christmas because whenever those religious harpies from the church down the road tried to get me to join their church I would shout, "no way, I hate witches!" and then throw a plastic lawn chair at them to keep them away from my property. Actually I think that only happened once because I can only remember owning one lawn chair ever, and that thing had a beer can fused to its arm from sitting out in the sun for like 90 straight months in the summer when I tried building the fence and I ended up digging into the power line and my roof caught fire. I never liked Christmas time because it just reminds me that ever goddamn time I leave my house I'm gonna see a parade of sweaty fat mule people lining the streets and trying to shove their bloated doughy asses into stores like a German shoe cobbler cramming a balloon full of taco meat down a sink drain.

So here, in no particular order, is a list of the absolute worst damn Christmases I have ever experienced in my miserable, god-forsaken life. Wait a minute, I'll put them in order, I'll put them in order by date because I got this notepad here and I'll just tear off the pages and stick them together using this orange crud I found underneath the coffee table. The only problem with this crap is that

every time you stretch a gob of it off, it makes this terrible stink like lord only knows what. I think it also shoots spores everywhere, and they're kinda making me dizzy. So if I pass out in the middle of this list and die, I plan on suing you geek Interweb cyberspace potheads for fucking my shit up with your crap.

CLIFF YABLONSKI'S WORST CHIRSTMASES EVER
BY CLIFF YABLONSKI
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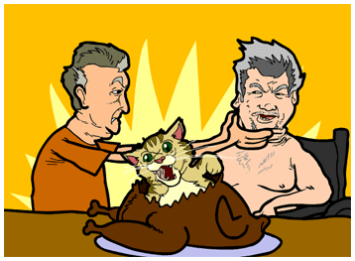
Christmas of 1948 - I'll never forget this one because my brother Enoch, that goddamn



worthless husk of a human being, came over with all these boxes of gifts shouting, "merry Christmas, ho ho ho!" and generally acting like a glue sniffing jackass. I said to him, "shut the goddamn door, I'm not paying to heat the entire block!" and he just looked at me like the braindead retard he is, maybe because the door was already closed and had been that way for a couple hours, but I meant the door in a metaphysical sense because I'm deep with poetry and emotions and shit. So I take out my baseball bat and start using it to unwrap his presents pinata-style, and he's sitting there the whole time laughing and giggling like a little halfwit. So I start getting pissed off, really pissed off, and I shout, "what the fuck are you laughing about you ditch digging meatskull?" and then he points to the gift I had just opened and it's an empty box full of stolen license plates from Nevada. So I throw all that shit out my window but miss because I'm so fucking angry at that point, and the box knocks over a lamp which lights the carpet on fire, and Enoch's there yelling and screaming like a chimpanzee on dope, so I get in his car and drove it into a tree to protest all those damn dreidels and shit on display at the grocery store.

Christmas of 1985 - Uglycat got the bright idea to dress up like Christmas characters that year, so he went out and stole all this shit and made a costume so he'd look like Max Headroom. He brings me this garbage bag full of bloody entrails and organs and shit they threw away at the slaughterhouse down the road off Lake Meatshores, and I say, "what the hell is this?" and he tells me I'm an abortion doctor and then somebody knocks my door down and all these angry fat sow broads come running into my house calling me a murderer or some shit. So I fall over the couch and hit my head on that big speaker I've got that doesn't play any sound but I can store chewing tobacco inside it. When I woke up, it was 1987.

Christmas of 1976 - I was watching television and that Jack Clark guy was on television talking about Christmas or the New Year or whatever, and let me tell you something, I can't stand that guy. So I start shouting at the television, "TELEVISION, TURN OFF!!!" because I just came back from seeing a movie about the future and I thought I

> was in it or something, I don't know, I don't remember. The TV doesn't turn off and that just pisses me off even more, so I pick up the end table and try to light it on fire so the fire department will come and then I can ask them to turn off the television for me. I remembered from the Boy Scouts that you can catch shit on fire by rubbing it really fast, so I rubbed it against my pants as hard as I could but nothing happened, so I decided to pass out and when I woke up my entire face was covered with roofing tar.

So that's it. Have a merry fucking Christmas or whatever alternative holiday you celebrate, like that one from Africa where you put on dresses and call up Oprah to talk about friendship.

-∼Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski

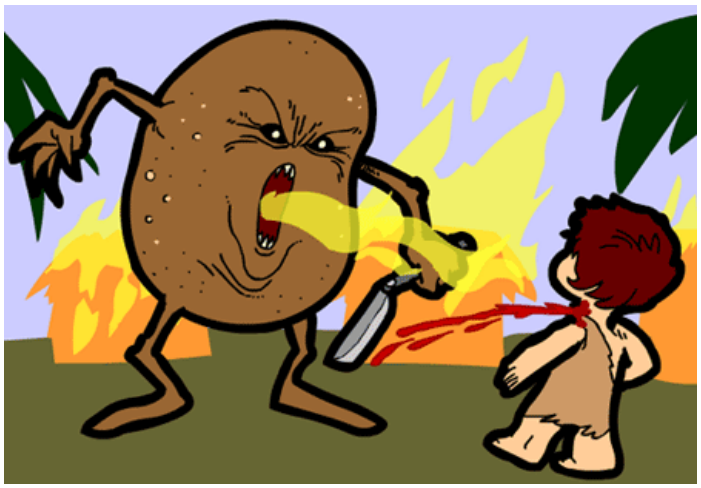
12.24 Christmas Pole to Pole

Friday, Dec 24, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Long before you or I were born Christmas spread its bejeweled wings and took flight from the fair shores of North America to pagan lands like the United Kingdom, the mysterious Japan, and even Darkest Africa. In these strange countries the Christmas familiar to us took on new and sometimes confusing forms. Today we tour the strange holiday traditions of the rest of the world, reminding us all once again just how much better America is than them.

Ireland

The red-maned breeds of cannibalistic hunchbacks that hold sway over the rolling hillocks of Ireland celebrate a Christmas in tune with their animalistic intellects. On Christmas Eve in each village a prisoner or unsavory fellow is placed upon an oak sled and shoved down a steep hill. The villagers erect a crude garrote of hog's gut and horse hair that catches the prisoner - if he is fortunate - in the neck and instantly decapitates him. The corpse is quickly stripped and butchered, salted in curing brine, and left to dry in a smoke hut overnight. Legend tells that at the witching hour a Heart's Ghoul (a mythological creature unique to Ireland, a sort of anthropomorphic potato that murders children) will eat the salted meat hung in the smokehouses. If the Heart's Ghoul is satisfied with the offering it will reward the families with toys and strange electronic devices brought from the Far East. If it is displeased it will raze the village with its fiery breath and slit the children's throats and throw their corpses into a peat bog.



England

The misty moors of England are populated on Christmas Eve by phosphorescent "Gift Ghosts" that transform the black lungs of lovable urchins into gifts for those of greater means. Christmas Eve, translated literally in the impenetrable version of American that the English speak, is "prize lungs eve". The night before Christmas tens of thousands of families take to the cobbled streets of London in their dark hansom carriages and by the guttering light of gas lamps they eviscerate paupers, vagabonds, and women of ill-repute for their magical lungs. These are then placed beneath the "wishful tree" and by dawn the gift ghosts have wailed and frolicked their way into the homes to transform the lungs into presents that English children desire like oranges in striped socks and wool jackets with little shields embroidered on the chest.

France

The apostate nation of France has celebrated the birth of Christ since the late 1980s. They believe that by making a wish as they ejaculate onto the face of an image of Christ they will be granted that wish if they have hated America enough throughout the preceding year. This wish will be fulfilled by a cloud like creature with a smiling face named "Old Periwinkle" that emerges from the Eiffel Tower on Christmas Day and searches the cities and countryside for those who have opposed the creeping hegemony and the amoral capitalist machinations of the United States. If any Americans are found hiding within France on Christmas Day by Old Periwinkle they will be transformed into rail thin naked seven year old boys. These so-called "Goblins of the West" will be chastised and then converted into Frenchmen by incorporating them into abstract installation art.

Italy

Italian men and women celebrate Christmas very differently. The women dress all in black and weep hysterically at the feet of a statue of Christ until they pass out from exhaustion. The men spend Christmas Eve chasing female tourists on their mopeds and attempting to seduce them with a method that most legal systems would consider sexual assault. Following this they write an angry letter to the producers of "The Sopranos" in which they skewer them for their inaccurate portrayal of Italians. Then they float around in a pool, scream at their therapist who constantly rebuffs their sexual advances, pass out from stress while driving, get a blowjob from a stripper, and then have their friend kill one of their other friends.

Germany

Christmas is identical in theory to celebrations in the United States, but is conducted on a rigid 17-minute timescale. During this "Window of Christmas" the German carol "Leistungsfähige Nacht" is sung in a monotone, gifts are exchanged through bank teller windows, and workers in identical gray coveralls become lost in an impossibly vast bureaucratic maze while trying to redeem their state unemployment dispensation red card. At the end of the 17-minute "Window of Christmas" an air raid siren sounds throughout Germany and the Germans descend to their subterranean grottos to build precision-engineered luxury sedans with their latent psychic powers.

Russia

The venerable Russian Orthodox Church, which is often considered by foreigners to be extremely humorless and monolithic, "lightens up" considerably in the spirit of the holiday season. To celebrate the birth of Christ, the usual flogging and bloodletting associated with Russian Orthodoxy is put aside for the day, and children who have been awarded a sufficient number of "Government Behavioral Stamps" are allowed to queue up for mild and jaunty beatings. These beatings are administered by none other than the wild flesh-eating witch Baba Yaga herself. She sees through the ruse of any child who attempts to cheat the system with the help of her magical owl Petrov and subsequently drags the child into her legged hut and cooks them into a traditional Russian "human kidney cake".

Egypt

Egypt is a predominantly Muslim nation, but Egyptians don't let their year round faith get in the way of a little holiday cheer. Egyptians believe that the spirit of giving is resurrected every year from the pyramid of Giza, when Pharaoh Ahkamahknahken awakes. Known from hieroglyphics as the "Jolly Old God-King and Son of Ra", the portly Ahkamahknahken climbs to the top of the tallest pyramid and vomits out a cloud of locusts that fly around the country devouring crops. At the end of Christmas Eve these locusts funnel into the Sphinx and overnight transform into millions of foil-wrapped chocolate coins. At dawn children gather beneath the Sphinx and await the yearly moment when the proud idol's mouth opens and streams of scalding hot molten chocolate and empty foil wrappers spray out. Dozens are killed every year, but they die happy knowing that they go on to have their Christmas Cheer weighed favorably by Anubis in the afterlife.

Iraq

This year, much like last year, Iraqis are expected to show their enthusiasm for the Christmas season by killing policemen. Smart policemen will pre-celebrate Christmas by collaborating with other Iraqis to kill American soldiers. American soldiers in Iraq will celebrate Christmas by welding filing cabinets to the sides of their Humvees. British soldiers will celebrate their own particular brand of Christmas abroad by donning pith helmets and sitting on deck chairs while Sikhs in white uniforms bring them honeyed tea, biscuits, and fresh dates. Following tea they will play a brief match of cricket and then flee casually from a mortar attack joking dryly about the unpleasant precipitation in Tikrit.

Darkest Africa

Few who venture into Darkest Africa return to tell the tale of this sinister continent's Christmas celebrations. By piecing together reports from the wild-eyed madmen fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to escape with their lives we can conjecture about how the Christmas Spirit endures even in the most hopeless corners of the globe. It is believed that millions of AIDS infected children toil day and night in diamond mines throughout Africa under threat of dismemberment and death. The diamonds they collect are fed to a city-sized machine on vast tank treads that crush entire villages beneath them. It is known as "Santa" and prowls the barren wastes searching for the two raw materials that fuel its mile-high smoke spewing chimneys; diamonds and human blood. Africans generally celebrate the Birth of Christ by dying from exhaustion, complications from AIDS, starvation, or machetes.

India

It is believed in India that if you fully embrace the Christmas Spirit your skin will lighten and you will move upwards in the rigid caste system. During the hours after nightfall on Christmas Eve all Indians attempting to celebrate Christmas must conduct their

conversations in the form of elaborate song and dance numbers. Come dawn the revelers head to the Ganges where the corpses choking the river are dredged out, dressed as Santa Claus, set on fire, and then returned to the river. Those truly devoted to the six-armed blue-skinned Father Christma will ritualistically burn their wives as well, lightening their skins by five shades and instantly granting them a curry shop in England or a doctorate in medicine in the United States.

Pakistan

Pakistan celebrates Christmas exactly like India; only they do so out of mocking spite for India rather than any true observance of the holiday. Celebrations usually culminate in deadly skirmishes throughout the Kashmir region.

Japan

Accurate accounts of Japanese Christmas customs are difficult to come by, because westerners find them completely dazzling and incomprehensible. Cultural relativists like to pretend that there is some sort of rhyme or reason to their festivities, but many anthropologists have speculated that the nation is just a bunch of shrieking spastics obsessed with flashing colors and things arbitrarily deemed "cute". As of late Japan has westernized its traditions somewhat and all good children are said to receive presents from "DOCTOR GIFTU," a giant black-faced caricature of Dean Martin with an afro and a cape. For the past three years Sony has sponsored a nationally televised Christmas celebration emceed by a robotic version of DOCTOR GIFTU. Dozens of A-list Hollywood celebrities are paid obscene amounts of money to participate in a lighthearted and festive variety show, at the end of which one of them is transformed into a calico kitten by DOCTOR GIFTU's eye beams to the squealing delight of a throng of teenage girls wearing pink bear suits.

China

Relaxing laws in China have resulted in a cautious but paradoxically enthusiastic embrace of American Christmas traditions. In China, Christmas is known as "Resource Allocation Day" in which prizes are given to most and brutal police beatings are given to some. The majority of children receive identical red jumpsuits and a pocket book of Christmas themed party literature. A lucky few determined to display a particular aptitude in revolutionary studies will receive their very own Tibetan national to oppress. Christmas celebrations in urban centers are often entertained by "The Yule Tide"; China's name for a line of riot suppression police who launch "Cheer Canisters" into the crowds that

release a blinding yellow smoke called "frankincense" that opens burning sores on the lungs.

Australia

Australians observe quaint Christmas rituals which they hope foreigners will see as adorable but which were built upon the blood, tears, and toil of the Aboriginal people. Australia hopelessly attempts to export these traditions to America, a culture which has long since lost interest in their pitiful demi-continent, aside from occasionally plundering and then discarding a comical Australian version of Stepin Fetchit. Christmas Eves in Australia are spent going from house to house and naming menu items from a variety of failed Australia-themed US eating establishments. Holiday favorites include Shrimp On the Barbie Platter with a Billabong of Zesty Croc'n Ranch Dip, Crikey Good Bloomin' Onion, and Wallaburgers.

I hope you enjoyed learning about Christmas in foreign lands. I know I did!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.25 Merry Fucking Christmas

Saturday, Dec 25, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

You know, I was really hoping to have this Christmas off for a change. I've spent a lot of time on my last couple updates, instead of just copying and pasting the latest Maddox rant about his overpriced socks. My family misses me so, and I promised them this year that I would not let them down and bring home the biggest Christmas ham I could find. My little stillborn baby, Timothy, has never seen snow before, or anything else, because he is a wrinkled dead prune, but I promised that I would be there for him and help him open his gifts. When I asked Lowtax if I could perhaps take Christmas off to spend with my family, he screamed "You asshole!" and told me that Something Awful was my only real family now. He also told me that he holds my soul in a handcrafted clay jar that he wears around his neck and if I cause trouble, he can have me killed with one phone call because Internet webmasters are like Mafia dons but with allergies. So here I am, sitting alone in the Something Awful Internet factory on Christmas day, all alone and hungry. I'm so hungry that all I can think about is food, and as such, I think that will be my topic for today, my very special holiday recipes.

These recipes have been passed down for generations in my family ever since the day my forefathers rose from their archaic underwater kingdom in a queer New England port to breed with the surface folk. Gathering the ingredients may be a hard task for some, especially if you were raised with morals, but the results are well worth the effort. Also I have included a ton of Christmas pictures to pretend that this a cheery time full of mirth instead of a cold, desolate, meaningless existence celebrating an orgy of capitalism, while pretending to be about the birth of a spiritual leader who would denounce Tickle Me Elmo as the 2nd coming of the golden cow. I'm totally raging against the machine in my cubicle over here. Let's make some cookies!

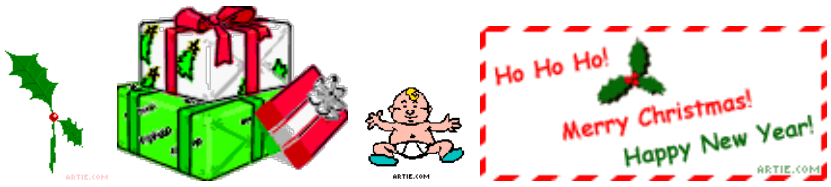
Metrosexual Gingerbread Men

Ingredients:

- 4 eggs
- 1 cup of flour
- 3 tablespoons of sugar
- 1 cup of milk
- 2 cups of freshly squeezed semen

With the popularity of gay people these days, it's no wonder that this would be reflected in Christmas recipes. This is an old recipe that has been updated to reflect the changing times of gender roles in our society. Now men are being goaded to drop the macho attitude and use hair gel. These once bland gingerbread men are now brimming with a sassy attitude that says "I have a terrible case of HIV but look fabulous!" But I kid the

gay community, they are good folks. These delicious little tarts are perfect for dipping or just for decoration.



Pookiecrisp

Ingredients:

- 10 large pig ears
- 2 cups of flour
- 1 cup of powdered sugar
- 2 vats of cooking oil
- 4 grams of PCP
- 5 nests of suckling shrews
- A partridge in a pear tree

Pookiecrisp has been around for generations, and it is said that George Washington himself saved the 10th American regiment from starving to death during the battle of Harrisburg by feeding his men Pookiecrisp. Not only did it fill the stomach, but it emboldened the spirit and turned the men into killing machines, routing the British and winning the war. Too much Pookiecrisp can have an adverse effect on you, so you have to show some restraint when partaking of some on the holidays, unless you are engaged in a life and death struggle and need something to give you an extra edge over your adversary. It may cause you to foam at the mouth and/or devour the flesh of other humans. If you are going to have some Pookiecrisp this holiday, take precautions and chain yourself to a chair while somebody you trust keeps a shotgun trained on you until the effects have passed. But beware, Pookiecrisp also boosts the intellect and it may just be a trick to get you to undo the chains. If you have any doubt, shoot first and ask questions later.

Hellfire Eggnog

Ingredients:

- 10 eggs
- 10 nogs
- 1 bottle of Hot Damn liquor
- 1 teaspoon of nutmeg
- 8 habanero green peppers
- A bag of pancake mix

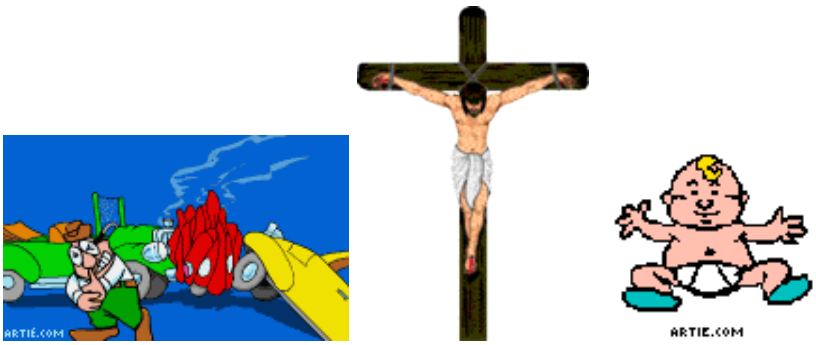
This is a very stout eggnog that is not for the weak of heart. Lesser men have tempted the eggnog and have been removed from the gene pool by natural selection. This special holiday eggnog has the zing from south of the border, without all the burning during urination. It is illegal to produce in 48 states, so beware. Also doubles as a drain cleaner.

Internet Soup

Ingredients:

- Boiled water
- Alphabet noodles
- A stillborn fetus

This is a classic homemade recipe that is simple, yet delectable. Internet soup takes the old style "stillborn fetus soup" ingredients, but adds the flair of real letters and numbers, just like the real Internet. This is one of God's blunders that is not only delicious, but educational. Do not try to plug this into a wall socket, trust me.



The Lonely Man's Spread

Ingredients:

- A case of Papst Blue Ribbon
- Sack of 10 White Castle Hamburgers
- Box of large Cheez-Its
- Box of Little Debbie Zebra Cakes

Are you horribly alone? Have you been scorned by a lover, or are you horribly maimed from Vietnam shrapnel? If so, this is just the recipe for you. Why put all the effort into slaving over an oven if it's just going to be you and the spirits of those you wronged sitting at the dinner table? Run around the town gathering these ingredients, and you will have a Christmas feast fit for a king! Sure, the crushing depression of the holidays is that much harder when you are all alone, with nobody to love you or pour gravy in your mouth, but try to forget all that for just one magical evening of Christmas spirit and sliders. There is nothing like starting a brand new year with a purged colon.

That's all I have for you folks on this fine Christmas day. If you are reading this right now, you should be ashamed that you are on the Internet on the day baby Jesus was born. One day you will learn the true meaning of Christmas, and that is "Chufflebells". I better get Easter off or I'm gonna

send e-mails to the fair labor commission and PETA. So from all of us here at the Something Awful workshops (except Livestock because he's a satanist), have a Merry Christmas!

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

12.26 The Children Need Whores

Sunday, Dec 26, 2004 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

These folks didn't know what they wanted to do with their lives. Now they are sticking their fingers up cat's assholes for a living. Don't let this happen to you!

Like many people my age I have been very depressed lately. Many young people have no idea what they want to do in life. This creates a feeling of restlessness and anxiety. And why shouldn't it? You need to choose a trade and choose it fast or else you'll be expressing cat's anal glands for the rest of your life. This must be done when a cat's anal sacs are not properly flushed out of all the fluid that builds up in them over time. Anal glands secrete fluid that cats use to mark their territory. Considered vestigial in domesticated cats, the fluid can build up and pop the sacs creating an infection and possibly death similiar to an apendix burst. The stuff that comes out of these cats smells like cottage cheese left out in the California sun for a day and then mixed in with dogshit and sweat from fat women who enjoy reading the *Harry Potter* series. You think the veterinarian does this? Fuck no. They grab poor homeless folks and communication majors off the street and make them shove their fingers up the cat's asshole. And that's going to be you pretty soon if you don't figure out what the hell you want to do with your life. A lot of people will tell you, "Oh don't worry. You have a lot of time to figure out what your calling is in life. I'm 40 and I still don't know what to do with my life!" Well, have you ever noticed that these are the same people teaching philosophy at the local community college by day and then bagging your groceries by night? If you don't know what your ultimate purpose is in life by the time you turn 21 then you need to pick something and pick it fast. When I turned 20 the question hit me like a ton of bricks, "Just what the hell are you going to be Spokker Jones?" After several stints in the sex toy industry selling dog shaped dildos I figured out exactly what I want to do with my life. I want to find fault with everything and anything that someone else has created, and then rip it to shreds despite the fact I've done nothing creative in the last millennium. This is what drives most talk radio personalities. You need to have a passion in complaining to make it in the talk radio business. Bitching, moaning, and groaning, sometimes about shit you don't even care about. That's what I want to do in life. And it starts here.

Well Christmas has come and gone, at least by the time you read this article. I planned for this update to be posted today because I hope that most of you will be burnt out and frustrated at how badly the holiday went. This is the perfect mood to be in for my award-winning cynicism and inhuman cold-heartedness. I mean, who else could find fault with a charity organization that offers sick children the chance to play video games and feel what it's like to be a fat lonely nerd before they die? That's right, the good folks over at Penny Arcade have once again guilt tripped gamers into buying shitty games for sick children because some wannabe journalist made them feel bad. The organization in question is Child's Play which is run by internet superstars Tycho Holkins and Gabe Krahulik. The two are best known for breaking the story that Xbox controllers are indeed large on their popular website Penny Arcade. For those that don't know Penny Arcade is an unfunny webcomic that points out foibles in the video game industry. It's also the greatest webcomic of all time. How can that be? How can something be so monumentally unfunny and still be the "greatest" of something? One need only to visit the thousands of other unfunny, crappy, and just plain boring webcomics that permeate through this great land we call the internet. Which one do you want to read, the one about the guy who pretends he is Japanese or the one that's unreadable? Some

of these webcomics have jokes about playing massively multiplayer RPGs for Christ's sake. GEE IT'S SO HARD TO FIND SOMETHING TO WEAR WHEN YOU'RE CLASS RESTRICTED TO LEATHER! What the hell is that?! So Penny Arcade gets points for being reasonably drawn, intelligent, and the only webcomic to ever crack a smile on this old bitter man's face. It's like a half eaten hot dog in a trash can. It's still technically edible but it might make you sick.

Every Penny Arcade comic is like a vortex that destroys all humor. Put something genuinely funny next to your monitor while you are reading Penny Arcade and it will be destroyed. I carried out an experiment where I played a DVD of Chris Rock's *Bigger and Blacker*, which by the way, can cure cancer and end world hunger. Then I opened up my web browser and steered my mighty internet vessel to www.penny-arcade.com and clicked on a comic. Within seconds the DVD player began emitting some type of grinding noise and then ultimately stopped. I tried fiddling with the player but nothing could get it to work. I closed the web browser and the DVD begun to play again. I knew I had something here but I had to double check to make sure. I once again typed in www.penny-arcade.com into my web browser and browsed over to this comic and my DVD exploded and made me sterile. There it is, definitive proof that Penny Arcade comics can destroy humor and your testicles. This led me to wonder how exactly Gabe and Tycho produce these comics without being killed themselves. I drove to Seattle where the two live together in their fortress of homosexuality and peered through the windows. All of my questions were answered. While Tycho was working on a strip he was wearing a hazmat suit designed to protect the user from the effects of banal humor. Finally, the truth is out!

One of the biggest criticisms of Penny Arcade over the years, especially on our forums, has been the fact that no matter how incredibly ugly Gabe and Tycho actually are their respective characters happen to look relatively human. Why is this? If you're going to base a character on yourself I think you should be true to the source meterial. This is what I thought they looked like.

A splitting image right? I was happy with this. For years I slept at night dreaming of these two young men who I *thought* were Gabe and Tycho. I was wrong because this is what they really look like (**NOT SAFE FOR WORK**).

It's not so much that one looks like a cancer patient and the other looks like a pear, it's that they aren't being truthful to their fans, themselves, and God. I don't really care what they look like. I'm no spring chicken myself. I definately have a face for the internet. If I were the least bit attractive I would be on television as the Foster Farms Chicken spokeperson. But I'm not attractive at all. I'm around 300 pounds, have acne, and missing a leg. If I were to ever draw a webcomic where I am the main character I wouldn't draw myself as a wealthy Mexican diplomat in a sombrero sleeping under an orange tree. No, I would draw the character as something that is true to myself, an ugly

spic. When I look at the real image of Gabe and Tycho, I expect their webcomic characters to look like this.

I nominate shmorky to take over as the artist on Penny Arcade. At least he is true to his heart! And how about those stories that are spread out over two weeks? You know the ones I'm talking about. Penny Arcade doesn't do this too often but they have this children's book parody called The Last Christmas going on now featuring the now heavily played out Cthulu who is only second to Star War's own Ackbar in the "character most inserted into a photoshopped image because it's still really funny" category. I love how they post only one page of the thing every three days. Imagine if the hit television show *Will and Grace* did this and only released 5 minute sequences every few days. People would be pissed! Why not just release the whole story all at once? Why spread it out over a month? Is this really preferable to reading it all at once? It would be to me, if I were retarded. If I were retarded I would also buy a World of WarCraft strategy guide signed by Gabe and Tycho themselves. That actually gives me an idea. Next Friday look for Livestock and I at

the Vons supermarket in Garden Grove, CA. We'll be there signing copies of "How to Talk to Your Cat" that are selling like hotcakes in the checkout line.

Now before all you Penny Arcade fans write emails that say things like, "HOW DARE YOU MAKE FUN OF GABE AND TYCHO THEY ARE THE FUNNIEST GUYS EVER FUCK YOU YOU'RE A FAGGOT EAT SHIT AND DIE MOTHER FUCKER" on behalf of the gruesome twosome, let me remind you of one thing. These guys make a living doing what they love to do, and no amount of hyperbolic bitching on my part can take that away from them. Besides, I have to keep reading the site to see whether or not Tycho has eaten Gabe's kid yet. I've got a bet with the other Something Awful writers that he's going to do it by February. I've got 100 bucks riding on this!

Getting back on topic, the whole Child's Play thing was started when a guy by the name of Bill France wrote that people who play video games are inherently violent and evil and murder kittens and puppies. I would provide a link to the article but the site requires registration and won't let you read the article unless you give them an email address that they can sell to a third party. What Bill France said is essentially true and I don't see a problem with it at all. Unfortunately this struck a nerve with Gabe, who permanently looks like he just got off chemo, and he decided to start giving dying kids video games. Now you and I both know that nobody is charitable for nothing. No matter how much a business or private party gives to a charity you can bet your sweet, firm ass they want something in return, usually publicity or a tax write off. You think Oprah gives because her heart is ten times its normal size and she loves all the little children of the world. Her heart is so big because she's such a heavy woman. And no, she won't give unless there's a camera trailing her fat ass and capturing all the charitable carnage. While the end result is positive, Oprah won't give a dime without putting the resulting footage on her television show. Most people don't give without getting something in return. Why do you think tax write offs exist? Because people give anyway so let's give them a break on their taxes for it? No, people give because of that tax write off, and they wouldn't otherwise. I have no problem with anybody providing incentives for those who donate, but let's be honest about it. Of course, without publicity many charities cannot get off the ground but logic and reasoning have no place in a Spokker Jones article.

The main problem I have with Child's Play is with what they are donating. Video games? Come on! You and I both know that sitting in front of a television playing video games all day is the most depressing thing you can do. Games are great in small doses, but when you have nothing else to do, no where to be, and are just waiting to die, video games are a deathtrap. Why do these people want to make cancer children's last days as boring and restless as someone who plays Everquest? If I were dying I would do everything there is to do in life regardless of the consequences. I would rather go outside and see the world and risk dying a couple weeks earlier than sitting inside a hospital with a bunch of other jerks playing horrible mini-games in Mario Party 306 over and over again. That's why I urge the founders of Child's Play to stop donating video games and donate something much more exciting. That's right, whores.

When I was around 10 years old I discovered what my penis does and how it works. One night while thinking about a teacher from school I was rubbing my crotch on my pillow. The more I did this the better my penis felt. The activity became much more elaborate. I started mounting the pillow and rubbing my penis back and forth on it for minutes at a time. I then started bunching up my blanket around my penis and fucking the small hole of frabric. I kept doing these things until one night my penis spurted out a strange and mysterious fluid. I bent down and smelt it. It didn't smell like blood so I licked it. Didn't taste like blood either. I had no idea what it was but whatever it was it didn't hurt me. I continued doing this until I found out from a friend that it was fluid that was excreted during an ejaculatory response to rubbing my dick on things. From then on I fantasized about girls every single night. Now I didn't actually screw anybody until I was 17, but the point is, mine was a normal sex life where I discovered what sex was on my own and eventually had sex when I was old enough. It was innocent and pure. The problem with terminally ill children is that

they cannot experience this and a lot of other adult activities on a normal timeline. Video games. Kids already play video games. What they don't do is get drunk and bang some ugly whore they don't even know the name of. This is a part of life that I cherish and it breaks my heart that some people will never experience this for themselves. This got me thinking. Why not start a charity that donates sluts, whores, drugs, and liquor to children's hospitals around the country? Terminally ill children can die knowing they experienced all the good things life has to offer.

"But Spokker Jones! Isn't that statuatory rape?!" Well, yes if it's a girl, and no if it's a boy. I firmly believe that any man who takes advantage of a young girl should be taken out to a field, have his balls chopped off, and then shot point blank in the face with a shotgun. But with boys, come on, who cares? Who really thinks that an adult women screwing a 12-year-old boy is going to damage the boy? That's every man's biggest dream. When I was 12 I wanted to screw everything that moved, from my female classmates to my more attractive teachers to the very feminine boys. When a young girl is molested by an adult male it may screw her up for life. But when a boy gets "molested" by an adult woman, that gives him bragging rights for the rest of his life. Every boy who is terminally ill should be given the chance to experience this for themselves.

Here's what the children hospitals that benefitted from this charity should do: go down the local pawn shop, pawn all the games, and raise some funds for a trip to Vegas. Don't the children deserve that much? I think they do. That's why one day when I'm rich and famous from being a black guy's friend, testifying in his murder trial, getting an FM talk show, and then writing a book about it, I'm going to start a charity that gives young boys the chance to experience all the things men should experience in life. Here is an example of what I have in mind. It's an Amazon wishlist full of gifts that young boys really want. Forget Mario Kart: Double Dash. Cancer patient Timmy really wants Jenna Jameson for Christmas.

Oh Cameron Diaz, how can you live with yourself!

It was not too long ago that a young boy dying of leukaemia wanted to be sucked off my Cameron Diaz before he died. Well he's dead now. And while he can never know the sweet sensations of the mediocre actress's lips sucking on his dick, I would like to dedicate my charity to him. In the future we will be able to raise the millions of dollars necessary to persuade young actresses to blow dying boys. The Josh Mortens of tommorrow will have something to look forward to. It's the least we can do when God mysteriously takes these young boys away from us for absolutely no reason at all.

Until that happens, consider donating to Child's Play next Christmas. It's actually a really nice organization that helps a lot of kids out. But don't tell anyone I said that.

-∼Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

12.27 Rate My Alien Invasion

Monday, Dec 27, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

One of the most common plot devices in the science fiction genre is that of aliens with superior technology invading the earth and attempting to either subjugate or destroy mankind. It's generally assumed that aliens who can find their way to earth from their crazy outer space domain will possess ships and weaponry vastly better than our own. The aliens then turn these weapons on an unsuspecting humanity and quickly overwhelm mankind's militaries and governments, leaving our nations in ruins and leaving us at the mercy of the aliens. Then, improbably, the humans (or in rare cases some other force) turn the tide against the aliens and ultimately defeat the threat from outer space.

Not all of these alien invasions are created equal and like Congress determining the worth of a free negro's vote I would like to rate these assaults on mankind. I have decided to draw from movies, television, and books to create this article. I realize that I cannot possibly be all-inclusive, so don't email me telling me that I forgot "Plan 9 From Outer Space" or something along those lines.

The War of the Worlds *(Book)*

The classic H.G. Wells book "War of the Worlds" was probably not the first book written about alien invasions of earth, but it is regarded as first in the genre and the source from which most recent invasion tales spring. Set at the end of the 19th century and focusing on England amid a broader global invasion, the aliens hail from Mars and come to colonize the earth with their huge metal walking machines and use the humans as food.

The chances of anything coming from Mars, are a million to one he said aaaaaaaaaaaah, aaaaaaaah!

The Invaders: Green glowing eyes, wet leathery skin, bear-like bodies, and tentacles.

Their Strategy: Launch ships from Mars in an all-out assault. Interestingly, the aliens don't actually bring their war machines with them, but rather build or at least assemble them once they have landed. While Martian technology is greatly superior to our own they apparently have not invested much in packing material. The Martians are aware of mankind's presence and incorporate humanity into their strategy by capturing people and drinking their blood.

The birds win!

Their Armaments: Metallic tripod walkers with devastating heat rays are the mainstay of the Martian force. These walkers can also discharge a black poison smoke and the Martians have brought with them a very fast growing red plant that blankets the earth wherever they rule. I believe this red weed is intended as a means of transforming earth into a planet suitable for their habitation.

Mankind's Reaction: When the cylinders initially land the humans react with cautious curiosity. Soldiers and civilians alike gather around the Martian ships, only to be incinerated once the tripods emerge. The military fights back with 19th century technology like cannons and warships but suffer devastating losses any time they actually manage to blow up a tripod. By the end human civilization is in ruin. The Martians control the cities and towns, the military is destroyed, and

civilians are nothing more than running snacks for the Martians to chase down.

The Invader's Downfall: The Martians are pretty idiotic in War of the Worlds. They plot a strategy that successfully overwhelms mankind and are then killed off by germs. There are two possible vectors for the germs. The Martians spend a good deal of the book exposed to the open air, which means airborne germs could infect them. They also drink living human blood, which means any diseases that we carry and are immune to would almost certainly infect the Martians. In the real world when humans send astronauts out to collect space crap they go through elaborate decontamination procedures. The Martians in War of the Worlds have technology significantly greater than we do to this day, yet had never stopped to consider that maybe throwing on a plastic suit or not drinking blood was a good idea. It's also a serious Deus Ex Machina ending, but at the same time it's great because every single book, movie, and TV show after it has mankind itself beating the aliens. Only Wells had the enormous sack to say that we're primitive idiots and it takes some fucking germs to kick red ass.

Invasion Rating: 4/5 Everything went off without a hitch except for the Martian immune system. A little quarantine goes a long way.

■ Independence Day *(Movie)*

Independence Day, or "ID4" if you like repeating marketing, is a retelling of "The War of the Worlds" in the modern day. Instead of a terrified journalist staggering through the ruins of 19th century England we've got Will Smith and Jeff Goldblum flying around in a captured alien ship. Will Smith's wisecracking and Bill Pullman's groan-inducing speechifying replace thoughtful reflections on the horror of mankind's demise. The aliens also seem much less interested in capturing the earth for any real purpose and more intent on just blowing up human buildings and jet planes.

Awwww hell naw!

The Invaders: Tall bipeds with black eyes, brownish skin, and lots of tentacles.

Their Strategy: Send enormous saucer ships to earth and then dramatically blow-up any building they think looks important. When the inevitable human counter attack comes the aliens send a bunch of jet fighters to fight mankind's jet fighters.

Their Armaments: Enormous saucer ships and alien jet fighters.

Mankind's Reaction: The first alien ships appearing above cities prompts the military to send out a helicopter to do some stupid sign language crap with the aliens. The aliens briefly play along and then decide to start blowing things up. When humanity isn't getting blown up it's scrambling jet fighters and scheming in secret alien labs in Area 51. The final human strategy is to send Jeff Goldblum and Will Smith in an alien fighter into the alien mother ship to infect the alien's computer system with a computer virus from a Mac laptop.

The Invader's Downfall: The aliens in Independence Day never manage to beat the humans as soundly as the Martians in "The War of the Worlds". Even though they have ten mile wide spaceships that can blow up city blocks with blue laser beams and swarms of almost unbeatable space fighter jets they inexplicably still can't take out the world's air forces. At the end of the movie the courageous fighter pilot president of the United States waves the American flag and gets the world's militaries to help him fly fighter planes against the aliens. This is all done so that Will Smith and Jeff Goldblum can upload the computer virus from their Macintosh inside the alien mother ship. Once they do that the alien spaceships start crashing into the earth and blowing up. The message

here is that humans are smarter than aliens, with a reference to the invisible germs in "The War of the Worlds" tied in that would make Wells vomit maggots out of his rotting skull.

Invasion Rating: 3/5 Not as bad as you might have thought. In the end the aliens were beaten by director Roland Emmerich's patriotic cartoon reality rather than anything that they could have anticipated.

■ Signs *(Movie)*

Aaaah the water it burns! We surrender!

Less science fiction and more horror, tiresome plot-twister M. Night Shyamalan's "Signs" proposes a low key and fairly slow building alien invasion of the earth. The aliens create crop circles for unknown reasons, invade the earth for unknown reasons, and execute their invasion by chasing around terrified people in corn fields and trying to get into a basement for six hours straight. It is without a doubt the single most pathetic alien invasion captured on film and likely any other medium. The aliens are seemingly less intelligent than raccoons (they can't open most doors) and their modus operandi suggests a goal of making people slightly nervous rather than subjugating or annihilating the human race.

The Invaders: Fang mouthed loping bipeds that resemble a cross between a frog and a skeleton.

Their Strategy: Make crop circles and chase people around on foot trying to bite or claw them.

Their Armaments: Space ships of some sort, you never really see them. I'm guessing they don't have any projectile weapons or anything similar since they resort to using claws in most cases. The aliens do have invisibility technology, for all the good it does them.

Mankind's Reaction: Because the aliens don't really invade so much as arrive unbeknownst most of the movie is spent just trying to figure out that the earth has been invaded. The alien invasion is viewed through television and the immediate surroundings of Mel Gibson and his preachy, precious, quasi-religious family. With aliens on the prowl Gibson spends more time thinking about his wife's fatal car accident and the secrets of stopping an alien invasion that are locked within her last words. No, I'm fucking not kidding. God this is terrible shit.

The Invader's Downfall: These aliens were born to lose. They invade the earth with stealth in mind, but once the veil of secrecy drops away they are left getting their hands chopped off with butcher knives and their faces beaten in with baseball bats. The movie would have you believe that man's faith in higher power and purpose defeats the alien invasion. In fact the retarded aliens defeat themselves, because they invaded a planet where ACID FALLS FROM THE FUCKING SKY. Water burns them like acid. High humidity day? Watch the aliens melt! Summer rain? Alien sludge clogging the fucking gutters on your house. Think about this: if the alien bites you it gets a mouth full of acid. Their only weapons require them to come in contact with acid.

Invasion Rating: 0/5 These aliens could not successfully invade a mall in Idaho, let alone the entire planet. Whatever Shyamalan's shitty point was, the real message is that aliens are absolute morons and a bunch of plucky teens with a super soaker could repel their entire fleet.

■ The Worldwar Series *(Books)*

Alternate history writer Harry Turtledove's "Worldwar" series is probably one of the best known recent alien invasion stories. In these books a fleet of lizard men arrive in orbit around the earth to

invade and subjugate the planet and prepare it for their colony fleet. Turtledove proposes aliens that are very slow to progress technologically. They scouted our planet a thousand years ago and saw us riding around on horses with swords. Assuming that we would remain that way for quite some time they didn't send a very large invasion fleet. Instead, they arrive at the height of the Second World War and find us driving around in tanks and on the cusp of discovering the atomic bomb. Their invasion does not go as planned, and by the end of it humanity has reverse-engineered much of their technology and is giving them a fair serving of what-for.

The Invaders: Short and skinny reptilian bipeds with a debilitating addiction to eating ginger.

Oh, Hitler, you're such a great strategist.

Their Strategy: Land on earth with tanks and space jet planes and take over the primitive sword-wielding humans that currently rule the earth. Once the invasion starts and they're facing weapons much closer to their own than they had anticipated their strategy fragments into a stubborn "old school" and a myriad of bizarre slavery and breeding programs with humans. One of the more interesting strategies is to rely on human collaborators, which include Jews in Nazi Germany.

Their Armaments: Nuclear weapons, tanks, and future jet planes.

Mankind's Reaction: When the aliens invade mankind is fairly preoccupied with the largest war in human history. Once things get going, however, the various powers turn against the aliens with Turtledove making coy parallels to events that really happened later in the war. Man's general strategy is a mass war not unlike the one it was already fighting coupled with a vigorous reverse engineering of any technology that humans can get their hands on. Turtledove's interesting foray into this sort of speculative disruption of history is his obsession, and it is painfully obvious in the Worldwar series. Themes that could have been explored thoroughly in a single volume have bloated into four books in one series with two and counting in a second series. War of the Worlds wasn't 2800 pages long, Harry.

The Invader's Downfall: The invaders don't actually lose in the Worldwar series. They get their asses kicked, but they're still clinging tenaciously to the earth by book four. Their defeat can all be traced back to their inability to change or adapt and their incorrect assumption that humanity would progress as slowly as they had.

Invasion Rating: 3/5 The aliens had the technology and the will to beat mankind, but underestimated the size of force they would require to succeed. They made the best of what they had, but were defeated by Turtledove's bewilderingly enormous cast of generic square jaw characters and shallow caricatures of historic figures.

■ V *(TV Mini-Series)*

Reptilian aliens disguised as humans, complete with giant 80s hair and huge black sunglasses, invade the earth under the guise of a peaceful visitation. By manipulating world governments and the media they subvert control of the earth and are only opposed by a ragtag band of humans who know their dark secret. Their dark secret is that they plan to eat everybody. Marc Singer, of "Beastmaster" infamy, leads the group, assisted by various others including Freddy Kreuger himself as a half-retarded good alien.

The Invaders: Classic lizard faces that have launched a thousand "reptilian agenda" websites. They wore fake skins most of the time to cut back on the horror and the special effects budget.

Their Strategy: The aliens in "V" didn't really have the overwhelming military force of most other alien empires that invade the earth. It was higher tech than mankind, but still generally limited to ground troops in red coveralls and black sunglasses with blaster pistols and rifles. These aliens relied on subterfuge to take over the earth and, other than the resistance movement, it works.

Lita Ford: also an alien.

Their Armaments: Huge floating saucer cities, shuttles with combat capabilities, and legions of sunglass-wearing Naziesque storm troops.

Mankind's Reaction: Fear and apprehension give way to a friendly welcoming committee as it becomes apparent that the aliens are just nice folks with legions of laser beam wielding soldiers. While the population grovels at the feet of the aliens the Beastmaster joins up with a group that fights to oppose these secretly vicious interlopers.

The Invader's Downfall: Honestly, I last saw this when it first aired almost 20 years ago, so I don't remember. According to an episode guide the story of the alien invasion never actually ends because the TV show that continued the story of the mini-series was abruptly cancelled. Eventually the humans are made aware of how evil the aliens are and a full scale war (TV budget allowing) breaks out between the aliens and the humans. As far as I can tell the aliens in V would have had a lot more success if they had just not eaten people. Humans aren't a very good thing to eat. We're wasteful and not particularly large or meaty. Plus there's that whole "we're trying to trick them into thinking we're friendly" thing that might make you reconsider chowing down on a rack of Steve.

Invasion Rating: 4/5 Taking over the earth without actually fighting the earth is a pretty major accomplishment. Their plan was great, but failed because they just couldn't stay away from the delicious humans.

Possibly the most disturbing portrayal of an alien invasion I have ever seen comes courtesy of photographer Charlie White. In his recent book he tells the story of mankind surviving an alien invasion with movie-like photographs that are simultaneously pure Hollywood and oh so disturbingly real. The pictorial is called "In a Matter of Days" and it's one of three in the book. Check it out if

you're a fan of art or a fan of creepy alien invasion stories.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.28 Fake SA

Tuesday, Dec 28, 2004 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Right here! What a zany collection of steals and deals! How wacky!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.29 2004 is Practically Dead Now

Wednesday, Dec 29, 2004 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The former leader of the free world and Ronald Reagan.

While looking out the window today, I noticed 2004 was just about over. Straggling on the bloodied floor like a gutshot bear, 2004 clings to precious few days of life somehow unaware of its impending doom. Soon a new year will dawn, and 2004 will not be able to survive inside the harsh atmosphere of 2005. But really, who cares? 2004 was a monster of a year and deserves the worst. In this new era of golden enlightenment, we can look forward to much wonder and excitement. I'd love to write all about that excitement but I'll be dead before then. My last New Year's Resolution was to hang myself if Ralph Nader didn't win the election. So, I'll write about this lousy year instead.

It occurred to me that this was a year to remember, unlike the last few decades. Then, when I started trying to remember everything that happened this year, not much came to mind. 2004 was the year that Michael Moore continued to be fat and get made fun of for being fat, the world, guided by America, continued to be dumb, and people yapped endlessly about elections from beginning to end. If that's 2004, then I reject it as I reject high prices, the Salvation of the Lord, and subscriptions to numerous magazines in spite of whatever savings I might get off the newsstand prices.

Let us start this 2004 remembrance by taking a moment to acknowledge the people we lost this awful year.

- **Ray Charles**
  Legendary musician Ray Charles died when he failed to see a posted stop sign. His mishap resulted in a fatal car accident that took his life and those of six puppies and one third of a pumpkin. Ray Charles is survived by his piano, which he legally married in 1973.

- **Ronald Reagan**
  Former lunatic president Ronald Reagan continued America's fine tradition of never electing a qualified person to an important office, a value we still hold dear today. In his two terms, Reagan is remembered for blowing up several small countries that could have killed us had we not killed them first. He wiped Libraria off the map, for Pete's sake! The former president and actor briefly united the world for the first time when he died peacefully due to an inability to remember to live. He will always be fondly cited in high school textbooks for "trickle down economics," which, like all economic theories, is fantasy nonsense sorely lacking in Orc battles.

- **Yassar Arafat**
  Arafat, a constant fixture of the ongoing Middle East turmoil, shocked the world by dying, coming back to life in a coma, then dying several times over the course of a few days. When he was finally satisfactorily dead, the world was united in hope that the next Palestinian leader wouldn't be so hideous looking.

- **Rodney Dangerfield**
  Legendary comedian Rodney Dangerfield inspired a nation by proving one joke is all you need to barely cling to success. His bold notion lives on today in the form of formulaic comedy, something I routinely take advantage of due to a lack of creativity and a desire to never be anything more than mediocre at best. You have my respect, Rodney. Hopefully you and Jonathan Brandis are having fun in the afterlife being endlessly chased by bees.

- **Christopher Reeve**
  The man who convinced us to believe we could fly if we were cast as Superman in a major motion picture past away after a long battle with paralysis. If I know my comics, it won't be long before four different people show up proclaiming themselves to be Christopher Reeve. The cyborg one will definitely be evil. Make a note of that.
- **Old Dirty Bastard**
  Rapper ODB died trying to rescue kittens from a burning building in war torn Chechnya, proving his heart was as gold as his teeth. He is remembered as a founding member of the Wu Tang Clan and celebrated for his law-defying antics clearly inspired by Grand Theft Auto (the Ron Howard film, not the game). At some point in his life he may have also actually recorded music, but I'm not sure.
- **Craig T. Nelson**
  Is not dead. My mistake.

People still unjustly clinging to life:

- **Craig T. Nelson**
  We will miss you when you die, but we don't really care about you at the moment.

Now that the celebrities and world leaders are plugged and buried, let's take a look at the moments that truly defined 2004 as the most worthless year since the one before.

- **Half-Life 2 Makes Nerds Cry**
  In one of those monumental moments for mankind, a video game came out and it was pretty good. After tense months of release date rumors and frantic hopes for an early (but still late) launch, Half-Life 2 came out and proved that it was exactly as every game magazine had said in explicit detail. There were no surprises whatsoever and whatever plot there was happened in the background while I was busy fighting crabs in a mineshaft or trying to flip a dune buggy over with a gravity gun.
- **Scott Peterson Mania**
  In a sad state of affairs, Americans were glued to coverage of the Scott Peterson murder trial. The reason for this event is simple: Americans are apparently retarded and unable to avoid the things that make them such. In a magical age where people get slaughtered on a daily basis both here and especially abroad, fixating on one single case of murder seems rather insane, if not inconsiderate to the other dead people. If I wanted soap opera drama I would watch soap operas while possibly getting cranky and emotional due to complications with my menstrual cycle. The time spent discussing Scott Peterson's trial on news programs was simply ridiculous. No wonder we don't know anything practical.
- **Iraq**
  This was a year where pretty much nothing went right in Iraq. In that regard, this was a year like any other in Iraq. Abu Ghraib smeared ugly all over the already ugly war thanks to unpleasant pictures of Lynndie England and friends cheerfully abusing prisoners. I realize running a prison is no easy task, especially since I did that prior to becoming a writer on this website, but it's generally not a good idea to take photographic evidence of prisoner abuse. That's literally the worst idea since Hitler sauce. Also thousands of people died on both sides, things exploded like mad, and it doesn't really look like we're doing a very good job there in spite of all the people we send over. Thankfully no one is taking responsibility, so it looks like this is just one of those things that happens naturally and there was no way anyone could have prevented it.

Quick, snap my picture! This is going to look awesome on the war crimes page of my scrapbook!

- **Summer Olympics in Athens or Australia or America or Somewhere**
I forgot to watch the Olympics yet again so I hope they succeeded and I hope all the athletes won a lot of medals because they are all winners in my book.
- **News Anchor Retirements**
In a shocking move, the news anchors became newsmakers when Tom Brokaw volunteered to go back in time and fight in World War II and Dan Rather finally admitted he's been making everything up all along. Tom Brokaw has already been replaced by Henry Rollins and a successor to the retiring Dan Rather will be named sometime in the new year. Peter Jennings lives on, but if he leaves the news desk his collar will explode.
- **Ukraine Election**
I had no idea people lived in the Ukraine, but apparently they are as lousy at democracy as we are. I have to hand it to them, though. Incorporating poisonings and having the entire population sit out in the freezing cold is a very dramatic touch. I really hope the poisoned guy wins because it's always nice to see people overcoming odds. I know nothing about him or the Ukraine, so I apologize if I just endorsed the next Hitler.
- **U.S. Election**
After hundreds of millions (if not trillions) of dollars were spent, absolutely nothing changes here in the country that God built out of spare bits of glory and pride. I have to say this whole thing could have been done a lot cheaper and the money could have been better spent elsewhere. I suppose we should be thankful our democratic process doesn't involve civil war or poisonings, but it also doesn't involve variety or quality. At least civil wars get the general public involved.

And now, at the end of 2004, we are witnessing one of the worst tragedies in recent memory unfold. This year has brought nothing but pain and suffering to the world. I say we go through with our plans to end it and make 2005 much less hideous.

As a helpful reminder, remember to set your clocks back one hour on New Years day to take advantage of the added daylight.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.30 The Chronicles of Jasper (ACT II)

Thursday, Dec 30, 2004 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

"He who fights with monsters might take care lest he thereby become a monster. And if you gaze for long into an abyss, the abyss gazes also into you." -Friedrich Nietzsche

My loathing knows no bounds. I am alone in this sea of idiocy, grasping for some meaning when there is nothing. My fellow humans are primates: consuming, shitting, fucking, and spending $100 on jeans at Diesel stores. How can one stay pure when they are surrounded by such filth? I try to encapsulate myself in a protective bubble in my apartment and ice cream truck, away from the hoary masses trying to infect me with their mediocrity and stupidity, but I can feel myself slipping. Their claws are digging into my flesh and dragging me down into the this feasting pit of greed and ignorance. My only reprieve, my salvation, is the jingle-jangle of the soothing ice cream truck music, a sound that brings temporary joy to the fat children that waddle out to greet my truck with their monetary offerings before fleeing back inside the darkness next to the cancerous glow of the television set. Without my ice cream job, I think I would be totally insane and spend my days giving clues about my crimes to the police over the phone in the form of sinister riddles.

Even though the human race as a whole is doomed, things have been going well for me personally as of late. Last week, I was finally recognized for my 25 years of service working at Chilly-Tyme ice cream, and was promoted by the board of ice cream to Admiral of the 3rd fleet. The 3rd fleet consists of my ice cream truck so that really doesn't change, but I was allowed to hire one squire to assist me in my ice cream endeavors. Another hand was badly needed since my parking brake is out and it became increasingly difficult to serve my small patrons while moving at 5 mph. With my assistant with his foot firmly on the brake, I would have time to work the crowd at my leisure, and not worry about the children's little legs getting pinned under my wheels again.

I am a firm believer of equal opportunity of all genders, races, creeds, except when it comes to those bothersome Negroes. I wanted to give a poor, mentally challenged soul who needs self-esteem a chance to earn it with the responsibility that comes with being an ice cream employee. Also, I wouldn't have to pay him as much and I could make him clean my apartment as well. I think it's good for him to get out and keep working so that he doesn't get in any monkeyshine, like that Frankenstein fellow. His name is Fitzgerald and although he had a slight drool problem, I was happy to have him on board the 3rd fleet as my first mate.

Any child that projects sass or any attitude walks home empty handed! That's what we call tough love.

Fitzgerald is not without his faults. He is a terrible driver and has already demolished over a dozen mailboxes on our route. But I am careful not to correct or rebuke him, so as not to harm his self-esteem. The only time my patience ran out with lil' Fitz was when I caught him stealing some ice cream while on duty. Such a transgression would be dealt a severe flogging or even death in the

old days of ice cream service. My rage was uncontrollable and I took my shoe off and began smiting Fitzgerald harshly about the face and arms. He let out screams that sounded like a high-pitched bark, and all the children who were waiting for ice cream ran away crying. To make matters worse, Fitzgerald's case worker was coming to visit him and I only had a few hours to try to cover up the damage I had done with my shoe. I called my sister-in-law who is a beautician and she went to work covering his black bruises with her masking makeup. When the case worker showed up, she looked suspiciously at the patchwork on Fitzgerald we had just finished, and asked me why he was crying. I distracted her with some of my famous mint chip ice cream, and she left with no more questions. It was a close call.

I let Fitzgerald sleep on my couch and we settled down nicely together in my apartment. It had been so long since I'd had any company over that I had to keep reminding myself to not walk around in the nude while singing show tunes. Normally I would spend my evenings watching old game shows from the 70's, making prominent political figures out of Play-Doh, and plotting the demise of the people who populate my enemies list. But now that Fitzgerald is here, I can do all sorts of things like play Axis and Allies, Twister, and even start a fight club in the boiler room. The loneliness that had been pervading my life and slowly suffocating me was now lifting, and I could breathe freely again. It was nice to have a friend.

The raccoon and Indian screen legend, Punjab, won't let Fitzgerald have a romantic moment alone by himself.

Alas this period of happiness was just a facade, for underneath the surface something sinister was afoot. I believe that sometime last week, probably from one of the many holes in the roof, a raccoon has invaded the apartment. I can hear him at night. He plots, waiting to strike while I am at my weakest: soaping my horrid, naked body in the tub. I have searched the premises several times but cannot find this furry intruder. Fitzgerald has been having night terrors as well. He tells me that at night the raccoon watches him from across the room as he pleases himself. I told him that he is allowed to please himself once a week as long as he lights a candle so I know not to walk in the room and he cleans up properly afterwards. The raccoon watches Fitzgerald awkwardly fumble underneath the sheets until he climaxes, letting out a bray not unlike that of a mountain ram. This usually scares off the raccoon and it goes into hiding once again. Fitzgerald also says that Punjab, a popular actor on a Bombay soap opera we watch, joins the raccoon to spy on him. While I would like to believe the talented Punjab would grace our abode with his presence, I am apt to think this is just Fitzgerald's overactive imagination.

As for my dreams, I had the same dream I always have last night, although something was amiss. Like normal, I rode through the decaying world on my magnificent unicorn, Sebastian, smiting sinners with my flaming sword as I headed to the City of Elders to take part in the final battle for the salvation of mankind's soul. But when I arrived to stand tall next to my angel brethren to fight the demons in the sky, they took me aside and said they had something important to tell me. Apparently, some charts in heaven were mixed up and I was in the wrong place. They said that I was really on the evil side and all the sins of my mortal life had excluded me from fighting on the righteous side of the conflict. Before I could protest my case or ask to see baby Jesus, they cast me down into the hellfire with all the other sinners and Native Americans. I had been forsaken once again, betrayed by the creator because of a filing snafu. Instead of sitting on a smoldering rubbish heap and crying, I took up my sword and swore to the Dark Lord that I would give my life destroying all that is good and pure in this world. I was made a general in the dark army, and marched on in the City of Elders, slaying all in my path. For once in my life I was important and

powerful, no longer a mere lackey, following the great shepherd like a mindless sheep. They would pay for what they did to me. They would all pay.

When I woke up, my sheets were covered in the same sweet syrupy liquid once again, but instead of tears on my face, I had a beaming smile. Things would be different from now on. The new Jasper had arrived.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

12.31 What Would I Do for a Klondike Bar?

Friday, Dec 31, 2004 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I would strangle the Pope with piano wire and then write a sonnet about it.

I would cut out my own heart as sacrifice to Teztlotl, the Aztec God of cutting out your own heart in sacrifice to Teztlotl.

I would dig up and sodomize the remains of General Patton and I would videotape the whole thing in that creepy night vision filter.

I would install a Linux operating system on my gaming PC.

I would give myself a 50 gallon sea water enema and then force feed Alaskan King Crabs into my rectum.

I would write an article that is roughly as formulaic as a Jeff Foxworthy "Best Of" DVD...whoops!

I would pass other people's kidney stones.

I would perform back alley abortions with a claw hammer and then take the fetus buckets to a Jewish deli down the street and try to convince the proprietor that they are white Christian babies full of fresh blood for his Challah bread even though they all have fake plastic horns glued to them after I tried and failed to sell them to the unicorn store next door.

I would descend into a bestial state and prowl the shadowed streets of nightmare America preying on the weak who stray too far from the herd. As I fall upon the elderly, the sick, and the young my talons will sink into their soft flesh and their arterial blood will spray hot across my face and loins like war paint and I will exult in their demise. I will collect the skulls of my victims and hang them from my belt as trophies of my victories and cry out from the rooftops as an impotent world quakes in fear of my reign. Doors will be bolted, windows will be shuttered, and families will cower in their basements as I prowl the streets in search of my next innocent victim. They will send hunters to trap me or bring me down, but all will fall to my clever traps and animal cunning. Loops of their entrails will decorate the doorsteps of those who would send hired thugs out to rid this world of my cruelty.

I would sing "I'm a Little Teapot".

I would inject syringes of air into the veins of my loved ones and family members.

I would take what's behind door number two.

I would write, score, produce, and direct an off-off-broadway musical based on Vikram Seth's 1500 page novel "A Suitable Boy" using only hand puppets made from road kill as my cast. An inauspicious debut will lead to rave reviews in trendy free broadsheets that see the production as a crazed novelty act akin to Tiny Tim or Wesley Willis. By week three I'll be playing sold out shows and entertaining offers from various Broadway producers to shorten my script down from 27 hours to two hours and franchise out into touring productions. Andrew Lloyd Webber will offer to rescore my production but I'll turn him down in favor of Sondheim and then storm out of our first meeting cursing the entire industry as nothing but "ill-tempered faggots bent on destroying the performing arts with aggressive frippery". Sondheim will run me down with his H2 leaving me a paraplegic but the court settlement will grant me millions to raise my family of imaginary children that I sired with a stuffed turkey buzzard that played Rupa Mehra.

I would masturbate to a photograph of a baby.

I would pummel a killer bee hive into the ground with my bare hands and then try to scoop the still-living bees down my throat.

I would give my banking information to someone from Nigeria. They would promise me big returns, but I wouldn't care, just the idea of helping someone would make me happy and of course I would have that Klondike bar waiting for me when I get home from donating plasma to pay my rent. Assuming you live up to your end of the agreement.

I would hop on one foot.

I would conduct a variety of occult rituals in an effort to open the secret tomb of Noggya-Shasuth or "That Which Shall Be Forever Forgotten". Upon breaking the 99th seal containing Noggya-Shasuth within his circle of binding I will run up to the maddening deathless God of mankind's forgotten past using a human screen of sherpas and gullible college students convinced that I was taking an ecology trip to one of the lost islands of the Pacific and intone solemnly to "That Which Shall Be Forever Fogotten" that I have rent asunder reality and torn away the thin veil of reason to tell him that he just got Punk'd. Then I will point to Ashton Kutcher and the imaginary camera crews as his tentacles pull me into twitching pieces that are shoved into Noggya-Shasuth's ever- hungry beak.

I would chew off my own hands and feet, then cauterize the stumps with a lit stick of dynamite.

I would give Ann Coulter a long, wet, and sloppy rimjob.

I would forge the sword Excalibur and quench its white hot steel in my gut in the vain hope that part of me might live on through this, my greatest creation.

I would...you know what, actually I think I would rather have a Drumstick. Oh man, what I would do for one of those!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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